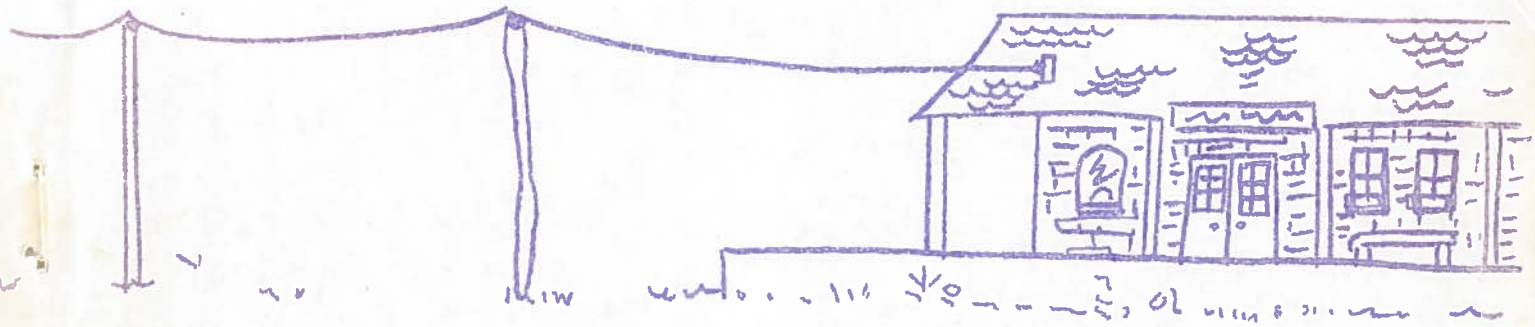
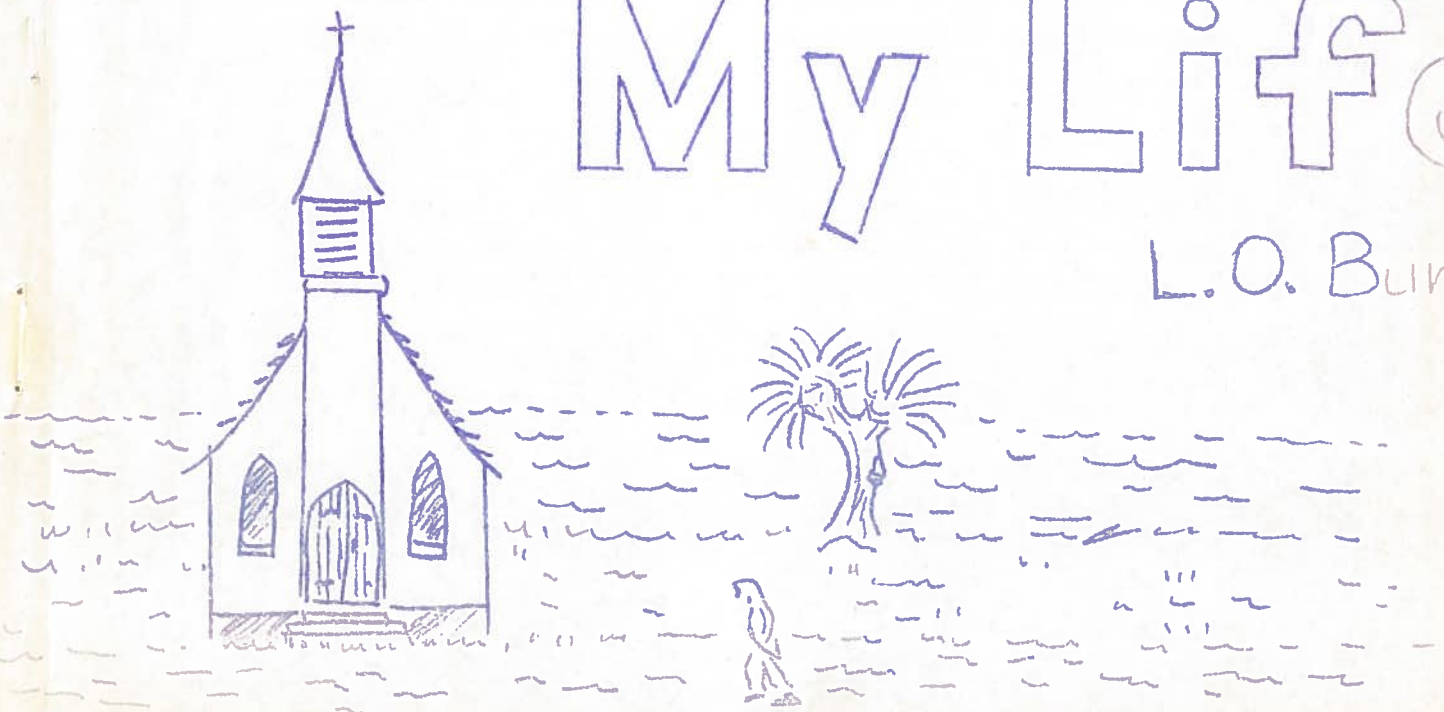


The Story of My Life

L.O. Bunt



FOREWORD

This book, THE STORY OF MY LIFE, is written at the conclusion of 15 years study of the Geneology of the Bunt family in the line of succession where I fit in. It is written at the request of some of my family. After uttering some mild censure against my ancestors for giving us so little information about themselves, it was suggested that I must avoid further censure by telling something of myself. While recalling a few very early memories, THE STORY OF MY LIFE just seemed to develop. For whatever it may be worth, this is the story of my life: Lemuel Oscar Bunt, born 1888, the oldest son of George Bunt, who was the youngest son of Petherick Bunt. As Rev. L. Oscar Bunt I served as a United Church of Canada minister from 1921 to 1958 when I retired to Albright Gardens, Beamsville, Ont. There I spent many happy hours gardening until a stroke in December of 1972 caused me to call a halt to the more strenuous work. The stroke left my vision impaired. In Febuary of 1973 I moved with my wife to Albright Manor.

ALBRIGHT GARDENS
1972

CHAPTER I EARLY MEMORIES

When I began, some time ago, to establish a family tree of my Grandfather's family, I was astonished to learn how little I could recall of my immediate ancestors. As it is late in life at 85 to commence a biography, I shall begin this writing with the few short sketches from early life I am able to recall.

I was born in Grand Valley, Ontario, October 25, 1888. My father used to say "on the banks of the Grand" but I did not see much of the Grand River or my native birth place as there was an unfortunate fire in the planing mill in which my father had an interest. The loss was evidently beyond repair and resulted in a change of residence for our family. We moved west and settled on a homestead in 1890 in the Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan area, somewhere near Pasqua. Thus, all my earliest recollections are of prairie life.

Uncel Robert Beard, who married my father's youngest sister, Ann, and was in some way associated with my fahter in the planing mill venture, also moved to Moose Jaw about the same time. One of the first things I can recall of prairie life was when Uncle Robert and Aunt Ann came to visit; we were having dinner and evidently there was a minimum of seating; noting no place for me I said, "Where do I sit?" Uncle Robert jokingly said I could sit on my thumb. Everyone laughed. Failing to see the humour, I cried. I was, however, fond of Uncle Robert.

I can remember going with my father and a yoke of oxen to haul water for our place from a slough. Whether there was a well later, I cannot remember. There seemed to be plenty of rain, for as I understand it, my father gave up the homestead because of two or three years of wet weather and the rust spoiling the crops. He found a more profitable living by resuming his former trade, carpentry.

We lived in Moose Jaw for a time. My father was away part of the time working with the CPR building telegraph lines and elevators. I remember him getting one of his toes frozen. It always gave him trouble in the winter in later years.

I seem to remember the day my brother, Curtice, was born. My parents wanted me to play outside but I wanted to play in the house. I saw a man go into the house with a little black bag. Later when I asked about him, I was told that he had brought me a little brother in that bag.

There was one other circumstance which made that day a memorable one: I used to play with the neighbour's children. There was an impliment yard nearby where all sorts of farm machinery was assembled and sold. We children often played about the machinery and sometimes experimented with any loose or moveable parts. The mowing machine, with its long tongue resting on the ground and the lever that operated the knife extending into the air, was often a favourite, though dangerous, place to play. On this day a little girlclimbed up to occupy the driver's seat which was always on a slant; she lost her footing, and in falling caught the neck of her dress and strangled herself. I do not remember the particulars as to how long she remained suspended on the handle, but the fact that she died as a result thereof always remained in my memory as the tragedy that occurred on the day my brother was born, September, 14, 1891.

I cannot recall just how old Curtice was when he was thrown out of the buggy.. It was on one of those trips across the prairie, whether going to town for necessary supplies or visiting a neighbour ,I cannot say, but in any event, over uneven terrain he was bounced out of the seat and slipped to the ground, the wheel of the vehicle passing over his body. He was compelled to wear a truss for several years.

The first Christmas Tree entertainment I can remember was in Moose Jaw. It was in the upstairs of a ahll. We arrived early and my father had to do some thumping on the door and some hollering to persuade the janitor to let us in. It was a cold night for Mother and children to be outside. The merciful caretaker finally opened the door. I cannot remember any subsequent happenings of the evening. I was probably sleeping by the time Santa Claus arrived!

Another event left a lasting impression with me: an Indian pow-wow on the streets of Moose Jaw. Indians were not uncommon and were taken pretty much for granted although folks did not appreciate one walking into the house unannounced, and without knocking at the door. It was a favourite, though unkind, threat for children who tended to be unruly, or tended to stray from home, to be reminded that the Indians would get them. I think the mothers, especially those who came from the east, were as much afraid of them as the youngsters.

It was not an uncommon sight in the country about Moose Jaw in the '90's to see piles of decayed buffalo bones and an occasional wallow. About that time a campaign was undertaken to gather these bones and use them to meet the increasing demands for potash.

I recall some years later retelling this potash story to a parishoner when I was a minister at Franklin Canter in Huntington County, Quebec, about 1923. He told me then that some years prior, early citizens in Franklin had burned acres of good maple trees to obtain their potash! One cannot but wonder at the difference in our country's ecology if the source of potash supply made in recent times in southern Saskatchewan had been made a hundred years earlier.

Our home in Moose Jaw was a house built on a hillside. There was one entrance onthe upper side and one on the lower side. There was a small creek running past the lower entrance and here suckers were caught in the spring either by spearing them or stunning them with a club.

The Spicer family had lived on a farm near the Pasqua homestead before my father abandoned it and found work in town. When Mrs. Spicer became ill, the family came to live in the upper part of our house, not having any other friends in that part of the country. Mrs. Spicer passed away in this house. Later we moved from Moose Jaw to Morse where my father was employed with the CPR as a section hand and my mother boarded other section hands.

Morse, in 1895, consisted of a section house and a watering tower for trains. There were no nearby homesteads. I can remember the trip from Moose Jaw to Morse... 75 miles in a freight train with my father and a cow. It was an overnight trip. When I woke in the morning the cow and our effects had been unloaded and I was lying on some of the household stuff in a nearby shanty and the cow was tethered outside. My father soon appeared and presently a section hand had our goods disposed of in the section house. My mother followed on a later train. As there were no neighbouring houses, the passing trains provided the day's only diversion.

I remember one visitor while we were at Morse: the Bible colporteur who drove a horse. He stayed overnight. When he was leaving in the morning he could not find his whip. I helped him look for it and found that it had dropped from the buggy as he was preparing to leave. As a reward he gave me a small testament which I kept in my possession for many years.

Life was interrupted when it was found that another child was expected. Temporary help was secured and my mother went to Moose Jaw where George Hebrew was born on Oct. 1, 1895.

When Mother did not recover after the birth of the child, medical advice re-

vealed that she had fallen victim to the disease which Mrs. Spicer, whom she had nursed, died of, tuberculosis... or as it was called at that time, consumption.

This developed rapidly with the result that we had to give up the undertaking at Morse. We packed and returned to my mother's former home in Essa Township, Simcoe County, Ontario, where she died in August, 1896. Burial was in the cemetary of the Presbyterian Church, Nicholson, Ont. (near Allliston.)

CHAPTER II BOYHOOD DAYS

The death of my mother called for some adjustment in our family. I know nothing of the pros and cons... only the results: my two younger brothers were to remain with my maternal grandparents and I was to live with my Uncle Munford Bunt for the time. There were three or four unmarried daughters of the Griffin family still at home and they undertook the problem of caring for Curtice, 4, and George Hebrew, just under a year.

My mother was a daughter of David Griffin and Mary Jane Finley. My grandfather was of Scottish descent; my mother Irish. Grandfather's age was always a point of controversy with a difference of three or four years between his claim and Grandmother's claim. The record stated that "he came to Canada when he was 10 years old".

The Griffin Family Tree, found elsewhere, gives the names and record of the children of my grandparents as furnished for me by Aunt Eva Orrock, as well as she could recall them about the year 1960.

In the years between my mother's death and my father's remarriage I saw little of my brothers or my mother's family. My father visited me occasionally and was in touch with my brothers.

During the time of my mother's illness at my grandparents' after we returned from Saskatchewan in June, and her death in August, I spent part of the time at the home of my Uncle Munford where there were two cousins about my age as well as older ones. I seemed to find it more inviting there than with my maternal grandparents, my sick mother, two small children and a large family. Perhaps I was a stirring one. I was almost 8 years old. I recall that my grandmother's cure for this was to toe me to the leg of the table. I do not remember how often she did it, but it was perhaps one of the reasons I preferred life at my Uncle Munford's to life at Grandfather Griffin's. They were only about 7 miles apart.

I remember the baptism of George Hebrew. The Presbyterian minister came. (We lived for a month in Uncle Jim;s house. Mother's oldest brother, Jim, was not married at this time. He owned the property across the road from Grandfather's.)

I must have given heed to the ceremony for after it I went across the road to Grandfather's house and when I was asked what the baby was called I replied George Hewitt. Hewitt was the minister's name. They thought Mother had called him afterthe minister. But it turned out he was baptized George Hebrew. I never did find out what was behind giving him that name. He always went by the name George while he was with my grandparents and all my mother's people called him George when he was small. It was not until after Father married again that confusion of two Georges led to calling him by his second name. It usually sounded to people like Heber so that is what he became known as in later years.

My mother died just a few days after the baptism. She had spells of coughing an one night she passed away in one of those spells. Mt brother Curtice and I were sleeping upstairs and in the early morning Aunt Phyllis came and called us. Father wanted us to come down stairs. She offered no explanation. When we dressed and trudged downstairs we found the body on a couch covered with a sheet and Father gave us the sad news. Coming from the funeral I rode in Uncle Munfor conveyance with the two cousins. When we stopped at Uncle Munford's gate where I was to get out and go the rest of the way with the Griffins. I asked if I migh stay with them that night. Thus began my sojourn with Uncle Munford which laste until his untimely death a few months later. Again I was called upon to find another home.

At Uncle Munford's I attended Cedar Grove School, three ro four miles directly east of Grandfather's. I do not remember much about my father teaching me, but I was able to read when I started school at Cedar Grove and I seemed able to master the Part Second Reader. Maude, Myrtle and Russell were going to school. I had played with Myrtle and Russell throughout the summer. Maude seems to have been away.....

The school desk had a kind of folding top. I had my finger on the desk behind and someone tried to close it; my finger was there. As soon as I felt the top moving I took my finger away. Down came the top with a bang! I had to explain the noise and the teacher called me up for a strapping. Maude was indignant as she knew it was an accident, and when the teacher strapped me Maude said, " You better not do that again." The teacher called her up and gave her the strap. I may have cried as it was my first or second day at school and everything was strange to me, but cousin Maude Bunt became my champion ever after.

There was another incident with Maude which I remember. She came home with a new trick. She said she had a box with five nails in it. I was anxious to see the trick and kept after her to show it to me. One day she folded up her knuckl and gave me a clip on the ear. That was the box with five nails in it! It defl my pride, but Cousin Maude was still my champion.

I profited from those one room schools where I could pick up a lot in my spare time by listening to the other classes; the sentiment in many of the poems appealed to me. I recall hearing someone repeat OLD DOG TRAY; I went out at recess and learned the first verse, and I knew it ALL for next day's lesson. I think it was this overhearing of other grades that gave me my particular interest in Georgaphy. I perused maps in the periods between my classes. I was able to do Book II Geography while I was in Part Second Reader. Perhaps my Geography was helped out by one or two train trips between Moose Jaw and Ontario. I would go over the names as the conductor called out the places where the train stopped and knew all the important towns between Moose Jaw ans Ontario before I went to school.

Beyând the distinction of receiving a strapping the first week at Cedar Grove, and the brevity of my stay there, this early part of my education stands out for its shortness. My Uncle Munford died in March of 1897. I believe pneumonia was a contributing factor. For the most part my stay was a happy period of school and play with my cousins, and a companionable home life. I think for some time after Uncle Munford's death my father assisted with the farm work, but Father's trade was carpentry and as soon as disposal of Uncle's farm could be made, he left. The family moved to Alliston.

About this time I went on a trip with my father from Alliston to Woodbridge, Ontario. We drove with a horse nad two-wheeled cart. Such conveyances were not uncommon at that time, especially for a drive with one or two people over unfinished roads, or distances of some length. At this time Father's brother, Francis John, lived in Woodbridge and I met his two sons, Percy and Francis. There were some other Bunts at Woodbridgeat that time, descendents of Francis John Bunt, a brother of my grandfather Petherick. We never were closely assOciated with this branch of the Bunts, though on occasion we met with one or two of them.

The center of my activity now shifted from the neighbourhood of Alliston to near Mansefield in Dufferin County and the home of Aunt Margaret Gennings where I spent the next two years. Aunt Margaret was the second wife of Thomas Gennings. There were three boys from the first marriage. These were John, Robert and George. From the marriage of Thomas Gennings and Margaret Bunt there was one daughter, Lily May, my first cousin. Beside the Gennings farm on Concession 5, Mulmur, lived the Thompsons. Mrs. Thompson was a sister of Thomas Gannings.. I went to school with Harold Thompson and Lily May Gennings... a walk of three miles to the school near Mansfielf. It was a one-room school. Lily May took the Fifth Book the first year I was there and after that I went to school myself, along with neighbours going that way.

Since I was almost 8 years old when I began school, I seemed to have a very good knowledge of Reading and Literature but had not been given much drill in Arithmeti I was behind in this all through Public School. I either failed or got through by the skin of my teeth.

Besides Harold Thompson, other friends in this area were the Wilders, the Lamb girls, a Nobel boy and Garfield Gilbertwhose father kept the General Store. Garfield was still in his fahter's store years later when I visited the place..

Living with the Gennings family, 1897-98, I had little responsibility on the farm. The three Gennings boys were about 10 years older than I. They were always very good to me and my days were, for the most part, carefree. I remember Uncle Thomas giving me a contract one summer to pull mustard weeds from the turnip rows. I think I was to receive 10¢ a hundred. But the turnip rows seemed so long and I grew so tired looking down them ? Possibly I only finished one or two rows.

Uncle Tommy must have been a champion tool sharpener. How many mowers and binder knives I turned the grindstone for, I'll never know.... But I learned a lesson from the dog who used to run away and hide when he saw preparations being made for churning, as he had to walk the treadwheel!! Uncle Thomas was not a hard taskmaster for all that. I think I used to try harder to evade the Saturday morning task of shining the family shoes than turning the grindstone.

Those three young men of the family all had lady friends to visit on Sunday and the shoes must shine, but shoe polish was not the fast shining type. It was the horse and buggy days. Horses were tied up in church sheds- not always the cleanest spot in a country void of paved roads. What elbow grease I expended onthose mud-encrusted shoes in preparation for going to church. Sometimes I have told friends that I did everything around a church from lighting the lamps and pumping the organ to preaching the sermon,but I forgot to enclude the shoes I shined so that people could GO to church!

Besides going to school together, Harold Thompson and I used to stop at the swimming hole along the Pine River enroute home on warm spring days; the old Pine was usually a sluggish stream but when the spring freshet swelled its banks its pace rapidly increasdd. There were frequent fallen trees and branches along its course and in between these were spaces for a school boy plunge. In one of these swimming exploits I had a close call; but for the quick action and strong arms of Harold, I would have been drawn under. Needless to say thses incidents were not reported at home. If cats have nine lives, school boys do, too.

I lived at Mansfield before it became famous for its ski slopes. I always loved those Mulmur Hills. For sleighriding there were long descents, but no tow rope for the return climb... and the noise of the skidoo was unknown.

My father re-married on October 25, 1899. It was my 11th birthday. Ileft Mulmur. Aunt Maggie Gennings drove me to the Shepherds near Alliston and Aunt Susan Shepherd drove me to the Griffins, near Egbert. I visited my grand-parents for a day or two and Aunt Maggie Griffin (later Wigget) took Curt and me on the train to Penetanguishene, Ontario, where we, as a family, lived for about 7 years. Heber stayed with the Griffins until the grandparents died.

My step-mother was Hannah Jane Brittain. Her family lived in Midland and had previously lived in the area of Waverley and Hillsdale. I think my father was working around that area when he met her. When he married he found employment in the Beck Mill in Penetang. The daily wage for mill workers (lumber) was $1.25. The company owned a number of houses and we lived in a company house for about a year. Father then bought a place on the top of the hill near Brock Street. Here we lived for 5 or 6 years. I went to a 4-room school, the Protestant Separate School- the only such in Ontario, I understood.

Penetang was a town of 2,000 at the time. It was the height of the lumbering period. With navigation in full swing during the summer and considerable traffic with tourists on Georgian Bat's 30,000 islands, it was a busy place. There was a big hotel in town. Motor boats were becoming abundant. Quite a number of Americans were coming in. Some had good-sized house boats which were towed to a spot and then moored to an island or a convieient bay. Most got supplies for the steamer that made daily calls. A few people had boarding places and cottages were beginning to be popular. Later a number of clubs erected their own establishments.

I remember my father working for a contractor who erected the club for the Iron Cith Fishing Club, a group of 100 who came fromm Pittsburg, Pa. every

summer for a month. Their club house was like a private hotel. They always had a clergyman and held a church service. They had a few boats of their own and spent most of their holiday fishing among the islands. The summer the club house was built my father was able to secure a shanty from the contractor and my mother, Curtice and I went along and spent a part of the summer there. We were able to use a company boat for padd ling around and had a good holiday.

In Penetang there was a reformatory for boys. It was about 3 miles out of town. About 1905 it was converted to a Provincial Asylum. Father was working for the contractor who had the job of conversion. When the work was finished Father was offered a job as caretaker at the new Institution. The family moved from town to one of the Asylum houses on the Institution grounds. This seemed like a good situation, but my father had thought previously of going to New Ontario; since Curtice did not seem inclined to go through school, he thought it would be a good chance to occupy him. Also, just at this time Grandfather Griffin had passed away and Heber was in need of a home. Thus when the move north was made from Penetang in 1907, Curtice and Heber went and also the newest addition to our family, our sister, Roxie.

Besides the Methodist Church which we attended in Penetang, there were also the Presbyterian and Anglican Churches. We had Sunday School in the morning. For a time Curt and I both attended the Presbyterian Church in the afternoon. We liked the lady teaching us there. But when some of the kids suggested that we just came to get a Christmas present, we left and started to attend the Anglican Sunday School. The class I was in was taking the Communicant Class instruction instead of the regular Sunday School lessons. I completed the course with them and might have been confirmed an Anglicna, if I had wished! The next year I attended the Communicant Class in the Methodist Church and joined them.

My father had been the caretaker in the Methodist Church but when the family moved to the Asylum I took over the job. When the lad who pumped the organ gave up, i did that, too!

In the summer we picked raspberries. We used to walk 3 miles to the berry patch and were always able to get there early as my father's work at the saw mill began at 6:30 and we left home with him. We sometimes picked up a little change selling dew worms to the tourists. This work began in the early evening and lasted as long as the worms presented themselves. We sold them at 25¢ a cigar box. I still have in my possession a cigar box which I obtained in the early 1900's.

Penetang was largely French, being a lumber town, and three-quarters Catholic. The big Roman Catholic Church was named after the missionary and martyr, Father Breboeuf. The present shrine at Midland had not been built. I can remember, when visiting my new mother's family, playing in the area where the shrine now stands.

I started school in Penetang in the Third Reader. When I passed the Entrance, Fourth Book, there was no High School nearer than 3½ miles walk to Midland, so I went to work. I had been helping the McGuire Furniture Store during the holidays; now they took me on full time. I boarded with them as our family was now living at the Asylum.

The McGuire Store did a good business in furniture and quite a trade in repairing and making picture frames. This latter was largely my work, along with the delivery of tge goods to the homes. Sometimes I repaired window blinds and often went to homes to install them, especially if there were a whole set in a new house. When Roman Catholics brought pictures to be framed, they first had to be taken to the priest to be blessed.

Mr McGuire looked after the store and his daughter came at noon to relieve him. After I boarded at their home, I used to go first for dinner and then tend the store while Mr McGuire went to eat.

At this time all the furniture came by freight from the factory. It was received in Knock-down condition and had to be assembled. Thus there was much to do in setting up the articles and putting them together. Often there were broken parts to be mended or scratches to be refinished. There was a lot of work to do and I enjoyed it but there seemed no future for advancement as the son, who taught school, was only doing this until his father was ready to retire. Then he would take over the store. I began to look for another prospect with a more permanent outlook. I settled on telegraphy. The Postmaster, Mr. Darling, gave me a few lessons and allowed me to practice on the instruments in the evenings for one winter. I went to Toronto in the spring of 1906 to attend Telegraphy College.

In Toronto I joined Parliament Street Methodist Church where Gertrude and Maude attended. Rev. John Coburn was the minister at that time. He was later known for his work in Evangelism and Social Service.

We had 4 train dispatchers for teachers at the Telegraph School. But like any trade school, after learning the fundamentals, experience on the job is necessary and so after 3 months at the school I went into the CPR Telegraph Office as a messenger clerk and spent 6 months getting it into my system before being ready for a job.

In Toronto at that time was Fred Shepard, the oldest son of Uncle George and Aunt Susan (Bunt). He was a street car conductor. His home in West Toronto always gave a welcome to family visitors. Gertrude and Maude's brother, Russell came to Toronto to train as a locomotive engineer. I had not seen them since I left their home in 1897 at the death of Uncle Munford. Uncle Jim Griffin, my mother's oldest brother was also in Toronto. He had bought a team of horses and was engaged in the dray business. His oldest son, Charles, was just a baby. I had some pleasant times in their home, also, before I left Toronto to go west.

CHAPTER III

THE WEST RAILROADING

A trip to the west, before the CPR Branch was built from Toronto to Sudbury, (by anyone travelling all the way by CPR, as I had to do, using a pass) meant going from Toronto to Carleton Place, then boarding the main line Montreal to Winnipeg train. I took a lunch on the train, as so many did in those days. I stopped off in North Bay for a few days to visit the Bailey family. The Baileys had been neighbours for 5 years in Penetang and Mrs. Bailey was one of my Sunday School teachers.

My pass was to Winnipeg, but on reporting there I was sent to Medicine Hat Division where the need for telegraphers seemed greater. I was first assigned to a relief job at Seward, near Swift Current. Seward was just a water tank and station--no village at all and a quiet spot for a new recruit from the city. Unfortunately my stay there was short. Presently I was sent to Irvine, Alberta, near the Saskatchewan-Alberta border. Here there was a village. Mr. T.B. Hughes was the station agent. He worked the day shift from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. I boarded at the hotel for a short time, but soon went to live with the Hughes family. I worked the night shift: 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. Although the station residence was not large, and Mrs. Hughes had 3 small children, I was given a warm welcome. I remained there for almost two years. I was able to become familiar with the station clerical work by helping Mr. Hughes with the reports at the end of the month and doing whatever other clerical jobs I could in my spare time.... and there was plenty of that through the long nights!!!

Mr. Hughes had 3 or 4 standard bred horses which he kept as a side interest. He allowed them to run at large on the prairies throughout the summer. He kept a broncho for riding to check on the horses occasionally. He was not overly fond of riding, but when he learned that I was, (though I had not ridden a lot) he allowed me to ride the broncho whenever I wished. (A night operator could have as much free time in the day as he cared to keep awake.) I did quite a lot of riding that summer and frequently went to check on the horses for him. They were mostly within a ten-mile range. The broncho had been trained in rounding up cattle and was very well broken and easy to handle. If you dismounted and dropped the reins he would stand until you took up the reins. Once in a while we chased a coyote. It would run to its hole and get in safely but as soon as you turned from chasing it, the beast would come out and follow you! It seemed to sense when you did not have a gun.

The railroad business, like every other line of work, had its slack times and its busy times when everything seemed to happen at once. The wires were always clicking whether you were using them or not. Like an open line radio, you could hear everything anyone said and they could hear you. You had to open the switch to talk and close it when you finished speaking so another could talk. In a quiet hour someone might open the switch and sound the question mark. It was usually a signal that someone had nothing to do and would be pleased to chat. Perhaps noone took the bait and silence continued; but some lonesome and isle night hawk might say "whoooooo" and then you were away on a friendly gab with a person you might notknow. I remember answering such a challenge and getting into conversation with a man who said he had worked in Toronto at a certain time; as I had worked there at the same time, I asked his name and knew the man very well. We were only 30 miles apart, but with each of us working nights we were unable to get together, though we frequently visited over the wire. It so happened that when we did meet again it was in England and we were both in uniform in the same unit, the Fifth Division Signal Corps. I never learned whether he returned safely from the war or not. His name was Joe MacLean.

On quiet nights it was often hard to keep awake. Sometimes there were train orders to deliver when a train came by- often an hour or two later than the orders. Other trains, like the passenger trains, might come and go in between if they were superior trains. Some of the superior trains could go by without stopping at your station; you had to remove the stop signal to let them go by, so you must keep alert. On a night after a full day awake it was quite a struggle. I had a ruler about 18 inches long and 2 inches wide. If I were waiting & felt dozy I would sit back in the arm chair and put the ruler at my

back, with my head on it. If I dozed, my head would roll off the ruler and of course the ruler would drop and wake me!

We had one through-passenger every night that had to be cleared without stopping and everyone was alert to it. Usually it ran on time, but one night it was quite late and I was sleepy. It crept up without me hearing or seeing it.... it was grinding to a stop before I knew what had happened! Fortunately the conductor was kindly and did not report the incident or I might have had a shorter term as a telegrapher.

The night I had a corpse for company I would have been happy to sleep... but I kept wide awake. There were not many bodies brought in to small western communities in the early days. There were more taken out to be buried in family plots in the east. I do not know the history of this one. The first I knew was when the train from the east arrived shortly before midnight. I saw the baggage door open and something being shoved out which looked like a rough box. The baggageman motioned for me to come and give a hand. Another trainman appeared to give further assistance- and there was the box on the truck! Where to now? Should it go in the Baggage Room or the Freight Shed? The conductor said it had travelled on first class passenger fare so it should go in the Baggage Room. There was a small room off the station office with unclaimed baggage , so by moving a few boxes and twisting the rough box cornerwise it was finally placed within, although the door to the station office could not be tightly closed. The conductor shouted "BOARD!", the train snorted and was soon out of sight. There was I in my office for the rest of the night with a corpse for company. A man came in the morning to claim the body, offering no comment. He had evidently stood on the platform and seen the body being taken care of and then gone back to the hotel for the night.

Another nighttime adventure I sometimes had was going to the water tank for coal. The lower part of the water tank was a large hollow space occupied by the coal and a few tools and pieces of equipment. This hollow area was always heated in the cold weather and was a resting place for tramps who might have been hitching a ride on the trains. Though the section hands filled the coal scuttle in the station office and waiting rooms daily, sometimes the supply diminished more quickly than anticipated. Thus a trip to the water tank witha coal pail was necessary. It was startling to walk into the coal bin and find half a dozen husky men sleeping there. I never had any give offence. They might talk if you spoke to them but, having been put off the trains and knowing they were trespassers, they usually did not speak unless spoken to first. When another train stopped for water they would find a place aboard to take them on another stage of their way.

When I went west it was my thought not to remain in one place too long, but to work in an area for a time and move on, thus working my way west by stages, and then down the coast to San Francisco. There were a number of telegraph operators doing this and it appealed to me as a good way to see the world. But I did not prove to be a good "Boomer". I remained in my first position two years and then moved only 15 miles. Dunmore Junction, the station next west, became vacant and I applied for it and landed the job. Here was the junction where a branch of the CPR stemmed off in a south-westerly direction into the USA towards Spokane, Washington. It was called the Crow's Nest Pass Line. At Dunmore Junction I served as day operator and enjoyed the busy life working the main line and branch line. I boarded with the Nicholsons, a family who had formerly lived in Irvine. Mr. Nicholson was a railroad man and I knew the family well.

It was while I was here that I enjoyed a visit from my uncle, Rev. W. Bunt, who stopped off between trains and visited me.

An incident occurred while I was taking the station agent's work for a time: a carload of settler's effects arrived in the night. It was spotted at the stock yard to allow the horses and cattle to be unloaded. Usually the owner reported at the station, paid his freight and received a clearance to take his goods. This man unloaded his stock and as noone came around to collect his freight bill, he loaded his things and set off for his homestead, with an $80.00 unpaid freight bill. It was some hours before this was discovered. The Mounted Police made fast chase and overtook the culprit and obtained my $80.00. I do not know what other reckoning he had to answer for; I was satisfied to have the bill paid and did not press charges. I put in a hectic summer with a busy telegraph job and the extra station agent-yardmaster duties.

When a new station opened at Cheadle, farther west, I applied for it and being the senior applicant, receivedthe bid and was relieved of the 3-fold pressure at Dunmore Junction. Cheadle, Alberta, a few miles east of Calgary, was as quiet a place to live and work as Dunmore had been busy. The contrast was striking. Hardly any trains stopped here. The telegraph instruments clicked on, but little of it was for me. It seems I had to lose myself to find myself. The one distinctive mark which impressed itself upon my mind was that colossal mountain range so clearly visible from my office window as I looked out and gazed upon it through those sky-blue summer days of 1910. The clouds, the sky- which was which? Who could tell. Lost in thought day after day as I gazed upon them, I at last came out of the clouds and down to earth. I decided, or shall I say I was Divinely guided, to no longer be a "Boomer" operator. I left the west. Away from home for over 3 years, I seemed to feel a homesick-ness drawing me back.

I did not know what valleys of shadow I might be called upon to pass through but the direction was clear....FORWARD.

CHAPTER IV

MY FAMILY

About the time I left Toronto and went west, my family moved form Penetang to Temiskaming District, Northern Ontario. They settled in Kane Township, near Thornloe. The nearest village was Milberta. My father bought a Veteran Script: a section of this district which had been designated as gifts to veterans of the South African War. Soldiers were given free land in return for fulfilling certain conditions such as clearing it. This piece had been taken by a man who failed to [redacted] do the required clearing; the land reverted to the Crown and was sold to any buyer at $1.00 per acre. My father bought a quarter section (160 acres), very little of it cleared, hoping that Curtice would work the land. Curt had worked for farmers as he was growing up, partly to have a little spare money and partly to keep from being sent to school. He was not a born farmer and did not like working at home for his board, so finally

he took a trip out west where wages were higher. Then the war broke out. He joined a unit in Saskatchewan and went overseas with them. When I was in England I met him at Bramshot Camp before he departed for France. The last time we met we visited Tennyson's home at Haselmere. He spent 17 months in the trenches before meeting his death in 1917.

My yoinnger brother, George Hebrew, was a delicate child. The fact that he was only 9 months old when Mother died may have contributed to the poor start he had in life. As he lived with our maternal grandparents and was cared for by aunts who were at home, we do not know much about childhood illnesses. He was wekl looked after as far as getting plenty to eat was concerned, but as a child living in a household of many adults, he may not have had the direct personal attention a mother would give. His deafness does not seem to have been discovered until he was sent to school. He was getting well beyond the age when children start to school, and as the school was a one-room affair, he did not get much individual attention and therefore did not have much chance to learn. He was about 13 when he left the grandparents in Essa Township and came to live at home, at the time of the move west. He had always lived on a farm so the environment was not strange to him. Doubtless he had helped with various chores, for my grandfather Griffin, as long as he was able to get around, had looked after the farm animals. Heber seemed fond of the animals and knew most of their habits by the time he began to do chores at home. He became skillful in handling the horses and feeding and caring for the barnyard fowl. After Curtice left home, Heber assumed the guardianship of the Animal Kingdom of our farm.

I saw very little of my youngest brother as we were growing up. It was not until our step-mother passed away, the home was broken up and he came to live with me for a short time in Beamsville that we came to really know one another. When he developed a cold in the fall our local doctor advised sending him to the St. Catherines, Ont. Sanitarium. The San doctors were aghast at the condition in which they found his lungs. We explained that he had been examined periodically in Haileybury in recent years, but they declared that he could not have come to such an advanced state of lung injury without his condition being noticed. They were convinced that he had a chronic TB condition and they sent samples away for observation. It was only after months of testing and verification that they declared he had neither TB nor cancer, but what they called a fungus growth that developed to a certain stage, decayed and broke off, causing a nauseating sickness that gave him distressing illness for a time, then lapses and a return. These periods broke down his resistance until in a spell of coughing he is said to have choked and expired.

A marked change in Heber's condition was noted when he began to use a hearing aid steadily. He had tried second hand types but with little success. When he procured a newer and more reliable type he began to sense that he really was hearing what was said. He had spoken imperfectly as he had not heard the sounds distinctly. He had found difficulty in the pronunciation of certain word. It was because he had not heard properly. This became quite evident when he could hear properly for he spoke more plainly. One cannot but feel what a difference it might have made in his life if he had earlier learned to speak properly. But it came too late. He passed away at St. Catherine's Hospital. Burial was in the Milberta Cemetary in Temiskaming, Ontario.

My sister, Sarah Roxalene, is the only daughter of George Bunt and Hannah

Brittain. I well remember the day she was born. Mother got me up early to go for Father. He was cutting wood in Scott's Bush about 8 miles from Penetang. To get to Scott's Bush I had to be at Scott's place in town before 7 a.m. to hitch a ride to the bush. Father and I got back about 10:30 and went straight to school. I got a new sister for that effort! She became the bright light around the house. She liked to sit in her carriage and watch the back yard ball games. She clapped her hands for both sides and didn't mind the ball hitting her garriage. Fortunately she escaped being a casualty. I left home when she was 3 or 4 years old and did not have a chance to see her growing up, but always received a warm welcome when I came home to visit. I lived in Quebec and was not certified to marry in Ontario but I was able to take part in the ceremony when she married Charles Catt. She continues to live in Temiskaming, where the family moved when she was 7 years old.

CHAPTER V
TELEGRAPHY

After the holiday at home in the spring of 1911 I heard the Grand Trunk was seeking telegraphers. I made application. I was hired immediately and sent to London, Ontario to fill a vacancy created by a man on holiday. London was a Divisional Office and my work was all telegraphy, a job which suited me as I preferred telegraphy to station work. I would probably have remained there had it been a permanent place, but the regular man returned at the end of his three week's vacation.

I remember 2 things about my short stay in London: the Grand Trunk superintendent there, like many of the Grand Trunk officials, was opposed to the union. I was wearing my ORT button. I noticed him one day while passing through the office, give a disapproving look in the direction of my lapel; shortly after the Chief Dispatcher came to me and quietly suggested I not wear my union button around the office. I was young and confident. I thanked him for his suggestion but continued to wear the button. I had, while working for the CPR, received pay increases which I knew came not from any personal efforts of mine, but through union negotiations. At this time the Grand Trunk was withstanding union negotiators and on the whole their wages were lower than the CPR. I remained in the London area only a short time and did not hear any more of the union ingignia.

My boarding place in London was quite near an Anglican Church where the large bell was frequently rung. It did not interfere with my slumbers at all. In face I can remember enjoying it immensely on Sunday mornings while lying in bed. It played familiar hymns which mingled with my dreams. I have so often recalled that experience.

Before I left London I heard of a vacancy in the Head Office of the Grand Trunk in Montreal. This promised to be a permanent position as the opening

was due to a man leaving the service. I had intended to return to the west to resume work with the CPR, but this venture with the Grand Trunk was intriguing. It was all telegraphy as it was here that the messages and telegraph reports for Headquarters' offices and staff was received. I was provided with a pass from London to Montreal and arrived there Saturday morning. I began work on Monday, May 4, 1911.

I enjoyed the year I worked for the Grand Trunk in Montreal. Though right in the midst of Headquarters' officials, there was no word of disapproval of the union button! The telegraph office was in the Main Office downtown on McGill Street and away from the station and train handling. There were only 5 or 6 of us in the office. The work was concerned with railroading, the hours were regular and conditions agreeable. My hours were from 5:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.- or whenever the night reports were cleared up.

As the work occupied my evenings I did not have much social life but I had a good opportunity to see Montreal and get an idea of its extent. I was interested in the canals and navigation and wandered about a great deal viewing the ships and their traffic in the port and canal system.

But such pasttime has its limits, and no promise of advancement. The following spring I started part time work with the Great Northwestern Telegraph, a subsidiary of the Grand Trunk that handled their commercial work. I continued the night shift with the Grand Trunk in Railroading work. I then received an offer from the GNW to take full time work with them, and promise of day hours. Having spent nearly 3 years doing night work with the CPR out west and nearly a year in Montreal, I was glad to accept an offer of daytime work. By this time I had 4 years experience and was able to command a much better salary and undertake the varied types of work in a commercial telegraph office.

Starting "in the woods" which was what they called taking messages from the branch lines, I was soon appointed to the Montreal-New York Duplex, which meant steady work on the line from 8 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. with 30 minutes for lunch. I held this position for 2 years, then I was assigned to the Mining Exchange. The Mining Industry had increased to the extent that mining stocks began their own exchange and the CPR and GNW had their own operators in the new Exchange. I still had my work at the GNW Telegraph Office where I began at 8:00 a.m. Then I went to the Moning Exchange to work from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.. I spent the remainder of my work day at the Main Office.

During the year that I held the Mining Exchange assignment I did not have my regular circit on the New York wire but came in for a number of special undertakings. Sometimes the morning hours involved newspaper special articles, or relieving for an operator absent from work; in the afternoons, when the baseball season was on, I frequently worked the Baseball Circuit. At that time reporters did not give a running story of the game, but sent bulletins of the play every few minutes and the score at the end of each inning. In the office we copied these bulletins and sent them out to the papers and bill boards. Thus I had a year of special types of work, an experience which I greatly enjoyed and remember with satisfaction as I recall my days as a telegrapher.

I remember the Titanic disaster. We had heard much of the seemingly unsinkable ship on her maiden voyage, and of the high expectancy of those who had taken passage to share in this occasion. It was my practice to walk from my rooming house on Milton Street and squint at the main headlines as I passed newspaper stalls on the way to work. That was how I learned of the disaster. It was to be the busiest day of my career as a telegrapher.

Arriving in the GNW operating room I was greeted by the Wire Chief with the feverish plea, "Please hurry off with your coat". He held in his hand a bunch of messages and dispatches that would have done credit to midmorning on an especially busy day. Some of these earlier messages were from people who escaped the disaster, or had been rescued, telling of their safety or whereabouts. Many were the enquiries from those on land seeking to learn the fate of friends known to be on board. The pile of messages in front of me grew larger as the day went on. Noon hour relief was not thought of. Box lunches were brought in both at noon and the supper hour. Throughout the day the frant pace continued, sometimes bearing the glad tidings of a miraculous rescue or timely deliverance, sometimes the sad loss of a prominent citizen or business executive, sometimes the loss of a parent, leaving homeless children; so many unaccounted for until a final reckoning could be made. It was a day of mixed emotions for a telegraph operator sitting a single seat from 8 a.m. to 2 a.m. the following morning listening to the varied tales related by telegraph concerning the fate of those who participated in the disaster. Every anniversary, though I was far removed from the scene and was not personally involved with a single individual who experienced the disaster, the story is vividly recalled

Towards the end of my telegraphic career I experienced what was perhaps the greatest temptation I have had to face. I had always had good relations with the staff and supervisors wherever I worked and had been given opportunity in various fields without ever feeling that someone else was being given preference over me. The single line telegraph had advanced to Duplex, Quadriplex and Multi Services, using combinations of telegraph and telephone on the same line. I had seen these advances. And now another advance was being made. This was the Printers.

When I began telegraphy a telegrapher had first to learn the Morse Code. This was a system of dots and dashes in combinations corresponding with our alphabet. The telegrapher had to transmit these sounds in to letters spelled out in words which he wrote down. Every word had to be spelled out. It was a slow process, but many operators became so proficient they could take the messages down on a typewriter.

It was conceivable that someone sooner or later should invent a method whereby the old dot dash system should be displaced by machines which could print like typewriters and eliminate the Morse Code sound system. Thus the Printers, which soon developed into the modern teletype, came into being.

The GNW Telegraph, aware of the advantages of this system, began experimenting. They offered me the chance of going to New Yorkto the Headquarters where the machines were being tried out, to learn the technique and then return to Montreal and set up the operation there. It was at this time that I was planning to enter the Ministry. I had not resigned from the telegraph company but I had already entered into negotiations with the church and undertaken some preliminary studies as required by the Presbetry. The telegraph company, of course, knew nothing of this when they approached me with the proposal.Here was the great decision facing me: to be or not to be; to do or not to do. I gave up the offer and proceeded in my plan to follow church work. While my career as a telegraph operator may be said to have ended when I entered the Ministry, nevertheless telegraphy served me well as a side line for I helped finance a portion of my college career by working part-timeshifts and summer vacation periods. The first year at McGill I served in the telegraph office all summer and remained on a

4-hour trick5:30 to 9:30 p.m. for about 6 weeks while attending college. I did some supply work for another operator during the Christmas vacation. The next summer I worked steadily in the telegraph office. I had been appointed to Mascouche, Que., as a student minister. It only required one service on Sunda and a minimum of pastoral care. I was able to get away on Saturday afterroon on a train to Mascouche where one of the congregation met me and drove me back to the train on Sunday afternoon, so I carried on telegraph work all week and did the Sunday work, too.

CHAPTER VI

ST JAMES METHODIST CHURCH

Any reference to the portion of my life in Montreal must mention St.James Methodist Church very early in the account. As I mentioned in my chapter on telegraphy, I arrived in Montreal on a Saturday in May, 1911, to begin work with the Grand Trunk Railway. The following day, Sunday, I made enquiry at my boarding house as to the nearest church and learned that St James was near-by. It was Communion Sunday and Reception of Members; when the invitation for any others who might wish to unite with the church was given I went forward, thus becoming a member of the church within 24 hours of my arrival in the city. I soon joined the Philadelphia Society, a young men's Bible Class, of which Dr. McCordic was the leader.

I became interested in the Morning Sunday School through Miss Susie Good, its leader. It was independent of the larger Afternoon Sunday School and more like a family group. Two or three senior members led most of the discussions. It was from this group that I was called upon occasionally to teach a class. I re the first request for my services came when Miss Dica Adams was away on vacatic for 3 Sundays. Later I was given my own group of junior boys. This Morning Sunday School had the responsibility for a Mission on des Riviers Street where Sunday School was held in the afternoons. Des Riviers was a neighbourhood of many black families. Some of the men were sleeping car porters and conduct-ors. I remember one black family where there were 4 children with lovely voices. Their mother had taught them to sing unaccompanied in 4 parts. A sister, 16, directed them. They often sang at their own Sunday School and when the Annual Sunday School Rally was held on New Year's Day at St. James our superintendent arranged for the 4 children to give a number. The Rally was attended by all the Montreal churches and therewere about 1500 attending. Our black children fairly brought down the house with their rendering of Jesus Is Tenderly Calling Me Home.

The Epworth League, as the Young People's Association was called, was made up mostly of young menand women who had come to Montreal to engage in business. Few of them belonged to Montreal families. We had a very good group I made good friends here. It gave me a splendid opportunity to develop talents that were an asset to me when I entered the Ministry. It was here I found my life partner and through these auspices that we learned to know one another in a work which we undertook together later on. Some of the people that we met in the Epworth League remain as life-long friends.

My membership in St. James lasted until my ordination in 1921, although my active service was actually only 2 years- 1911-1913.

CHAPTER VII

STANSTEAD

I had finished Public School in 1903 with Entrance standing. Going to University required Matriculation Standing. I had a choice: take the Matriculation course at Weslyan College, Montreal and receive Matriculation equivalent in whatever time I could make it, or go to Stanstead College, a boarding school, then operating under the Academy system which offered Matriculation in 3 years. On the advice of my friend, Rev. Clarke Reilley, then assistant minister at St. James, I chose Stanstead. Rev. Reilley had attended Stanstead himself and strongly recommended it for me. I was never sorry that I took his advice!

Stanstead was a co-educational boarding school with an Academic Department, Business College, and Music Department. Not having sufficient financial background, I was given the privilege of working my way. I became the caretaker of the Holmes Model School where the town students attended Public School and the College students received Grade school. I had to sweep and clean the 4 rooms daily and in winter tend the furnace, rising at 5 a.m. to be sure the rooms were heated for school hours. This occupied much of my spare timeand left little for college sports. Matriculation required 2 languages. I took Latin and Greek. I would have chosen French, but in Quebec students started French so early that I would have been unable to catch up in the back studies. (Matriculation Greek was only a 1-year course.) The local clergyman, Rev. T.A. Halpenny, had taken Greek in college and coached me. I made it! I also received extra instruction in Latin and with this help was able to finish Latin in 2 years. Some teachers were kind enough to give me extra classes in science, and with this help, and burning the midnight oil, I was able to accomplish the 3 year course in 2 years, and was ready to enter McGill in the fall of 1915.

Dr. Truman, as principal of Stanstead, was tolerant. He dealt fairly with offenders and tempered his ruling with justice. During my time there seemed to be very good faculty-student relations. Of course, at times there were pranks. Being a co-educational institution, more than half the students were ladies, and this no doubt modified the tone. At the same time it could create problems;but with regard to decorum, the college held a fair name. Minor offences, particularly among boys, were sometimes atoned for by walking around the heart in the centre of the driveway or being gated, that is kept in during free time for so many days. There was an occasional expulsion; a mild reprimand was usually enough.

In the dining room a male teacher sat at the head of each table with a lady teacher at the lower end. As there were never sufficient male staff to man all the tables, older boys were called upon to take the head of the table. The "head" was expected to do the serving. No one must leave the table until all were finished and the hostess gave the signal by rising herself. This was a signal awaited with impatience! If it were necessary to leave the table before all were finished, one must rise and walk to the head table and ask permission to leave.

Prayers were said at the close of the breakfast meal. Theological students took turns with the faculty in leading the devotions, reading a Bible passage and offering a prayer. During the winter months, when I was tending the furnace, I frequently had to leave the table early. As my seat at the head of the table was near the door to the kitchen, and our table often finished the meal quickly, at an opportune moment I would slip into the kitchen without taking the long route to the hostess to ask permission to retire. This was ordinarily accepted. But one day when I did this, Dr. Truman asked the maid serving at the faculty table to take the Bible to me. I wasn't there where I ought to have been! The maid had to return to the principal with the Bible, amid supressed grins from the boarders who had noticed the incident. A mild rebuke for me later on.....

Dr. Martin was the head of the Music Faculty. I was not a music student but I came to know him, perhaps better than most of his students, through helping with odd chores around his place on Saturdays at 10¢ an hour. (It was another means of supplementing my meagre resources.) I was always intrigued by his ability as a blindman to do so many clever things. I remember the precision work on a tool chest in his basement. With my carpentry instincts I could thoroughly appreciate his wonderful talents as a carpenter. I recall visiting him some years later at his summer home on Lake Memphermagog. We were sitting outside on a summer evening talking. He was, at the same time, listening to the electric pump drawing water from the lake. It was giving him some trouble and he told me that the night before he had heard it stall and start intermittently, so he had decided to investigate. He took it apart and found that a small perch had somehow become lodged between the intake and exhaust. I marvelled that he could take the pump apart and put it together again, but why didn't he say he found a "fish" in it? No! It was a PERCH...

The year I went to Stanstead, 1913, there were 3 other theological prospects registered: Melville Kearns, George Kempling and William Flowerday. None of them graduated nor did I meet any of them afterwards. Kearns, enlisting in the army, was the first to go. Flowerday was like the seed that sprang up quickly and withered too soon. I think I knew his whole history the first day I met him. Kempling, like myself, had been out of school for some years and study did not come easily to him. We roomed together my second year and had a very happy fellowship. We had a room in a corner on the top floor where a number of the junior boys were quartered and it was our responsibility to oversee these lads. This didn't mean much except to help them in any way we could as older boys and restrain them in their tendency to tear things to pieces. The lads were not really a bad bunch and we had little real trouble with the, but being mischievous, they often set snares in our pathways and called into play our restraint. I met some of them in later years and enjoyed recalling their pranks.

A very good chum of mine, though not a theological student, was Harold Elliott from South Durham. We often went for morning walks together. Occasionally I heard from him afterwards as he returned to his home town, but the passing of years divided our ways.

My acquaintance with Errol Amaron began in my last year when he came from his Quebec City home to take his Matriculation. I was to meet him later during his Arts course at McGill. In the ministry our paths crossed occasionally. He gave me some valued assistance one summer when I conducted a Young People's summer camp at Lake Memphermagog.

Mr. D.J. McFadden was head of the Business School. I did not have anything to do with this departmetn but my roommate the first year, whose name was mcGhee, took business. Mr. and Mrs. McFadden were real church workers and besides being on the Board of the local church, Mr. McFadden was a Prebbetry worker and Mrs. McFadden a WMS worker. I met them both occasionally through later years.

In the Model School Mr. Hector (later Rev.) Beach was the principal. He ahd taken the Senior Matriculation the year before and had stayed on to earn some money to carry him through future college years. We always exchanged Christmas greetings.

The social life at Stanstead was an important item. In those mid-teen years society was becoming less restrained than in the rigid ninties. Dancing, a stern Methodist prohibition, was still taboo at official functions; smoking was denounced and prohibited on college property, though many were known to use the weed regularly outside the college range. The Prom was the official mixer for the boys and girls. It was well supervised. Cautious parents felt their sons and daughters safe within such restrictions and not a few couples were matched and pledged under such auspices.

Stanstead sponsored a branch of the Student Christian Movement. This group held weekly Bible Study largely attended by the boys. It was a missionary-minded group and gave contributions to support a missionary. At the tmme I was there the missionary they supported was a Mr. Murray Brooks in Celyon. It was my lot to collect the money, which sometimes was not too freely given, for this project. But with my missionary ardour I chased after the funds so persistently that I earned for myself the name of Murray Brooks. I had the good fortune some years later to meet the gentleman.

At the close of my last year I was chosen as a delegate to Northfield Conference. The Stanstead group of 6 or 7 was part of the McGill delegation. I enjoyed this experience immensely. The Northfield Schools, like Stanstead, were church sponsored and the type of citizenship at the conference was of a high order. Harry Emerson Fosdick was one of the speakers. It was early in his career and he was popular with the students. The inspiration I derived from his lectures impressed me so greatly that as Fosdick went on to become one of America's outstanding lecturers, I followed his career with interest. From his sermons, lectures and books I derived much food for thought and material for my sermons.

CHAPTER VIII

WAR SERVICE

I was working in Montreal as a telegraph operator when WWI broke out. I had as a companion in a rooming house Mr. George Bloomfield, an English reservist. He was an elevator operator in a downtown office and as soon as the news reached him on that August day in 1914, he dropped everything and went to

report for duty in the British Army. He was in England in a very short time in service. He was of that soldier type who regarded serving his country more of a duty that an obligation. He did not need to be "called up".

Many of the first to respond to the call to arms were of that type. They were Britons. Britain was at war! The British Empire was being challenged. Her colonies must be defended. It was a restless day; an unsettled time. Home life was being disrupted; families were brokenup. The current of individual life inmillions was turned in a new direction. At first it was the old veterans, then the best of our young and vigorous youth- a whole generation of the prime manhood of our country was to be swallowed up before the conflict was ended.

It was two years later that I met George again. This was in London. He had been in service in France and received a slight wound and had been returned to Blighty for recuperation. I chanced to meet him on a Sunday afternoon. I had gone to London for the weekend and was staying at one of the Soldiers' Hostels. Just before supper I went for a walk expecting to meet some of the lads who would later be taking the train back to camp; George, with the same thought in mind, was taking a stroll before supper- we met face to face not far from his home and I went there with him and met his sister. We spent an hour or so in renewal of friendship. He wrote me a time or two from France, but then silence. I never heard from him after.

As I had experience in telegraph work, I decidedto join the Divisional Signallers where telegraphy was one branch of the Signal Service. The Signals Training Depot was in Ottawa, so when I had completed my first year at McGill I went to Ottawa to commence my Military Cateer. The Depot for Signals was quartered in the Fair Grounds Buildings; ours was what had been the Poultry Building. Things had been tidied up by the time I arrived! A number of students from Toronto had recently arrived and I was among some of this bunch as long as I was in the army. There was a Mounted Section and a Riding School. I would have liked to take the riding as I had done some in the West, But with my telegraph experience I was directed to that school. Of course, as a soldier, one was subjected to all the camp procedure and each was designated daily to a turn as orderly in thekitchen or at various chores: waiting on table, sweeping floors or some outside job. The army seemed to like the way I kept the living quarters tidied up and kept me on this for several days. It was easy enough to do and I had plenty of spare time. I might have had this job for the duration, but I was missing the training in the telegraphy school and when the sargeant learned I was being detained as a floor sweeper, he soon had me back at the school with the other telegraphers.

As signallers we were required to learn the flag signalling, too, which got us outdoors quite a lot. Some of us who had previous telegraph experience did not need so much sound work and were glad to get outside flag wagging. Some of the Signallers found the sound reading difficult and never became proficient. Those who had previous knowledge in telegraphy found it child's play. I never did excel as a flag signaller but I found no difficulty in mastering the requirements for the army test.

The course had started some time after the New Year and any who joined the forces later were put in that class to catch up as they might. I arrived in May and was enrolled in this class. Towards the end of May the army began to prepare a class for a Draft that was expected to leave for England in July. There were 5 or 6 telegraphers and about 30 flag signallers in the group

attached to a unit of 250 Canadian Engineers. The Canadian Signals, then, were attached to the Canadian Engineers for classification purposes. We were called Sappers rather than privates. Thus I only had 3 months training in Ottawa as we left for England August 4, 1915.

I did not know many in Ottawa at that time, but I did not lack social life for I attended the Young People's Meetings at Stewarton Church. We soldiers were royally entertained. I recall invitations to visit some homes for Sunday dinner and 2 ladies whom I met in Ottawa sent me food boxes later to England.

My dearly beloved Beatrice came to Ottawa to spend a week with me. She stayed at the YWCA and I was able to show her around. Shortly after that I was posted to the Overseas Draft and given a few days' leave which I spent with her in Montreal. We had to part not knowing when we would meet again, or if ever. I had gone to visit my people the Christmas before joining the army and did not see them again before going overseas.

The Draft left Ottawa Aug. 4, 1916. It was a hot day. I well remember the march in full military issue: overcoats rolled in the familiar military style for carrying around the shoulder. In deference to the extreme heat of the day a merciful commander ordered a truck to carry the overcoats. I should mention, that while our Headquarters was at the Exhibition Grounds, for the summer we m moved into tents and were quartered about 2 miles out near a race track. This was our walk to the train. The coaches were the old "colonist" cars with upper and lower bunks. I slept in an upper on the journey to Halifax. We went to the dockside and when the ship was loaded it moved out into the harbour to wait preparation of other ships. It was 4 or 5 days before the convoy was ready.

Different units were posted to guard duty on various positions throughout the ship. The Signals, being a small unit, were assigned to the Bridge. It was regarded as quite an honour to have the post on the Bridge. There was nothing to do, of course, but look wise pacing back and forth taking an occasional glance to note if a lurking German submarine might have spotted the ship. What would you do if you saw one/? ! Oh, well, the fellow up in the crow's nest with the binoculars would probably have sighted it long before and raised a row. I well remember those vigils in the sleepy hours of 2 to 4 a.m. They seemed to be thelongest. Nothing for a change but the welcome cry from the crow's nest: ALL'S WELL.

We reached England some two weeks later just as sunset and were herded into a troop train which landed us at Shorncliff Camp in the south of England early the next morning. Shorncliff had been a permanent British Army Camp. It was due for some major repairs and not in use in 1916, except for the Headquarters Building. This the Canadian Army was allocated for their Headquarters and our unit used tents on the open space adjacent to the camp from August until November. We then moved to Crowborough, another former British Army Camp. We carried on some sort of training and exercises, I suppose to occupy us. Then began the formation of the FIFTH CANADIAN DIVISION. Our unit was included in this and became the Fifth Canadian Divisional Signallers. This division was to be organized with a view to sending it to France as a complete division and the training was undertaken with that in view.

The stay at Shorncliff was so short that I can scarcely recall any outstanding incidents. Folkstone was nearby; it had long been a seaside resort, but under wartime restrictions it was not a popular resort. We had little opportunity to see this locality.

Crowborough was small and remote. It was wintertime and there was little to occupy the troops outside the daily routine. Thus few of us remembered Crowborough with anything resembling pleasure. For myself and a half dozen others who availed themselves of the hospitality of the local Methodist Church, there were some happy times. The Church Hall was open Sunday afternoons for a reading room or a quiet place for writing letters. This was followed by tea and fellowship with thecongregation and an opportunity to attend the evening service. While many of our unit remember Crowborough as a gloomy place, a few of us recall the happy hours of fellowship there.

The move to Whitley Camp was a relief to most of the Signal group. Here was anticipation. It was known that we were to join the other groups to form a Division. We were to be the Division Signallers. We were among the first to arrive, and those of us of the Headquarters Section of Signals had our office at Headquarters. While our unit was among the Canadian Engineers line, our office was at Headquarters Hut. We had a branch line to each Battalion Headquarters and a direct line from Camp Headquarters to London. The Battalions began arriving as quarters for them were ready and in a short time the Division had reached its strength and we became a city of 20,000 troops. Each unit had its own programme for preparation to fit and outfit its men for the day of battle. This is where the action was in the early days of 1917- at Whitley Camp.

Meanwhile in France the war was at its deadliest. Troops were being sent from other camps to reenforce the losses. Many who had served and become casualties had recuperated and returned to the field of battle. Whitely Camp and the newly formed Division worked frantically to prepare a Division to take the field of battle as a unit. More calls were sent out to Canada and the other colonies to increase the recruiting programme and send more reenforcements. It was an anxious time for this newly-formed Division. Would they be allowed to go over as a unit? What were the delays and demands? Only those at Army Headquarters knew. It was a sorry day for the high hopes of the Fifth Division when it became apparent that some of the units of this well-trained troop would have to be sent to France for badly depleted ranks there through the bitter and prolonged struggle. The Fifth Division was being badly depleted and its backbone broken. Camp soon became a training ground for raw recruits sent over from Canada. This changed the tempo of life and the spirit of the camp.

What had been the Headquarters Unit of the Fifth Division was broken up and men were taken from each of the Battalions sections. There was only a section of about 25 men of the Division left. These formed a "Command" unit whose duty it was to handle communications necessary for replacement of troops as they cameand went through the weeks before the Armistice, and after until the troops were disbanded. There were no longer flag-wavefs. As far as we were concerned it was routine office work until we received word to report to the Engineer's Depot at Seaford and clear for home and discharge.

For me the war had not been a fighting war. The Signals were not a combat unit. We took the soldier training of drills and marches and were subject to all the fatigue duties: kitchen helpers, mess orderlies, cleaning, polishing, scrubbing, shining- anything that had to be done. The Divisional Signallers did not have as much work as the Battalion Signallers. Ours was mostly office work and in the Headquarters Section where I served we were at Staff Headquarters. We wore private dress with blue and white arm bands which gave no military rank and allowed certain privileges giving free movement through

what might otherwise be challenged by military police or guards. It was assumed a signaller with a blue band was on an important mission. Sometimes it served when off duty or on holidays in getting places.

In the long stay at Whitley Camp from the time we began training until the unit broke up, we of Headquarters worked in shift and sometimes had long week-ends or even long long ones. Three of four of us had our own bicycles. There were a number of army bicycles but they were for duty purposes and were a heavy type of machine. I had enough of them when we went on route marches and I had one to push most of the way. I much preferred my own; second hand ones were easy to procure, though it was sometimes hard to buy parts for repairs. My coaster brake failed and after a long wait for replacements I finally had to resort to hand brakes.

On afternoons offit was fine to ride around the country. Surrey was hilly. The traffic was not heavy, and alone, or with a couple of the boys, I greatly enjoyed bicycling through England's country places. We could reach London by cycling about 20 miles to the end of the underground at Surbiton or Wimbledon. In that way I saw a great deal of London and the surrounding country.

Twice a year we were given a six-day leave and a pass on the train. Trips like this were an invitation to visit Scotland. I took 6 days to visit Edinburgh. It was not so expensive travelling when you could get a room in a soldiers' club for a shilling (25¢) a night and at numerous places volunteer helpers served free tea and bread to soldiers. Another time I took the train to Glasgow where there were three or four tours around the city sponsored by the YMCA for groups of soldiers: a view of the Singer Sewing Machine Plant; a trip to the Submarine Target Base: a boat trip on Loch Lomond; a train trip to Ayr and Robert Burn's birthplace. My Maternal grandfather came from near here and I visited the church where he was believed baptized. Another time I went to the west country and had a look around Somerset, the birthplace of my paternal grandfather.

The story of HOW I WON THE WAR has been most effectively related by many others; I only fired 20 rounds of ammunition on the Rifle Range. For the rest, my gun was silent. It would probably have been buried in dust completely but for the fact of necessary Kit Inspections, when it was required to be exhibited clean and shining. I gladly handed it over on the day of discharge.

CHAPTER IX
THE FIRST CHARGE

Like many young folks starting out, I was very nervous speaking before the public. I got my early start by taking part in Young People's meetings, the Epworth League as we called it, in the Methodist Church. When I was at Stanstead there were a few opportunities to fill ASunday vacancy in neighbouring charges. During my first year at University the academic work occupied me pretty well and there was so much new work that I did no preaching that year. Three years in the Army did not afford much opportunity for public speaking or study, so it was a raw recruit who returned from the war

in the spring of 1919 and signed up for a summer supply undertaking on the prairie with the Presbyterian Church.

I found myself early in May heading for Saskatchewan with some books and the rudiments of a few sermons to practise on an unsuspecting public. My charge was on the CNR between Saskatoon and Calgary, not far from the Alberta border. I landed at Pinkham and enquired from the station agent about the man I was supposed to contact. The station agent knew about my expected arrival and phoned the party, about 6 miles distant. He arrived shortly.

Pinkhad was a three point charge, with a small house for the minister's residence built just after I arrived. (Previously the minister had boarded with members of the congregation.) The village was small. The surrounding area was a farming community. Twelve miles east was Fairmount; twelve miles south was Bailey Church right in the farming community. I drove 36 miles every Sunday by horse.

The people of these communities were nearly all second or third generation Ontario people who had moved west earlier to take up land for themselves. They were fairly well established, very good conservative church folk. The communities were scattered and they had few organisations; young folk married and settled down in the community. Sunday services were my chief work, and life was fairly routine for me. I also had a reading course to cover in preparation to entering second year Arts at McGill in October. This was not light reading and it kept me busy to cover the course for the verbal test.

I had visions of making some extra money stooking grain when the harvest began but did not seem to find spare time for this until one morning a big Norwegian hurried into my house and in broken English signified his distress with sage much ripe wheat and neone to help him. I would rather have chosen another moment to leave my own work, but so insistent was hefor me to come and help him that I went! I was in pretty good physical condition after three years' army life, but those large sheaves were too much of a match for me. A young lad was also helping. Perhaps between the two of us we did a small man's day. I put in 4 or 5 days without serious handicap. I recall the clouds of flies in that Norwegian home. It was midsummer. There seemed to be no screens. It was often difficult to take a bite of food wothout first brushing the flies off. The family seemed used to it and I was tired enough and hungry enoughnot to pay too much attention to the flies. I suffered no ill effects.

I did a great deal of visiting among the congregation that summer and found a ready welcome everywhere. If I drove up to a house just as they were sitting down to supper there was no embarrassment. I remember especially the number of times I was served canned salmon for supper! I suppose it was onething the housewife could fall back on in an emergency. That was my only experience on a mission field or summer supply in the west.

At the end of my next year at college I did not need to look for a summer supply, for a mission field just outside of Montreal had become vacant and I secured it. This was Masecouche, a small English communityto the north of Montreal entirely surrounded by French. There was an Anglican Church and a Methodist Church. The Anglicans were nearly all of the Robinson family. The Methodists were all Alexanders.

As I was billeted in a different home each weekend, I had a splendid opportunity to visit each family and became very well acquainted with them. There were few children. Most of the young people had gone to the city for employ-

ment. I have forgotten most of their names since my sojourn there in 1920, but I do remember Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Alexander. Mrs. Alexander played the church organ and always sang lustily. As the organ was right beside the pulpit or slightly behind it, I got the full benefit of a strong soprano voice. She used to twit me about giving her my hymn list every Sunday on very small slips of paper. As she and her husband were among the older ones all the group called her Aunt Carrie and as that seemed easier than calling her Mrs. Alexander I began calling her Aunt Carrie which pleased her very well. I called her husband Uncle Johnny. She was very interested in the college students. Others had been guests there before me. She seemed to sense that college students had good appetites and she excelled in feeding them not only on their weekend visit but very often slipped something into the bag at departure time on Sunday afternoon. These treats were always shared with the boys at college. When a friend saw you heading off with your bag and asked "Where are you going?" you could always expect some visitors on your return if it were known that you had been visiting Aunt Carrie.

I mentioned there were few children, but I do remember one of the families with a little girl, possibly 6 or 7 years of age. It seems that one Saturday night the hired man had forgotten to prepare the kindling for starting the fire in the morning. When he arose he began to split kindling in the shed off the kitchen, making a terrible noise. This little girl, evidently with thoughtful consideration for the minister, went out and told the man not to make such a noise as the minister was sleeping yet. I always knew I had good friends among the Alexanders, and here was one staunch supporter!

It is always hard for a minister to leave a congregation where he has become so intimately involved in the lives of a group of people and shared with them some of the deepest and more meaningful experiences of life. Often, however, the sadness of farewell is softened by the lure of prospects arising in other areas giving promise of newer and perhaps greater hopes or outlook. This was the case when I reached the end of one year's service at Mascouche. I was contemplating marriage.

When I arrived in Montreal in the spring of 1911, there arrived about the same time from another part of Ontario a lovely lady. Chance, or perhaps more truly Divine Guidance, brought us together. We each found St. James Methodist Church our church early in our life in the large city. We became involved in the Epworth League and through succeeding years learned that we were intended for one another. College preparation, three years war, and subsequent events left that vision undimmed until its consumation in marriage June 28, 1921. Our honeymoon was a boat trip from Kingston to Montreal and then train to our new home, Rawdon, Quebec.

CHAPTER X
RAWDON

Rawdon was a quaint little village at the foot of the Laurentians. The fast waters of the upper reaches of Lake Quara River tumbled over the rocks into

the quieter waters below where hummed the sawmills. When the timber from the rugged hills behind was cleared, the village thrived. The land was cleared and farms sprang up. The soil was sandy and light so farming never became a major industry.

The Methodist Church in the village, with the help of the farming community, had maintained an independent charge for a few years, but by the beginning of the 20th century had subsided into Mission Field status. Thus when I went to Rawdon it was a Mission Field and had been allocated to students. A grant was received from the Home Mission Board as an incentive to keeping the work alive and students received whatever the congregation could afford to pay them. For a married student Rawdon provided a home for a family to live. The Manse had been kept in good condition as a comfortable residence. The congregation being small, the pastoral work was not heavy and the income received a valued assistance in acquiring one's education. Thus Beatrice and I decided to be married. She would live in the Manse while I took lectures at college from Tuesday to Friday and lived in the college residence; then I commuted by train and spent the weekend with my wife and preached on Sunday, and attended pastoral duties requiring attention. One could find time for study and catching up on any reading that a busy college schedule did not allow.

Beatrice had worked in Montreal as a Business girl for almost ten years. With the prospect before her of becoming a minister's wife, she terminated her business career a year prior to our marriage and went to Toronto to take a Year's studies at the Methodist National Training School where missionaries, deaconesses and church workers took special courses to better equip themselves for positions of leadership inpastoral work. Not all prospective minister's wives took this course, but several did and found it of benefit in their career in church work. Beatrice had already had some years' experience as a Sunday School worker while in Montreal and in the Epworth League, a Young Women's Bible Class and a Mission Group.

According to the rules of the church a student must complete his course before marriage. Special concessions were sometimes made and, with the help of the Rev. T.A. Halpenny and the Rev. B.B. Brown who made pleas before Presbetry in my behalf, we were able to enjoy those 2 years in Rawdon while I completed my college work. The charge, not having had a lady in the Manse, was delighted, too, when we arrived. There was much enjoyment of home life on these weekends, and an opportunity to visit some of the parishoners and become well acquainted. We had occasional visits from Montreal friends, and college students gladly accepted an invitation to take part in a Sunday service... and sometimes preached the sermon! That first winter, Beatrice's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Condy, from Harrowsmith came and paid us a lengthy visit. They had been life-long church folk and thoroughly enjoyed life in the Manse, and especially when one or two students came visiting. The rehearsal of college experiences and tales of pastoral life filled them with great delight.

Beatrice proposed a Ladies Aid group that first winter. Many of the ladies were older and not anxious to start something new, especially something with which they had little experience. There was some hesitation. But with the willingness of a few to venture, and no real opposition from the others, it was agreed to try the experiment if the minister's wife would be president. Thus the women's work began at Rawdon, and there are those who say at this time that if it had not been for what the ladies did, the church at Rawdon

would have died years ago. Instead it is a live institution in 1974.

The ladies' work gained financial support by serving suppers. Rawdon church was small. They had no hall. Only a few could gather in a home. But the summer population was increasing and the idea was conceived of having suppers outdoors in summer at the height of the tourist season. The members at first felt it was hopeless for so few to attempt such an undertaking, but with the help of Mrs. George Finlayson, at the time a member of St. Andrew's, Westmount, who agreed to secure the ham and prepare it for the occasion, the other ladies decided that with such a boost for a send-off they could no longer refrain. Where the quantities of food came from was a marvel to the ladies themselves! It took little advertising to acquaint the summer folk of the event and the numbers that came to that first supper not only surprised the ladies but set the pattern for an event that continued a success for many years to follow.

The usual time for changing pastorates in the Methodist Church was the end of June. Of course there were exceptions according to circumstances. In my case, my predecessor, who was moving some distance, wanted to vacate Rawdon on May 1st. It was convenient for me to relieve him at that time as I was free after the close of college in April, therefore I prepared to take over RawdonMay 1 to let my predecessor go early. Thus I moved to Rawdon two months ahead of ordinary moving time. This gave me a chance to get my things moved and also to make a start on planting a garden and getting acquainted with the farmers of my prospective congregation. My father and sister, who came from Northern Ontario to the wedding, arrived a week early and spent a few days with me before going to Harrowsmith where Beatrice's family lived.

The wedding was held at Harrowsmith on the 28th of June, 1921. Rev. Stewart, the local clergyman, officiated. Guests were: Beatrice's parents; two uncles and aunts; her sister Edna and her husband with their two children, (Rev. and Mrs. A.R. Walsh); my father and sister. Our honeymoone was a boat trip from Kingston to Montreal and train to Rawdon.

I will remember the train ride and our arrival and reception in our new home. The ladies were all lined up in the hall as we went in the front door. I saw a lady a little ahead in the line who had helped me to get settled and her name was familiar to me. When I met the first lady I called her by the name of the lady ahead whom I had recognized previously; then I called the second lady by the first lady's name and got them all wrong as I went down the line... confusion and a red face for a few moments, but the ladies soon announced their own names and we got away to a riotous start.

Dr. Smiley, the medical practitioner, was perhaps the best known figure around Rawdon at that time. He spoke French and was highly respected by the French, as well as by the English. He drove a horse, though in later years he did possess a car. Indeed, in early days many of the roads through the country were not designed for a car. Frequently we would see him set out at nightfall on a long journey into the back country; he might not return until the next day. When the snow was heavy he sometimes took a team and driver. He made his calls if humanly possible to do so. He was so unassuming through it all and it was often told that many were the services he rendered for which he presented no bill. He made little of his achievements. He was adored by young and old.

Dr. Smiley belonged to the Methodist Church, which I was serving, but I rarely saw him at church. In earlier times he had attended church regularly and sang

in the choir. But with the French folk it was the custom to attend an early mass and after mass have prescriptions renewed and any medical treatment attended to. The doctor had been called out of church so often that he had to discontinue attending morning services in their favour.

I only had to avail myself of Dr. Smiley's services once. One hot summer day I had a bilious attack. Nothing seemed to stop it. On consulting the doctor, he told me to go home and take a good dose of castor oil. No amount was specified. I thought I was treating myself generously by taking two large tablespoons full. When I told him afterwards he casually remarked, " Three would have been better", but he left me to repeat the dose or double it... as desired!

As he was a McGill student (many years before my time) we frequently exchanged college yarns on college exploits. When he was at McGill his home was in St. Lambert across the river and he often walked home at night from the university. At that time Victoria Bridge was a covered bridge. I remember him telling me that students, returning home, frequently ignored the walk-way on the bridge and chose rather thereof over the bridge on which to walk.

In Rawdon at that time was another Smiley family, Dr. George Smiley, the veterinarian. I had much more contact with this family as they were active in the church work during my time as a student minister. My wife and I had frequent visits in their home. Mrs. Smiley, who had been brought up in the Anglican Church and dearly loved the Episcopal form of service, always maintained that she was at heart an Anglican; nevertheless she attended the Methodist Church with her husband and raised her two fine children as Methodists; later they became United Church members. We have many happy recollections of our association with them.

The Hamilton family lived outside the village 2 or 3 miles and it was difficult for Eunice to attend school regularly. As Mrs. Bunt was alone in the Manse the four week days I was away at college, it was arranged to have Eunice live in our house as company for Mrs. Bunt. Our intimate relationship with Eunice during this period began a friendship which continues through the years.

Another relationship which began very early in our sojourn at Rawdon, and has continued through the years, was with Bessie Robinson. The Robinson family belonged to the Anglican congregation but somehow during the time of my predecessor Bessie began to play the organ for our Sunday School and this continued while we were there. Consequently Bessie was a frequent visitor at our place and a willing helper in the Sunday School. This continued during our two years at Rawdon and from that day until this I do not think a Christmas has passed that we have not received a greeting from her.

One of my first weddings after going to Rawdon was that of Mabel Hamilton. Mr. William Tuff, the groom, was a widower. When his wife died he had retained the house in Montreal in which they had been living and it was arranged to have the wedding in his home. Mr. Tuff had a dog. He went around and inspected each one on our arrival and when I began to read the ceremony, the little dog lay down beside the groom and remained there quietly as an interested spectator of the proceedings.

I recall a visit of the Stephen family when Ronald was beginning to grow up. When we had morning prayers after breakfast sometimes Mr. Stephen took a turn leading devotions. Ronald may have felt the talk around the table unduly long and consequently he would bring the Bible to me as a reminder that he was ready

to get away. On one occasion Ronald took the Bible to his father and Fred asked him why he did not take it to Uncle Oscar. Ronald, abit abashed, replied, "Well, Uncle Oscar, he.....what you....call it.....too long." Ronald preferred shorter family prayers!

The first Christmas Tree at Rawdon was one we long remembered. Some of the children were small. We had been with them six months now, and knew them fairly well. Beatrice had considerable material for a programme. The children were willing and with the help of one or two mothers and some of the older girls, preparations were soon underway for a concert. Santa Claus appeared and played his part well. He bade us all good-bye but he was no sooner out the door than he turned round and came right in again carrying a large clothes basket with the help of one of the men. They sat it down at my feet and called Beatrice to come up. With a neat little speech we were informed that the basket contained the good wishes of the Sunday School and congregation. And what a Christmas gift that was. There was a turkey and 2 or 3 dressed fowl. There were sizable roasts of pork and beef. Others hadbrought canned goods from the store of vegetables from the cellar. We were left speechless. It was a fitting response from an appreciative people.

Living in country places at this time, the matter of refrigeration was sometimes a problem, but at Rawdon we were fortunate in having an unused well available. It was very good drinking water, but since the village had installed the public water works system the well was no longer in use as a source of drinking water. It was fairly deep, clean and covered over. Thus we were able to keep milk, butter nad eggs there for some time without spoiling. We had fixed a box on a pulley and were able to pull the goods up and down by a windlass. This made a very fine substitute for a refrigerator.

Lumbering in Quebec and Ontario developed through the early pioneering stage, but finally it was superceded by the paper-making industry. Around Rawdon and the country to the north there were still those who were proficient handlers of the broadaxe, perhaps the earliest method of making boards. Mr. William Sharp, a member of my congregation, was an expert in this craft. It was a thrill to watch him study a cedar tree, estimate its possibility and then with deft strokes slice off a board of the proper thickness, skillfully trimming away any imperfections. There are houses and barns still standing to give testimony to his work. When I last visited Rawdon the golf club was still standing, a symbol of his skill.

We did not hear so much about two languages in those early days. English settlers who took homes in predominately French-speaking areas usually became conversant with the French language and many of the French were anxious to communicate with their English neighbours. Still there were areas where there was little or no English spoken. I recall a funeral I conducted of an English-speaking citizen who had once owned a farm a few miles from Rawdon. The family still held the farm and lived there part of the time. He was well known in the community although I had not met him. When he died the body was brought to Rawdon for burial. As was the custom at that time, the body rested in the home. I went there to visit the family and found the RC undertaker had the room all draped in black cloth. When the funeral proceeded to the church the next day, there were about 40 horse-drawn vehicles, mostly French neighbours showing their respect. I spoke in English and my friend, the local doctor, told me he estimated that not more than half a dozen persons there would know a word I spoke!

It seems that the custom of draping houses in black was prevelant in English churches of that period. I remember moving to a new place once and finding a large roll of black cloth in one of the church cupboards, which some older folk told me was what had been used for funerals when they had French undertakers to do service. In another church a few years later they still observed a relic of the custom; instead of large rolls of black cloth, there was a black bow tacked on the church wall behind the spot where I stood to preach.

As we always enjoyed good relations with our French neighbours, I usually attended RC funerals in the village where I resided. I frequently visited a home in the evening where a wake was being held though I did not maintain the midnight vigil, but returned home after paying fitting respect to the family of the bereaved.

Though our Rawdon associations are largely of the distant past and most of those we know so well are gone, we still have a highly-cherished memorial of that period in our life in two pictures of Rawdon that hang in a preminent place inour living room where they are in evidence every day of our lives. These are snaps, oneeach of Darwin falls and Mason Falls, taken by a Montreal friend, Feltcher Edwards, and enlarged 10x26. We greatly cherish them for the lovely scenes they portray but more for the memories they bring back to us of a people who meant so much to us.

CHAPTER XI
FRANKLIN CENTRE

If anyone should mention my name around Franklin Centre now, no doubt someone would say, "Oh, is that the minister who had so much illness here?"

I will always remember 1923 as the year I spent almost 6months in bed. Early in my term at Franklin I became conscious of an inadequacy in my system; a feeling of apathy, a tiredness that I could not describe. I could only complain to the doctor about indigestion; he repeatedly gave me a tonic and by the time it was finished its effects ceased. This continued for some time and then the doctor went south for the winter holiday and we decided to consult another doctor in a nearby town. This doctor found that my blood count was low and began his investigation from this point of view; he soon found that I had pernicious enemia. My condition had reached a point where immediate improvement was not to be expected and a visit to the hospital was advised. Arrangements for my admission to the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal were made. I received 6 or 7 blood transfusions but with the condition of my blood even those transfusions did not act favourably and no improvement was noted. At that time liver treatments for enemia had proved successful in a number of cases and this treatment was given to me. Its use seemed to show satisfactory results. Thus beef liver and I joined forces and worked in close cooperation for many months and continued through succeeding years. After 3 months in hospital I was discharged and went to my wife's home in Harrowsmith for the

continued illness I had been forced to give up the work at Franklin and allow my place to be taken by another as I knew nothow long the illness might continue. At this time my blood count, which should have contained 5 million red cells per c.c., was at 1½ million per c.c. which doctors claimed was the lowest point it could reach with any hope of regaining a normal condition. One doctor estimated my life expectancy at 5 years.

Franklin Centre was my first pastorate. It was also my shortest term anywhere. While the records may show me the minister there for 2 years, quite a bit of that time was given to substitutes taking my place.

Franklin Centre- centre of what was often asked. Located in Huntingdon County, Quebec, it was a mere crossroad. The county was a strip about 10 miles wide running along the boundary of New York State from the St. Lawrence River east for about 30 miles. It was mostly rural with very good farming land. The charge consisted of Franklin, Covey Hill and Rennies. I did not get to know the people well for, owing to my illness, I was unable to visit many of them in their homes. Nevertheless some pleasant memories linger of my sojourn there.

One adventure comes to mind in relation to CoveyHill. It was wintertime and we were returning home from the afternoon service. There was considerable snow but travel wasnot difficult. We were driving a horse and riding in the cutter. At the time we were on a slope and allowing the horse to take her way steadily. A gust of wind came up and disturbed a piece ofpaper stuck in the snow. The paper rustled and the loose end fluttered and startled the horse. The poor animal, not usually nervous, at the sudden rattle of the paper shied sideways. The cutter was in a deep rut and it turned on its side; my wife and I rolled out into the snowbank. The lurch the horse gave broke a strap on the bridle where it joined the bit, and as I hung onto the lines and the horse bolted forward, the bridle pulled over the horse's headand away went the animal! I had the lines and part of the bridle; the horse was away down the hill with part of the harness and the cutter. Fortunately when the cutter tipped we were thrown free and were not pulled along with the runaway horse. Some men at the bottom of the hill were able to stop the horse so little damage was done that could not be repaired to allow us to drive ourselves home. But this incident occurred later in the story. I shall first have to introduce you to Daisy.

Franklin was not only our first charge in the ministry, it was the only place where we used a horse. We purchased Daisy from one of our parishioners. She was about 4 years old and had not been driven much and mostlyin double, but she was quiet and we had no trouble in driving her single except that she had never been taught to back up. This was a bit of a problem, especially as on many of my calls she was driven into a shed and there was noway to get her out except to back up-or unhitch, which I sometimes had to do. But we found, one day, a very understanding horseman who taught Daisy what BACK UP meant; she proved a very apt scholar and gave no further trouble in that direction. I had never had an untrained horse before, and took their education pretty much for granted.

Beatrice proved very good at handling a horse. She had been brought up ona farm and had ridden and handled horses; she had opportunity to bring her aptitude and knowledge into practice at Franklin while I spent so many hours on my back feeling useless. At Franklin we were 9 miles from the railway station and when

my illness made it necessary to secure a student from college in Montreal. Beatrice had to hitch Daisy and drive 9 miles in the buggy to meet him and drive him the 9 miles back to the station on Monday morning, besides entertaining him at home and often taking him to the 3 churches on Sunday.I sometimes wonder how she did it, but she seemed actually to thrive on it and enjoy it. I guess I was in that indifferent state at the time and did not realize what an undertaking it was for her. She got to know Daisy well and was able to make her understand that the big noisy steam engine roaring into the station had no malicious intent on a mere horse. Though she responded very well to cajoling words from the driver, Daisy never learned to appreciate the big monster and was always glad to head back to the country.

Living in an age of changing situations, we at Franklin were affected by the change in funeral procedure. The days of the horse-drawn hearse were being displaced by the motor hearse. We, of the horse and buggy days when funerals moved at a horse's walking pace, were at first shocked to see motor vehicles rushing along at 25 miles an hour in a solemn funeral procession. It did not seem respectful to our beloved departed. In time of course the speed mania won the day, but Daisy and I belonged to the old school.

There was a death in my Rennie appointment congregation. On the appointed day Daisy and I drove to the home where the late departed rested in waiting for a 4-mile journey from the house where some prayers were said to the church. To our amazement this part of the country had moved out of the horse and buggy days and every vehicle in the procession was an automobile. To top it all, the undertaker appeared in a motor hearse! He "hoped" the horse would not walk too slowly. Fortunately Daisy had a long stride and was quick in movement. Beatrice had volunteered to drive, and being well used to handling Daisy, with very little urging our vehicle headed the procession at a moderate gait that spared mostof those following the fear they had anticipated of driving the entire distance in low gear.

It was only a short time before I had to do service at another funeral in the same community and this time I resolved to bring funeral processions up to date and left Daisy at home. I arranged with one of my parishioners to drive me and was all ready to lead the procession in a brand new 1919 Ford. But where was the undertaker with his motor hearse? It was half an hour past the time he was supposed to be giving me the signal to begin the procession to the church. There was no phone in the farm house. We waited another half hour and presently a car drove up to tell us the undertaker's hearse had been disabled and he had to send to Huntingdon for a team of horses and a horse-drawn vehicle. There were those who felt the day of the horse was not altogether past!

CHAPTER XIII

RECUPERATING AT RAWDON

Leaving the Royal Victoria Hospital in 1925, I was without a pastoral charge, and my commission was to regain my health. The doctors had done their part.

The rest was up to me. My cousin, Heber Bunt, took us to Harrowsmith, Ontario, where we were to stay for a time with Beatrice's parents. Until my strength was built up there was so little I could do, and this was the hard part: it was such a feeling of inadequacy and uselessness. We were invited to spend a week or two with cousin Henry Bunt and his family. At another time we spent a period with Beatrice's sister and her family. Here great interest was shown by Beatried and Margaret in our baby girl. This was a splendid opportunity to learn to know this family which was to play such a large part in our life in later years.
I spent much time lying outdoors on a sofa. Now the lonely walks found a new inspiration in wheeling a baby carriage and entertaining the precious daughter. She was a cheerful companion and tending the baby, far from being a chore, was a real stimulant.

We spent the summer in the north: four months visiting at my father's house in Northern Ontario. Here was an opportunity for my parents to meet the new grandchild. It was a refreshing summer in the outdoors picking blueberries and clover blossoms which abounded so plentifully in that new country. We had learned that clover blossoms are rich in iron. I had been given a diet with large quantities of iron so we made clover tea by plucking the blossoms, drying them in the sun and steeping them. I consumed large quantities of clover in this fashion and found this brand of tea quite palatable after a time. For several summers after we took a holiday in the North and gathered red clover blossoms.

I regained my health that summer and a feeling of renewal brough a desire for something more constructive. The doctors did not advise a return to an active pastorate, but when we learned that Rawdon, where I had spent 2 years serving as a student, was becoming vacant, I made application for a return there. We learned that our return would be acceptable to the congregation. It was a one-church charge: the work was not too difficult so we returned to Rawdon to remain for 5 years. This gave me an opportunity to build up my constitution which held through our ministerial life until retirement without further set-back.

During the years we were at Rawdon blackberries were in plentiful supply in midsummer. Some people called them thimbleberries. They were larger than a raspberry and the seeds were harder, especially when cooked. They were a fine treat, raw with cream and sugar. We used to count on them for fresh fruit. Our friends, Fred and Dica Stephen, often made a point of coming for a visit during blackberry time.

There was always a bear story at berry time: someone saw a bear in the vicinity of the berry patch. Perhaps some farmers had careless visitors who trampled thoughtlessly through fields and occasionally invented such tales; perhaps once in a while a bear did stray that way but we never had such an adventure. But I do remember one summer meeting Mr. Parkinson as we passed. We asked how the berries were. He said he guessed the berries were alright if the bear wasn't around. At that moment there were two ladies returning who said they heard a noise in the bushes. They hadn't seen it, but it sounded like a bear. We continued up the hill to the berry patch and noticed some cows lying on the ground chewing their cud. As we passed we heard one give a grunt which might very easily have been taken for a bear by anyone whose nerves were edgy thinking of bears. We continued to pick bears until we filled our pails and enjoyed blackberries for supper in the thought that bears didn't

scare us.

During this second period we could witness Rawdon changing from a boarding-house village to a village of more private homes; instead of summer boarders coming for a two-week period and going back to the city, now morepeoplewere building their own bungalows and staying for the summer; some with houses came for weekends all summer, starting early and continuing until fall. Now the swimming beach was becoming more of an attraction for the boarders; golf attracted others and later skiing brought tourists and Rawdon became established not only as a summer resort, but as a year-round attraction for the outdoor enthusiasts whose name is legion.

CHAPTER XIV
BIRCHTON

Birchton is pretty well in the centre of the Eastern Townships, which are 13 counties to the south of the St. Lawrence extending to the States of Vermont and New Hampshire. It was ~~~~led largely by the English, including many UE Loyalists. It is rolling country and has many beauty spots. I spent 7 years at Birchton, a three-point charge of Birchton, Bulwer and Eaton Corner. It is quite a compact area: only 3 miles from Birchton to each of the other points. I always felt that I spent some of the most rewarding years of my ministry here. It was strictly a farming community and excelled in maple sugar.

The (Methodists) United Church and Anglicans seemed the stronger Protestant bodies though Presbyterians and Baptists had good representation in certain areas. I began my pastorate at Birchton after recuperating 5 years on a smaller charge and was not sure how much I could take working a 3-point charge. The people were extremely co-operative and I found the work stimulating and had no set back. At Birchton and Bulwer many of the children were in their early teens and had been in Scouts and Girl Guide groups. Some were rather young for a Young People's Group but the leadership available seemed more inclined towards Young People's Programmes and two groups were started. We had a busy seven years enjoying these two groups through their teens and into young people beginning their own homes.

That it was not all in vain came to me very forcibly at the time of our Golden Wedding Anniversary when we received many messages of appreciation and good wishes; so many of them came from this group telling of their own families and recalling past associations.

The three congregations treated us royally and we had a happy time through the seven years. I met the lay representative, Mr. A.E.Bridgette, at Conference prior to going there and he asked if we were interested in gardening. Our predecessor had not done any during his three years there, but when it was learned that we always had a garden Mr. Bridgette arranged to have a garden lot at Birchton and even planted potatoes and some common vegetables so that we had some of our own the first year. Then at Thanksgiving the churches were lavishly decorated with fruits of harvest and from the 3 churches that day we carried home such a shower of vegetables that our cellar was well stocked

for the winter. We bought few potatoes while there, and such things as turnips and cabbages which farmers had in abundance were frequently shared with us. Though the financial support was sometimes below the minimum level, we were richly blessed with such things as they had to give.

I mentioned that this was good maple sugar country. There was a local custom of having informal gatherings in the woods at sugaring time. When the sap was gathered and brought to the boiling point, and the syrup was ready to be taken off, the neighbours were summoned to share in the freshly boiled syrup. This summoning of the neighbours was called "hollering" harking back to the old days before the telephone when the man in the sugary hollered to his neighbour announcing that the syrup was ready. The neighbour hollered to the next as far as the call could be extended and all nearby would come to the bush, each carrying a little wooden paddle about 6x8 inches, having a handle, and another paddle about 2 inches square. The larger paddle was dipped in the syrup kettle, now cooling. The paddle gathered whatever syrup adhered to it and the individual, with the smaller paddle in the other hand, scooped a quantity off the larger paddle and licked the syrup off the smaller paddle, continuing thus while there was any syrup left on the larger paddle. This was most delicious. The gathering would stay and visit for an hour or so and then go home leaving the sugar people to continue their work. In later years the telephone took the place of hollering.

CHAPTER XV
FORT COULONGE

Fort Coulonge, north of the Ottawa River and about 80 miles west of Ottawa, was in Pontiac County. The charge included a church at Davidson Mills and Waltham, some fifteen miles farther west. The area had been a lumbering region but the timber had pretty well vanished and lumbering was on the way out when we arrived, but there was still some traffic with the camps and clearing off the smaller second growth timber. There was also the development of power plants. The community was three-quarters French.

There had been a Methodist Church at Fort Coulonge some years previously, but with diminishing numbers and a changing population this church had closed and remained unused for a time. The Presbyterians had a cause there, too, and it prospered financially through endowments from the Brysons, a large lumbering company. After the decline in lumbering and the departure of many of its staunch supporters, the congregation dwindled. At the time of Church Union the Bryson family held anti-union views and won the vote to retain the church in the Presbyterian cause. There were some who favoured a United Church and these left the Presbyterian Church and with what old-time Methodists still remained, opened the old Methodist Church and began to hold United Church services there.

This was the situation I stepped into in 1939. The congregation was not large

but I had a very loyal group. By this time a number of older members had passed on and others had moved to Ottawa. Whatever animosity had flared up at the time of Union had died down and there was a very good feeling among the people of the two congregations. There were really only enough people for one congregation, butthe UC folks were as determined as the PC to keep going and continued morning and evening services in both churches. I had the two other appointments to maintain, which meant that I preached morning and evening at Fort Coulonge and drove twelve miles in the afternoon, preaching in two different congregations. Each congregation had held a weekly prayer meeting. This was carried on two years while I was there, then there was a change in pastorate in the PC and we agreed to cooperate in the weekly prayer meeting and made it more of a Bible Study Group. With three small congregations the pastoral visitation was not extensive: two sermons and a prayer meeting weekly to prepare for made for more time in the study. In winter one of the afternoon congregations could only be reached by train, so a week-night evening service was held there, the minister staying overnight in some home.

As the school in Fort Coulonge was only up to Grade 9, mydaughter had to travel on the train 30 miles daily to Shawville; we sent her to Montreal for Senior Matriculation.

Most of my previous pastorate had been in English-majority places, but Coulonge was three-fourths French. There was a remarkably fine spirit of community interest between the two cultures. This seemed to stem in large measure from a team spirit in the field of sports. There were a number of very good players of each race in both hockey and baseball; the way they played together in harmony was worthy of commendation and the spirit of both at games was remarkable in the way the fans turned out to encourage both sides.

Though the Sunday work was a bit heavy, the pastoral work was not burdened with organizational activities and 5½ years in this pioneer area was an enjoyable experience for us.

CHAPTER XVI
GATINEAU

I moved to Gatineau on Jan. 5, 1945. I do not recommend winter as a suitable time for changing pastorates! At the Ottawa Presbytery, November meeting, I learned that Rev. T.W. Bird was vacating the chargeand I began negotiating for it. Rev. Bird is remembered for hismore than passing passing interest in pensions. I think at every meeting of the Ottawa Presbytery I attended, no matter what the subject under discussion, he putin a plug for better pension security for ministers. (It was shortly after he left Gatineau that the drive was undertaken by the laymen for five million dollars to put UC pensions on a stable basis.)

Gatineau charge was a three-point ministry. It had formerly been called East Templeton Charge. East Templeton had been Presbyterian but joined the UC with

West Templeton, a former Methodist Church. Gatineau congregation started when the International Paper Company began nearby operations in 1928. It was born a UC child. With the two Templetons it was joined to become Gatineau Charge. The manse was at East Templeton where I lived for 13½ years. It was not in Gatineau County; it was not on the Gatineau River; it was not in the famous Gatineau Hills! It was located on the Ottawa River, just opposite the east end of the Capital City.

My pastorate in Gatineau was very different from any other of my pastorates. Gatineau began as a company town. The CIP, who first built the mill, built houses fortheir first employees. The site covered two or three farms. By the time I began my work there, in addition to the large Paper Mill, there had been added a Masonite Mill, a Plywood Mill anda Commercial Alcohol Plant. The town itself had little more than 3000 residents but from every farm around the mill and from Hull and Ottawa came the workers; by the time I left, Gatineau had grown to more than 20,000. This is where my work largely lay: door-knocking.

The township oversight was displaced by town organization: streets were added and water and sewage plants installed and the boom was on. The church in a warehouse had been replaced by a new one and its members were growing. I received valued help from the mill Personnel Department in locating new families. At the beginning the men who had been brought to organize the Paper Mill were experienced men who had worked in other plants for the company. There were some from Scotland, USA and Ontario. Many of them were engineers. Not all, of course, were church people but there were indeed a goodly number and these men on the Board were a splendid group of workers. At first there was a little difficulty on the Official Board as members of the Board from the other two churches were mostly farmers, nad their business proceedings were not progressive, but things worked out very well.

On earlier charges I had not taken much part in Presbetry matters, but here I had men who would take time to attend Presbetry as representatives from the church. I had one term as Chairman and attended General Council once. The year I was Chairman of Presbetry I represented the church at the 100th Anniversary of the City of Ottawa and attended the Banquet where Queen Elizabeth was the guest of honour. I was presented to the Queen by that notable mayor of Ottawa, Charlotte Whitton.

I was never in favour of long pastorates. I had been at Gatineau for ten years and, although I could sense nothing to indicate my presence was not welcome, rather than wear out my welcome, I took a trip to Ontario to visit a friend and called on two or threeplaces I know were seeking pastoral change. I made arrangements with one to preach on a Sunday. It was 50 miles away. Next day a delegation from my Board called to know why I wnated to make a change. I didn't have a good reason! I remained there another two years. Come 70, I began to negotiate with Dr. Tuttle for a cottage at Albright Gardens and struck it lucky.

CHAPTER XVII
RETIREMENT

Some friends had advised me during my later years in the ministry not to defer retirement until I was compelled to give up on account of rapidly failing health. The retirement age for ministers had stood at 68 for years. Recovering from a lengthy illness in mid-life, I had enjoyed a measure of very good health through succeeding years. At 68, however, the winters were demanding more energy and at 69 a rather severe cold seemed to last too long, so I gave up the pastorate work in July of 1958, just before my 70th birthday. Thus I was able to step out before a serious setback and through the happy years of retirement that followed, I so often gave thanks to the kindly suggestion of friends not to hold on too long.

What to do now? Older retirees offered many suggestions. For ministers, gardening seemed a favourite hobby. Of course, many chose further study, or reading books they had wished they had time to read for years. I certainly had a lengthy list of such. But I felt the need of outdoor activity, relief from mental strain. Throughout my ministry I had kept a vegetable garden and found it profitable as a supplement to a platry salary and also as a physical activity. Now with a modest pension available for bodily sustenance, I chose the Super Market in preference to the back yard garden. Still there seemed inherent in me a tendency to dabble with the soil. I like to see things grow, or perhaps more specifically, I like to make things grow.

Now at retirement without any particular plan or arrangement I seemed to drift to the outside activity while Beatrice was carrying on inside. With a virgin piece of land, mostly subsoil, I spent most of the first summer at Albright Gardens getting my exercise with the long handled shovel; we became inseparable companions through succeeding years.

I did not know a great deal about flowers but in my gardening experience through the years I had learned much about growing things nad how so much depended upon the nature of the soil and its culture even before anything was planted. I studied seed catalogues and gardening columns in magazines, and I listened to radio broadcasts. I became more interested in how to plant things than in what to grow. Part of the hillside behind the house was bush mold from fallen and decayed leaves. I learned from reading how valuable this was as a source of plant development and gathered wheelbarrow loads which I dug into the very poor soil. This did not produce a magic agrden overnight, but from it I developed a compost heap and year after year saved all the fallen leaves I could gather and added all vegetable matter from the kitchen garbage. I found this, with a little commercial fertilizer, splendid and by adding to the compost each year, and watering it well, I had the wherewith-all for growing things. For whatever praise-worthy comments my garden received, I think most of it was due to diligence which I gave to the soil culture.

What you grow is largely a matter of individual choice and personal preference. Whether you are all for the lovely rose or a few common annuals, good soil preparation will give you the best satisfaction. I started with 6 roses and purchased good plants of named varities. I had these for conversation pieces. Everyone likes to see and talk about roses. It's always lovely to have the early spring tulips and daffodils. I tried to have some flowers in bloom through every month. There was always something in season. So many

have little to show after the spring display. While many invariably would choose the earliest variety of whatever type of flower they settled on, I often found that later varieties of the same thing were hardier plants.

In my early gardening experience I found my flower garden had become quite a mixture of this and that, largely because my friends offered surplus plants from their gardens which I naturally accepted so my garden was quite a riot of colour and variety with annuals and perennials, but without any scheme or system of arrangement. Experience becomes a great teacher. In my later years I found myself planting less and less annuals that required planting and harvesting every season and putting in their place the more permenent perennials and shrub type.

Throughout the years I had been growing a few chrysanthemums and experimenting with various varieties, getting more and more each year. They became my favourite flower. There were still some annuals for a splash of summer colour; meanwhile the mums were developing and at the end when most gardens had finished their flower display I had a riot of fall colour.

Through 14 years of retirement I had a delightful time as my own boss, doing what I pleased....in the garden!

CHAPTER XVIII

TRAVEL

While gardening played a significant role in solving the problem of what to do in retirement, there were other avenues to be considered. I was still able to drive my car and continued to do so until past my 84th birthday. It served very well as a means of getting around to visit family and friends, and in taking up residence in the Niagara Peninsula there were plenty of interesting places to visitas we had lived so long in Quebec. We were now within easy travelling distance of many of our family on both sides of the house; many came to see us who had never visited us before! We felt like straying further afield so we took a 21-day trip to Western Canada. We joined a tour which travelled partly by boat and partly by train. The boat trip was across Lake Superior, both going and returning from the West. This was a most delightful part of the tour. We found the whole trip most relaxing as stop-overs for a day or two along the way had been arranged. From Toronto to winnipeg we travelled CPR. Then from Winnipeg we took the CNR to Jaspar and spent two delightful days at Jasper Lodge, nad took a bus trip through the mountains. We went through to Victoria B.C. and toured that city; a visit to the famous Butchart Gardens ended the westward stage.

On the eastward journey we stopped at Banff Springs Hotel where we stayed for 3 days. Atour through the mountains and a visit to Lake Louise were highlights of this part.

Another tripwas aptly entitled "A Trip to Remember". It was arranged by Simpson's of Toronto. Beginning at Toronto we flew to Nassau in the Bahamas. After a delightful weekend there we boarded a P and O Liner for a sail through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast to Vancouver.

On this trip, which covered 3 weeks of travel, we spent 2 weeks on ship board. The month was April so the 80° temperature across the Carribean was not humid. The Panama section was an all-day sail: part of the group chose to disembark and take a motor coach, boarding the ship again in the evening.

Having lived for a time in the Niagara region, we were familiar with the Welland Ship Canal and the operation of the lake and ocean travel through this canal, with its series of locks arranged like steps up or down according to the rise or fall of the river level. There is a difference of about 600 feet between sea level near Quebec City and the level of Lake Superior, thus by a series of locks the ships are able to overcome the river's rise. The Panama Canal, however, poses a different problem. Here the level of Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are about the same, but there is a hump between. A lake was formed in the middle and a series of locks allowed ships to rise to the lake level, sail across the lake at this elevated height and with a series of locks at the opposite end of the lake, descend to the other ocean, thus crossing the isthmus and avoiding the long sail around the southern end of America. Our ship made the trip through the Canal between 6 a.m. and 9 p.m. so we were able to enjoy the canal by daylight on a sunny April day.

For the most part, the trip up the Pacific coast was without stormy seas. We stopped at Acupolca, Mexico and San Francisco and Los Angeles, arriving in Vancouver on May 1st to visit our cousin Henry and his wife, Irene. We were accompanied on this trip by Henry and Edna Bunt.

THE LAST WORD

The LAST WORD must be for the one who often had the last word. However, ours was not a life of controversy but of harmony. The statistical record will reveal that Oscar Bunt and Beatrice Cowdy were united in marriage June 28, 1921. But we were keeping company for ten years before that. We both arrived in Montreal in the summer of 1911. Coming from different parts of Ontario, we each found a church home in St James Methodist Church and became engaged in young people's work and Sunday School work and under these auspices we met and associated together and without any significant incident came to understand one another and at length agreed that we were meant for one another. Thus through my preparation for the ministry, my college days, three years of war separation we shared our love. I received special ordination before completing my college work and we had two years married life while serving on a student field. The illness I experienced in my second year after graduation with the long and slow recovery were hard years for a bride to endure. But the arrival of the baby girl seemed to bring hope and promise of brighter days. The years of our ministry were happy years through a busy life. Following were fourteen years of retirement at Albright Gardens in our cottage where we celebrated our 50th wedding day, a most joyous occasion. Undertaking the writing of this account of my life story could not have been accomplished without the valued help Beatrice gave me; in all that I have done she has been my stalwart and unfailing support. We have had a happy life together.

MY MINISTRY

A young friend, knowing I was engaged in writing memories of earlier days, asked me once if I had written the part about being a minister. I said, "That's what it's all about. My whole life was my ministry. I am telling about the things I did as a minister". She said, " How did you come to be a minister? You did other things like working in a store, and working for the rail orad. How did you become a minister?" There seemed to be in her mind a remembrance of things she had read about ministers who had undergone remarkable experiences in conversion or received a special call: Paul on the Damascus Road; Moses and the burning bush; Isaiah's vision. There were, however, a multitude of others who answered the call of God to come out and be separate: those whose experiences were far from spectacular; who were, indeed, very humble and commonplace in their beginnings and throughout their career in Christian service.

For myself, there were no visions; no spectacular manifestations. Any changes taking place came in the form of growth, evolvong from one state of mind or thought to another toward a better or higher. I recall that my first sense of God was when I busied myself scattering some straw on the ground to feed the birds; I asked my mother if God liked me to do that. I was putting into action the words of a song I had learned at Sunday School about feeding the birds. We were living in Morse, Saskatchewan, at the time. It was about the same time that the colporteur gave me a Bible and I remember trying to read it with the help of my father. Whatever additional early religious impressions were made on my mind were interrupted by the illness that overtook my mother shortly after this.

My father seems to have been led, or shall we say Divinely guided, tp acquaintanceship with a lovely Christian lady whoe 3 years later became our new mother. She was indeed a brave lady to undertake the upbringing of two lust and untamed boys, strangers to one another for we had been separated for over 3 years. She was but 25 at the time, only 14 years my senior.

The winter of 1901 employment had to be taken where employment waa to be found and father, like so many others in a lumbering town, founs employment in the lumber camps. It was a considerable distance from home and we did not see him for 4 or 5 months. The Sunday School lessons that year were from the Journeys of St Paul; my brother and I went over the lessons at home before going to Sunday School. Geography was always a strong point with me adn I plunged into tracing Paul's journeys with my mother every week. Whatever of Paul's meaage or theology rubbed off during that course must have been considerable for some years later in my ministry I noticed that up to that point I had preached considerably more sermons from Paul's Epistles than from the Gospels! It may also have had something to do with the fact that I chose in my theologiwal course 2 or 3 of Pauls Epistles for in-depth study.

When Mr Mathewson, the superintendent at St James suggested that I teacha Junior BoysSunday School Class I said that I did not know much about teaching. He said there was a Teacher Training Class commencing at the YMCA, an interdenominational group witha very fine leader. He gave me the brochure and commended the project to me. Not having any substantial defence to offer, I accepted the folder and made further enquiries; I soon found myself involved in the class of a dozen or more with the same end in view. I began studying the names of the books of the Bible with suggestions offered of easy ways of grasping the order. The various methods suggested for tackling scripture passages and opening them up for presentation to a class were new to me and intriguing. I quickly became deeply involved in the course, pursued it to the

end, and took the examination. It gave me a fine start in Sunday School teaching. I proceededto apply my new learning on a class of boys. Sometime later I met the assistant minister, Rev. Clark Reilly. He said, "Hey! I didn't know you were the best Sunday School teacher in Montreal! I said I had not heard that one myself! He replied, "I saw your name at the top of a class list of those who took Sunday School training at the YMCA." I assured him that I had received my certificate, but without comment. Through the years I received many top awards that way....! In my military experience, when a fatigue party was called for some chore to be done, the corporal seemed to consult his list and chose the first 3 or 4 names. Such is the pleasure of lists arranged inalphabetical order!!
Though my work in the ministry was more involved in preaching that in teaching Sunday School classes, I found much bebefit in the application of teaching methods some years later in conducting Bible Class groups at Boys Camp. Many ministers will readily admit aht their experiences in Bible Class teaching played an important part in their decision to step into or continue in the ministry.

Some decided for the ministry because of a family trend. In Scotland, through a devout period in the nationla life, it became an endeavour for every home to claim a minister---perhaps there was some urging to keep up the record. In my case there was no home urging, though there was precedent: one of my father's brothers was a minister; I did not know it at the time, but learned later, that my great grandfather had been converted under the preaching of John Wesley. He was a Class Leader, as were some of his sons.

As far as any claims can be made for reasons for my becoming a minister, I can only credit it to a sound Christian home training and the constant exposure to Sunday School and church. I can think of no definite moment or no decisive act, other than an incident in ST James when Rev. Sparling. preaching to Young People on commitment, pointed to a group of us in the gallery and said," Some of you young men in the gallery could very weel become ministers. You could, if you only tried." It amy have been the arrow that hit the mark. From that ~~pp~~ point I took steps that led to the ministry.

At the end of 39 years I can say I enjoyed the work. There were other pursuits I might have followed but none would have given me the full satisfaction I felt in adhering to the gospel call to preach the word. I found preaching difficult. I was not an apt speaker. I had a nervous disposition . Acquiring the necessary education involved close application to studies, but diligence won the day. Preparing sermons became a pleasure add a satisfaction, but standing up before the congregation was difficult. I never wholly got over that shyness; it caused a restraint in speaking that I never entirely overcame. I always felt it retarded my effectiveness as a ready speaker. However, I regard it more as a drawback that a failure. Perhaps it was a thorn in the flesh sent to beffet me and goad me on.

Sometimes we used to think that the years through which we were passing were lean years, giving little beyond the mere essentials and promising little more in temporal things. But they were years abounding in Blessing and rich in a satisfaction that in not temporal.

MY FIGHT FOR LIFE

My allies were liver and my wife; the adversary, PERNICIOUS AENEMIA. Once while relating my experience with liver to a friend he said, "I would die if I had to eat liver every day." My reply was, "I would have died if I had not!" It was in the early days of the discovery that liver seemed to prove successful in combating the aenemic condition.

I had lived a fairly normal life through boyhood and young manhood. I had left school on passing my entrance and worked 7 years as a telegraph operator when I decided to enter the Christian ministry. At the end of my first year in Arts at Mcgill University I had enlisted in the Canadian Army, serving 3 years in Signals as a telegraph operator. In 1919 I returned to resume my studies at college, graduating in Arts and Theology in 1921.

Then, in the second year of my service as a minister, I developed as illness that seemed to sap my energy, leaving no visible marks. I seemed to have little complaint.... nothing more than indigestion and a tired feeling. The doctor prescribed a tonic, which helped as long as the tonic lasted. After a few unsuccessful repetitions of the same, my wife suggested hospital for an examination.. The doctor changed the treatment. No better results. Then in the winter, with the illness continuing, the doctor, himself feeling a need of rejuvination, took off for a break in Florida. My wife, in desperation over the long delay, and no improvement, called in a physician from a nearby town. He at once noted my palor and lack of color and began to check my blood. This he found to be low in count and my whole system in a rundown condition. Arrangements were made for my removal to the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Here I remained for 3 months undergoing various tests and treatments. I received 8 blood transfusions, but so poor was the condition of my blood that the transfusions did not react favourably. I am not acquainted with the nature of the treatments to which I was subjected, but I do know that after a number of these were tried, finally the newly-discovered liver treatment was undertaken and at this moment a turning point was reached. I was given a diet of vegetables and foods strong in iron content- notably spinach in large quantities.

My stomach was pumped and the contents analysed. My system was found to be lacking in hydrochloric acid, whose chemical action is necessary within the body so that food may be difested. It was found that food taken in did not digest and lay in my stomach without contributing to flesh or bone, and as a result my blood was being poisoned. The doctors called it auto-intoxication, self-poisoning. The red cells were diminished in number and irregular in shape. This led to a break down in my physical condition to such an extent that it took long months to effect repairs. However, once the cause was diagnosed and proper treatment was given, I started to gain. It was now up to me to perservere.

In a pep talk given to me by the hospital intern it was explained that in the aenemic condition one's blood lacked retention: that is to say constant care was needed to keep the blood up, once it regained its strength. One had to keep on feeding it to keep it up. Here began the endless struggle of liver and I against the enemy, with my wife a close ally. I was committed to eating three to four pounds of liver a week.

At that time liver was easily available. The butchers sold little. Indeed, at first we found that frequently when animals were killed the liver and much of

THE FAMILY TREE

The Family Tree was a project which began in a small way, with seemingly very little to go on with. It however developed into quite an undertaking and eventually produced remarkable results. First there was that inside cover of Grandfather's Bible. It revealed the names and birth dates of his family. Here was material for a good start. There were some old letters referred to, and later produced. These supplied the kind of information that any Geneologist would surely treasure. Thus the Family Tree grew. It involved the writing of many letters, sometimes waiting long for a reply. However there was much help provided which gave encouragement to the seeker and provided results beyond expectations.

The Bunt family with which I am dealing seems to have had its origin in Western Cornwall, England , where there were a number of Bunt families inthe early 1700's. The similarity in family names throughout succeeding generations is noticeable, particularly the name Petherick which can be traced through five generations. Petherick was my grandfather's name. It is not a common name elsewhere and its prominence here attracted me and I followed that thread.

We, as a family of Bunts in Canada, are under deep obligation to our name-sake Mr. Eric F. Bunt in England for the invaluable assistance he has given in helping us to lacate early Bunts in England whom we feel reasonably certain are our ancestors.Mr. Eric Bunt is a keen and ardent Geneologist who has carefully researched many records in seeking his own ancestors who came from the same generalarea in England from which our ancestors came. While we cannot claim any close relationship between the two families, we are happy to claim Eric as a faithful friend and hereby express our sincere appreciation for his many letters and kindly suggestions that have greatly aided our research.

It is the hope of the present writer that at least some of the other descendents of Petherick Bunt's family will endeavour to build their own family tree, based on the branch of the Tree from which they are descended.Beginning with RICHARD BUNT (1753-1838) followed by PETHERICK BUNT (1805-1881) they can start their own family tree as I have done with the family of my father George Bunt, the youngest son of Petherick Bunt.

I can claim RICHARD BUNT as my Great Grandfather asI possess sufficient supporting evidence to make that claim. While Church and Parish Records show three previous generations of Bunts that might conceiveably be calimed as Great Great Greats, I have no supporting evidence of their identity and have built my family tree on an accredited foundation. I have followed the line from Richard Bunt through his son Petherick, through my father, the youngest sone of Petherick Bunt and Susan Curtice and myself Lemuel Oscar Bunt, the oldest son of George Bunt and through my daughter Elizabeth, with no heirs. Here this line ends. But my father George Bunt married twice and from the second marriage to Hannah Jane Brittain there was one daughter Sarah Roxalene Bunt born 1903. By her marriage to Charles Catt there were children and this branch of the family of George Bunt and Hannah Brittain will continue under the name of Catt.

The Children of Petherick Bunt and Susan Curtice.

Samuel 1838-1923 Single
Henry Petherick 1840-1884
William Munford 1841-1843
Mary Jane 1843-1902 m. William Atkinson
Elizabeth 1845-1915 m. G. Rainey
Susan 1846-1928 m. George Shephard
Francis John 1848-1929 m. Rebecca Rotten
Munford 1850-1897 m. McMurray
William Curtice 1852-1918 m. Anna Gennings
Richard 1854-1923 m. Sarah Felles
Margaret 1856-1914 m. Thomas Gennings
Ann 1858-1936 m. Robert Beard
George 1860- 1934 m. Sarah Griffin
m. Hannah Jane Brittain

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE BUNT

George Bunt first marriage to Sarah Griffin (1867-1896)
Lemuel Oscar 1888
Finlay Curtice 1891 Killed in action 1917
George Hebrew 1985-1962

second marriage to Hanah Jane Brittain (1876-1961)
Sarah Roxalene Bunt b. 1903 m. Charles Catt