

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven:

- 2. A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
- 3. A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up;
- 4. A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
- 5. A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
- 6. A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
- 7. A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
- 8. A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war and a time of peace.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8



In the year of Our Lord 1983, I have decided to write a short story of my life, being that of a pioneer, joined later by my wife Carrie, as we were married in 1917. It may be interesting to our two children, our eight grandchildren, our eighteen great grandchildren, our four great great grandchildren and their husbands and wives.

It is a true story from beginning to end of how people lived in those days. The changes that took place in those eighty-seven years were greater than at any time of the same amount of years since the beginning of the world.

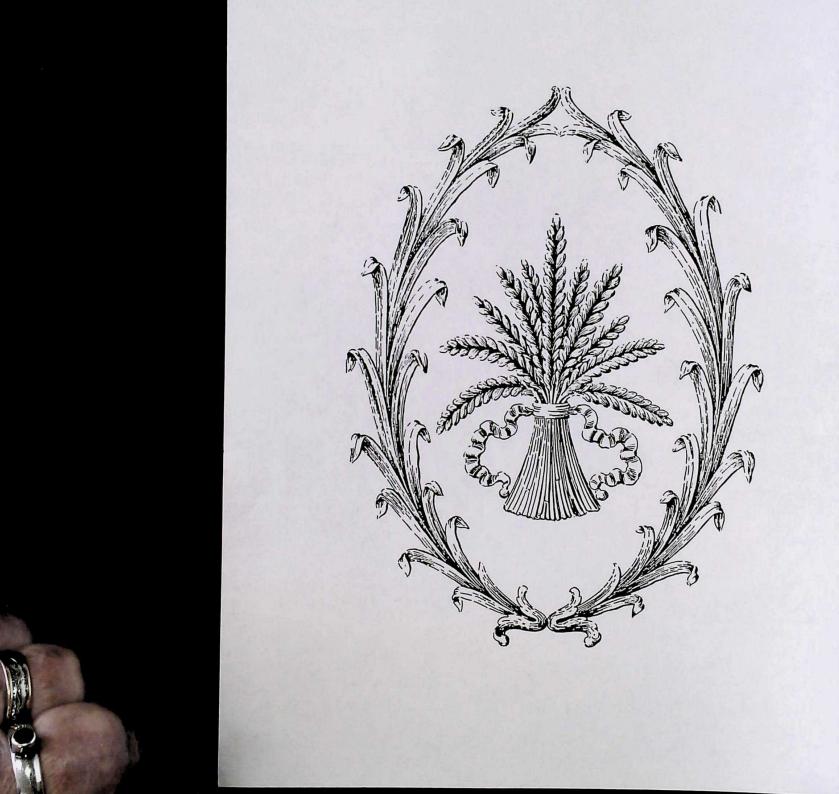
Now I start the story of the two lives of an adopted child. I was first adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Greenough. We lived in Greenfield in back of the River Bear, now called River Hebert. They were quite old and did not care much about children. I was almost six years old when the old gentleman got killed leading his horse around a turn in the road in the woods through the deep snow. He fell and the horse fell on top of him. I still remember hearing him hollering. It brought to an end the almost six years of a very unhappy life for me as I had never saw or played with another child. Well, there is very little more to say about my first adoption except the world should know how an unwanted child had been treated.

There is an incident that might have caused his dislike for me. He took the gun one day and shot his neighbour's beef steer and I remember seeing the blood in the river where the steer fell and he cut its throat. The neighbour came to the house and questioned him. When I blurted out about seeing the river red with blood they knew he was guilty. One of the neighbours told me after I had grown up that he got very mad at me when I blurted about seeing the river red with blood. One day in the summer he brought in a load of hay. wife took me out to the back of the load and left me. He threw the twelve foot binding pole right down where I was standing. I put up my hand and it took off the nail of my large finger. Had it hit me on the head it could easily have been the end of a small child. they saw anyone coming or if they went away she would put me in a dark closet under the stairs. Many hours I spent in that dark closet.

The day of the funeral I was picked up by my new parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson. We went to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Mason's, a short distance from the graveyard, in a sleigh drawn by a horse and we stayed all night. The next day, the 27th of February, 1902, we landed at my new home on the West Indian Road where I met my little sister Ethel, and started my new life. I was loved by both parents. At last I had landed in the home of the best parents in the world and I could write forever about the good things they did to help others. I had my little sister to play with and Mother was always making a blouse or pants for me to wear to school. My mother Sarah Anne had three brothers, Stillman, James and Hiram and a sister Matilda, nicknamed Tillie.

Then I started meeting my cousins. Uncle Stillman and Aunt Sadie MacDonald had four boys, Aubrey, Harding, Clyde and James. Uncle Hiram and Aunt Jane had three boys and one little girl, Earl, David, Earnest and Annabelle. Murray and Avonelle (Swaine) were born later. Uncle James MacDonald and Aunt Emma (nee Cochrane) had three adopted children, May, Rose and Charles. Uncle Peter Caldwell and Aunt Tillie had four school age children, Sarah and Clare and the twins Elsa and Egbert. I met and played with all those children. It was the beginning of a very happy life.

My future wife Carrie was born October 25,1894 at MacLeod Brook, the second daughter of Mary Jane (nee Lively) and John Freeman MacDonald. An older sister Mabel passed away from diptheria and Gertie was two years younger.



Now we start my school days. Ethel had gone to school the year before as she was a year and four months older than me. It was two miles to the school and we had to pass through Black Brook Hollow to get there. Ethel was afraid of going through the Hollow and I would pretend to hear a noise and say "What's there?" just to tease her. I was to meet all my school mates, so many more children to play with.

Dear old grandma Thompson was still living. She was over ninety years old and she was awfully good to Ethel and me. Father and Mother would take Ethel to church one Sunday and me the next. We were never scolded or ill treated in any way. Mother had me dressed like a little prince. She was very proud of me. When father went anywhere with the horse and buggy, he always took me with him. Some would say "Whose boy is this, Jim?". He would always say "He is my boy."

My first teacher's name was Janie Embry of Nine Mile River. She was a good teacher. Effie Simm from West Gore was next. I loved to go to school and learned very fast. Florence Crombs from Shubenacadie was a great teacher. I graded twice the term she taught. She didn't believe in keeping one child back if he was ready for another grade.

My next teacher was Rose MacPhee, our cousin. She was a good teacher. Then there was Jennie Robertson. She was also a good teacher. I was learning very fast. Girls only had to have grade ten to teach in a country school. At last comes the best teacher of them all, Della Wallace. I had passed Ethel and graded into grade ten when father got his shoulder put out of joint. I stayed home to do the plowing and I did not go back to school. I was only past thirteen years of age.

My cousins Aubrey and Harding and I used to catch rabbits and sell them for four cents each. There were plenty and it was fun.

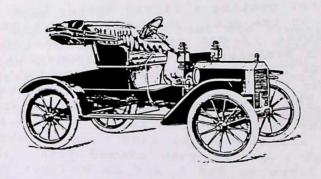
The men and boys wore larrigans or shanks made from moosehide and the long Johns were knit by the women out of home spun yarn. I soon became useful in helping with the chores, cleaning out the barn, putting down hay for the cattle and carrying in the wood but it was a pleasure.

I was six and a half years old when I spent my first Xmas and Santa had filled my stocking. No one was going to tell me there was no Santa.

Well, I was growing fast and becoming a great help to my father. In the fall of 1905 I rigged up an old sythe and went to the field to help my father mow oats. The winter of 1905 was what they call the winter of the deep snow. In February there was a continuous snow storm of twenty-six inches and then a thaw. It turned cold very quick and froze a hard crust. We could coast across the fences. The four foot fence posts were buried in the snow and the crust would almost carry a horse. The Midland Railway was blocked and for over a month the train couldn't run.

Charlie and Fred Caldwell and Carrie went to school that winter. They had to have three students to hold classes so they asked Carrie to go. She was so small she had to follow in the boy's footsteps to get through the snow but she only missed three days that winter.

I was having the time of my life with the school children which I will name, Frank and Fanny Angevine, Martin and Emma Grumly, Roy and Jessie MacPhee, Edwin Malcolm, Edith and Cleta Lively, Frank, George and Henry Pineo and Tennyson and James Noble. Aunt Alice and Uncle Tom MacPhee had four boys and two girls, Elmer, Howard, Mosher, Clyde, Ethel and Ruby. Many a night we changed back and forth together and Ethel would always be changing a night with her friends. We would go home with them after school, stay the night and leave there for school the next morning.



STARTING THE CHANGES OF THE WORLD

The first automobile to go from Truro to Windsor along the Indian Road was in the year 1905. Ethel and I heard it coming and ran to where we could see it. At first there would be only one or two cars a summer.

The road that we lived on then was not as good as our woods roads are today. It was just a mud track from end to end and about ten feet from ditch to ditch. Every spring the farmers had to do what was called "Statute Labor". There were four families on nearly three miles of road. Two farmers would take a horse and dump cart and the other two would take shovels. We boys would help with the work. We hauled sand from Sand Hill to dump on the mud. We would work for a week without pay as there was no money to build roads.

The government put a grader in Shubenacadie for use on our side of Hants County. We would get the grader for a few days to clean out the ditches. It was hauled by four pair of horses. It was very heavy to haul and they could only pull it a short piece at a time. There was a man by the name of James Miller from MacPhees Corner who operated the grader at that time.

The drains across the road, called spouts, were dug out with picks and shovels. The logs were put in the bottom and covered over with poles and mud.

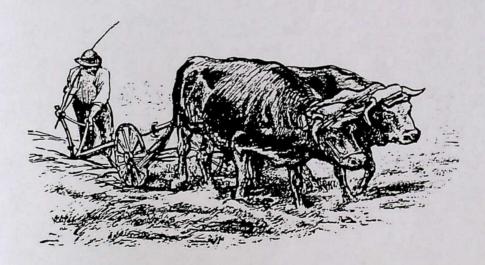
The roads kept getting a little better each year where we put sand on the mud. When it rained the road would have deep ruts. A man by the name of Lemont Parker came up from Brooklyn with a truck with solid rubber tires to haul lumber for Joe Fraser. He broke all the spouts on the Ess Road and made deep ruts. He did not last long. The government gave money to buy lumber and put in new spouts.



The summer of 1906 father and I made all the hay without any hired help. I pitched on all the hay and father built the loads. We filled the barn and made three stacks of hay outside. We had a large crop of hay that summer.

I would go to the woods with father to help him cut the winter's wood. One day we were both cutting the same tree. My axe glanced on another tree and I cut father's foot. We had to go home. I felt terrible. Father said it hurt me worse than it did him and that it was only an accident. We went back to the woods in a few days.

Father had a pair of two year old steers and I broke them in to work. They were called Spark and Lion. I found an old neck yoke to hitch them up. I would walk ahead of them with the whip. If I wanted them to turn to the right I would call out "Gee, Spark and Lion" and if I wanted them to turn left I would call out "Haw, Spark and Lion" and pull on their horns whichever way I wanted them to go. They could haul out a large tree for wood. They became very strong. Sometimes they would run away on me but I had an awful lot of fun. Harding MacDonald, my cousin, broke in a pair of steers too. We would put the neck yoke on the pair of steers while they were standing in the stanchions. We would tie their tails together so if they ran away they would not get their yoke under their necks.



I will now mention a new invention, the gramaphone. Uncle James and Aunt Emma bought a cylinder and big horn gramaphone. Father and mother would take Ethel and I down quite often to hear the music on it. At that time it was a wonder of the world.

Well, I was growing up fast and Ethel and I had started going to the dances. There weren't many big dances in those days except for weddings and anniversaries, just house dances. We used to dance the old fashioned dances, plain sets and lancers. Mr. Ezekiel Scott would play the violin for music to dance to.

We didn't have to roll up the carpet to dance since most houses only had a white wood floor with a few hooked rugs spread around. The floors were scrubbed with sand or with a soft homemade soap and the women had to be careful not to get splinters in their hands as they did the scrubbing.

The women made the soap themselves starting by burning just hardwood in the stove for about a week. The ashes were all saved and placed in a barrel with holes in the bottom. Rain water was poured over the ashes and collected as it ran out the bottom of the barrel. This was placed in an iron pot over a fire in the yard and beef tallow that had been saved from slaughtering cattle was added to this home made lye. The mixture was stirred occasionally as it was heated. After a while a sort of liquid soap formed which was used straight out of the pot for washing clothes and floors. Some of it was allowed to harden into cakes which were then hung on strings to dry for washing dishes and hands.



THE STARTING OF MY WORKING YEARS

Mr. Joseph Fraser had a saw mill hired to saw logs into lumber in the Harry Blois woods in the winter of 1909. Father and all the other farmers in Nine Mile River hauled the lumber to Elmsdale on sleds. Sometimes there would be twenty teams. That spring Mr. Wright hired me to take down the mill shed and take the nails out for ten dollars. I was very proud of the first money I had earned. In the winter of 1910 Mr. Fraser had George Murray with his mill in the Addison Teasdale woods. I played with my oxen and hauled slabs for wood and broke the oxen to do whatever I wanted them to do. They were very strong.

I hired with George Murray to carry and burn the waste slabs. In a short time the lumber carrier left and Mr. Murray put me on carrying and piling lumber. Sometimes a big hemlock log eight feet long would saw out eight railway ties, each having thirty-two board feet. I would carry three at a time. They would be piled as high as a house before the snow came and we could haul them away. The snow made a good road for hauling.

I was very strong for my age. One day they sawed a large hardwood thirteen feet long, twelve inches wide and four inches thick, containing fifty-two board feet. Hardwood weighs seven pounds per foot. That plank weighed three hundred and sixty-four pounds and I carried it out alone.

We had lots of good food and I worked ten hours a day for eighty cents a day. I used to place a silk piece of cloth on my shoulder to protect it from chaffing. It was great fun in the camp. I became a great checker player and was champion in the camp for many years. I came home every Saturday night.

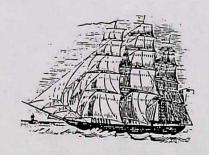


When the winter work was finished on the twenty-sixth of March Mr. Murray paid me in full for my winter's work, fifty-six dollars. I put my first fifty dollars in the Royal Bank at Shubenacadie and kept six dollars to buy work clothes, a pair of boots, two shirts and a pair of overalls. You could buy a lot with a few dollars those days.

I was only home a few days until my future brother in law Frank Angevine came in to get me to go to work for the Yankees in the mill on the Kings farm at the upper end of the Indian Road near Shubenacadie. An American lumber company operated the mill and woods both. They paid good wages. They paid me one dollar and twenty-five cents a day for throwing edgings on the fire from the edger.

Mr. Jim MacDougall, the mill boss, took me to the scrap pile to get a piece of old belt for an apron to save my clothes. He told me to hold on to it. He gave it such a quick pull that I let go and he fell over. I had to laugh. I thought he would fire me but he didn't.

In a few weeks the chap that was running the planer quit. Mr. MacDougall gave me his job and raised my pay to one dollar and a half a day. That meant that I was the highest paid man in the mill except the sawyer. I would only draw my pay when it would get up to fifty-five dollars and put fifty dollars in the bank in Shubenacadie. That was pretty good for a sixteen year old boy. Mr. MacDougall taught me to do all other jobs in the mill but sawing.



Well, I must step back a few years and pick up an event that came to pass before the sinking of the Titanic the building of the last sailing vessel by Captian William Lawrence in Maitland. Father and Mother drove over to the launching of the five masted vessel. a wonderful man. He built his own sailed the seven seas. ships that When I went to Halifax with Father both sides of the harbour would be full of from three to five masted vessels. The big event of 1912 was the building of the Titanic. On her first voyage across the Atlantic she struck an iceburg and sank with a loss of seventeen hundred lives out of twenty-five hundred passengers on board.

As a pioneer I am going to describe as best I can the different forms of power that I saw used in my early life. When I was out west I could see hundreds of windmills used for pumping water. Then there was water power used to turn the wheels to saw lumber. The house we live in is over two hundred years old and the lumber was sawed by an up and down saw. I have worked on the thresher and wood saw when the power was obtained by using a pair of horses on a tread machine. I must also describe the steam power as it was the greatest power all over the world. In the saw mills there was a large boiler with a fire box to burn the waste slabs to make steam to run the engine. On ships they burned coal to make steam.

Well I must get back to my working days with the Mac-Dougall brothers. James took a great liking to me. He taught me to do all the jobs in the mill but being a sawyer. He taught me to fire a steam boiler and run the engine. Today you would require an engineer's papers to do the same job. I was earning big pay for those days and banking all but what I needed to buy clothes.

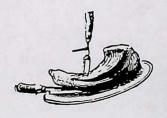
We were well fed in the lumber camps. I worked four years for the company until they moved back to Maine. Father took my sister Ethel and went to Boston to visit some friends and relatives. I stayed with Mother and did the plowing and fall chores and shot partriges. They were plentiful that year and Mother would fry them. I would get two every morning or evening.

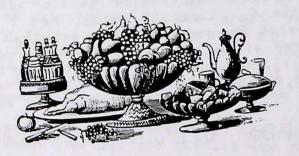
The next fall I had the great pleasure to bring the money home for Mother to go to Boston to see her friends and relatives. She travelled by train to Yarmouth and then by boat to Boston.

The next event was World War One that started in August 1914. My school chum joined the army. He wanted me to join and I got all excited and wanted to join but Mother and Father begged me not to join. They were getting quite old and I could not go and leave them. My chum was killed in the battle of the invasion of France.

I was still working for the MacDougall brothers. They put a dam in the brook at the foot of the meadow to make a large pond to haul the logs on when it froze over. In March it had melted at the dam and there were some large peeled logs floating. Some experienced river men could hop on them and pole them around. I thought I would try it. I grabbed a pike pole and jumped on a big log. It started to spin and I couldn't stop it and I landed over my head in the ice water. Everybody laughed but me.

We had an excellent cook Mrs. Emma Harvey. I got up at five-thirty and made a big fire in the boiler to have steam up at seven so they could start the mill. We worked ten hours a day six days a week. We went to bed at nine o'clock. We had a straw tick for a mattress. I have had my hair froze to the wall when I woke up in the morning. It was a good life and we had lots of fun.





PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING ON JUNE 6, 1917

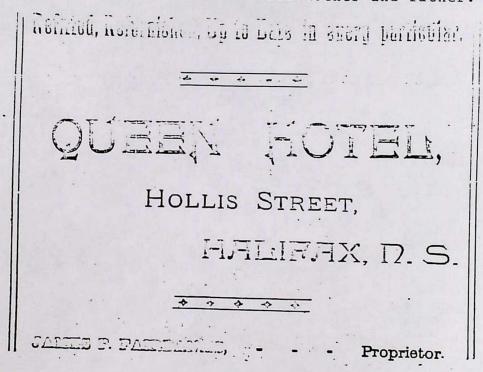
We were married in front of her father's house by the Reverend J.A. MacKenzie. We were the first couple in Nine Mile River to hire a car to take us away on our honeymoon. It belonged to Gordon Caasey of Elmsdale. He had a brand new Model T Ford. We went from Elmsdale to Halifax by train.

At the station we were met by Mr. Alfred Drysdale, a taxi driver. He drove us to the Queen Hotel where we stayed all night. He was Carrie's teacher and Duffy Drysdale's father. The next day we went through the Public Gardens and the Museum and called on some of Carrie's friends. In the afternoon we went by train to Windsor. We stayed all night at the Globe Hotel. We went the next morning to Brooklyn by train to Mr. and Mrs. John Hennessey's where my brother Leslie lived.

Mr. Enoch Hennessey gave his Model T Ford and chauffeur to bring Carrie and I and brother Les up to the reception. It had been arranged to meet my cousin Rose MacPhee half way from the Gore to Kennetcook. She was coming home from teaching school in Kennetcook.

When we met her and went to turn around we got stuck in the mud. I jumped out to push and got all covered with mud but we got out and got home to the reception at Father's and Mother's.

Well, I must get back and describe the wedding. There were one hundred and twenty-five guests invited and they were all there. Carrie's mother had a big cake and supper prepared for everyone. We received a lot of gifts and a large dinner set from Carrie's mother and father. A lot of people were invited to the reception and another big supper and a lot more gifts including six nice chairs and a rocker from mother and father.



It was a late spring. Mr. Welton Edgette went home from the wedding and sowed a field of wheat between the house and the road.

Well Carrie and I lived with her father for the time being. Her father wanted me to be a farmer so we bought the Peter Caldwell farm, one hundred and forty acres for six hundred dollars. I was firing the boiler and running the engine for Mr. Arthur Gilroy just in the Brook Road. Mr. Jonah Skidmore was foreman.

Now I start my story of the year of 1915 and my trip on the harvest excursion to the great Northwest wheat fields. My cousin Charles MacPhee, and I went together. We left Halifax on the 17th of August by train. We were six days going from Halifax to Winnipeg. The train was very rough. It was hard to stay on our feet walking from one car to another.

In the mountains west of North Bay the train stopped by an Indian camp. We all got off and the Indians started shooting at us. There were bullet holes in the washroom of our car. Further on the train stopped by some stacks of hay. Some of the boys jumped off to set them on fire and an old man stepped out with a double barrelled shotgun. They weren't long getting back on. We had an awful lot of fun.

It took us all day to go from Winnipeg to Delorian, only two hundred miles. It was some beautiful through the golden wheat fields. We went to work for an old bachelor, George Outhit. He had a woman cook and they fed us well. We got up at five in the morning and worked until dark. We got two dollars and a half a day, big money in those days.

There was a snow storm the twenty-fifth of October and Charlie and I started for home. It was six miles to the railway station and we were late. I ran and got there on time but Charles and another fellow couldn't make it so I waited for them. While waiting a man drove in with an automobile and hired us for two weeks to thrash stocks. It was the first time I had a ride in a car. It was really exciting. When we finished working for him I came home but Charlie fell in love with a girl and decided to stay out west. I couldn't get home fast enough for my girl was in Nova Scotia.

I had a great trip home. Father and Mother were so pleased to have me back home. Aunt Emma and Uncle James were very disappointed that Charles didn't come home. Mr. MacDougall came right over to get me to go to work.

Well, I got back to work with Mr.MacDougall but only for a year. They moved back to Maine and I got a job with Mr. Arthur Gilroy in the Brook Road firing the boiler and running the engine. I was always earning high wages for those days and I was going with my girl friend Carrie Belle MacDonald. She was working at Mr. Addison Teasdale's, our next door neighbour when their youngest child Ernest was born. Father and Mother and sister Ethel were all very pleased that we were going together.

Ethel and Frank Angevine got married December 23, 1915. There was a big wedding. Carrie was brides maid and I was grooms man at the wedding. Carrie and Frank were first cousins. Their mothers were sisters.

Carrie and I went to all the parties and dances. When we took her father's old grey mare we would be covered with grey hair when we got there.

We went to the Orange picnic in Amherst by train on the twelth of July, 1916. It was an excursion train to and from the picnic and loaded with passengers. We had a great time. The train ran over a skunk above Truro. We got lots of perfume from the skunk.

We had left our horse and buggy at the Shubenacadie stables run by Andrew Kirkpatrick. We had twelve miles to drive after we got off the train.

When Carrie worked for Mike Wallace in West Gore I walked over to see her on Sunday. It was sixteen miles one way. We would spend the afternoon together and I would walk back home.

Carrie then went to work cooking at a boarding house at the Antimony Mines for twelve dollars a month.

Later, when Carrie was working in Halifax Margaret Martin wrote her to see if she would go to Boston. The lady of the house wouldn't let her go without two weeks notice. Carrie went to Boston to work for four dollars a week when she was eighteen. She bought a high backed bureau, bed and commode from Mike Wallace.

Some children came in to see me one afternoon. Hazel MacPhee was a little girl. I asked her if she would like to blow the whistle at six o'clock. She ran all the way home to ask her mother and was back in time. She felt it was something special.

Mr. Gilroy bought Uncle James MacDonald's timber and moved his mill in to saw it in lumber in the fall of 1917. The Halifax explosion happened December 6th at 9:30 in the morning when Mr. Brent Brown was filing the saw and the men were in the boiler room getting warm. They all ran out thinking the boiler was blowing up.

Carrie's father had driven to Waverley December 5th. He went in to Dartmouth by train and stayed all night with some friends in the north end of Dartmouth where the ammunition ship blew up loaded with explosives in the Narrows. Her father was blown from the main room out into the coal bin. He was badly shook up but not seriously hurt.

There was not a house left standing in the north end of Halifax or Dartmouth. There were thousands killed and injured and the suffering was something terrible. It was very cold and a heavy snow fall that night and they had no clothes or heat. There was relief rushed in from all over the the province. Carrie's father went out to Waverley by train in the afternoon and drove home that night.

I asked my boss of the mill crew if he would hire my wife to cook for the mill crew after Xmas as she would like to have the job. He agreed and we moved in to the camp after Xmas. Carrie cooked for twelve men all winter for one dollar per day seven days a week.

It was a nice camp. It was a very cold winter and a lot of snow. The men were all good to get along with. We moved home to her father's the twenty-sixth of March when the job was finished. On the twenty-sixth of April my father in law shoveled through deep snow drifts so we could move in to our home on the farm.

Carrie's father and I broke a road through the deep snow on the old John O'Neal road for two miles to the MacGregor mill. They had finished and I had bought their two camps, barn and mill shed for one hundred dollars. The snow melted so fast that I only got a few loads home until the next winter. Carrie used her money to buy a flock of sheep from Edgar Dalrymple. built a sheep house the next summer. Carrie's father gave us a large white cow and Father gave us a Jersey cow and we bought a little pig. We called him Sam. was a real pet. He would follow us everywhere and lay down to get his belly scratched. We felt bad when he grew big and had to be killed.

The field around the house had been turned out to pasture so we just went out the door and milked the cows as they were pets.

There were eight beautiful rock maples on one side of the driveway and two on the other. The old house was not much to brag about. The main house was only eighteen by sixteen, two small bedrooms eight by eight and the living room ten by sixteen with a room upstairs and a lean-to ten by sixteen and a basement under the main house.

On September 5th, 1918 our first baby was born, a baby girl weighing eight pounds two ounces and we named her Annie Mae. We had Doctor MacLellan from Rawdon. We carried the water from a spring about three hundred feet from the house up a steep hill.

I helped Carrie's father make the hay. In the fall of 1918 her father bought the John Archie timber and together we logged it in the winter of 1919. We hired Ernest MacDonald, my cousin to help me cut the logs and we hired Clarence Bloiss to yard the logs. Mr. MacDonald hauled them out to the river. It was Clarence's first working out too. They both were good workers and they boarded with us all winter.

In the spring the lambs started coming too early and the mothers had no milk for there was no grass. We fed them on cow milk out of a bottle. We had eleven pet lambs. They would run all over the house and jump on the beds and play.

When the ice went out of the river Mr. MacDonald and I had the logs surveyed and sold them to the McCurdy Lumber Company. We had to roll them into the river and stream drive them out to the Nine Mile River.



Well spring came and it was time to shear the sheep, a new job for me to learn which I learned to do real well.

Uncle James MacDonald had an auction sale and sold everything of the farm and I bought the two year colt. His name was Benny. I broke him in and would take us everywhere in the buggy. Father gave us a colt and soon we had a nice pair of young horses to do our farm work.

In the fall of 1919 and 1920 we finished cutting the logs on the John Archie woods. We hired John MacLeod our neighbour to help me cut and Clarence Blois to yard the logs. It was a very cold winter and deep snow. The road was drifted full and our little girl took pneumonia. There was a big rain and thaw. I went to get Carrie's mother. Coming back in the river and brook had overflowed and the water and ice cakes flowed in one side of the buggy and out the other. They saved the little girl with the old remedies of hot mustard poltices.

In the spring someone gave us a beautiful yellow and white collie dog. She had thirteen pups. One was black and white and had a short tail. We kept him and called him "Towser" and gave the mother and the males away.

When the weather got warm I planted a ridge of strawberries out next to the John O'Neal Road and fenced in a four acre field that had been plowed for oats. We had some hens, chickens and ducks. We had a great crop of oats that fall.

In order to get a telephone one was obliged to erect a mile of posts or pay one hundred dollars. It took forty posts to the mile so I hired Ernest MacDonald and we put up thirty-six telephone poles to get out to the main line. They gave me a share in the Nine Mile River Telephone Company and put the wires on and hooked me up. We had service to Dr. McLellan in Rawdon and to Elmsdale as well as being hooked up with Maritime Tel & Tel. We paid fifty cents a month.

We hired Mr. Addison Teasdale to do our thrashing. That fall we had over two hundred bushel to feed our two horses and our hens for the year. After the fall work was done I went to work in the woods for James Graham in the fall of 1920-21 to cut logs. Carrie looked after our little girl and did the chores. It was a good winter. I used the money I earned in the woods to buy a new mowing machine with a four and a half foot cutter bar, a John Deere, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

In the spring the strawberries got ripe. We picked them every other day and took them to Elmsdale in three and six quart wooden pails that we had purchased by the dozen from Uncle Hiram MacDonald as he was in the strawberry business. We sold them to Mr. Stewart MacPhee for twenty-five cents for three quarts and fifty cents for six quarts. He ran the Peoples' Store at Elmsdale. He would save the pails for us for when we took the next load.

It may not seen to be much money but we could buy sugar for five cents a pound, molasses for twenty-five cents a gallon and flour for three dollars for a hundred ninety-six pound barrel. Sometimes I would buy a molasses puncheon after the molasses had been pumped out for a dollar. There would be four or five gallons of heavy molasses in the bottom. The molasses barrels came from Barbados, were made of hardwood and held ninety-six gallons. They were great to catch soft water off the house.

We sold over fifty dollars worth of berries and used the money to buy a new John Deere steel horse rake for the price of fifty dollars. I had bought a double harness with long steel chain traces so we were well set up for making hay.

Both of our cows had heifer calves. We raised the calves to build up our herd. In the fall of 1921-22 I bought a set of bob sleds. When the snow came I hauled deal for Joe Fraser from the Henry Blois woods to Elmsdale for the price of two dollars and fifty cents per thousand and averaged about one thousand, a distance of twelve miles each way. I hauled one load a day and did the chores night and morning. Carrie did the house work and looked after our little girl. She made butter with an old fahioned dash churn.



I forgot to mention the fact that when I started going out with the girls I was quite a dude. I got a beautiful taylor made suit of clothes of blue serge from the Crown Taylor Co. of England for the price of fourteen dollars and fifty cents and a new pair of tan leather shoes for two fifty and a new derby hat for two seventy-five. I later bought my wedding suit from the same company for the price of twenty-two fifty.



In the spring of 1922 Carrie and I saw the auto knitter advertised so we sent for it. We thought it would be great to knit up the sheep wool. The price was fiftysix dollars. It had a sock on it showing us how to Somehow we run our chores off and worked all knit. night to get it set up. It really worked. We soon learned to knit anything on it. We would knit twenty yard rolls of two and one stockinette and take it down to Mr. MacPhee for him to sell. We knit socks and stockings for all our neighbours. We could knit plain or two and one, three and one or four and one stitch. There were several people who bought knitting machines. They all ran the work off and brought the machines to me to set up and teach them how to knit. Carrie could knit anything on it.

That summer Carrie's father and I made the hay on the Obidga Todd farm besides our own and we had some extra hay for sale. On September 5th our little girl Annie was four years old and on November 5th our dear little Mildred Etta was born.

I was ordained in the church as an Elder in the Presbyterian Church at Lower Nine Mile River. The winter of 1923 I hauled lumber for Joe Fraser from Uncle Stillman MacDonald's woods. The snow was so deep that I had to go through Amos MacPhees field to get in and out. The road would always drift full.

In the spring Carrie had a lot of turkeys hatched and also a lot of chickens. We brought all the fields around the house back in to cutting good hay. It was very beautiful in there in the summer and we had lots of company to come see us. Uncle Stillman Bought a Model T Ford car and his son Clyde drove him and Aunt Sadie down to see us. We helped to turn the car by hand. He was always afraid to use the power. Well when fall came we started getting a load of produce ready for Halifax. Carrie's mother came to help pick the feathers off the chickens and turkeys and Mr. Welton Edgett came in to butcher the lambs for me.



We got Carrie's father's two horse market wagon and loaded it up for Halifax. My mother came down and took care of the two children when we were away. Carrie's father had made sale of our load the week before to John Graham and Sandy Paterson. They each ran a small store and I made sale for a load the following week. Our load brought one hundred and twenty-five dollars - a lot of money for those days. It took one day to drive in, one day to unload and shop and one day to drive home. The road from Waverley to Dartmouth was cobble stones and very rough. The pair of young horses trotted a lot. It was quite a pleasure.

In hunting season I bought a hunting license from Mr. Dave MacPhee. He was the game warden. I took my old double barrelled muzzle loading shotgun, loaded it up with powder and bullets and went moose hunting out the old John O'Neal Road. I came up on a large moose and shot it. I got some help to skin it and get it out. I gave a lot of it away and the rest froze. We had fresh meat all winter.



Carrie did a lot of knitting for the neighbours on the knitting machine and looked after the children. She helped putting in the garden and haying and harvesting. Marketing was the same as usual. In the hunting season Uncle Sand MacPhee and I bought our hunting licenses. We went near where I got mine last year and came on a big bull moose and shot him. It seemed to be a godsend to get all that meat when money was so scarce in the winter of 1924.

Carrie's father and I cut and hauled out logs to be sawed into shingles. His brother Burton MacDonald bought a nine horsepower combustion gas engine and shingle mill. He set up the mill close to our logs on Mr. MacDonald's intervale and hired Mr. Robert Barr to saw shingles.

The sawdust from shingles is good for bedding for the cows so I hitched up my young horsess to the hay wagon. It had a wide Dutch rack and I drove down to the mill to get a load of sawdust. Mr. Burton MacDonald had two rows of shingles piled up eight bundles high. I drove down between them. Not being a very good driver I struck the last row with the corner of the hay wagon and sent eight bundles flying. I pulled the reigns quick and struck eight bundles on the other side and sent them flying and Mr. Burton came out of the mill flying. I decided to get out of there quick as I would not get any sawdust that day. Well we sold our shingles in Elmsdale and Enfield. In the winter of 1925 we cut more shingle logs.

In the spring of that year so much happened. First I bought a used touring car, a Ford, from John Fraser for one hundred and fifty dollars. It was in great shape so Carrie and I and the children sure enjoyed going for I could handle it a lot better than the horses. Now we had our car to take our produce Halifax in one day instead of three. Next, I decided to buy a farm out on the main road as the snow piled up so deep and Annie would have to start going to school so I bought the James Graham farm, the largest farm in Nine Mile River, for two thousand dollars. We cut the hay. It was a tremendous crop. Both barns were full of hay. We moved down that fall and started Annie Mae to school. There was no other light in sight. summer there had been an election and E.N. Rhodes, a conservative, had upset the Armstrong Liberal government and became premier of Nova Scotia. Carrie's and my parents were all Liberals. We thought we would get our share of road work but we got none. We both voted Tory and I was appointed road foreman.

Well, I had so much hay I had to get it pressed and sell it. I bought a used hay press for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The horses went round and round. They had to cross over the beam each time around. This was in the winter of 1926. I hired Earl Hines to feed the press and I tied the wires, weighed the bales and piled them and kept the horses going. We pressed eight tons a day. The bales weighed from one hundred and sixty up to two hundred pounds each.

There was a lot of snow and cold. Carrie's grandmother MacDonald passed on February the thirteenth. The day we went to the funeral we had put three hot flat irons in the sleigh to keep our feet warm. The road was shovelled out so narrow the sleigh upset, dumping us both out in the snow. Also the flat irons melted their way down in the snow and I found them the next spring after the snow had melted. We piled in back in the sleigh and continued on to the funeral.



Mr. Walter Wilbur gave me a contract of cutting and yarding logs to the river of the John Embert woods. Uncle Burt and Arnold MacDougall put a camp up in Sandy Point Road and cut the logs for me and I yarded them to the river. Our herd of cattle was getting larger. That made extra work night and morning doing chores.

Well spring came and, being the new foreman, I had money to be spent on the four different roads as well as crops to be put in and hay to press and hay to make on the two farms. We took our produce to Halifax in the car. That was a great help.

In the winter of 1926-27 I took a contract of cutting logs on the John Embret woods. I had an auction and sold all our cattle but one cow. We kept the sheep. I made a large rack that held enough hay to last a whole week.

I built a camp and barn back in the woods and we moved in for the winter. I hired a bunch of men that came up from Bridgewater looking for work. We boarded Annie Mae with the school teacher Jane O'Brian. She had rented a small house near the school and we took our little Mildred in to the camp with us.

Carrie cooked for the crowd of men and we kept a supply of tobacco of different kinds as the men stayed in the camp all winter and went home in the spring. Mildred soon learned the kind of tobacco each man wanted and would run and get it for them. She soon became a great favorite in the camp.

Nineteen men took the wrong turn on their way to Rawdon and turned up at the house at dark. They were near perished and asked to sleep in the barn but I wouldn't let them for fear they would burn the barn to the ground with their smoking. Carrie was just getting ready to go to the camp and had to unpack enough food to feed them. There was no bedding or beds set up so they took down the mats that had been hung up to keep the mice from eating them. They slept on the floor that night and the next morning walked through to Rawdon.

When the snow came I started hauling the logs on the sleds to the river bank and piled them high ready for the spring water. We worked six days a week and ten hours a day. The contract was with Wilbur Miller.

In the spring after the ice went out I had all the logs rolled in the river and stream drove them to the mill at Lantz. We spent a nice winter in the camp.

In the spring, May the twentieth, Sir Charles Lindberg flew the Spirit of St. Louis, a single passenger plane across the Atlantic in thirty-three and one half hours, a wonderful achievement, the first crossing on record. He received great honours. It was the beginning of the expansion of aviation. In the summer of 1927 we made the hay on the two farms. I hired Ernest Moore and his horse for a rake horse. It worked out good. In the fall I engaged Harold Hazel with the gasoline hay press to press my hay.

In the fall of 1927 and winter of 1928 I had a contract of logging across the river. I built a bridge across the river. We boarded in the house that winter and had the same crew from Bridgewater. Carrie did the cooking. I had a good winter and when we got through logging I bought the three hundred and eighty acres for two hundred dollars. Of course that was a lot of money for those days.



The men never drew any money from the time they hired on in the fall until they got settled up when the job was finished and they got paid in full. We put in a good winter playing cards and wrestling.

Willis MacPhee worked for me that winter. He came in one Monday night very tired after being out late Sunday courting. He laid down on the lounge and went to sleep right after supper. He started talking in his sleep about his girlfriend. I got a pen and paper and wrote down three pages with everyone roaring with laughter before he woke up.

Well that spring we put in a big crop and cut a lot of hay. That summer I bought the first big truck to come to Nine Mile River, a new Chev truck, for \$745.00. It was only one ton but big for those days. It had no cab or windshield. I took the truck down to Elmsdale to Mr. Simpson MacMillan's body shop and had a dump body built to haul gravel on the road. He framed a square glass in front for a windshield and I got the seat out of an old car to put over the gas tank to drive. I got it on the road to haul gravel. I hired Elwyn MacPhee to drive the truck.

He was hauling gravel in the Hardwoodland when at four o'clock there was an earthquake off the coast of Newfoundland. It made a deep rumbling sound and shook the earth and the old house and the windows. The men in the gravel pit thought the world was coming to an end.

Well it turned cold and I took the dump body off and put on a set of bunks and started hauling lumber for John C. Horne across Grand Lake. Between Xmas and New Year's Mr. Horne bought a truck just the same for his son Cyril. We both hauled across the lake.



I hauled my hay to Fred Hoskins on the Waverley Road. One day Carrie and the two children went in with me and a load of hay. After unloading we kept on to Dartmouth to shop and visit at Uncle Jim MacDonald's. supper we started for home and we came up the Enfield Road. It was dark and just before we got home I ran over a bump from a spout in the road and upset Carrie and the two children out in the snowbank. I got them all back in. No one was hurt. We landed home and had a hard time to unlock the door. It was so terrible cold and Carrie tried to light the lamp. Her hand shook so bad with the cold she couldn't make it but we finally got a fireon and got warmed up. I had to out to the barn and do the chores, feed the cattle and milk the cows. The winters were a lot colder those days than they are now.

I hired John Horne to help me to load railroad ties and lumber. Some days we would haul out 400 ties and carry them on the railroad car. They weighed 200 pounds each. We would carry one each and hurry to get our load off. He was a very rugged boy like me. He did not mind the cold. We would work half of the night.

One night it was snowing and blowing and I got lost on Grand Lake with a load of lumber on. It was snowing so hard that could not see where the road was. It was two hours before I found the road that came off the lake. Well we had a good winter trucking with Mr. Horne and he paid me up in full in the spring. As this is the spring of 1929 and our two children are growing like weeds and both are going to school. I took Carrie and the children to Halifax several times but always warmer weather. I put a hay body on the truck and we made a lot of hay that summer. I worked a lot hauling gravel for different road foremen in East Hants. worked in Clarksville when they built the new road from Kennetcook to Windsor and they had men hired to load the trucks by hand. They worked very hard. The trucks held a yard and a half of gravel. There were horses hauling a shorter distance. They only hauled one yard to a load.

Well I got my hay pressed and delivered to Mr.Fred Hoskins. I then got a job with the truck hauling lathes for Mr. Ed Kerr from the mill out the Brook Road to Elmsdale. The lathes were nice to haul on my short truck. I hauled lumber and lathes for Mr. Kerr the winter of 1930. Mr. Kerr was a very fine man. In the spring I started in with my usual amount of road work as I was still road foreman. I still had the two farms and I also made the hay on the Mrs. William MacIntosh farm.

Mr. Marshall Weagle who had worked for me in 1928 came back from Bridgewater bringing a chum by the name of Henry Babcock. They made their home at our place when they were not working. They got a job in the woods with Mr. Currie Isnor. They would come out to our place for over Sunday.

Marshall, Henry and I went to Halifax in the truck and I bought a beautiful Columbia cabinet phonograph. We picked out a bunch of good records. That was something for those days. Everyone both young and old would come to our house to listen to the records.

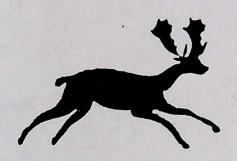
I bought a new heavy duty Chev long base truck with double wheels in the rear. I got a contract of hauling lumber from Renfrew to Enfield from Mr. J.C. Horne. moved the family and cattle into Renfrew after Xmas. There was the gold mining company's vacant house we moved into and a barn for the cattle. We would take the children out to school on the first load of lumber in the morning. Marshal and Henry went in to Renfrew Marshal drove the 1928 Chev and I drove the with us. new one with the cab that I had bought from Lorne Teasdale for \$1600.00. Henry helped load both trucks and do the chores. When we got the lumber all hauled we moved back home. In the spring I bought Annie a little black horse and a buggy to go to school and to take Mildred as it was two miles each way and too far to walk.



Marshall and Henry went back to work with Laurie Isnor in the spring. They built the new road from Elmsdale to Lantz Siding. I had a body made by Mr. MacMillan for my new truck and had both trucks on the road day and night hauling fill. I got Marshal and Henry both back with me and Elwyn MacPhee. We had a good summer. Carrie's sister Gertie came home from the States. She started keeping company with Henry and stayed home from the States.

That year I was appointed County Counstable, a position I held for twenty-five years. My main job was serving papers. I was very lenient. I tried hard not to make anyone mad. If I was a long piece from home I was always invited in to dinner. I was only once ordered away with a dog and a shot gun. The dog did not scare me a bit and he did not point the gun at me. I read the Riot Act to him. When I drove away he was terribly scared and ran to the woods. He was nearly perished when the Mounties found him.

The good times were over in Nova Scotia and hoboes began to walk the roads and beg for food and a night's lodging. They never missed our place. There would be an average of one a day for months at a time. We always gave them something to eat and kept them all night. There were not many people who would open their doors to them but we always seemed to have plenty. I would go out to the woods in the fall of the year and shoot a big moose and we would have lots of meat.



There was always something coming up such as the time when some would be robbers attempted to rob the Royal Bank at Shubenacadie. Plans for the robbery had been made previously. A young fellow by the name of Boutilier who lived on the Quigley place, the next farm between here and Enfield, was one of the robbers. got scared to go through with it and went over tipped them off. The bank manager advised Boutilier to go through with it and they would capture the robbers and he would not be charged. The bank engaged the R.C.M.P. and Mr.Blakney who had just returned from the Northwest took charge to capture the bandits. When the shooting was over one robber was dead, the one that turned on his friends was seriously wounded and the other one was captured. It was at three o'clock the fourth of August 1932 and there was \$1600.00 in the bank at the time of the attempted robbery.

There were a lot of cattle dying with T.B. in Nova Scotia and the premier decided to have the cattle tested and the sick ones destroyed. There were an awful lot down with the disease. I lost all of mine. We were paid a subsidy for our loss but not very much. It was for the good of the health of the people of Nova Scotia but of course they all put the blame on the premier. We had an election and E.N. Rhodes got defeated. I lost my job as road foreman and my cattle and then started all over again.

Well I missed one item. I must write about Henry Babcock married my wifes sister Gertie on November 4th, 1931 and bought a brand new Plymouth car and drove it up to his home in New Brunswick.

We were coming into the winter of 1933 and nothing in sight. Henry and Gertie came back after the wedding trip. Well the only thing I had to look forward to was the sale of hay and I had lots of that and no cattle to feed it to. I supplied my old customer Mr. Fred Hoskins but everybody had hay for sale and the price was small. Well we started to buy and raise calves in the fall of 1933.

I received a contract of hauling a million feet of lumber from Rhyns Creek to Shubenacadie from Otis Nelson so we built a camp and moved over. There was a barn there for our cattle and sheep. The day we moved our old dog Towser got up on the cab of the last load. He was so smart we planned to take him in the cab. We took the two children and they went to school in Admiral Rock.

Henry Babcock went with me to drive one truck and Elroy MacPhee came to help load lumber and to do the chores. There were several camps near ours . Ormal MacCulloch his wife and two daughters were at one camp. were the same age as ours and they went to school together. There were two camps of colored people. They were so good to get along with. We had a great time that winter. James Demont also had a camp with his family. The first morning we were there James Demont brought us a hind quarter of deer meat. children were always in our camp. Freda was a tiny little girl and she would be on my knee and say she was my little girl. I always had a great love for children. A man by the name of Roy Blades had the saw mill. He had his wife and eight children there. It was a very cold winter but we put in a good time and were lucky to have a job. We got the lumber all hauled and moved home in the spring. A young fellow by the name of Ed Singer wanted to come and stay with us. He had never been away from home. He was twenty years old but looked to be fifteen although he had no beard. He was a great worker.

One of our first jobs was to dig a barn well. We started Monday morning on a well thirteen feet across and nineteen feet deep. We walled it up with brick and it took two thousand. It was a dry summer but I had located lots of water with the divining rod. We had completed the whole job by Saturday night. It was a lot of hard digging for two men. Ed enjoyed living with us. He got out to everything that was going on as well.

I must relate a joke I played on Ed. It had rained all day and had quit around four P.M. I told Ed he could get the cows and do the chores as I was going to walk up four miles to borrow my father in law's car to go to Halifax the next day. When I got back Ed was playing crocinole with the girls.

I said "Did you get the cows?"

Ed said, "No. I went down the road and couldn't hear the bell and I went up the road and couldn't hear the bell."

I said, "I think I hear the bell in the old orchard." Ed says "I will go and get them." so he went on the run.

In a few minutes we heard him calling "Co Bossie" so I realized that the cows must be on the other bend of the river.

I said to Carrie "Watch for Ed coming home. I am going to run to Sandy Point and scare Ed and keep on and get the cows."

When I got to the bend of the river Ed was still calling "Co Bossie". I let out four terrible growls. I listened. There was no more "Co Bossie". Carrie and the girls watched Ed. He was running as hard as he could run all the way up the hill to the house. He looked scared to death. He said he was afraid the bear would grab him any minute. I kept on up the river for the cows. After all it kind of backfired on me. Ed got such a scare he would not go outside the hayfield for the cows and I had to go for them myself.

Well Ed and I and Carrie made the hay. There was very little trucking that summer and no money. Everyone was feeling the pinch. There would be someone in every day for something to eat. I had my customers to deliver hay to. The winter of 1935 was coming up with nothing in sight. The two trucks were getting pretty well worn out. No events were happening anywhere in the world but the government decided to give the bums twenty dollar pension cheques so that was the end of the tramps coming to our house. Twenty dollars a month those days would buy a lot. My father was failing. He was getting to be a very old man but still liked to get out to see his neighbours.

We will pass on to the year 1936 with the depression still here. My father passed away in July at the age of 94. Mother was ten years younger. I almost forgot to mention the fact that our oldest daughter Annie Mae and Arthur Dalyrumple were married February 15, 1936. He had been away a lot and had travelled all over the Unitd States. He came home and settled down on a farm he purchased from Alfred MacPhee. They started their life farming.

Well Carrie"s father and I decided to cut our timber and get a mill to saw it into lumber for us so we hired Mitchell Logan with his mill.

I put up a camp for the woods crew and Mitchell put up a camp for the mill crew. I hired Ormal MacCulloch's wife to cook in the woods. I had to supply both camps with groceries as Mitchell's credit was not very good. I went in to Halifax and bought three quarters of western beef at six cents a pound, about 250 pounds to the quarter, from a friend of mine I went to school with, J.R. Pineo. One quarter was for each camp and one for home as Carrie and Mildred stayed in the house with Fred MacLeod to do the chores. The meat would stay frozen all winter in those days as it was a great deal colder then than it is now.

Well, we got all ready to start sawing and I had to go buy a new big saw. At last we got going good and I went into Halifax to make sale of my lumber. I met a man by the name of George Lordly who shipped lumber overseas. He was glad to handle my lumber. I hired John Fraser of Elmsdale to truck it to the station and James Wilbur, son of the lumberman Walter Wilbur, to tally and load the cars.

I had a carload of ruffage lumber for sale and James said, "My father is going to Montreal to try to sell some ruffage and I will ask him when he gets home. We may sell it to the same man."

So James met his father at the station.

He asked "Did you have any luck, Dad?".

He replied, "Only two know and you are not one of them."

It was a short answer.

Well, we got through the winter of 1937. The mill did not cut very fast and I did not get near all my logs sawed and none of Mr. MacDonald's. Mr. Logan could not pay for the saw and I had to take it back. Eddie came home with me.

We spent the summer as usual always busy at something. In the fall we started cutting pulp out of the small trees and logs out of the larger ones. I hired Wilbur Constance to help us. He boarded at home and also came home at night. I bought an eight cylinder Hudson sedan to go back and forth. In the spring we had a tremendous pile of four foot pulp hauled out to the road and it all had to be peeled with draw knives. I had half of Nine Mile River working for me, even one woman, Jessie MacLeod. They all worked by the cord. MacLeod was the fastest of them all. It had to be peeled perfectly clean. It was shipped to Germany. I got the rest of my logs sawed and disposed of the lumber. I had made a lot of work for the people of Nine Mile River and had a lot of experience but not very much money.

In 1938 I took a contract cutting logs on the Walter Withrow property from Walter Wilbur. We boarded at home and drove to work in the car. I had the boys from Bridgewater. I went out hunting moose. I wounded one and took off and chased it through a swamp and lost my lumberman's boot but did not stop to get it. I followed it until dark. I went back the next morning and picked up the trail and got my moose about four miles from home. When the river froze over we brought meat down the river on the hand sled. My rubber is still in the woods.



Well we were logging and the snow got so deep on this end of the Enfield Road I could not get the car through the drifts so I bought 1000 feet of boards and built a garage right in the middle of the road.

Mr. E.D. Hennessey had a contract to prepare the high-way from Mr. Ben MacKenzie's to Milford for paving and he cut off the old turn at the end of the Enfield Road. It was not used in the winter. I took down the garage the last of April.

King George the fifth and his wife Queen Elizabeth visited Nova Scotia while visiting Canada in 1939. I planted a small maple tree at the southwest corner of the house to honour the remembrance of the royal couple. Hitler started the second world war to try to rule the world. Besides the terrible loss of life it completely changed the world with the many inventions during the war.

Well as we return to the year of 1940 times started to get better with so many joining the army and wages increasing. Ed Singer bought a car and was on his own and finally got married. He has always kept in touch. Carrie as usual boarded a bunch of children to help out. Mildred finished going to Normal School and started teaching. Our herd of cattle was gettiing larger and Johnson's Dairy in Halifax cmae to get me to ship our milk to them so that was a great help to me. Well there was nothing more exciting took place in the year 1940 so we will move to the year 1941.

One of the first events was that our neighbour Mrs. Ralph Merriot brought out a little girl two years old for us to board. Her name was Maxine Duffy. She was only here a few weeks and we became very much attached to her. Then we got word from her mother to take her back to Halifax. When we left to come home she ran to get her coat to come with us. We hated to leave without her and it was only two weeks when we saw her death in the paper. We heard that it was from pills left by her grandmother. We felt terrible. It was just like losing one of our own children.

We had several children boarding with us which made life quite pleasant. Well, in the fall of 1941 Mr. Eugene Comeau came to get me to help show the timber on the six hundred acre property. It was formerly the James Graham Property and now it was owned by Austin Kerr. He offered it to Mr. Comeau for the price of \$7000.00. Well I took Mr. Comeau through the best pieces of timber and we had not got near all through when Mr. Comeau said "I have seen enough. Let us get out and I will buy it before he changes his mind."

Well Mr. Comeau bought the six hundred acres of wood and he moved his mill in and put up his camp. He wanted me for his foreman. I told him he would have to take my crew I hired from Bridgewater. He agreed to do that so we had a good winter and finished up the end of March getting out a million feet of lumber. Mr. Comeau said he never got out so much lumber with so small a crowd of men. This was the winter of 1942. He told me he would give me a deed of the property when he got through logging. With the war on the price of lumber went almost double and Mr. Comeau did real well. He was a fine man to work for.

Well after I came home in the spring we were shipping milk. We also had sheep and pigs. I had a large boar who weighed over four hundred pounds dressed. He got out of his pen once and I picked up a piece of board to drive him back in. I hit him a good hard whack on his rump. He whirled around and struck me in the chest with his mouth wide open and sent me flying to the ground. I juumped up and picked up a piece of two by four and hit him as hard as I could. He wheeled around and knocked me over and over and his four inch tusk cut through my overalls, pants and underwear and in to the bone between my knee and hip of my right leg. jumped to my feet and decided he had won both rounds in a few minutes. The next time he got out I hit him on the head with a fence post. It staggered him a bit. He shook his head and went into his pen. I sold the old boar. He was getting too dangerous to have around with the children. I went to the doctor to have the cut washed in case of poison from his tusks.

The next item for 1942 was Mrs. Marriott brought out a six month baby boy for Carrie to board and take care of. He was so pale and thin his blue veins showed out through the skin. We were both afraid he would not live through the night. His name was Gary Ross Duffy. He was a brother to little Maxine. Mrs. Marriott brought a formula for Carrie to feed him. She saw he gained very little from the time of his birth so she scrapped the formula and put him on cow's milk. In a short time the colour came into his cheeks and he

Shortly after he arrived a forest fire broke out on the Renfrew Road. Roy MacPhee and I had been haying when we saw the smoke. I was head forester for the district so we got the pumper, tank and hose in the truck and called the other foresters for help. We soon got to the fire and had it under control when the help got in from Enfield. They said we didn't need them so they took off home.

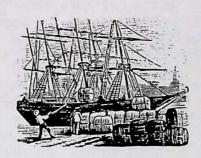
Before we got the fire out a breeze came up and blew the fire across our hose and we lost control. We had to pack up what we could of the hose and the pump and get out of the raging fire and go home. The fire got in brush of the logged area and burnt 18,000 acres out to Enfield, Hardwoodland, Nine Mile River and Shuben-acadie. Had the Enfield crew stayed to help put the fire out there would have been only a small patch burned. The smoke was so heavy at our house we could not see the sun for two days. Carrie took the baby up to her mother's. She was afraid he would smother. The hay we had mowed burned right up to the back ofthe house. There were men and water tanks here to save the house. The cinders were falling on the roof.

When the hay was made I met a man by the name of Frank Logan. He wanted me to take a contract of cutting and peeling poles thirty-two feet long with a one and a half inch top. I looked my land over that I had bought and found that I had a lot of them that had not got burnt so I hired Glen Dalyrumple a neighbour to peel them with a draw knife for ten cents a piece. He could cut and peel twenty-five a day. He was a good worker and it gave him a good day's pay for those times.

We now move back into family life and the delicate baby that was put into our care. He was gaining every day. Carrie had six other children to cook for. There was Jackie and Barbara, Gary's half sisters and his half brother, Bill, and Carl Kaiser and two other girls, Betty Bates and Marion Atkinson. She was hard to handle.

Elroy MacPhee had joined the army in the fall of 1942 and that left me short of help. Well the year of 1943 was quite quiet without any great event taking place. I took a contract of supplying wharf logs from Robert Crooks. He was a fine man. I got a lot from Mr. Comeau. The bark being burnt didn't hurt them. He would send me out cash rolled up in a piece of brown paper and registered.

Glen kept on peeling the thirty-two foot poles and I was busy with the horses hauling out the wharf logs and poles and getting a truck to ship them to Halifax. Walter Wright trucked a lot in for me.



Carrie had brought the delicate baby to be a sturdy robust two year old boy and he had won his way to our hearts. Our great fear was that his mother would take him back to Halifax and the same thing would happen to him as happened to his little sister Maxine but she continued paying their board. She did not want to be bothered with them.

Our oldest daughter Annie and Arthur had four children, Doris, Ross and Reta were twins and Evie was the young-In the summer of 1944 the burnt woods were red with raspberries. One day a bunch of the women including Emma MacLeod, a widow who was hard of hearing, went in the log road where the mill had been sitting and started picking berries. They picked all afternoon and when they got ready to come home they could not find Emma and decided she had got lost so they came for me. I took off my boots and socks and ran back the road two miles and stopped to listen. I could hear Emma calling. I ran in a straight line to her call over brush until I got to her. It must have been a mile further. She was never so happy in her life as when she saw my bare head coming through the raspberry bushes. When we got back to the road the sun had gone down. She said she was terribly scared. I had got to her just in time. It would have been almost impossible to get out through the brush and fallen trees after dark. suppose as you read this you wonder how I could do that in my bare feet. Well I had been so used to going in my bare feet around the farm that the bottoms of them were just like leather.

As we move into the winter of 1945 I had just bought a milking machine. It was run by a small gasoline engine. That was a great help. We had to take the milk up to the main road to meet the big milk truck. We used to cut ice in the river to cool the milk. It was cut in cubic foot blocks and stored in an ice house and covered with sawdust. We first used to cut it with an ice saw. We would stand on the ice and cut with an up and down motion, a lot of hard work. Then I bouught a motor and ice saw and cut for all of the farmers. It was much easier.

The next in line, our younger daughter Mildred, was married to Victor Parker of Ardoise, Hants County, a young farmer.

Roy MacPhee had returned from the war where he had been seriously wounded.

By 1946 we had built our herd of cattle up to fifty-two head when a disease called the Bangs went through the whole herd and I sold them to Henry Pineo for one thousand dollars. I took the thousand dollars and paid off the mortgage on the farm after paying \$1400 dollars interest. I was back where I started and decided that farming was not the life for me. I was now fifty years of age and had nothing to show for it except a pair of horses and a flock of sheep. That was the year our grandson was born Donnie Parker, our daughter Mildred's first child.

Gary was still with us. His mother bought him a new coat and he would not wear it. His mother was so mad. She said "You folks can have him. He is spoiled so bad I am not going to pay his board any longer. He will never be any good anyway." How wrong she was as will bee seen later in this book. We were very happy and adopted Gary.

The war was over and we wanted to get hooked up with electricity. I had been appointed to the committee along with Fred Fraser for Hardwood Lands and Dr. McLellan for Rawdon. I called up Dr. McLellan and he said "You work on that end and I will look after Rawdon."

Fred Fraser and I went right in and contacted the Power Commission and we soon had the power lines run through Hardwoodlands and Nine Mile River as far as the old cheese factory. Dr. McLellan did not get his electricity in the year of 1946 although he was a member of Parliament in the liberal government.

As we move into the year 1947 here I am with no cattle with which to make a living so I went to Halifax to look for a job. I went into Purdy's Machine Shop on Water Street and hired on as a helper to an electric welder. The head boss was George Fraser, a fine man. They paid more than union wages at that time. I went right to work. I was so used to working fast that they could not keep me busy. They did a lot of work repairing ships. I enjoyed the work and they all wanted me as helper. I boarded at Gary's grandmother on the north end of Argyle Street. It was quite near to my work.

Well I had cleaned up my barn after the Bangs disease and had no milk for the children so I went to River John to an auction and bought a small Jersey cow. Gary was now going to school and growing fast. The work for extra help only lasted during the winter at Purdy's.



Well I had been appointed chairman of the conservative party for Nine Mile River. It was at a very low ebb when I took over. On the last election there were twenty-seven tory votes and one hundred forty-four liberal votes giving the liberals one hundred seventeen of a majority. We will see what took place in the next few years.

Now I will mention a young man by the name of Gerald Taylor who had returned from the war with his English wife Cynthia. They had bought the old home farm half way from here to Enfield. Gerald had obtained a guide's hunting license and had advertised for American hunters to guide and was successful in getting a club of eight hunters. He had to have a guide for every two hunters so he came up to get me to get a guide's license and to get another guide. We would board four of them. I got my guide's license and got Arthur Dalyrumple, Annie's husband to get his.

There were lots of deer in Nova Scotia then so we were all ready for our hunters from New Jersey when hunting season opened. There was Otis, John, Earl and Bill. They were a jolly bunch. Otis was chief of police in Bridgton, N.J. They got a deer the first morning. Well they had such a successful hunting trip and Carrie always had a big dinner cooked for us when we got home at night that they all wanted to come back next year. It was a well paid holiday for me. Plans were made for the next year.

Otis was very interested in the plaster rocks he had seen. I told him that all those plaster rocks had been leased and were about to be tested for quality but I knew of a large acreage of land that had an outcropping of plaster and we would be able to lease it.

As we move in to the year of 1948, I worked a t Purdy's during the winter and Otis came back in the spring. We went searching for gypsum. I showed him the outcrop and we took samples. We even took samples where the great silica quarry is today. We had the gypsum tested and it proved to be a very high grade. Otis thought he had it sold for a large sum to an American company but before we got our sale put through they had located a large deposit in the U.S.A. so we did not make it on that deal.

Carrie used to bake the home made bread, great large loaves, and Otis wanted to take one home to show his wife.



We had an election in 1948 and we brought out Ernest Ettinger, a close friend of mine, and I had the honour of signing the nomination papers. On election day I took my car and brought in liberals, torys and C.C.F. - anyone who would go with me. A young man by the name of Harold Murphy, second son of Walter Murphy, a liberal family, rode in the car all day with me and cast his first vote for Ernest Ettinger. When the votes were counted we had made quite a gain in Nine Mile River and Ettinger was elected in East Hants.

In the spring a man came down from Cape Breton. He wanted me to go with him to show him where all the plaster rock was on the Graham property. I spent several days with him.

Harold Angevine, my nephew, had sawed a cut of lumber in Lincolnville, Guysborough County and he said the deer were very plentiful there aand we could have the use of his camp. I contacted the boys and they were delighted. They said there would be six of them so we made arrangements to meet in Antigonish on Sunday at noon, when the huunting season opened. I got Henry Babcock my brother in law, and Harold to get their quide's license. Carrie cooked some nine pound chickens we had grown and stuffed them with dressing along with her big loaves of bread, cakes and doughnuts. The quides helped me to get the meals ready for the nine of us. We still had camp dishes and bedding we had used when I was logging. We had a lovely camp. We loaded everything including the stove in Harold's panel truck and we went up on Saturday to get set up. There were fourteen miles of woods through to the Strait of Canso. We had an aerial photo showing the lakes and streams.



Well I went out to Antigonish on Sunday and met the boys right on schedule. I drove them to the camp a mile in the woods on a good road covered with sawdust. I put the big roast chickens on to heat. Carrie had sent lots of pies and a big pot of baked beans for breakfast. They said they had never had such food in a hotel in their lives. The next morning we all went hunting. Each guide had two hunters. That night when we came to camp each couple had a deer and a very happy bunch of hunters. They thought the woods to be beautiful. They talked about putting on a drive the next morning. The guides helped me get the meals and wash the dishes. We spent the evening listening to the boys telling stories about hunting in different states in the Union and all over Canada but there was nothing that compared to Nova Scotia or Carrie's cooking.



The next morning the hunters all lined up along the road three hundred feet apart and us three guides went east about half a mile and turned north. We spread out and turned west. Each had a whistle and we drove a lot of deer up across the road. There was a lot of shooting but no one touched a deer. They thought it was a good morning hunting even if they did not get a deer. We hunted until Thursday night and the boys felt they had enough deer. They had the priviledge of shooting two deer to a hunter then, so they got ready to leave for home Friday morning after making plans to come back next year. We stayed and each got a deer. It had been a real picnic with pay and the guides also enjoyed it.

I had taken out an agency to sell electric appliances. Gary wanted a new bicycle but he did not like the kind I sold. He wanted a C.C.M. so I bought him a brand new one to go to school on.

As we go in to the winter of 1949, I went to Purdy's as usual. They always sent for me when they had work. I was making a good living with Carrie boarding the children and with me guiding and selling the hay. We still had the sheep and a billy goat. He would bunt the boys or chase them up into the manure spreader and I would have to go and put my arm around his neck and lead him to the barn. He had never bothered me until one day I was bent over putting feed in to the cow and he bunted me in the rear end sending me flying out the barn door. It was great fun for Gary and the boys. I jumped up but did not get hurt. I had to laugh.

Well nothing exciting took place. We made hay and got ready for the boys from New Jersey. Harold told me a colored man from Lincolnville got him to to drive him out to Antigonish. The road is very crooked and he drove so fast and he scared the colored man so bad that he would not come back with him. When I told Earl McCormack he said "I can well believe that. I used to think aeroplanes were very fast until the night he drove me out to Antigonish with a deer too put in cold storage. It was the fastest drive I ever had in my life."

Carrie got everything ready and we met the hunters as usual and they got their amount of deer. I took them over to Cape Breton Island and we went hunting in back of Port Hawkesbury. We saw lots of deer signs but did not get any there. The boys were delighted with their hunting in Nova Scotia. It was the best they ever had and they made plans to come back in 1950. they wanted to spend two days over on the Island.

In the winter I took my horse and yarded logs for Ray Edgette in the James Brechen woods. I boarded myself in a camp that Ray had built and I put in a good winter. Ray paid me well for myself and my horse. There was a squirrel that came at mealtime and would sit on the table and chatter. I would feed him and when someone would come in he would dissappear. Only when Gary would come in on Saturday he would stay in. Gary thought he was cute. In February Mildred's second son little David was born.

In the spring the T.C.Yoman Co. had a government contract to build the first phase of buildings in Beaverbank. Walter Salter, a carpenter, had gotten a job and he got a job for me to do carpenter work. I had built camps but was no carpenter and I went over with an old hand saw and a claw hammer. The boss always put me to work at something I could do. He was a very fine man and I was payed carpenter pay anad stayed until the job was finished. I went to work with Gerald Wood. He hauled a load of men from Nine Mile River.

I heard from my hunters in New Jersey. They had read in the paper that there was a ban on deer being brought from Canada to the U.S.A. as a disease had hit the deer all across Canada. They still planned to come if the ban was lifted in time but that did not happen so that was the end of the boys coming up from New Jersey. They wrote in their letter that in all the hunting they had done in the U.S.A. and Canada I was the best guide they ever had, that I had more knowledge of the woods and that Carrie was the best cook.

That was the year that Annie and Arthur and the four children packed up and went to Dedham Massachusetts to live. Arthur had a brother living there and had a job for Arthur. Annie went to work leaving their oldest daughter Doris in charge of the house and the three other children. I went back to Beaverbank and hired on with Ollie Simms. He was in charge of the painting. We painted the outside until it got too cold in the fall and then we painted inside all winter. It was a great job and Ollie was a fine boss. While working on the Beaverbank job the days pay had the greatest buying power of any time in my life.

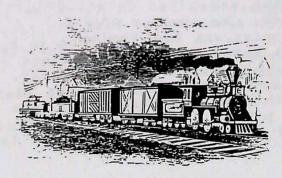
Our little granddaughter Charlene , Mildres's third child was born in 1951.

As we move into the spring of 1952, the National Gypsum Company sent one of their head men by the name of Bill Smith to start drilling in the big gypsum. He came and hired me to work with the surveyors. He told me to get another man so I hired Steward MacLeod. He was a good worker. Mr. Smith got the Logan brothers to bring in two drills. They drilled holes two to three hundred feet all over the plaster rock. Steward and I worked with the surveyors to run the traverse lines and set up the base triangle.

They drilled over one hundred fifty holes. They had the core tested and it proved to be nearly all anhydrate and too hard to grind to make gyprock or plaster so they had to abandon the gypsuum quarry in Nine Mile River.

Election year came up again and I drove my car all day bringing anyone who would come with me to vote. Ernest Ettinger was reelected and the tories had great gains in Nine Mile River.

The National Gypsum Company moved to Dutch Settlement to a large acreage of gypsum and started drilling. They hired me to go over with the surveyors and Steward Macleod was put on with the drillers. Mr. Smith was still in charge. They discovered large quantities of the right kind of gypsum and started mining. They had the railway run a spur line in to the quarry. They had students do the survey in their holidays. Mr. Smith taught me how to do plane table work and I had learned how to use the survey instruments. I had a rod man and I worked at the plane table work all fall and winter of 1953 and 1954. In the spring when the students came back I quit because I had to go back on the rod job.



I decided I had better do some work on the old house. I had to borrow some jacks to raise the house up eighteen inches and the sills were so badly decayed I had to hew four new sills. They were twelve inches square. The end sills were twenty-eight feet long and the side sills were thirty-two feet long. I got them hauled out and I had James Sanford from Burlington to help me put We cleaned out the old basement and put in a concrete floor and a ten inch wall under the whole house. We got the house back down a few inches on the wall so that was a start on the old house. I went back to Purdy's as usual in the fall and after the new year of 1955 came in Gary quit school as he was not getting along very well. He was only in grade seven and fourteen years of age. He was a good large sturdy boy so I got a job for him at Purdy's. I felt that some hard work would be better for him than doing nothing and getting in bad company.

Carrie's mother passed away in February at the age of eighty-three. She had been a wonderful person always ready to help anyone. Oh yes I forgot to mention that my mother had passed away in 1947 at the age of ninetyone. She and father had lived a full and wonderful life.

In the spring of 1955 I figured making some gain out of my loss so I bought a sod cutter for nine hundred dollars, the third one to come to Nova Scotia. My fields were all brown top and when the hay was cut it was the best of sod.

Walter Wright had the contract to supply sod for the city streets in Halifax so he bought two truckloads of sod from me every day all summer and fall. I hired James Sanford and Gary to cut them. They had to be cut in two foot lengths and piled in tiers so the truck could drive between. We used to load the truck at six o'clock in the morning and again at noon so they could get them all laid befor night. They drove along the street and laid them right off the truck. Walter bought a lot of sod from me and paid me right up in full when he got through in the fall. I took in a lot of money besides paying for my sod cutter and I had only taken the sod off of a small part of my farm.

I bought a 1952 Chev Special four door sedan. It had only been used one year. A friend of mine Ernest Fraser knew all about it. I bought it for a reasonable amount and it was a beautiful car to ride in.

Gary and I went back to Purdy's after Christmas and to start the new year of 1956. In the spring Wright lost his contract of supplying the city with sod so I only sold a few loads of sod all summer. friend Ernest Fraser told me that Imperial Oil doing a lot of work in front of the main oil plant and that there would be a lot of landscaping to be done. I went to see Oscar Drysdale. He was the manager of Municipal Spraying who had done the subgrading. Mr. Drysdale that I was interested in giving him a price on landscaping the Imperial Oil job. I looked it over and when I gave him the price he was well satisfied. I told him I had never laid a sod nor any of my men but that we would give him a good job. He said he knew we would.

When I got home I received a telephone call from him saying that he did not have the landscaping in his contract. He told me who to go and see and Mr.Drysdale called up and recommended that they give the job to me. I went right in to the oil plant and met the inspector. He was the one that had full charge. He showed me what had to be done and how many inches of topsoil to put on. He told me he would be there all the time to show us what to do and that we could start right away.

I hired Newton Thompson to haul the topsoil. He had a six yard body and loaded his own truck. Newton was a great worker. I bought a half dozen shovels. I hired Alton and Aubrey MacLeod and Albert and Eric Noble. There was Gary and I to cut the sod, spread the topsoil and lay the sod. I hired Walter Wright to haul the sod.

The inspector was right there to show us all how to lay sod and I sowed the fertilizer by hand. The boys all liked landscaping. I borrowed a roller to roll the sod and there was lots of hose there to water it. We finished the job and the inspector was well pleased. He said he liked the way that my men worked and he said there would be more work landscaping coming up later. We had all learned a lot ablout laying sod and had done real well on the job.

We had a provincial election. Ernest Ettingter had passed away and his son Albert was elected. Robert Stanfield was elected premier for Nova Scotia and the torys made great gains in Nine Mile River.

Well I did not do much in the fall of 1956 or the winter of 1957. In the spring I met a man who lived in Creighton Park in Dartmouth and he wanted me to land-scape his lawn. He said there were several houses to be landscaped so I started with the same crew I had the fall before. We did a lot of houses near him. He was a very fine man. I then met a man by the name of Faulkner, a partner of Murray and Faulkner landscapers. He said they had more work than they could do so I did a few small jobs in Halifax for them.

They then wanted me to do quite a large government job in Bridgewater. We agreed on a price and I took more men, tools and sod cutter and went to work on the job. I found lots of topsoil out in Upper Northfield and it did not take me long to do the job. I paid the men's board. We had a government inspector who was a real nice chap. He had never had any experience in landscaping but we did the job as described by the plans and he ws well pleased with the work. I had my trucking done by truckmen from Bridgewater.

When we got home I had a letter from the man that gave me the landscaping jobs on Creighton Avenue asking me if I would supply the sod for the new Church of England on the corner of Hawthorne Street at a wholesale price. I told him I would do better than that. I would deliver sod enough to landscape their church free of charge. I still have the nice letter I received from the Minister.

Well I must recall an event that took place in 1955. Gerald Kane came to me. He wanted to set up a service atation at the corner of the Elmsdale Road and Route He said he could buy the two hundred fifty acres for two thousand dollars but did not have the money. bought the property and sold him nine acres for two hundred dollars. It was the same property I could have bought for one hundred dollars in the early thirties. I was very pleased to be able to get it as Clarence Davis gave me eight hundred dollars for twenty-one acres of peat bog so that meant that I had two hundred twenty acres left for only one thousand dollars which I lateer developed into a subdivision. Gerald Kane got Petrofina to set up a service station and canteen for him and his wife Marquerette.

I bought a new Chev half ton at Teasdale and Foote to haul the tools to and from work. My men all liked landscaping. I paid the standard rate and always raised their pay as wages went up. I laid down the law to all my drivers and labourers that there would be no drinking on the job and the first man caught drinking would be fired. I never had any trouble.

Gary and I and Earl Babcock went in to Purdy's for the winter of 1958. I did not have much in view and had not got paid for the job in Bridgewater. Orland Faulkner had been paid by the government but I could not get any money out of him so I hired a lawyer by the name of Robert Butler. He investigated and found he was a drunk and a gambler and was worth nothing.

Mr. Butler was sorry he could not help me but he said "I think I can get some landscaping for you to do. They are building a new mother house at Mount Saint Vincent and they are not satisfied with the man who is doing the landscaping. I am an advisor to Sister Mary Grace who is in full charge of the whole building and we will go up and see her."

We went right up to see Sister Mary Grace. She wanted us to look at the four court yards inside the building and give her a price. I looked it over and gave her a price per square yard. She accepted my price and wanted me to start as soon as I could. We had to get wheelbarrows. The sod and topsoil all had to be wheel-I got all my men from Nine Mile River and Newton to truck in the topsoil and Walter to bring in the sod. Gary drove the car. He had his chauffeurs license and took the men in to work and I took some in the truck. We got along great and Sister Mary Grace was very pleased with our work. When we got through the four courtyards she asked me if I would carry on and do the outside landscaping at the same rate. I gladly accepted. It was such a big job and there was a lot of subgrading to be done. I had Robert Butler to thank for getting me in on the job. It was nice to be able to get money when I needed it. I had bought a Ford dump truck from Gerald MacPhee. We did not go to Purdy's that winter as Gary could draw unemployment insurance benefits.

As we move in to the year of 1959 it was a year of business and excitement. First I bought a five ton long wheel base brand new flat bed Chev truck from Lorne Teasdale for hauling sod and we went to work with twenty-two men at Mount Saint Vincent. I still had Walter Wright hauling sod and topsoil for me as well as Newton Thompson.

We were getting along great landscaping the outside of the buildings when about the last of June the contractors finished their work on the main building. Sister MAry Grace called me in. She asked me to fill the planters around the main building with topsoil and get some flowers to set out in them and bring her the bill and she would pay me. I set the men all at their job of spreading and raking topsoil and laying sod and then had a load of topsoil dumped near the main building. I got a plank and wheel barrow and shovel and filled all the planters with topsoil and took in manure and fertilizer and mixed it ready for the plants. the greenhouses and it was late in the season so it was hard to get good plants. I got some and Carrie sent in some of her house plants. I got them all planted and went in to the office and told Sister MAry Grace that I had finished the job on the planters.

She said "Give me your bill and I will pay you." I said "Sister, that is my donation to your lovely building." I told her that Carrie had sent in a lot of her house plants. She was so pleased. She thanked me and all the Sisters thanked me for the wonderful donation and it put me on top of the world.

Oscar Drysdale had a big job at Beaverbank that he wanted me to give him a price on the landscaping. I went and looked it over and saw that it was mostly seeding and the ditches had to have the banks sodded. I saw the plans and talked on price. He wanted it done that year so I bought a bunch of rakes and shovels and some wheelbarrows and hired thirty men. That gave me fifty-two men to look after so I left George Layton in charge at Mount Saint Vincent and I went to Beaverbank. I had to hire Blanche Dalyrumple to do my bookkeeping for me as I had done it all up until now. rushed the Beaverbank job to a finish and kept supplies going to the Mount. My work at Beaverbank all passed the inspection. I had to lay my thirty men off but they had a good summer and fall. I had done well on both jobs and Mr.Drysdale told me when something would come up he would let me know.

In the spring of 1959 Donald Dalyrumple and Glendon Seaboyer came to me and wanted to know if I had a field that they could race their cars on. Well I am always with the young people so we went to look at the fields and they chose a field with quite a slope and they thought it would be an ideal place to build the quarter mile track. They asked me if I would doze it out and gravel it for twenty-five per cent of the take and that was one dollar per person. It was quite a large club, about twenty-five stock cars, and they planned to race every Saturday afternoon. Ron Pickrem was their manager. I got a dozer and built the track to their specifications.



When it was finished they came to me and said "Major, we have decided to race on Sunday afternoon. We will get a much larger crowd." Well, I waasn't too happy about having it Sunday afternoon but I had spent quite a lot of money and I just about had to go along with it. They had given us the privilege of running the canteens as well. They advertised the races for the following Sunday. Everyone had to come in the main driveway. It was all free parking and Art Denherty took the money at the gate. We had over two thousand people turn out. I had bought a small canteen and built two outdoor toilets. Well this sure started a commotion.

A pretended Christian came up from Hardwoodland and started giving me a calling down telling me I was not fit to be a member or an Elder of the United Church. We got into a row and I told him to run the Church and I would run the races. They were bound to stop the races and someone called the Mounties. The following Sunday after dinner the Mountie walked in the house and said "Major you have to stop the stock car races on Sunday afternoon."

I said "Is that so? Are you going to stop all horse racing, ball games, hockey and all the other things that take place on Sunday afternoon? I am not stopping until you do and you can't stop me."

He got up and walked out. I never saw him again.

Every Sunday was fine all summer. Gary and his girl-friend Margaret both drove stock cars. We had big crowds all summer and I had quit going to Church.

We went back to Mount Saint Vincent to landscape the rest of the fall and we had a busy and glorious summer. Now we had the main event of the year. Gary married the girl of his choice, Margaret Swaine, on the 24th of October 1959. They had a big wedding at her mothers and we were also very pleased with his choice. Margaret is a beautiful girl and just as smart and nice as she is beautiful. Gary had grown up to be a fine young man. He had a 1957 Pontiac and they went to Cape Breton on their wedding tour. When they returned home they moved into the home Gary had bought before they got married.

Gary and Alton MacLeod and I cut a load of Christmas trees, bunched them and tied them and the three of us took them up in the 1959 Chev to Dedham Massachesutts to my granddaughter Doris and made sale of them.

In the summer of 1960 we went back to finish up the job at Mount Saint Vincent. They got me to do a new job on all the old ground down by the Bedford Highway and they found several Catholic buildings in Halifax for me to landscape. Sister Mary Grace asked me if I knew some reliable man to supply them with eggs and I said that my son in law was in the hen business. She said to send him in so as I write this book twenty-five years later he is still supplying them with eggs.

I bought two more big Chev trucks one a long wheel base sod truck and the other with a dump body. I continued to learn a lot about landscaping and my men enjoyed making a piece of rough ground look beautiful. I was getting calls from different construction companies asking me to give them a price on jobs. I soon learned what other landscape outfits were asking and I set a standard price that I could do well on and guarantee and I soon became very popular. We had been kept busy all summer and fall.

I must move back now to the spring and the stock car racing. The first Suunday afternoon we had over 2500 people and they had a great days racing. I had built a large canteen and got the electric wire run down for the pop coolers. Carrie had to hire three girls to help her. The trucks brought everything we needed in the line of supplies. I put up quite a lot of grand stand. Eric Noble was a young chap who would come down every Sunday morning and load the half ton with the stuff for the canteens and bring back what was not sold after the races. Our grandson Donald Parker spent his summer working at the canteens and landscaping.

In the fall I took a load of Christmas trees to Chicago for Alex MacLeod. He sent a man with me to show me the way but I drove all the way. When I got home we took both trucks loaded with Christmas trees to Conneticut for Mr. MacLeod. Gary and I took one truck and Alton MacLeod and Albert Noble took the other.

In the spring of 1961 I formed a company, Major A. Thompson Contractors Limited. There was myself and Gary and son in law Victor Parker. We hired an industrial Massey Ferguson tractor loader. We had the pleasure of landscaping Don Messers's lawn and Marg Osbourne's lawn. Don Messer was very pleased with our work. He invited me in to his house and I became great friends with him.

The MacDonald Construction Company sent me word to contact them as they had some work coming up. I had then a big job at Wallis Heights for Municipal Spraying Co., over one hundred thousand square yards of sod and four hundred trees to plant. There were over 2200 children of all ages in Wallis Heights and some were quite miscevious. They had been giving the bricklayers a hard time by pulling down the newly built chimneys and parts of block walls.

Well we landscaped one lawn and the next morning it was a mess. I would not allow my men to say a word to the children. I just moved them a short piece away and had them spread topsoil. I went back to the damaged lawn after school had let out and started putting the One of the boys that lived there came back down. and worked with me until I was ready to go home. talked and I showed him how to break joints. prepared for just such an occasion by having a handful of silver in my pocket. I paid him and the next afternoon I went back at the same time and I had seven more I always kept silver in my pocket and got all the sod laid and rolled. I never said a word about the lawn getting pulled up. I gave them all some money and they would come and help lay or unload sod. I never lost a sod or a tree all the time we were there.

I had two other men, Ronald Demont and Roy MacPhee that were good to get along with children. We had a very successful summer at Wallis Heights and we had no worry that the children would do us any harm. They were all so pleasant with us.

We now move back to the spring and the stock car racing. We had great crowds every Sunday afternoon and the Church of England minister from Rawdon came over every Sunday. He enjoyed them so much. I kept building more grandstand and put a canteen in the pit for the stock car drivers. Carrie made money with her canteens.

In the fall Gary, Alton and I took trucks with Christmas trees to Philadelphia. Albert went with Alton when we drove through New York and crossed the Hudson River bridge. We stopped at a gas station and they saw smoke coming from under the cab. They pushed the truck away from the gas tank and put the fire out. The universal joint was red hot so we had to get a new one. It took us three days to make the trip.

I had put in my order for two hundred beautiful calendars and I got them in time to give out before Christmas.

In 1962 I bought a new sod cutter with an automatic cut-off. We set it to cut them off at three feet. was great for Sutherland Henry. He was our sod cutter man and he lived at our place all summer. I had to buy sod as I had used mine all up. I bought sod from any farmer that had any to sell. We only cut it one inch thick and rolled the three foot sod. We would haul three hundred square yards to each truck. We had a lot of sod to lay for MacDonald Construction. Nursery had done their landscaping. They had a man looking after it for them but he was not very satisfactory and they came to see if I would do all their landscaping. We agreed on a price and they were fine to work for. Harry was the main man to do business with. He would always come and get me when he got word to bid on a job. He put great faith in my ability for estimating. Harry was great to work for.

There was a lot of work to be done in the old cemetery in Nine Mile River. I asked the boys that if I donated the sod and the topsoil would they all help pull out the trees and sod the cemetery. They all agreed to work on Saturdays until it was finished. It looked just great. My grandmother and grandfather Thompson were buried there. My father told me the first person buried there was a hobo who got sick and died in Nine Mile River. He lies in an unmarked grave. There is a new cemetery in Sandhill, Upper Nine Mile River wher my father and mother are buried. I have a lot next to theirs.

I did a lot of landscaping for James Nichols. He formed a company later. He was a fine man to work for. I did a large job for him in New Brunswick. We had a good year landscaping and the stock car racing was the same as usual with large crowds and always fine on Sunday afternoon.

As we move into 1963 we had discovered that the old hall had been built on private property and the people that owned it did not want the hall run anymore so we had to look for a piece of land to build the new hall. It was hard to get anything we could buy near the centre of the district so Carrie and I decided to give them land up at the end of the Enfield Road.

We had a meeting at our house with a large crowd and they all thought it would be great. We planned to all give our work on Saturdays. It was agreed to build it thirty feet wide by seventy-two feet in length. They cleared the trees and I staked off the hall. They dug the wall and I got cement and lumber and we soon had a great start on it. I got Alex MacLeod to do the surveying of a block of seven acres. We felt they should have room for a ball field and lots of parking space and some woods for the children to play in. As soon as it was finished and they had a dance in it we got our lawyer David English to draw up a deed to the trustees for the seven acres and naming it the Nine Mile River Community Centre.

The Nine Mile River Church was in bad need of repair. The roof and steeple and under parts were in a state of decay. They had several meetings and decided that it was beyond repair. They made up their minds to let the old Church fall down and amalgamate with the Elmsdale congregation when Tom Leighton came to me and said "Major you will have to come back with us. You are the only man in Nine Mile River who can save the I said I would if they considerd using the Church." design we were talkingg about when I was He said not to worry that they would agree to whatever I wanted. I said I would go back for one The children in Nine Mile River need a Sunday reason. Tom Leighton and Ronnie Demont and I went and School. looked it over and decided what had to be done. talked with Owen Edgett, the carpenter and explained the work to be done and to Mr.Miller who was to do the excavating and cement work.

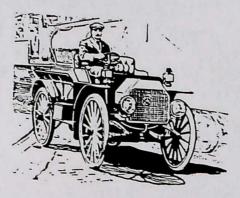
Tom gave me full charge to go ahead and get the Church ready for the contractors so I set the date for Monday, September 30th. I asked all the men in Nine Mile River to give a days work and they were all there. We started taking out all the seats and organ and tearing up the floor. We were able to salvage some of the floor joists when Eric Noble came to me. He wanted to buy the plank as he was building a new house. I said "I won't sell them to you as you always help with everything I ask you to." Well someone took the planks before Eric could pick them up so poor Eric lost out.

We got the Church ready for the contractors. Some people from Hardwoodlands thought that we should lower the ceiling as it was very high and the minister's voice did not carry well. This was not a good idea as it would not save the Church. The ceiling had been wet underneath and it was in a bad state of decay. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fraser and family from Hardwoodlands came to help with the restoration. Mr. Miller excavated the basement and put in drainage and poured the walls and the concrete floor and got it all ready for the carpenter Owen Edgett.

We landscaped up until the season was over and I had ordered my calendars for the year of 1964. I watched the progress of the church repairs and Mr. John Buchannan, who was chairman of the property committee, was the man to OK our work to qualify for a loan. He always came to me to see how we were getting along. We got the roof shingled and the men could work inside during the winter. Ronnie Demont worked with the carpenter and did odd jobs all winter without charge. MacPhee built the cupboards and the pantry table and contributed all his work. There was not so large a financial debt that the congregation could not handle. If it had not been for Tom Leighton, Ronnie Demont and myself the old church would not have been saved. There are now fifty children in the Sunday School with Mrs. Sheryl Demont as superintendent, the best the church Nine Mile River is steadily moving ahead. The hall has been a great success.

In the year of 1965 I landscaped a school in Port Hawkesbury for Dineen Construction Co. and I had the honour of being invited to sod the Confederation Building in Charlottetown, P.E.I. in preparation for the visit of Queeen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. I took the sod over from Nova Scotia as they cannot grow sod on the Island. I also lansdscaped the new vocational school on the highway to Glace Bay.

The fire insurance companies got after us to have a fire department so I called a meeting and explained to them that it would be cheaper to join with the Upper Nine Mile River fire department. They all agreed to see what we could do so I was appointed to go to their next meeting. The Upper Nine Mile River fire department had purchased the old school house for a fire station. I went to their meeting and brought up our proposition that one good fire department could serve both sections. After talking it over they thought it would be a good idea to join up. They said they would have to borrow two thousand dollars. I said I know you can borrow that amount from Carrie which they did and we now have excellent fire equipment. Harold Murphy is our fire chief and is doing an excellent job. Several years later when they paid Carrie back in full with interest they made her a life member of the Nine Mile River fire department.



I have bypassed the fact that we bought two International trucks in 1962. One was a large dump truck. I put Alton MacLeod on driving it as he was a good driver and took good care of his truck. The other was a flat bed and we used it for a sod truck. I put Ronnie Demont on driving it. He drove it until 1976 when I gave up the business and Ronnie bought the truck. They had been two rugged trucks.

In 1966 I bought a large GMC dump truck and a Ford station wagon to take the men to work. The landscape business was good and there was lots to do. The cemetery in front of the United Church ws getting all grown up with bushes and there were juniper trees twelve feet high. I said to the boys that I would give the top soil and sod if they would help to restore the old cemetery. They all helped free of charge. I was very happy to see the cemetery where my grandparents were buried all fixed up and landscaped.

The only thing wrong with my business was that it was only seasonal and I had to lay my men off in the fall. There were no small wood lots handy where I could take a contract logging so they had to draw unemployment insurance during the winter.

On June 6th, 1967 we celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary in the Nine Mile River Community hall with over four hundred guests from all over Nova Scotia with some coming from the United States and others from all over Canada. Gary had arranged to have a car like the one we had on our honeymoon brought down from Truro to give us a special ride to the party.

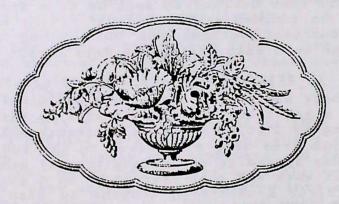


In 1968 I went to Newfoundland with some friends from Halifax. We took my new half ton Chev. We drove up to Port Hawkewsbury and took the boat to Newfoundland. drove to East Bay and hired a guide. He took us up in the mountains and we hunted for two days. We never saw a moose so we decided to go to Corner Brook and we took the guide with us. When we got to Corner Brook we drove back an old log road twenty-six miles to a lake. We set up our tent and the next morning we started hunting. We left the guide in the tent to get the meals as he was young and did not know the woods out there. We split up and each one went by himself. noon we were all back after shooting a moose. other two got their moose on the north side of the lake and had to get a bost to get them down the lake to the truck and car so I drove out to Corner Brook to get someone with a boat for them. Going out there was a big bull moose crossing the road in front of me. stopped and I took a picture of him.

I sent in a chap with a boat and I kept on in to Cornerbrook and stayed all night. When I came back in the morning two men had shot two moose about half way to the camp right along side of the road. It was sure a great moose country. We had a great trip and it only cost us two hundred dollars each.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kane had decided to sell their gas station as it was not a success. One day Gary came to me and said"Dad I think I will buy Kane's gas station. They want thirty-five thousand dollars for it but I don't want any money out of the company as it may not be a success."

He planned he would help me and Margaret would tend the gas and canteen. Well it just did not turn out that way. Gary had no trouble to get the money and two weeks after they opened they had to install larger tanks as they had to call the gas truck every day. It became a very busy station. People came from Hardwoodland, Elmsdale and all over Nine Mile River to buy gas. Margaret was kept busy with the canteen and Gary was busy with the garage. They both soon had to hire help. Little Bruce was soon large enough to help tend the gas station and Gary had no more time to help in the landscaping company but I was very happy to see Gary and Margaret become so successful in their new business.



In the year of 1972 on June 6th Carrie and I celebrated our fifty-fifth wedding anniversary by opening the hall and everyone was welcome. We had over four hundred guests and so many of our friends and relatives. The evening was spent in dancing and we received a great many gifts and cards. We were especially pleased to receive a telegram from Her Majesty the Queen and a letter from then Prime Minister of Canada Pierre Elliott Trudeau. I am not sure if he was aware of my many years service to the Progressive Conservative party.

Well I missed Gary in the landscaping business but I had some good men to help look after the business. All my work was with big companies and mostly all government jobs.

As we move into 1972 we recall that our granddaughter Doris and her husband were home from Boston and our grandson Donnie, his wife Gloria, granddaughter Charlene, Mildred and Victor and I all went in to explore the old Renfrew gold mines where at one time there were over three hundred homes and now there is only one resident left. On Monday morning when I got up I said to Carrie "I believe that I had a light stroke. right side, arm and leg and one side of my face were all numb so I sent my men in to work and Carrie called for the doctor. He said for me to go to the Truro He made all the arrangements for me Carrie got James Hamilton to drive me up. They examined me and then decided to sent me to a specialist in Halifax. he decided it was a light stroke and told me I could continue working and that I may never have another one so I only lost three days work.

The world is changing rapidly. Wages have gone up to \$4.00 an hour and people don't work one minute overtime to finish a job like they used to when we first started landscaping so I stick to large contracts and I started hiring girls from Nine Mile River to lay sods. I kept the men busy spreading and raking topsoil and the girls loved their work and soon learned to do a good job. We were the first landscaping company to hire girls and then a Tidewater Construction foreman told me that they always hired girls now for flagging the traffic. They do a much better job then the men.

In June 1977 they again celebrated our anniversary, this time our sixtieth. There was a tremendous crowd.

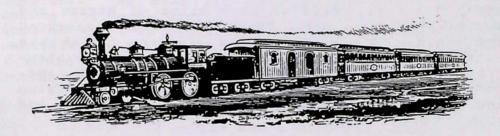


I bypassed the fact that in 1974 I bought a used 98 Oldsmobile in good shape and I decided to take another trip to Newfoundland moose hunting. This time I went over alone as no one was interested in going. After getting off the ferry I drove out to East Bay and got my license to shoot a caribou or moose and made arrangements to fly out in the wilderness to a hunting As it was Saturday I drove across the province to St. John's to visit some friends from Nova Scotia and back to East Bay on Sunday to fly out to the camp on Monday morning. We flew over miles of barren and saw thousands of carribou. There were several American hunters there. I spent the week hunting. buck carribou but only saw two moose not near as plentiful as the last time I hunted but I had a great time. It cost me a thousand dollars for a guide and flying out and board at the camp but it was worth it. I had the trip of a lifetime.

In the year of 1975 I only took contracts that I could complete as I decided to retire. Gary and I thought it best to sell our trucks and machinery and close out the company name as we had a good name all over Nova Scotia. I was very busy selling building lots and they all had to be surveyed. The lots were mostly in the woods so roads had to be chopped out and the brush burned. I hired Mr. Leo Gallant to develop the roads into streets and there were strips of land on each street to be surveyed into building lots.

My 98 Oldsmobile was rusting very badly so I traded it in for a Cadallac. I was eighty years of age so Carrie and I made plans for a trip to Minniapolis to see our granddaughter and family. We took their mother Anniie Mae with us. We first went to Chicago. I had taken a load of Christmas trees there in the sixties. We drove from there to Milwalkie right to the center of town to call on Ernest Moore's widow. Ernest had passed away the year before with cancer.

We then drove on to Foley where our granddaughter and her husband had bought a farm not far from Minneapolis. We had no trouble finding our way. We spent a week with Reta and Stan and two of our great grand children. While we were there I was invited to the school that Sandra went to by her principal, Mr. Balder. He was very happy to meet a Nova Scotian and we had a great conversation. He asked many questions about Nova Scotia and our trip and he wrote a nice piece in the daily newspaper.



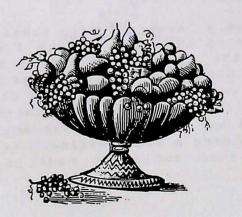
We left Reta and came back to Buffalo, New York and then went down between the mountains to Philadelphia and kept on down to Bridgeton, New Jersey to visit my friends and deer hunters who I used to guide in 1949 and 1950 when they came to Nova Scotia. We left there and came up to New York City and from there to Dedham, Massechusetts to visit our oldest granddaughter Doris. After leaving there we came up to Maine to another granddaughter Evelyn. We left Annie at Evelyn's and drove home after having covered over five thousand miles without a mishap of any kind. It was bumper to bumper traffic in all of the large cities and on Route 128 we had a beautiful trip.

When we got home there was a letter from the income tax department for \$14,000.00. Well I hit the ceiling. I knew that I might owe them something but nothing like that. There had been two young men here in June and went through my books. In the letter there was a date set to reject the statement or it would be too late and it was too late then so I mailed them a chequue for the full amount.

It was not too late for me. I jumped into my car and went down to my lawyer Dave English and we started proceedings against the government. My lawyer got in contact with Gesh and White and they had a tax expert in their employ. We had to get Pat King to appraise the lots that were taxed and also had to get my grandson Donald Parker who was a land surveyor. They all worked together and it was a long battle but they decided to send me a cheque for nine thousand dollars plus interest. It cost me one thousand dollars in expenses but I had the satisfaction of winning.

What I was taxed so heavy for was I set up a subdivision on the property I had bought to set Gerald Kane up in the gas station. The first lots I sold were one hundred feet of road frontage and three hundred feet deep and sold for two hundred dollars. I soon got up to \$1000.00 and on up to \$2000.00.

Well Gary and Margaret decided to sell out the gas business after eight years. They were selling 400,000 gallons of gas a year beside the canteen and garage work. They built a new home down by the river in my new subdivision. Well you must excuse me if I make errors as this is the eighteenth day of March 1986 and I will be ninety years of age if God spares me until the twenty-first of June. My wife Carrie hooked a mat in Februrary and she had her ninety-first birthday on the 25th of last October.



Well I must move back to 1980 when I hired Lester Swaine to help me cut and peel 365 black spruce trees to build a log house but it was two years before I got them yarded up. Elroy MacPhee came up with the tractor and yarded them all up but I was so busy getting three miles of road and silvaculture done on my property across the river that I did not get around to build my log house.

In 1983 I got Mr. Sarty and company to insulate and put siding on this old house. I gave the building lot and the logs to build a log house to our great granddaughter Linda and her husband and they have built a beautiful log house and we are very comfortable in our over two hundred year old home.

One day a man by the name of John Atkin, a worried journalist writing a diary about a threatened and divided Canada, came looking for people to interview for their views about our country. There were two people picked in Nova Scotia and I was one of them. We had quite a long conversation and when he finished his book he mailed one to me with his conversation with me all in print.

Carrie and I have lived throuugh two visits of Halleys Comet. I remember my sister Ethel and I watching several nights when the sky was clear. It was large at one end and tapered out and very long but this time I have not viewed it.

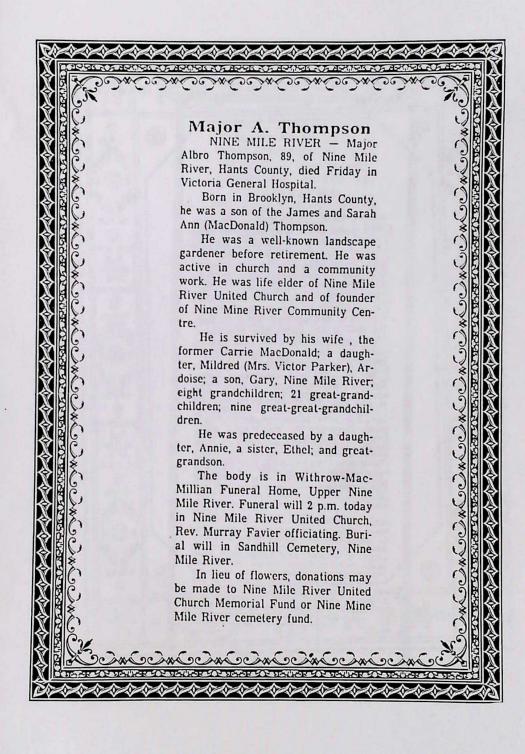
In 1981 I cut down a large old pine tree. It had only a short trunk up to the branches and I sawed out two arm chairs with the power saw. When I got home that night Carrie was hooking a mat and I was sitting doing nothing. All at once I thought about a fan a friend of mine, Levi Lake, had taught me to carve when I was sixteen years old and working for the Americans firing the boiler and running a steam engine. Well I had made about five fans then and never made any more until 1981.

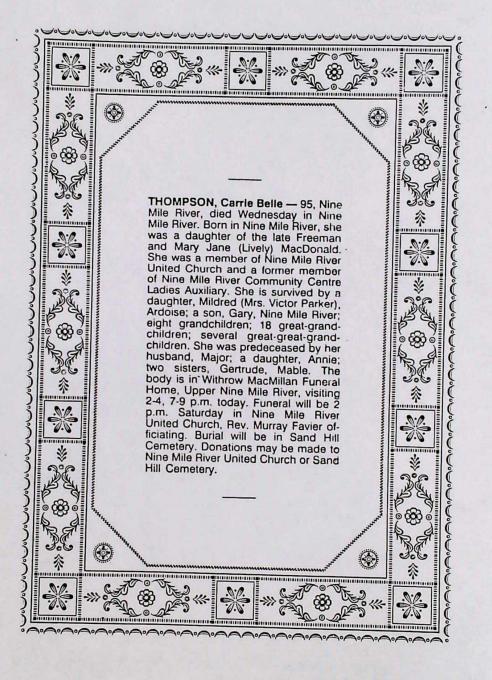


I took some pieces of pine that were cut from my arm chair and started carving fans. I gave one to every woman in Nine Mile River. A fan is a nice ornament. I have carved over three hundred and gave them away. They have gone all over the United States and Canada and no one has seen anything like it. Last fall a near neighbour was going down to her sister in Australia and asked for a fan to take to her.

Little Prince William was born on my eighty-sixth birthday so I carved a fan for him and wrote a nice letter to Prince Charles and Princess Dianne. One of the boys who works at Air Canada arranged to send the parcel to Buckingham Palace and I received a nice thank you note from the Palace.







PUBLIC AUCTION

and the second second

TO BE HELD FOR THE ESTATE OF CARRIE B. THOMPSON (of Elmsdale) AT RUSSELL E. MOXSOM FARM SHUBENACADIE, HANTS CO., N.S.

(Auction in the barn)

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1990, 12 NOON. THE FOLLOWING ITEMS: Kitchen cupboard dishes; assorted glassware; ornaments; Christmas ornaments; bone china; artifical flowers; kitchen cookware and baking pans; kritchen utensits; assorted dishes; kritchen plastic ware; 6 sets out-door and 7 sets indoor Christmas lights; assorted paints; 4 oil lamps; radios; records; elect. lamps; liv. rm. lamps; Ige. book case; end tables; pictures; vases; cash box; 2 steamer trunks and 3 surtcases; spice rack; household goods and ornaments; footstool; elect. iron; sewing chest; Electrolux vacuum cleaner; plates; coffee mugs; assorted wall ornaments; pillows including 4 feather; bed linen; Belanger stove parts; assorted books; cannister set; assorted window drappes and curtains; homemade quilts; tea towels; bedspreads; wool blanket; vaporizer; homemade alghan & matching pillow; vases; sm. bookcase, barbeque; elect. keltile. elect. can opener & frying pan; elect. mixer & dishes; Viking floor polisher; mixmaster; kritchen cuttery, corner shelf; basket char & cover; elect. heater; var. of liv. room chairs; 2 pc. sota; card table; hooked rugs; dresser with mirror; wood tables; 2 iron beds with spring & mattress; wood smgle bed spring and mattress; metal double bed spring and mattress; bathroom set; hotplate; George V picture frame & glass; portable record player; portable sewing machine in case; antique dresser with mirror; wringer washer; Kenmore findge; General Electric dryer; platform rocker; recliner chair; Ige. roaster; Ige. wooden chest; kitchen sofa: record cabinet; writing desk; antique wooden box; plant stand; antique filing cabinet; Ige. wash tub; sm. wicker sewing box; game table; crokinole board; office equipment; plow. Plus many other

OTHER ITEMS ON CONSIGNMENT: 1 set double spring-tooth harrows (3 pt. hitch); 1 fertilizer sower with grass seeder; 1 utility trailer; chesterfield; living room and krichen chairs; chest of drawers; wash stand; coffee table; lanterns; 2 crocks; hooked mats; baskets; calendars; blanket chest; tool chest; dinner set; iron beds; trunks; afghans; foot stool; stands; feather pillows; old & modern furnishings & household items; Electrollux vacuum cleaner; oil lamps; 1 closed in horse and stock body for pick-up ruck (nearly new). Other items too numerous to mention.

Terms: Cash or Approved Cheques
Viewing: 10 a.m. lo 12 noon
Canteen on site. Bring your own seats
Auctioneers: Moxsom Brothers
R.R. 3, Shubenacadie
Phone: 1-758-2956

A Long About the whater and the second state we the second second as

