

A PRESENT OF THE PAST

A gift of stories from the Harvey area

Learning for Life

*A partnership between the
Harvey Outreach for Seniors
and*



*Literacy New Brunswick Inc.
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Introduction

Learning for Life

Stories are great gifts. Stories tell us who we are and where we came from. With the stories of our past, we are better prepared for the future.

The goal of *Learning for Life* is to build on the knowledge we have acquired, to continue to acquire knowledge, and to share our knowledge with others. These stories achieve this.

We are grateful to the story-tellers for telling us where they have been, for sharing the gift with us, these colourful slides of their lives.

Literacy New Brunswick Inc. is a nonprofit organization established in 1991 to create opportunities for learning throughout the province. Creating partnerships with communities is a vital element of the way we operate.

In partnership with the Harvey Outreach, Literacy New Brunswick Inc. is honoured to have met the storytellers whose experiences are given as ***A Present of the Past.***

We have been greatly enriched by the stories collected in the *Learning for Life* program.

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A Present of the Past

A gift of stories from the Harvey area.

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One

My first experience of working in lumbering camps was in 1939. My father put a crew in back of Second Magaguadavic Lake cutting hardwood. I went along to cook for a small crew of seven men. My daughter, who was two at the time, accompanied me.

The camp was built out of logs cut on the spot and were full of frost as it was in January. I can remember that we all got terrible colds as the heat kept drawing the frost out of the logs. Everything seemed damp - even the beds. All the sleeping quarters were built up high as the floors were so cold. We had two stoves; one for cooking and one as a heater that had to be kept fuelled all night. You could hear the trees snapping with the frost which sounded like gun shots.

There was a hovel where the horses and fodder were kept.

It was up early in the morning as the men got up early to feed and water the horses. As the crews cut, the teams hauled the logs to Farm Point where later a mill was brought in to saw them.

Bread was made over night with the old fashioned cake yeast and baked the next day. It kept me busy cooking and keeping the fires burning with the green wood.

Washing wasn't easy as the water had to be carried from a spring close by and heated in a boiler. The laundry was scrubbed on a washboard with "Surprise Soap" (which was made in St. Stephen) and then hung outside. It was later brought in frozen to be dried inside.

All the dishes and utensils were tin or enamel ware. The table was reset after every meal.

Two

My next experience in a pulp camp was four miles back of Magaguadavic Lake later that same year. This was a much larger camp with a larger crew.

We walked in after crossing the lake, carrying our two year old daughter and two kittens (called Frisky and Dopey).

The camp was in two sections with a "dingle" in between where a great barrel of molasses rested on its side with a bung hole at the lowest side. A barrel of salted beef and one of salted pork was also found in the dingle. This salted meat had to be soaked overnight before it was edible. It could be boiled or fried. Sometimes this was supplemented by a moose or a deer. Occasionally, we would have a ham.

All the vegetables were a canned variety whereas the fruit, such as apricots, apples, and prunes were dried and came in big flat wooden boxes. The fruit had to soak overnight and then be cooked.

The empty fruit boxes were used by the men to carry their lunch to the woods. A rope was put through one side for carrying.

Everything came in by horses and a scout wagon. A scout wagon consisted of the front wheels of a sloven wagon with two poles trailing. Since the trail was terribly rough with big granite rocks to travel over, a four-wheeled vehicle couldn't have made it.

We had a cookee who looked after the wood, water and other things that needed doing. I also had a girl to help me. Bread was made twice a day. We set one batch in the afternoon to be a sponge. Later that night it was thickened and left to raise over night. Early in the morning this batch of bread was baked. This process was repeated daily.

A great big iron pot of beans was made every day. As all the men carried their lunches, we had all day to do the work. Often, however, the Scalers and sometimes the Game Wardens would drop in during the day. Mercifully, they never caught us with illegal meat.

In this crew, there were 27-30 men. There were no power saws then, so the men used a cross-cut saw with a man on each end. Two men cut down, limbed, and peeled the tree. One man yarded out to a yard where two more men sawed it up into 4 foot lengths. There were several of these five-man crews working in different areas. This lumber was all hauled to a roadside that three or four men had spent all summer spotting out, cutting trees and dynamiting rocks in preparation for a winter road.

The winter road was iced by a huge water tank that was filled several times at spring holes along the route. This icing took place at night so it could freeze. This process was repeated nightly until the roads had been levelled out for the trucks to haul the lumber to Farm Point. It was a hard job to keep the road on the lake open as it drifted badly.

My Dad was kept busy filing saws for the men.

We went to the logging camp May 17 and by July 1 the crew had cut 1000 cord. By this time the peeling was done as the sap in the trees had dried up.

The men spent Sunday doing their wash.

Three

Another session in a camp was a Mill Camp where we had anywhere from 30-40 hungry men. My husband John, accompanied me to this camp where he helped me along with keeping three stoves going with slab wood (green) and getting water from an outside pump.

It was up at five a.m. and lights out at ten p.m. We always had the table ready for the next day's breakfast before we went to bed that night. Bacon and sausage was also in the pan ready to be cooked.

They were a hungry bunch. The Mill Wright came at 10 a.m. for a lunch for the men at the mill, and another lunch at bedtime.

Again it was two batches of bread, white and chocolate doughnuts, eight pies, dessert, and huge pans of cakes daily. We cooked a whole quarter of pork at a time. There was a meat house nearby where the meat was kept frozen as this was in January to March. We were able to use both fresh and canned vegetables and fruit at this camp.

Lillian Elspeth (Glendenning) Weeks

Daughter of Elmer and Jane (Watling) Glendenning, born in Fairhaven, Connecticut, USA. At age 2, her family moved to Little Branch (near Chatham), NB.

In the winter the Little Branch school was heated by a wood stove. Since the fire was not lit until eight o'clock, the school very often did not warm up until around eleven. When the school was cold, we had to leave on our coats and carry our benches closer to the stove.

One of the older students was hired by the School Board to start the wood stoves, as they were needed, from September to June. This student was paid \$8.00 for the school year.

Each student had a slate. A good slate pencil cost one cent apiece; the cheaper ones were two for one cent. They would scratch and screech so bad that the teacher would be a nervous wreck. Each of us had a slate cloth to clean our slates. One day I dropped my slate cloth on the floor. Instead of picking it up, I used it to tie the leg of the girl in front of me to her desk leg. When the teacher called her to the front board, her desk and chair toppled over. Boy, was I in trouble! The slates with work on them were usually corrected by the teacher after the children had gone home.

The next morning, the children's first task was to clean their slates. Each child had a vanilla bottle full of water for that purpose. If we forgot to empty the bottle at night during the winter, the water would freeze and the bottle would burst. The same applied to the ink bottles.

During the cold winter days, the teacher and older girls made soup for the children who stayed at noon. Each child brought ingredients for the soup. Since my family lived close to the school, I usually went home for lunch. However, when it snowed very hard, Mother would send my lunch down with my brother. On stormy days when we couldn't play outside, the teacher would allow us to play in the entryway or in the woodshed. We would hang from the rafters by our feet, which was not very lady-like, singing "I went to the Animal Fair".

During the warm months, all the children who carried their lunch to school used to have a bottle of milk to drink at noon. They would tie a string to the bottle and put it in the brook to keep it cold. They were allowed to go down across the road to the brook below Grandma's house. I can still see the bottles of milk floating in the water current. There would be three or four bottles tied to the wire fence where the brook flowed under it.

The drinking water for the school was carried in a bucket from my home which was just up the road.

Since there were no snow plows, the roads to the school were opened by a horse and a flat sled. The horse would be unhitched from the sled and driven through the snow drifts first. It was then re-hitched to the flat sled which was carrying all the school children and onward they went. Sometimes the drifts were higher than the horse.

One year there were 53 students at the Little Branch School. The one teacher taught Grades one to eight.

On Examination Day, which was attended by our parents and the School Board, we were required to do our lessons on our slates. Our slates were then shown to the visitors. I guess we were always glad when Examination Day came because the School Board always brought us a candy treat.

Arbor Day was also a special day. All the children did their share, even in a small way, by cleaning the yard and the inside of the school.

Gladys Byers

THE DAY THE HOTEL BURNED IN HARVEY, DECEMBER 1926

This story, by Gladys Byers, was told to Bill Randall, August 2, 1995. Mrs. Byers was 12 years old when this explosion happened. She remembers the event vividly.

In December 1926, the hotel owned by Mrs. Allan Robison burned to the ground. An explosion occurred at eleven forty prior to noon. Mrs. Robison's son, Kenneth, and Mr. Hartley McGee were in the basement filling the acetylene lights because electricity was not available at that time. The door of the coal burning furnace was open and it is believed that the fumes from the acetylene were ignited.

Mrs. Robison was standing at the large double doors which were located at the front entrance. These doors were blown across the front lawn. Mrs. Robison was blown out with the doors and she was found lying on them by my father, Tom Cleghorn, who was the first person to arrive on the scene after hearing the explosion. She had a badly injured ankle and multiple bruises.

One of her daughters asked my father to get the piano out. When he went inside, all that remained of the piano was a mass of tangled strings and splinters of wood. A vase sitting on top of the piano wasn't broken and for years, Miss Margaret Robison had it on an organ that was not damaged. The organ was in a room with a trap door and a stairway leading to the basement. The trap door was blown open and the only damage in the room was a large nail which was driven into the arm of a chair by the explosion.

In those days, there were agents in the CPR Station twenty-four hours a day. One of the night operators was asleep on the third floor of the hotel. I watched him come down on a rope from his bedroom window. Part of the stairway in the front hall was blown away and one of the Robison daughters who was upstairs had to jump from the landing and was caught by a boarder at the hotel.

Kenneth and Hartley received burns. Hartley was hospitalized for some time in Fredericton. They were able to escape through the doors of the basement which had been blown out.

There was no fire brigade in Harvey so it was difficult to fight any fire. The roof of the house across the road from the hotel caught fire several times, and snowballs were thrown up to several people on the roof to help extinguish the fire.

Chester Cleghorn

Two stories told to Dale Cleghorn by his father, Chester Cleghorn (1908-1985)

One

My father, Chester Cleghorn, was born in the year 1908 in South Tweedside. He was the sixth son in a family of seven boys and one girl. His father, Robert Cleghorn, passed away when Chester was eight years old. My father's oldest brother, Herb, became the father figure for his siblings.

Times were much different when my father was growing up than they are today. Farming, lumbering, hunting, trapping, and fishing provided sustenance for the family. Transportation was by horse and wagon, horse and sled, snowshoeing, and walking. Over the years, the Cleghorn boys did a lot of walking and snowshoeing, especially when they were tending their trap lines.

My father grew up in a strong Presbyterian family. On Sundays, his mother would only allow the necessary work to be carried out - she firmly enforced "The Day Of Rest" which was no easy job with seven lively boys. The family attended church services which were held in the South Tweedside school house.

During the week, my father attended the South Tweedside school and completed Grade eight. In the rural schools, at that time, Grade eight was as far as you could go. If you wanted to further your education, it was necessary to move to a town or city.

Two

At the age of fourteen, my father's first job was as a road monkey for a logging contractor at the south end of Oromocto Lake. A road monkey helped to build the logging roads. In the winter, snow was shovelled into hollow spots on the road and then watered so they would freeze. This made a hard level road. When he wasn't working as a road monkey, he helped the cook by splitting wood, carrying water, setting the table and clearing up after the meals.

Usually the logging camps were built near a spring. There was a bunk house on one end, a cook house and eating area on the other end. The two were joined by a "dingle" or a woodshed and storage area. The camps were built out of logs, usually in the fall before the logging crews moved in.

Men in the logging crew worked for six days. On the seventh day, if weather permitted, they would go home. The logging crews were given bed and board and fifty cents a day.

One Sunday in January, on a return trip, my father and his brother, Stuart, fell through the ice at Birch Island. Stuart, who had a hatchet with him, was able to break more ice in front of them until they reached shore. By the time they reached a camp on Birch Island their pants had frozen and split. Fortunately the camp was stocked with matches and dry firewood.

One winter, my father and his brother, Glen, decided that they could make more money trapping. They snowshoed and skated from home "On the Hill" to the outlet of the Big Kedron, approximately twelve miles where they had a bag camp. A bag camp consisted of a framework erected between two rocks. The sides were covered with burlap bags; boughs were used for the roof and the floor. Since it was late when they arrived, they proceeded to get their evening meal ready by candlelight. While my father put on the fire, Glen went to the brook to get water for tea. They proceeded with their meal and drank their tea. During the night both men became violently ill. They were forced to stay there for two days until they recovered. To their dismay, they discovered that they had accidentally boiled a spotted lizard in their water. Could this have possibly been the cause of their illness?

By the time they had retraced their tracks and checked their traps, they had made \$30 between them in four days. It would have taken a month working in the woods to make that much money.

John Bell

South Tweedside, Experiences in Lumber Camps

One lumber camp that I worked at was three miles in the woods. We had to walk to get there and stayed all week. On the weekend, we would walk out again.

This was an old camp that while in your bunk you could look out through the cracks at the stars. This proved to be very breezy. The cookhouse and bunkhouse were all in one building.

There were close to twenty men at this camp. We peeled pulp, approximately 1000 cord, then swamped a road for a yard horse out to a yard. At the yard, there was a saw, driven by a Model T Ford engine, that sawed 40 cords a day. This sawn lumber was later hauled out by horse and sleds to railroad cars. The men had to unload and pile the lumber into the railroad cars. When finished, they had to walk eight miles back to the camp. They nearly froze as they sweated while working and their clothes would freeze on them.

The next camp was across the Oromocto Lake. Upon arriving at the camp site, we had to sleep outdoors until the camp was erected. A bunkhouse and cook shack with a dingle between them was quickly erected. A dingle was an enclosed storage area for wood and food supplies. It connected the bunkhouse and cook shack.

Our mattresses were fresh boughs with a blanket over them; our coats were our pillows. No one undressed except for their shoes.

This lumber was cut into logs and hauled to the ice of the lake where "boom" logs and chains kept them encircled. When the lake thawed, these booms were taken down the lake to the Oromocto Stream. From here they were later taken downstream to Oromocto by a Stream Drive. The men had to keep the drifting logs from lodging on the banks of the river. This drive took two weeks.

A wargon raft preceded the drive. This raft carried the; cook and supplies. It was set up and dismantled each day. A tent was set up each night for a sleeping. Everyone went to bed wet, but clean!

Every camp owned a Wargon Box that provided the men with tobacco and papers, matches, fly dope, and gloves, etc. The cost, of course, was taken out of their pay at the end of the season.

In the spring, the black flies and mosquitoes were really bad. The favourite fly dope for these was citronella and pine tar.

When darkness fell, oil lamps and lanterns lit the way, inside and out. These lamps needed cleaning and filling every day.

The food was good with lots of it. The camps were manned by a cook and a cookee. They had a slick way of drying the cutlery. All the cutlery was dumped into a pillowcase which the cook or cookee then shook. Dishtowels were made out of flour bags.

All the pulp and logs were sawn with a cross-cut saw which involved a man on each end. If you had a good man on the other end, you could do a good day's work. With the cross-cut saws, you seldom had accidents like you do with today's powered chain saws.

At the log yard, a parbuckle, which was a pulley device, was used to get the logs piled high.

Dinner, out in the woods, was usually eaten by a fire. Water for tea was heated in a boiling can. This boiling can, which was a tall tin can or a kettle, was hung on a tripod over the fire. Tea made like this had a taste all of its own. Of course, there were a few cinders of the fire floating in it.

Our clothes were always stiff with pitch from the trees.

Evenings were spent playing cards. However, most evenings were short as nearly all the camps had lights out at an early hour so that everyone would be rested for another hard day.

Dora Isabel Swan

My parents were Henry Craig and Mary Helena (Coburn) Swan.

When I was fourteen years old I contracted Scarlet Fever which ended my school days. Because of this illness, I missed riding to school on the pung drawn by Bingo. Bingo was a big grey horse driven by a fellow classmate, Annie Speedy. Annie, the teamster, would drive Bingo and the pung out the Swan Road, collecting classmates along the way. When they reached the main road, the children would alight; Bingo and the pung were turned toward home. The children went on to school. Bingo went home to his warm barn where Annie's father would unhitch him from the sleigh and feed him.

I attended the Swamp School. My first teacher was Bessie Coburn, a sister to Edgar and Flossie Coburn. This was a one-room school with Grades one to eight.

I remember our first Christmas tree. My father and mother waited until the rest of us were away to bed. Father put on his coat and boots, got the lantern and went out to cut down a Christmas tree. That was the biggest Christmas of all times. There were no store bought ornaments, at least at our house. Mother made six candy bags out of green fly netting which were hung on the tree. Using a darn needle, she pulled yarn through oranges and apples which were also hung on the tree. Christmas cards were placed on the boughs. How excited we were Christmas morning when we discovered the decorated tree. Santa Claus had left each of us a gift and had put something in our socks which were hung on a chair. Each of the girls usually received a piece of print material which was made into a "tier". A tier was an apron or a pinafore which was worn over our dresses. The boys would probably receive a licorice pipe or a pair of mitts.

Lorna (Hood) McCutcheon

I was born in Magaguadavic. My parents were Walter and Elizabeth (Grieve) Hood. I was the second child in a family of five.

In those days you always started school in the spring. After my older sister, Frances, started school, I missed her terribly and begged my mother to let me also go. Although I was only four, my mother relented and I was allowed to accompany my sister. I recall walking over the hill with the other Hood girls. When we reached the top of the hill, someone pointed out the school. However, since I was so small, all I could see was the rail fence and the tall grass.

Our school was a one-room school with forty children. There were large families in the community, therefore enrollment was high. Grades one to eight were taught by one teacher. My first teacher was Rhoda Young. Her father ran the York Hotel in Fredericton.

After completing Grade eight, my sister, Francis and I were allowed to continue with Grade nine. For Grades ten and eleven (there wasn't any Grade twelve) we attended the Fredericton High School. At that time, the Fredericton High School was located at what is now the George Street Junior High School. Although not in our home class, Dr. George Fletcher, who later lived and worked in Harvey, also was attending the Fredericton High School. While going to High School, my sister and I boarded at Mrs. Greene's. Her boarding house was located across the street from the old Victoria Public Hospital.

After graduating from high school, I went on to attend normal school, graduating in 1939. While there, I was able to see King George VI and Queen Elizabeth during their visit to Fredericton. From stands in front of the Normal School, we were able to view their procession as it went up Queen Street.

My first teaching position was at a small one-room school at Prince William Station. There were six children. I boarded at Jamieson's during the week but did get home on the weekends. During the winter, I would occasionally walk the five miles to home. I was paid \$37.50 a month; \$12.00 of which paid for my board. I went on a spending spree, ordering from the Eaton's catalogue.

During the course of my career, I taught in several areas in New Brunswick; Rollindam, Upper Dumfries, Plaster Rock, Grand Manan, Hillsborough, Petitcodiac, St. Andrews, Magaguadavic, and McAdam. Each area was unique whether it was a farming or a lumbering community, a mining or a fishing community. The interests of my students were varied.

St. Andrews was the most expensive place to live. Although I was paid more (\$120.00 a month) in St. Andrews, the cost of living was higher (board was \$60.00 a month). I purchased very little here, choosing to go to St. Stephen for shopping.

I returned to Magaguadavic in 1949 to teach in the new one-room school. Compared to the majority of one-room schools, this one was ultra modern. There was indoor plumbing, a wood furnace and electricity. I remained here for eleven years.

In 1960 I began teaching at the McAdam High School. Initially, I was hired to teach Grade eight but by 1965 I was also teaching academic history to Grades 11 and 12. The last few years, until I retired in 1976, I taught only history.

Hazel E. Donahue

Born on the Swan Road, Harvey Station, Mrs. Hazel Donahue was the second child in a family of four. She worked for a number of years at Watson's Store and Watson's Lodge, and for 30 years in various positions at the Briggs and Little Woolen Mill. She retired in 1980.

Our two-story house had a kitchen, living room, bedroom, and pantry on the main floor. Upstairs there was one bedroom and a large open hallway. Later on, a summer kitchen was added. During the winter the summer kitchen was used as a woodshed and storage. Eventually a cellar was built under the house and the inside of the main house was plastered.

The kitchen was our favourite room. Since this was the warmest room in the house, it was where we gathered. In daylight hours the women of the house did their baking, sewing and mending in the kitchen; evenings were spent with the entire family reading, playing games, or just getting caught up on each other's day.

Our water supply was a well located in the field behind the house. During the dry season we had to carefully ration the water as the well would sometimes go dry. We had to carry our water for baking, washing, and making butter. The livestock was driven to a spring farther in the woods.

When I was a child, my father had ten to twelve cows, pigs, horses, and hens. It was the children's responsibility to milk and feed the cows, collect the eggs and feed the hens, carry in the firewood and water.

We used a hand washer as well as a scrub board on laundry day. The water had to be carried from the well and heated on the stove. Our clean wash was then hung on the outside line to dry in the sun.

Whenever we had a chest cold, Mother would prepare a mustard plaster. A mustard plaster was a paste made out of lard and dry mustard. This paste was spread between two sheets of brown paper. The brown paper containing the mustard plaster was then laid on a piece of flannel which covered the ailing one's chest. The smell was not great but usually the results were.

For infected sores, Mother usually mashed up soap and sugar. This was placed on the sore to draw out the infection.

Hiccups were usually treated with a wee bit of sugar and water.

I attended the Swamp School which was a one-room school with Grades one through eight. At that time there were forty-five to fifty children. This school served a fairly large area in which there were several large families. In the spring and fall we walked to school, while in the winter we snowshoed, or were brought by horse and sleigh.

Our school had an attached woodshed. The wood fires were lit by Smith Swan. Behind the school was the partitioned outhouse. Drinking water was carried in a bucket from a neighbour's.

Everyone had a slate. There were two sizes of slates; one was 6" by 8" for the younger students; one was 10" by 12" for the older students. Slate pencils were bought at the store for two or three cents, depending on the quality of the lead. We would copy our arithmetic from the board onto our slates. The teacher would mark it. After we had made our corrections, we would clean our slates with a rag and some water.

During recess and noon break we usually played baseball, Ring Around the Rosy, or on the rope swings. Occasionally if the teacher were out of sight, the older students would play cards. Cards was a forbidden pastime so a lookout was stationed at a window to watch for the teacher. If by chance they were caught, the deck of cards was confiscated and the card players were reprimanded.

One morning when we arrived at the school, we discovered a band of gypsies were camped in the school yard. We were frightened of the gypsies so we walked on to a neighbour's. The gypsies were kindly asked to move on.

We carried our lunches in shortening cans. Our lunches usually consisted of bread with jam, molasses, or cold meat, and cake. In cool weather, we would bring a bottle of milk.

On Sundays we were limited in our activities. The Day of Rest was strictly observed. We walked the two and a half miles to and from church, morning and evening. Sunday School was usually during the afternoon. No big meals were prepared; only necessary work was performed. The children were not allowed to play games; their time was spent reading or colouring.

I can remember going with my father to Uncle Ed's grist mill. Farmers from the outlying areas would bring their oats and buckwheat to the mill. Sloven wagons drawn by two teams of horses were usually used to haul the grain. As the farmers waited, their buckwheat was ground into buckwheat flour for pancakes and canell which was fed to the pigs. Bread flour was bought in 100 pound bags or barrels. In most families, bread was made fresh daily.

Around three or four o'clock, a sponge was made. This sponge consisted of a yeast cake which had been soaked in warm water, some flour, salt, sugar and lard. Just before retiring, more flour and water was added to thicken the sponge. The thickened dough was put in a large bowl, wrapped in towels or blankets, and placed near the stove. In the morning the dough was punched down and put in the pans. After it had risen again, the bread was baked.

We made our own butter in a churn. A butter cream thermometer was used to check the temperature of the cream - it could not be too cold. A crank churn was used at our place. After churning for ten or fifteen minutes, we would drain off the buttermilk. Sometimes a butter worker, a wringer type of machine, was used for washing out the buttermilk. The butter at this point was washed three times. Salt was then added and worked in very carefully to avoid streaking. The butter was rinsed again before packing in a wooden box. In the summer the butter was yellow, however in the winter, we sometimes added butter colour. We could make fifty pounds in one churning.

Our cream was sold to the Yarmouth Creamery. The finished products were shipped to Nova Scotia and local outlets. The cream was stored in our basements until it was collected by the creamery once a week. During the summer it was collected twice weekly. Sweet cream, the cream that was collected fresh, was used for making ice cream.

The barter system was fairly common when I was growing up. We often exchanged our fresh butter and eggs for groceries, clothing and feed for the animals. Our butter sold at fifteen cents a pound; our eggs at ten cents a dozen. My father purchased a Tip Top Tailor suit from the local store. He paid \$5.00 for the suit. We exchanged 100 lbs of butter at fifteen cents a pound for the suit.

In May and June the taxes were collected in parts of the community. When December arrived, the taxes were collected in the rest of the community. This tax money paid the teacher.

Ethel Estella Little

Swan Road, Harvey Station

I remember my father, Charles Swan, telling me a story about his pet deer. One spring when he was walking in the woods, he came upon an abandoned fawn. He took the fawn home, where he fed and cared for it until it became quite a pet.

By this time the young deer had no fear of humans and it would roam the neighbourhood. Unfortunately, the deer was sometimes a nuisance to our kindhearted neighbours, raiding their gardens and crops. He could crush a pumpkin with his hoof and eat the tasty seeds inside.

If the deer wanted into the house and couldn't get anyone's attention by pawing at the door, he would find a window, either open or closed, and jump through.

My father had the deer for over a year and a half. During hunting season, a red ribbon was worn around the deer's neck.

One day my father and his crew were getting hay in the meadow. Occasionally a horse drawn mowing machine was used, but usually the meadow hay was cut with a scythe and hand-raked into stacks. A scythe was a curved handled blade used for mowing by hand. Since the meadow was a fair distance from the house, my father's sisters would take their meals out to them. On one particular day, after making a fresh raspberry pie, my aunt headed out to the meadow. When she set the pie down to open a gate, the pet deer ate the middle out of the pie.

Usually the meadow hay was cut and piled during the summer. During the winter this hay was hauled to the barn on sleighs. One day when the men went to the meadow, they discovered that porcupines had chewed the handles off of their scythes and rakes.

My father also told me about a birch partridge that spent the winter in the house. He brought in a small tree for the partridge to roost on.

Amy Edith Hutchinson

I was born at Southwell, England, June 30, 1912. My parents were John Williams and Amy Garland. Beatrice, my sister, was born in 1915. When I was twelve, my brother John, joined the family.

My childhood was a pleasant one. Although my parents were rather possessive, they devoted a lot of their time to their family. They took us to Church and Sunday School, read to us, and played games of all descriptions with us during the winter months.

There was no electricity or telephones. Lamp light was the order of the day. Candles were used when we went to bed.

My father was a market gardener. Spring and summer daylight hours were busy. Since there were no tractors, horses were used. Dad employed three men full time and hired casual labour during the busy season.

My mother and several women had the task of bunching the flowers, radishes, onions, rhubarb, beets and carrots for market. We children helped when we came home from school and during the holidays. Feeding the chickens and collecting the eggs were also our responsibilities.

Good Friday was especially dear to us. We would go to a friend's orchard where purple violets grew profusely. To make pocket money, we would pick and bunch the violets for Dad to take to market on Saturday.

Strawberries were one of our big crops, four to eight acres. Casual labour was hired to pick the ripe berries. In our free time, we were also enlisted to help. The berries were taken to market every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Until 1923 or 1924, horses transported the goods to market.

During the Depression, my father decided to sell some of his property. Eventually we took a shop in Sulten, Ashfield where we sold fruit and vegetables. This produce was grown by my father on his remaining property.

We naturally went to school. After moving to Arnold House we had a one and a half mile walk. We were expected to come home for the noon meal. Our noon break was about an hour and a half. It took about twenty minutes to walk a mile. In the bad weather, we took sandwiches - but rarely. We had a dog, Brownie, who met us from school at noon break.

Sunday evenings were lovely. We sang hymns around the piano. I stayed at home until I started nursing in 1932.

Delmont Little

I was born on a farm located on the Back Road, a few miles from Harvey Station. My parents were Lottie (Coburn) and Pembroke Little. There were five children in my family. I was the third child in a family of four boys and one girl.

My father raised dairy cattle. However, during the winter months, he worked as a plumber in Montreal or Saint John.

We grew a couple of acres of turnips each year which were fed to the cattle. The turnips were stored in the basement of our house. Each day before going to school, one of us would carry a bag of turnips to the barn. At noon, Mother would go to the barn and feed them to the cattle. For water, we drove the cattle a quarter of a mile to a spring in the woods.

In order to have a large herd of cattle, it was necessary to harvest more hay than our farm would yield. We hayed several of the meadows that were located in our area. The meadows we hayed were the Tommy Sessford Meadow, the Angus Swan Meadow, the Sammy Davis Meadow and the Stacks Meadow.

There was a barn located in the Stacks Meadow. I can remember driving a horse and mower to this meadow and staying overnight. The next morning, Father arrived with food for the next day. Very often we would spend a week in this meadow. Every day father would bring our food. We would put the hay in stacks or in the barn. This was hauled out by sleigh during the winter. It was harder to get the hay out on a wagon; you could also haul a larger load on a sleigh.

For entertainment, we used to attend house parties where we danced or played cards. Usually there was someone in our crowd who could play a fiddle, the piano, or a guitar. Some of the games we played were Drop the Handkerchief, Musical Chairs, My Little Dog Won't Bite You, and Hunt the Buffalo. In the summer we would travel by horse and wagon to the party; whereas in the winter we travelled by horse drawn bobsleds. One trip, I can remember driving a horse drawn bobsled with side racks. There were twenty-three of us on the sled, having picked up party-goers along the way. At one in the morning, after a fun-filled evening of song and dance, we travelled slowly homeward, usually a distance of several miles.

Ruth (Swan) Little

My parents were Mary (Coburn) and Henry Swan. There were four girls and two boys in my family. I was born and grew up on the Swan Road.

Bingo, a large white horse, belonged to our neighbour, Tom Speedy. During the winter, Bingo was hitched to a pung sled and transported a number of children on the Swan Road to the Swamp School. Mr. Speedy's daughter, Annie, drove Bingo she was only 11 or 12 at that time. Usually Bingo was a very placid horse, but on one particular morning he was startled by something in the bushes. He trotted up the road at quite a speed. We children were very frightened - hollering, crying, and waving our arms, which probably added to poor Bingo's fright. As we neared a neighbour's house, I can remember my brother waving his arms and shouting "Stop the horse, Ab! Stop the horse!". By the time the horse, and sled with children reached the main road, Bingo had slowed down. Annie was able to stop the horse and we got out of the sled to walk the rest of the way to school. Bingo and his sled were turned towards home. He ambled towards home - alone - to his warm barn and some feed.

My father always grew a large crop of turnips which was fed to the cows during the winter. I wasn't too thrilled when called upon to weed and single the turnips. In the fall, the turnips were pulled. Father hauled them by wagon to the house where they were stored in the basement. I can remember Father throwing the turnips down a chute into the basement where we children were waiting to put them into a bin. During the winter, a turnip pulper was used to crush the turnips into manageable bits for the cows.

We wore dresses all the time. In the summer these mid-calf-length dresses were sewn out of a cotton print; whereas, in the winter a heavier material was used. Pantaloon, made from the cotton flour sacks, were worn underneath. In the winter, hand knit, usually black, long wool socks were also worn. Our winter boots were high-cut, laced up boots. In the summer, we wore a light shoe.

I can remember a peddler, Billy Snider, who travelled our area with a horse and covered wagon. He went door to door selling his wares; cotton print, thread, ribbons, buttons, needles, thimbles, and other sewing notions.

Occasionally a tramp would wander up the back road. They were usually looking for something to eat.

Cleighton Little

When I turned fifteen I was offered a job working on the road. The chance to make a dollar was much more appealing than school, so I accepted the job. Using a horse-drawn bobsled which had been fitted with a box, I hauled gravel from Tommy Wilson's pit to the construction site. The road construction site stretched from Ab Johnson's (George Pollock's) to Charlie Grieve's (P. Neilson's). With pick and shovel, we dug and loaded the gravel. It was approximately three miles to the construction site. The gravel was piled along the side of the road until spring when it would be levelled with a grader. Eight teams worked on this particular job. On a good day we could usually haul two loads. I was paid \$5.00 a day out of which I paid my father forty or fifty cents a bushel for oats to feed my team. This job lasted for about three months.

The next year I went to work at Kay Craig's Garage. Early in the morning, I would go in and clean the tools and sweep the floor. In the spring, a lot of customers, whose cars had been blocked up during the winter, would bring their cars in to get the valves ground and new rings put in. I worked here for seven years.

After leaving the garage I went to work at the Yarmouth Creamery which was overseen by Willie Craig. The cream was collected by truck along the main road. In the winter, the cream sold by farmers on the side roads, which weren't plowed, was collected by horse and sled and brought out to the main road where it was picked up by the truck. The collected cream was graded, dumped into ten-gallon cans and shipped to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, where it was processed. This lasted for three or four years.

When the Yarmouth Creamery was enlarged, a butter churn was installed. This churn would make 800 - 1000 pounds of butter three times a day. The butter was printed by hand. There was a long table with a person at each end; the butter was put on the table; one person would wrap the butter in butter paper, and the other would put it in one-pound wooden boxes.

In the summer, when there was a surplus of butter, it was put in fifty pound boxes and shipped to Saint John. Here it was put in cold storage until winter. It was returned to Harvey, re churned and printed. Approximately seventy five, fifty pound boxes were shipped by truck to Saint John. The finished product was shipped to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, local stores, and farmers.

While at the Yarmouth Creamery I was sent to St. Stephen to learn how to grade eggs. We collected eggs once a week. The eggs were graded according to freshness and size.

I also graded the butter. The butter was heated to measure the water content. If there was too much water in the butter, it didn't meet the Government standards; too little water and it didn't meet the bosses standards. In either case the butter would have to be unwrapped and reworked.

Although I was supposed to be the main butter-maker at the Yarmouth Creamery, I performed many other duties - collecting the cream, grading the cream, butter, and eggs, delivering, etc. My butter won several awards at competitions in Fredericton.

When the Harvey Creamery took over the Yarmouth Creamery, I continued to grade the cream and butter. During the summer there were three employees collecting the cream, two delivering, and twenty five working in the creamery. The local cream or sweet cream was collected by noon. This sweet cream was made into ice cream.

In 1940 I brought to Harvey the first snowplow to be stationed here for the winter. The first plow truck was a Diamond T. In 1941 it was exchanged for a Mack Truck. I drove the plow for three winters, clearing the main roads - from Harvey to Longs Creek, Harvey to Vanceboro, Thomaston Corner to the County Line. There were times when the drifts were too deep for the truck plow. I would have to get a group of men to shovel ahead of the plow.

George Watson

Prince William, N.B.

I was born in the year 1914 to James and Jane Watson on the Barrhill Road, Old Cummock Ayrshire, Scotland.

On June 9, 1928 we sailed for Canada aboard the Montclair which was a two-funnel boat. We landed in Quebec City and went by train to Fredericton, New Brunswick. Mr. Gillis, the Soldier Settlement Board agent, drove us from Fredericton to Dumfries in a Model A Ford on gravel roads. Our new home was the old Ben Griffin place, rock piles and mustard; a place where you had a hard time to make a living. When we got there the first thing I got hold of was an old Spencer Rifle. Jim, my brother, and I had some fun playing cowboys and Indians in the long grass around the door.

We had no blankets the first night or two, so we slept under our overcoats. After a while our trunks arrived with bedding, dishes, and clothing. We had sold all our furniture before leaving Scotland. The Soldier Settlement Board got us two horses, a new harness, a wagon, mowing machine, rake, cultivator, horse hoe, plow, separator, sleds, and four cows.

Then we had to learn to be Canadians.

My father bought a rifle from Eatons. It was a 44-40 pump action; a good little gun. He shot the head off of 54 partridge that first year. We also had our first feed of venison, compliments of that rifle and my father's marksmanship.

We put in some crops that year and the next winter we went to the woods to cut logs. We hauled our logs into Carson Siding and sold them to W.W. Boyce for \$15 a thousand and a poor scale besides.

The next summer I worked for Fred Arbuckle for \$1.00 a day. I did all his farming; pitching on sixty five loads of hay, nineteen loads of; straw, and plowing for him that fall. I was fourteen years old then. The next year I worked for Charlie Ellegood for 135 days earning \$1.00 a day. I shot my first deer, a six point buck, with his old long-barreled 30-30 Winchester.

When I was sixteen, some friends and I went to Bonny River to cut hardwood by the thousand. It took us three days, driving a team-drawn sloven wagon, to reach Bonny River. We couldn't make a dollar a day so we quit and came home. I went to work for Billy Jones cutting cord wood with an axe. The pay was fifty cents a day. For the next two or three winters I worked for Billy Jones cutting wood for all the neighbours.

Times were hard - it was the Dirty Thirties - you did well to get enough to eat. In 1935, I went to work at St. Martins for the Rieds. We went to work in September and came out March 28. I got \$32.00 a month that winter.

Aubrey Anderson

In 1914, the War started. I was eight years old at the time. Things were very hard. People are very well-off today. The war went on until 1918.

My Father's brother, who lived in Patton, Maine, was married and had three kids. His wife, Amber, had cancer of the throat. They come over home and asked my father to move to Patton, Maine.

In the spring of 1919, Dad sold our house to Banty Robison, and we moved to Patton, Maine. Dad took the horses and cattle, and what we had for furniture, by train. Mom, us four boys and two of the girls went by train as well. My other sister, Tressa was married and didn't go.

Mount Chase is where we moved to. This is three miles outside of Patton. We did not like it very well. We planted a little crop and in the summer we hayed. We also had our cattle and horses.

In the fall my uncle married his wife's sister Mabel. Amber had died before we moved there. We did not get along too well. She had three kids of her own. This meant there were fourteen people living in the same house. She kicked us out and we moved down the road a ways to Nate Arbeau's.

That fall, we picked potatoes for a month. Uncle Arthur, could pick one hundred barrels a day. Dad could pick ninety barrels, and I could pick fifty. I couldn't lift the basket of potatoes after I filled it, so Dad had to empty my baskets, and that put him back so he couldn't get his hundred. I was only thirteen.

Dad bought an old farm place with wood on it. He cut wood that winter with an old gasoline cross-cut saw. I hauled the wood to Patton, which was three miles away, by a horse-drawn team. There was a lot of snow; a solid six feet with a heavy crust on it. The horses could walk on top of it.

In the spring, I couldn't get all the wood hauled so Dad hired a fellow, by the name of Mel, to help haul. He had a big heavy team with two sleds hooked on. This is the same fellow who we picked potatoes for.

Two fellows by the name of Dr. Woodbury and Dr. Cobb, came up from Patton. They had heard about the Kilburn place in Kingsclear for sale, which was 750 acres. The wood had never been cut on it. They asked Dad to go down and cruise it. Dad said yes, he would be glad to.

They headed for Kingsclear in an old Model T car. They were down there three days. They cruised the land and had it surveyed. Dad bought the farm in the meantime because they said Dad could cut the pulp on it to pay for the farm.

When Dad came back, he came in the house and jumped up in the air and said "We are going to Canada!". We were all keen as we didn't like it there. I did go to school some.

Dad sold the cows and the old farm. Mother, the three boys, Guy, Burens, and Milton, and the youngest girl, Ruth, came to Kingsclear by train. Dad and I came with the team. Flora didn't come because she had met a fellow out of the army and married him.

We headed for Kingsclear on May 20, 1920. We were two days on the road. The first day we got almost to Houlton. We stopped as it was getting dark, at a farm to see if we could spend the night. The fellow said he had room for the horses but not for us. Dad asked if we could stay in the barn. He said it would be alright but he had to take our cigarettes and matches from us. We slept well after being on the road all day.

The next morning we got up early and headed out again. We had a little bite to eat with us. We went on to a custom house office before we stopped. It was in a house in those days. A big man, weighing 250 lbs, with a blue suit with brass buttons, wanted to know what we were doing and where we were going. We told him, and he said we would have to unload our stuff. He made us unload the wagon. After he looked it all over, he said we could put it back on. Dad was as mad as a wet hen.

The next place we stopped was at Eel River. That was on the Trans Canada Highway between the main road and Canada. We talked to a fellow who asked us if we have had anything to eat. We said we hadn't had much since yesterday so he told us to come in and have dinner. After dinner we fed the horses and went again. It was a long way from Eel River to Kingsclear.

Along about dark, we were going up Kelly Creek Hill and one of the horses went to its knees. Dad said we are not going to make it. We went up on top of the hill and stopped and fed the horses some oats and gave them a rest. It was twelve o'clock that night before we got to Kilburn place. Talk about tired.

Mamma and the kids came on the train to Veysey Siding. This was the next farm above where we were. Mr. and Mrs. Ellingworth lived there with two boys and a girl. When they saw them coming on May 21, they went out and stopped them and took them in for the night. We got there on May 22. The next morning they came down to the farm. There was nothing in the house. We had a few head of cattle and some sheep. From there on, we cut pulp to pay for the farm. We lived there for thirty years.