

In the year 563 A.D., St. Columbo landed in Iona from Ireland to build a Monastery and become the founder of Christianity in Scotland. The existing Cathedral dates from the 13th century, but with much subsequent alteration and long periods of neglect. It has now been fully restored, and is in regular use, besides being a place of pilgrimage for many thousands of visitors from all over the world.

The residents of the Village of Iona, Ontario, are proud to have had their village named from the famous Islands.

Above - Courtesy of Lottie McLellan, Member Provincial Board,
Womens' Institute of Ontario.

Iona Sixty Years Ago Busy Place; Railroads Hurt It

Village on Dunwich-Southwold Town Line Carried Historic Name; Thriving Centre With Churches, Hotels, Many Stores, a Fair Volunteer Company, Band and an Occasional Circus

[The following is a paper read by Mrs. Robert Willson, of Iona Station, at a recent meeting of the Iona Women's Institute.]

The people of Iona community came to this vicinity in the early 40's. It was surveyed and named by George Munroe, who called it after the Ionian Islands, situated just off the coast of Scotland. The island has 2,200 acres of lonely cliffs and marsh land. Still, Scotland knows no more sacred spot, and for hundreds of years pilgrims have joined in order that they might die there and their bodies rest forever in the sacred soil. In one little cemetery are said to lie the remains of forty-eight Scottish kings, four Irish, and eight Danish, and a number of Norwegian. All this because away back in the 17th century one Columbia went there and laid the foundation of one of the greatest monasteries of the Middle Ages. The islands have changed hands a great many times, but in these last centuries the ownership has lain with the Scottish Argylls, and thus the late Duchess of Argyll, who died on Christmas Eve, 1925, answered the jury of these thirteen centuries when her body was taken there to find a final resting place.

Iona is really that portion of the town on the Southwold side of the townline. That in Dunwich township is really Elliotville. Mr. Elliot was the uncle of the late George E. Casey, and he owned all the land of which Elliotville is composed. In his honor that part of the town was named. George Casey was member of Parliament for Elgin in the Dominion House for some years.

Had 430 Population.

Iona became a very prosperous and thriving town, and by 1867 had 430 inhabitants. At first Iona received its mail by stage coach, which left St. Thomas and reached Iona by way of Middlemarch and Fingal.

William Harris kept the first post office in the house now owned by Mr. Smith, and in later years it was kept by John Philpott in his home, which was just west of William Sloan's house. It was later moved to Edmund Roches',

three store keepers from 1860 to the present day, whose names are too numerous to mention. There was a saw mill owned by Colin Lumley on J. Clark's farm, which was afterwards sold to Mr. Britton, being moved to Iona on to the property of W. H. Lumley, and later sold to a man in Dunnville.

Dr. Myron McLaughlin was Iona's first physician, and he died from typhoid fever when thirty-seven. Later Dr. Cascaden and Dr. McGeachy took up the practice. Dr. McGeachy occupied a dwelling then located north of Mrs. Currie's on Russell Fletcher's lot. Dr. Cascaden lived between the present United church and L. H. Brown's. George Robbins lives in Dr. McGeachy's house, and Frank Silcox in Dr. Cascaden's. John Clark lived in Miss Munroe's present house and removed external cancers.

George Brown was the first veterinary, but never attended a college.

From 1865 to 1867 the fourth division court was held at Iona.

The first school was situated at the top of Jonah Clark's hill on the hollow road. Daniel Sinclair was the first teacher in this school. In 1863 the new frame school house was erected at its present site, but has since been reconstructed. At one time the attendance was 135, and the teacher received \$350, whereas now a teacher receives from \$750 to \$1,000 for teaching about twenty-five pupils. At first there were two churches in Iona, the Regular Baptist church and the Free Will Baptist church. The Regular Baptist church was located down near Hurschell Lodge's, and was later moved onto the lot east of Mrs. Currie's, belonging to Russell Fletcher. It was afterwards moved to Iona Station. The Free Will Baptist church has been converted into the present community hall. The then Methodist church was built in 1872, and has since become the United church.

Volunteers and a Band.

The first volunteer company was formed in 1866, and the drill sergeant was Mr. Carswell. It was made up of Daniel Mores and Rufus Lumley, John A. Philpott (cap-

tain), Daniel Decow (drum-major), Douglas Campbell (corporal), the McIntyre boys and Dan Silcox. They drilled under T. A. Silcox, who took a course at the Military College, and became known as Company No. 5, and was attached to the 28th Battalion. The first drill away from home took place at St. Thomas, and here they took first prize as the best trained company.

The Iona band was started in the same year, 1866, Moses Lumley being appointed band leader, and Dan Pineo as his assistant. Arthur Dangerfield was first tenor; Joseph Potts, second tenor; William McLandress, first alto; Duncan Brown, bass; John Harris, second bass; Alex. Boston, baritone; John Clark was drummer and W. A. Decow was snare drummer.

The first Dominion Day celebration in Iona was begun by Alex. Boston, Walter Riddle and Duncan Sinclair and was attended by the Oneida Indian Band, with a regimental parade, foot races and games.

In 1861, Carswell built a large drill shed on the rear of Elijah Keillor's lot. At first it was used as a barracks for the soldiers and later it was used in connection with the Iona Fair. The fair grounds and race track were north of Percy Whalls' house. The fair was conducted similar to the Wailaceton Fair. The drill shed was afterwards sold to Henry House. About 1897 the fair was moved to Shedden and has been held there since.

Occasionally Iona was visited by a circus and Tom Thumb was always one of the feature attractions.

Iona always had a strong baseball team which was a credit to the town.

The advent of the Canada Southern Railway literally speaking, killed the town. Many of the buildings were moved north to Iona Station and helped to decrease the population and take away business. Since then Iona has not increased, but rather, has decreased until now it is a mere village.

Once Had Two Hotels.

Iona possessed two large hotels, one where the Milligan garage is now, was owned by John Mills, and another hotel kept by John Decow stood where J. A. Lumley's new house stands. Both were prey to flames, that of John Decow being burned first. From 1865 to the burning of the last one, there had been fourteen hotel keepers. McDougal was the first and Waddell the last. There have been twenty-

From St. Thomas Times Journal

In old Iona's long and eventful history, one day stands out in blocked letters - Dominion Day 1867. In the long ago Iona led a hectic, vigorous life; many were the occasions for celebration - and Iona celebrated. No day can quite compare with that heralding Confederation, however.

A town of 600 overflows with 2,000 whites and 200 Indians. From every direction, from the lakeshore on the south, and the more sparsely settled river district on the north, they had driven, and those who could not drive, walked. It was a day long to be remembered. Games, dancing and horse-racing provided amusement aplenty.

The Townline was then a dirt road and on it were seen the horse races. Starting about where the highway cuts the Townline, the horses raced down through the village, the roadway made a narrow lane by the densely packed spectators on either side. The soft loose dirt muffled the rhythmic beat of the horses' feet, and if the time made, bears no comparison to that of a horse race today, the personal interest in each owner and his horse quite overshadowed the question of actual speed.

William Burgess, grocer and general store keeper, had set up a refreshment booth on the edge of the common grounds and J.O. Lumley, then a boy of 11 years, spent a busy day of carrying stuff from the store to the booth. Mr. Lumley is still living at Iona, being postmaster and having an interest with his son George, in the general store.

Mr. Lumley's recollection of July 1, 1867, is as vivid as though that memorable day were but five years back. The competition to catch the greasy pig was one of the wildest and mirth provoking events of the long day, and it is doubtful whether, when it was all over, if the pig, then securely tied, were more exhausted than the young men who had been endeavoring to catch him. It was customary for farmers to allow pigs to run unmolested, gleaning their living in the woods. Naturally, they became as wild as their forest haunts. It was one of these wild pigs which had been brought to the village, greased and turned loose.

The slow horse race presented the unusual spectacle of an Indian on a fleet pony racing past the judges, rods and rods ahead of the decrepit old plugs and their becoming highly indignant when not allowed the prize money. In this race farmers entered their oldest animals, one man by the name of Hunter, even driving up from New Sarum with a horse which he was quite agreeable to match against a turtle - and bet on the turtle finishing first. The owner had to ride the horse of another man, the object being to urge it to the utmost so the rider's own horse would come in last. But the Indian, Joe Dolson, by name, had not been informed of the nature of the race. His pony could have raced backwards and still beaten many of the entrants down the stretch. Later in the day Joe competed in the mile foot race, where his chances of success were regarded as extremely good. But, Joe, after the disgusting affair of the horse race, had been filling up on fire water, and in the foot race he stumbled and fell, breaking his shoulder. The incident of Dolson recalls another foot race, that same summer.

Two Indians were matched to race from Fingal to Iona, the prize to be a bottle of liquor. By the time Peter Sutherland's farm had been reached, one Indian had established a lead of a quarter of a mile. The second Indian straining in the rear, carried a short stick in his hand, as do many runners. Working on Sutherland's farm was William Maryfield and when he saw the two coming down the road, he ran out and intercepted the second runner to learn what crime had been committed. "Me no time - race - Fingal, Iona", panted the runner, and brushed past.

(From the records of Miss Victoria Munroe, first Historical Research Convenor).

In a paper read by Mrs. Robert Morris to the Iona Women's Institute in 1932, we read: 'The first Iona Dominion Day celebration was begun by Alex Boston, Walter Riddle and Duncan Sinclair. There was a fine Oneida Indian Band parade, foot races and games'.

Doctor's tattered scribbler records frontier life

By Dean Robinson

Jottings in a ragged scribbler, found during the October demolition of a St. Thomas house, reveal brief glimpses of area life during the pioneer era of Elgin County.

The scribbler was among several papers and documents found by Bruce McConnell and Jack Dyson, both of 350 Maitland St., London, while they were tearing down a house at 71 St. George St.

The notes were compiled by the late Dr. Charles C. Lumley, former St. Thomas dentist. The house was in the Lumley family for about 60 years.

Dr. Lumley was in his late 80s when he died in 1964. During his life he was a St. Thomas alderman, a member of the city school board and once was Liberal nominee in a provincial election.

After a brief school teaching career, he received his dental degree and practised in St. Thomas until the 1930s. He then joined the city chamber of commerce as secretary and head of the motor club, then affiliated with the chamber.

The notes, jumbled in parts, exemplify his interest in history and, although dated Feb. 18, 1906, they tell of events many years earlier.

He attributes his main source of information to Matt Willey, a man mentioned in the doctor's sketchy tracing of his family tree. He mentions families travelling up the St.

Lawrence from Quebec to settle in Upper Canada in the early 1800s.

"There were eight families that came up that time. The night before they left St. Francis a heavy frost made the ground white and snow fell enough to make snowballs — June 8th.

"They came much of their way in small boats landing at Port Talbot on August 8th.

"Back Street (the road running from Iona to just west of Dutton) was then cut into 50-acre lots. These should have been 200-acre farms but the settlers took them from Col. Talbot not knowing what they should have received.

"A young man of the name Black came into the community and opened a school. He was an astute young man and knew of the mistake of Col. Talbot and asked him to rectify his errors. At first Talbot refused but, when Black threatened to carry his cause to higher authorities, the Col. gave in and promised the settlers on the 50-acre lots that if they would go over across the Thames, clear 4 acres of land and build a house, that he would give them good farms.

"Some of the settlers went over through the woods as there was not even a trail through. Some of them got homesick and came back the next day. Before that time there was not a white (man) between Wardsville and Delaware.

He goes on:

"There were three log houses on Moses Willey's farm. Benson (no first name mentioned) was the first teacher in 1833. He came from

Dumfriesshire (Scotland). He was also a preacher and music teacher. The houses were near the east corner of Neil Blue's place.

"Jim Young kept a hotel where John Robb's house now stands. He was bitten by a rattlesnake but cured by an Indian for \$2.50 and a gallon of whiskey.

A stranger once died at this hotel and his coffin was made by Alex McPhail. McPhail did most of coffin making then out of split boards, smoothed and covered with lamp black.

"When the Pearce family arrived at Port Talbot in 1809, Col. Talbot carried William Pearce, as a baby, up the hill. He was afterwards the father of Uncle Thomas Pearce. Dan Baker was the first man that swung a cradle in this country.

Matthew Willey, Rufus and David Lumley, used to steal apples from Col. Talbot's pit on the lake bank and were chased down the cliffs once. Old Duncan Patterson, Matt's uncle, was incensed at Col. Talbot and shook him well.

As well as Willey (his wife's family name) the doctor mentions Randalls and Youngs. Both families accompanied the Willeys on their trek from Quebec, he said.

Individual names in the notes include Caty Gunn (an aunt of the doctor's) John Graham, Duncan Keith, James Galbraith, John McCallum,

Andy Wilson, Ed Bobier, and the children of Bray Willey (other than Moses) — Milly, Jane, Marion, Scott, Christy, Lot, and David.

In the front pages of the scribbler is a month-long account of patients' visits, where Dr. Lumley recorded services and charges. It is assumed these were made in 1906.

On Aug. 1, Mrs. D. Brown, of Lawrence, was charged \$2.00 for "extractions under chloroform." An Aug. 7 house call for a hemorrhaging gum cost Miss Mary Newton \$1.00. One gold filling was worth \$1.25.

Among other items found are: Dr. Lumley's 1903-4 membership to the St. Thomas

Granite Curling Club; a notice of a visit by the grand chancellor, W. C. MacDonald, to Rathbone Lodge 72, on March 14, 1905; and an assignment of mortgage dated Dec. 12, 1892 between W. F. Chapman and Samuel Williams.

Many years ago, if my memory serves me rightly, in November, 1862, a band of gypsies came through our county; said to hail from Missouri; and had fled from the United States on account of the approaching Civil War. The inhabitants of Grove Farm, (the home of Samuel Williams, Mrs. Lumley's father, situated on the townline between Iona and Burwell's Corners), were startled one cold bleak afternoon to see a procession of covered wagons coming over the hills from Iona. We thought it was the wrong time of year for Barnum's show, but it looked like it. Well, we stood out on the veranda watching them loom up the last hill, when behold they turned in Mr. Hannibal Burwell's woods opposite our lane.

There were something over a hundred all told, men women and children, and there seemed to be about as many dogs and half as many horses. They started pitching their tents and everyone was yelling and the dogs barking, and we were almost scared out of our wits. In a little while some of the men came and wanted straw for their beds and hay for their horses. Of course, father let them have everything they wanted, for I guess he thought if he didn't we might all be murdered before morning.

The hen coop was locked that night for the first time in its life and the stable, too, for we were afraid the chickens would all be stolen and we might be all murdered before morning. Next day several of the women came to buy provisions, 2 cents worth of potatoes, 5 cents worth of butter, 1 cents worth of vinegar and so on. Mother, kind old soul, who wasn't of the stingy sort, gave them five times as much as they should have had. Of course, they all wanted to tell her fortune, but she didn't want to hear it.

To our great relief, we soon found out that they were a peaceable, well behaved bunch, dressed well and had lots of money. There were then three hotels in Iona and they did nothing all winter but go to town and treat and trade horses. Their money was all ten dollar gold pieces and the people said John Mills, one of the hotel keepers, got rich that winter.

The Free Will Baptist held a quarterly meeting in Iona in February. On Sunday we had a roast turkey for dinner and about twenty people to help eat it and among the number was Elder William Taylor who had given out in the morning service that he would preach to the gypsies at 2'o'clock. He was a talented man and could say more in 20 minutes than any other man could in 40. So after dinner we all went down to the encampment and he got up in a wagon and preached. They spread blankets on the ground for the people to stand on. There was one woman, they said, was over a hundred years old and she stayed in a tent. They had a blood hound that weighed over a hundred pounds and they always kept him chained and his bark at night, echoing through the woods, was enough to frighten Old Nick.

Christmas Day they brought two geese for us to roast. The feathers were off but the down left on. I presume it would be more digestible. On New Year's Day one of the girls came dressed in purple and white silk and had dinner with us. Some of the boys played the violin very nicely; two of them came in one evening and we had lots of music. I remember one of those pieces was "Annie Laurie."

In the spring when the roads were settled and dry they packed up and travelled on.

(From the Diary of Mrs. Dama Lumley, of Iona.)

Tin Peddler Used To Be Picturesque Figure On Western Ontario Roads in Earlier Times

By Verne D. Rowell

Fifty years ago, when a tin can contained a fair percentage of tin in its composition, a picturesque figure on the country roads of Western Ontario was the tin peddler and his horse and wagon. His vehicle was much like a democrat wagon but the seat was the top of a box in which tin utensils of all types were carried. The seat was not very comfortable being usually cushioned with only a horse blanket or old coat. In the back part of the wagon were piled the old iron, the rags and the bones that the tin peddler took in exchange for his tin ware.

Children on the more or less lonely farms thrilled with a bit of excitement when the farm dog barked loudly and none too pleased as the tin peddler and his wagon turned in at the farmer's gate, for the tin peddler was usually a foreigner not long in the country, speaking with a foreign accent, and funny-looking from the viewpoint of a boy or girl of rural Ontario 50 years ago.

Took Bones

The farm dog barked at everybody that looked strange or odd-looking but perhaps a bit more strenuously at the tin peddler who used to carry away the bones that Towser probably regarded as his own personal property.

A great many of these tin peddlers had their homes in the Hamilton road and Maitland street section of London, south of the Grand Trunk tracks. Most of them got their tinware from the McClary factory and foundry.

Gathered by Young

Parents of 50 years ago were always ready to give an extra bit of pocket money to boys and girls who gathered up the old iron from broken down machinery and implements, but tin was so cheap in those days that tin cans were not salvaged although their percentage of tin was so high that old

tin cans of that day would be valuable junk today. One thing the farm boy had to learn was the difference between ordinary iron scrap and sheet metal pieces of scrap for the tin peddler would not take any sheet metal. A large piece of sheet metal might be useful to cover a leaky chicken coop or reinforce a granary wall that rats were gnawing through but it was deemed of no value by the tin peddler. Old clothes and rags were taken in trade and carted away by the tin peddlers.

The tin ware included milk pails and wide open milk pans which were used before cream separators. The milk pans were about four inches deep and about 20 inches in diameter. Set on cool cellar floors or in milkhouses, usually built over a spring, the pans were filled with warm milk, fresh from the cow. It was simply poured through a wide open strainer or from a pail with a strainer and left to cool, cream gradually rising to the surface and in the course of two or three days forming a thickish golden surface. This was skimmed off and put in a pan or crock to sour. After the cream had soured to the right extent it was churned into butter either in a dash churn or a revolving barrel.

Dash Churn

The dash churn was a barrel or big deep earthen crock with a hole in the cover. A stick like a hoe handle or broomstick went through the hole in the cover and there was a dasher of two flat cross pieces on the end in the churn. Gripping the protruding end the farm wife sat or stood and patiently, rhythmically dashed away until butter formed in the churn. Some of the revolving barrel type churns were turned by a crank, some had a foot treadle, and in an earlier decade, perhaps 70 or 80 years ago, there used to be churns operated by dogs tied in

a treadmill. This was not considered humane or fair to the dogs by most people and the dog-churn had only a brief day in old Western Ontario. I recall seeing one once but it was not being used, had not been for years.

Pie plates, tin cups, tin spoons, strainers, cullenders, cake pans, bread pans, all kinds of kitchen utensils in use in those days were carried in stock by the tin peddler. There was the long-handled dipper that used to lean over the pail of drinking water in the farm houses of half a century ago, the familiar tin cups that use to hang on a nail on the pump, and the dinner pails in which boys and girls used to carry their lunches to school.

Road to Greatness?

The story used to be told that a great Canadian foundryman used to drive a horse and wagon through the country selling tinware before he founded his great industrial enterprise but I never had a chance to verify the story.

Carting his gathered junk back to the city, the tin peddler sold the iron scrap to the foundry at a fair profit, sold the bones he gathered to the fertilizer plant and shipped the rags and old clothing to the paper mill.

The tin peddler was only one of many kinds and types of peddlers whose visit to some isolated farm house served as an enlivening topic for the supper table if perchance, as often might happen, he was the only caller that day. Other "peddlers" were the ash peddler who took ashes in exchange for coarse laundry soap, and the Syrian peddler who carried laces, scarves, piano covers, drapes, combs, mouth organs, hair pins and ornaments, shoelaces, brooches, watches, knives, belts, buckles and whatnots in a couple of knapsacks or grips. Usually one case was swung over his shoulder and the other he shifted from hand to hand as he trudged along the

dusty country road. Often he had two large suitcases, one at least of which could be called a small trunk, and, in addition, a knapsack over his shoulder.

Medicine Peddlers

There were various types of medicine peddlers ranging from the Red Indians who made their cure-alls out of roots, leaves and berries they carried in the swamps, to the dignified Everest men who always had a smart-looking horse and buggy, selling family medicines made by an enterprising chemist and druggist in Arkona. The Everest people were pioneers in a Western Ontario field now taken over as through the rest of the Dominion by the Canadian branches of large U.S.A. firms.

The "ash peddler" had a very profitable business from the standpoint of his employers. Lucan was a centre from which large quantities of ashes were shipped from the Whalen Ashery. The Whalen family had many wagons on the road collecting ashes. Gradually farmers began to consider how much more valuable the ashes were for their orchards and gardens than when traded for a few cakes of hard soap, and the ash peddler with his fine team of well-fed horses and great lumbering wagon began to find it took longer to fill up his wagon with ashes. Then again many farmers began to burn coal and only wood ashes was collected by the asheries.

Boys and girls of 50 years ago who liked to read novels much preferred their mothers to buy a brand of soap made in London and called "Sweet Home" because so many soap wrappers could be exchanged for a paper-bound novel or classic. I recall getting Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and the "Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," by saving up soap wrappers. Bertha M. Clay's novels were also available as selections from the soap wrapper book list.

The Free Will Baptists and the Disciple Baptists discontinued their services in 1908. In 1909 the Iona Women's Institute were given permission to use the church for their meetings. The Foresters also used it for their meetings and suppers. The Farmer's club used it as a joint-meeting house with the Women's Institute.

In 1925 the Community Hall, as the old church is now called was remodelled. The vestibule was torn out, the platform raised, and the walls redecorated. The Iona Women's Institute have for some time shouldered the entire burden of this Community Hall's upkeep.

A body of trustees were appointed and a pledge given that the wishes of an elderly original member of the Free Will Church, Mrs. Moses (Dana) Lumley, that no public dancing or card parties be held, would be respected while she lived.

This wish was respected until her demise, when in 1934 a vote was taken throughout the community. Dances and euchre parties were held that winter and proved so popular that they are being continued.

It is worth comment that although the community claims the Hall as its own, no record can be found of any money being paid to the original denominational members for the property.

(Compiled by Curator, 1966, with author of most of above unknown).

The following is a short account of the building of the Iona Hall, written November 1, 1964:

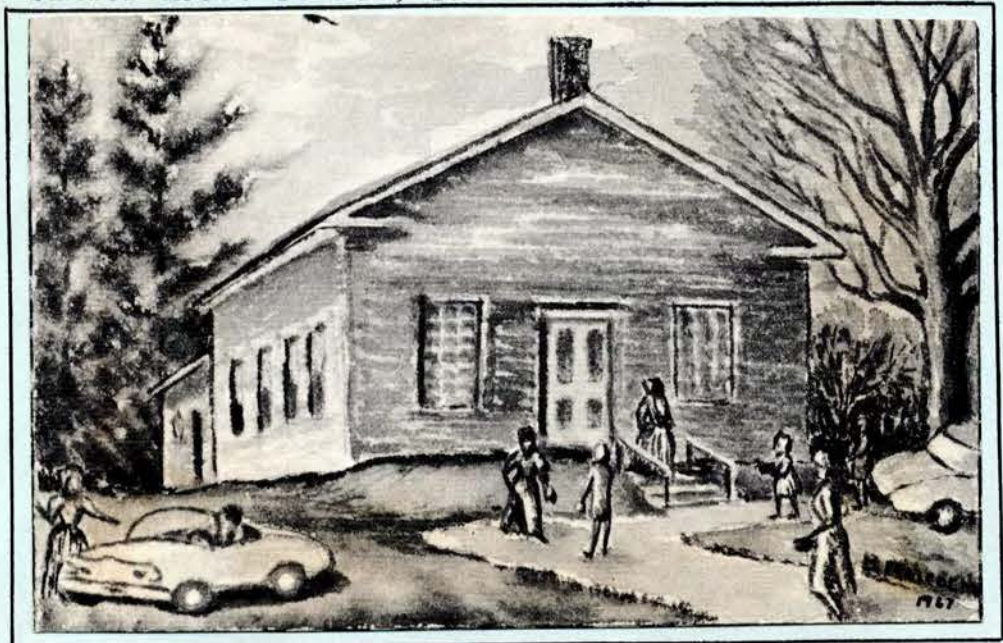
The present Iona Hall was built as a Free Will Baptist Church in 1852. It was the first church built in this small village of about one hundred people.

Rev. Obadiah Reid of Hillsdale College in Michigan, came to Iona visiting friends and saw they had no church. He held an open-air meeting on the main corner. Some people were converted and he admonished them to build a church, which they did without delay. The men gave freely of their time, and took up a collection to pay for the necessities they had to buy.

The north part of their lot was given by a devoted convert and construction was started in short time. (Curator's Note: Mr. Pearce believes this member was Mr. John Lumley).

The frame was made the same as barns were built in those times, - squared hardwood sills placed on a foundation of large blocks of wood, with hewed joists to support the floor. Posts were framed into the sills and stood to the height of the ceiling, were held true and firm by mortise and tenon, held together with wooden pins.

(Notes from Mr. Samuel Moore Pearce, Iona - 1964).





Making Maple Syrup at George Nott's, from left to right: Mr. George Nott, unidentified woman, Mrs. John (Annie Lowther) Liddell, Edra Nott (later Mrs. Archie Whitlock), Mrs. George Nott (Jessie Lowther), and Miss Shirley Liddell.



William H. Lumley with a heavy load of maple sap.

By Charles S. Buck

"We stored it in great wooden trough,
Then in big kettles sugared off,
Tho' often it did try our mettle
To keep up fire beneath each kettle.
Of old we tho't our neck was broke
By having on it a neckyoke,
And on each side a heavy pail
Suspended from the yoke by bail."

Eighty years ago James McIntyre, of Ingersoll, in one of his published poems, thus described some of the main operations of making maple sugar. However, uncharitably we may view the inspiration of the poet, we cannot deny that he has packed into eight lines a great deal of his personal feelings about the work in the sugar bush.

Many settlers who, unlike McIntyre, were not brought up in the hardwoods of Oxford County but who had come from the Old Country wrote much more enthusiastically about sugar-making. Thus, one immigrant who signs himself merely "H.E.W." wrote to his friends in England: "The aborigines, we are told, on the approach of spring, hacked the maples with their tomahawks and inserted wooden chips, which conveyed the sap into birch-bark receptacles which, in their turn, were emptied into earthen kettles. The axe in course of time was supplanted by the auger . . ."

With more poetry than McIntyre he continued his description of the job: "When crows come prospecting northward, and the

ragged quilt of snow is beginning to slip from the hills, the preliminary step of boring the trees — on their south side preferably — is undertaken . . ."

"It takes nearly 32 gallons of sap to make one of syrup. A half-gallon of syrup is a fairly good run."

"The best type of hard maple for sugar purposes is the one with ample roots, a broad-spreading top and a long trunk to act as Nature's storage tank for the sap."

"Syrup and sugar made from the first or 'robin run' are superior to that found in either of the succeeding runs, known respectively as 'frog' and 'bud'."

Among the reminiscences of early settlers this writer has found two amusing stories that hinge upon the mistaken ideas of immigrants about the making of maple sugar.

This is one of them. An Irishman thought that when he came to Canada he would follow the sugaring business the year round!

This is the second story. William Wye Smith in Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly and National Review of March 1882, told of his conversation with a settler of 1840:

"John," said an Englishwoman to her husband, "when we get to America, we shall be farmers, shan't us?"

"Yes," replied the good man. "Well, John when you gets a farm, be sure and get one with a SUGAR-TREE on it."

"La! me," said the woman in her old age, as she related her experience; "I thought we could just scrape the sugar out!"

In the early spring, when the first sap begins to come up into the trees, and while the snow is still on the ground, and there are frosts at night with sensible warmth in the sunbeams during the middle of the day, and sometimes also for a short time before Christmas as it is receding, the trees are tapped, and a spigot inserted, which, when slacked, allows the juice to drop into wooden troughs cut out in the rough, and put at the root of each tree for this purpose.

"As the troughs fill, the sap is collected in pails and thrown into a large hollowed log something like a 'dogout' canoe. From hence it is transferred to the kettles which are kept on the simmer day and night till it is ready. The sap when fresh drawn from the trees, or 'green' as it is called, presents a not unpleasant drink, slightly sweetish in flavor, and having the appearance of water in

which a little gum has been dissolved. The time of boiling is very variable, sometimes the batch comes off in eight or ten hours, sometimes it may be two days. If a stick be dipped in the kettle, and when withdrawn, the sugar breaks off brittle from the end of it, it is then ready.

"There are various modes of refining it, and of course according to the intelligence of the settlers, and their power of procuring copper kettles, as iron ones do not answer so well, it varies in whiteness and fineness; some being very coarse and brown, and some so white and refined as to compete with the Best Indian sugars.

"The molasses which is drawn off before the brown brew is in the sugar state are, I think delicious, and have something the appearance and flavor of honey drawn from the comb."

(PREHISTORIC)

In writing the history of the Iona Community, one must go back to the people who roamed this country before the white man arrived. This community must have been heavily populated with the Redman and his various tribes, because it was the battleground between the two great tribes of the Indian people. The Southwold Prehistoric Earthworks a mile south of Iona, is one of the few remains of a double walled aboriginal Indian fort ever discovered on the North American continent. This old fort is considered of such importance that it has been marked, along with Port Talbot, by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, and extensive explorations have been made at the old fort by archaeologists from the National Museum at Ottawa.

(From writings by Victoria Munro), Historical Research Committee.



This view of the two mounds surrounding the old Indian Fort was made in 1930, when many old trees were removed.

Courtesy - Mrs. Amos Ripley, West Lorne.

The site is now clearly marked by signs. The gateway to the entrance is marked by two stone pillars and a white gate, erected by the National Parks System. Two trails lead into the bush, but unless it is known what to look for, there is very little to see but some big trees, a lot of undergrowth and weeds.

Only a careful examination of the area will reveal two earth walls, which run in a circular shape among the trees. A trail runs over the top of one of the walls.

The plaque erected on one of the stone pillars at the entrance to the site in 1930, states that the Southwold Prehistoric Earthwork is an "unique example of a double-walled aboriginal fort." It goes on to say to the tourist in both English and French that "The Attiwandaronk, or Neutral Nation, occupants of this region, prior to expulsion about A.D. 1650 by the Iroquois, had been visited by French traders, but this earthwork shows no trace of European contact. Its antiquity and origin remain unknown."

The last time the government did anything about the site was in 1930, when it was taken over by the National Parks System. In the summer of 1935 the site was excavated by W.J. Wittemburg for the National Museum of Canada. It was a depression project and not very satisfactorily done. The notes on the excavation were kept in private shorthand by Mr. Wittemburg, who unfortunately died before compiling his report.

A Times Journal story of August 1, 1952, described the Southwold Earthwork as a "double-walled Indian fort, or Indian village, with wide ditch or moat between the palisade type walls.

(PREHISTORIC)

Re-creation of Indian Village Suggested

An estimated 150 persons jammed the Elgin County Pioneer Museum last night to hear Dr. Wilfred Jury of London provide an interesting account of past archeological discoveries at Elgin's famous Southwold Earthworks, and suggest the re-creation of the former Indian village.

The curator of the University of Western Ontario museum, and a well-known authority on archeology and pioneer life, described the seven acre site near Iona as one of great archeological importance and the most unique of its type on the North American continent.

Having taken part in extensive excavation at the earthworks during the depression years, Dr. Jury said that the estimated 200 to 400 neutral inhabitants of the palisaded "place of safety" appeared to have been "wiped out" by the Iroquois, sometime after 1642.

The theory of the massacre is supported by the findings of a large number of human skulls in the "ditches and muck" of the area. A large number of arrowheads of the type used by the Iroquois were also found at the site.

One of the most unique features of the site is the design which featured a water-filled moat between the two mounds encircling the village. This is the only known double-palisaded earthworks of its type.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

Recognized as an important discovery in 1876, the interest of the property's owners, at first Colonel Mahlon Burwell and now Cecil Brown, of Fingal, was credited with the preservation of the site.

Dr. Jury also said that continuing interest on the part of the late James H. Coyne, former St. Thomas registrar, also contributed in no small way to this preservation.

With the establishment of the National Historic Sites

Board in 1919, the Elgin County Historical Society called the earthworks site to the Board's attention, with the result that the board chose the location as one of its first historical sites.

Describing the Neutral Indians as "an orderly people," Dr. Jury said a large number of the artifacts recovered from the site were found around the circumference of "fires cones," or fire-pot depressions found filled with the ashes of ancient fires.

Another important source of relics, he said, was from what appeared to have been a refuse pile within the inner palisade. The inner area was used chiefly as the camp.

All relics produced by the summer-long excavation were forwarded to the National Museum.

Suggesting to Elgin's museum officials that they attempt to retrieve these articles, Dr. Jury said that to his knowledge the National Museum still has the relics although he does not believe they have been catalogued, and no report has as yet been made on them.

Relics taken from the site include large amounts of pottery, bones, a large arrow collection, and maps produced following the excavation.

Recently completing the rebuilding of the Indian village of St. Marie, near Collingwood, the speaker said that the retention of such sites were not only vital to the education of young people in the area, but could also serve as an important tourist attraction.

"We must pay tribute to those who have built this country to what it is today," he added.

PERMISSION NEEDED

The first step in such a reconstruction program he said, would be for officials to obtain permission from the government to go ahead with their plans, and then to raise

about \$20,000 for the project.

The restoration of this important site, he said, could begin with about \$10,000.

The speaker was introduced by Mrs. J. R. Fitcher, and thanked by Warren C. Miller.



EXPLAINS INDIAN RELICS—Janet Kulman, 12, and Steve Stewart, 13, were among an estimated 150 persons who filled the Elgin County Pioneer Museum last night to become absorbed in the romantic history of Elgin County's historical Southwold Earth-

works, as recounted by Dr. Wilfred Jury, curator of the University of Western Ontario museum. Dr. Jury, examining one of the local museum relics, took part in extensive excavation of the earthworks during the depression years.—(T.-J. Photo)

Earthworks An Asset

(Chatham News)

Canada is quite poor in what may be described as ancient monuments, and that is why the work of Dr. Wilfred Jury is such a valuable asset to any community.

Dr. Jury has made the valuable suggestion that the site, south of Iona, known as the Southwold Earthworks—where a Neutral Indian village was located—should be reconstructed for the sake of history, tradition and tourism.

Dr. Jury supervised the rebuilding of the 17th century Indian village of Midland, as well as the organization of the Huronia and Penetanguishene Museums.

Many thousands visit these sites and many others every year and, Southwold Earthworks being near Chatham, should prove of the greatest interest to residents of the area.

Courtesy Times Journal, St. Thomas.
Associate Curator.