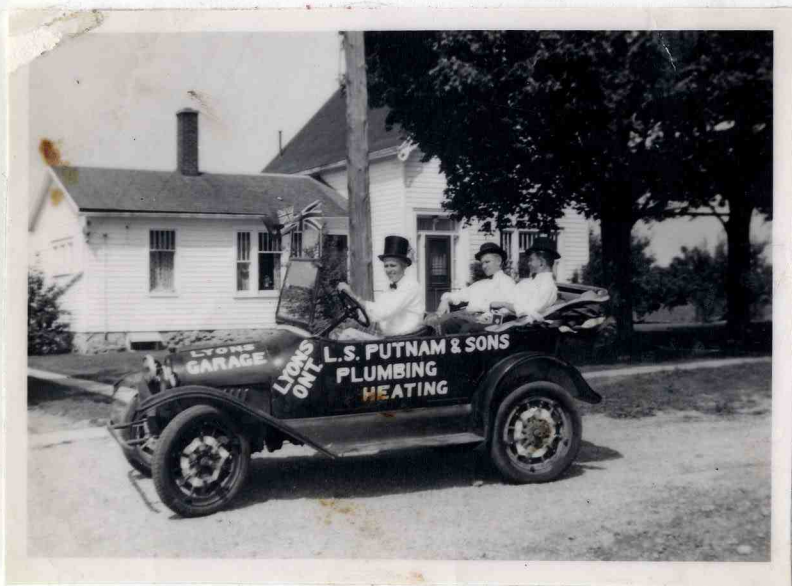


THE PUTNAM PUMP SHOP



All set for the St. Thomas Centennial Parade 1950.

Bob Putnam, driving,
Bill Putnam, back seat left,
Eddie Dohnt, right.

Lee Putnam's home in the background.

Bob Putnam and his son Stan in 1972



Shop and residence of Bob and Audrey Putnam, and Heather, and Stanley, in 1979. They built the house in 1955, and added an addition at the rear in 1969.

THE McNEIL MOBILE COMMUNITY

In 1969 Alex and his family became interested in Mobile Homes. We felt they had become as lovely a home as anyone would desire to live in.

After a tour of some Mobile Home parks in the U.S.A., and extensive research, we began the first phase in our park. It has underground hydro, telephone, water and sewage. Most of the development of the park has been done by local contractors: Robert Putnam & Son, Watters Bros. Construction, VanGorp and Drabick Drainage. Jack Watters, James Wilson, Carmen Goble, Aylmer Redi-Mix, Ontario Hydro, Aylmer and Malahide Telephone, Signs by Larry Webber, Alex and Larry McNeil.

The central location of the spacious lots seemed to attract more and more tenants, who work in St. Thomas, London, Aylmer, and surrounding territory.

Through the kind cooperation of the Reeve and township Council the Park has been expanding and a lagoon installed.

McNeil Mobile Community is a family business. Alex, Evelyn, Larry, Laurie, all work together to make it a mobile park the South Dorchester residents will be proud of, we will be proud of, and our tenants will be proud to live in.



**Dora McNeil, sister of Alex,
and Ron McNeil M.L.A.**

The boys on the sleigh are:

Alex McNeil

Marvyn Moore

Bob Putnam

Bill Putnam.

WILLSON McCREDIE

Everard McCredie was the original founder of the McCredie clan here, coming from Chippewa with two sons. The one son, John, married Hannah Willson. They had two sons and two daughters. The one son, James Crowell McCredie was Russell Moore's great, great grandfather. The Crowell was thought to be "Cromwell" which somehow got mixed up in registration. James' son, Willson, carried the family surname of his grandmother. He was born at Orwell in 1849, the son of James McCredie and Submit Tisdale.

Willson became the first owner of the 21 acres on the northwest corner of what now is Highway 73 and the 9th concession of South Dorchester, known as "The Tile Yard".

In 1873, Willson married Ellen Crossley, teacher at nearby Yorke School. She was born at King, Ontario, a sister of Rev. H. T. Crossley, the evangelist.

In those days, Hugh Crossley taught school at Culloden and assisted his sister in obtaining a position in this district.



THE McCREDIE FAMILY

H. Crossley, Ellen's brother, became a school friend of John Hunter at Albert College, Belleville. They got appointments many miles apart. Hugh Thomas Crossley got into a campaign and sent for John Edward Hunter. He came, helped, went home; both were pleased with the result. At home each wrote a letter (almost identical), "How would you like to join me in evangelistic work?" The letters crossed in the mail. So the question and answer were complete at once. Thus the famous Crossley-Hunter Evangelistic Team was born, and

from this team the Crossley-Hunter community derived its name.



Willson and Ellen McCredie had four children: Allie Austin, and Edith, and an adopted child, Bertha.

*E. S. Phillips, * Aylmer, Ont.*

THE McCREDIES

Business along with daily family worship occupied six days of the McCredie's week, but the seventh was devoted to the Crossley-Hunter and Lyons Churches.

For years they attended two services and devoted Sunday afternoon to teaching in the Sunday School. Willson was superintendent for nearly twenty years before Crossley-Hunter church was built in 1891. The McCredies were influential in having Crossley and Hunter conduct Evangelistic services the summer before in the woods south of the church site. Services had been held in a tent in the woods and sometimes in the schoolhouse. Willson was also a local preacher. The girls used their musical talent in the choir.

At the age of seventy-five when most men are content to enjoy their fireside, he spent six months travelling in the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland. He returned vigorous in health, driving wherever requested, to share his experiences with others in lectures and pictures.

Wilson McCredie



personal letters of
Wilson McCredie written
on Tileyard Stationery.
← (see envelope)

Dorchester, sabbath 12 Jan. 1833

Dear Ellen I am taking
what might seem to some unprecedented
liberty in writing so often, without waiting
for an answer from you. but you will remem-
ber how I used to spend my Sunday afternoons
and will excuse the loneliness which has driven
me to writing this afternoon you may imag-
ine my loneliness at the present when I have the
force of habit of being away from home on
Sunday, and then the loss of enjoying your
^{to contend with} society, which makes me feel very much out
of place but I can think of you while I
can truthfully say I do every hour (& often).
I am beginning to realize now, that you are
gone now that it will be some time again
before we will meet, again I do want to
hear from you so much it seems, since I
have written twice (now) that I can't do it
all. if you do not write immediately and

after. I shall have to send that all. (please
excuse such talk for I am anxious to hear
from you) I was to meeting this forenoon
Mr. Ames preached a splendid sermon from
Matthew the fifth chapter & twentieth verse
& we had sacramental service there was a
good congregation R. T. & wife were there
and stayed & she took the sacrament I
did not know that she was a professor, before
but (such is life). Probably this kind of talk
will not interest you I don't know what
will (unless I tell you again that I Love
you) and I don't feel like writing it all
over the page. I don't think I will go to
Prayer meeting to night because I have rather
got out of the habit of going, and they say
Father goes regular now & I don't want to
set it you know what. He has bought
another hundred acres of land joining
the old place on the west he's driving
business generally. I spoke to the
stage driver about that extra charge

and made him fork over the twenty cents
he said he would leave it at Mr. Devorse
and I told him he could leave it with
me, was that right.

Night

the folks are all gone to prayer meeting
and I'm home alone when I came home
from meeting it was late and it was
nearly night - when I got to writing so
I have resumed. I feel more lonely now
than ever I do wish that I could just
see you a little while I would be
satisfied with less than six hours
if I could only have a letter from
you it would be a consolation or
but well if I keep on like this you
won't believe me so I'll just tell you
again I (Love you) I find when one is
enslaved with this master he is truly
not his own (I say enslaved) how I
have proved by dear experience the last
six months that it is slavery but

then it is rather nice especially when
I have the object of my love nearby but
now my only hope is in looking forward
to the time when we shall meet again
and then I'll make up for lost time for
I think if you prove true that it
will be a long time again before we will
be separated so long as the present

Miriam had been over to Mr. Demmisses and said
that I have got some furniture there I don't
remember leaving anything there guess you'll
know. I saw Mr. Minkler yesterday he said
you promised to come and see them before
you left - he wanted to know where you
were I told him I heard you were gone
but could not find out where he I guess they
won't make much out of me Aggy wants
to know when I am going after you
I think she did not find out
Probably you will think I hadent ought
to write on Sunday but it will be the

(2)

only time I will have now for I have
a great deal of work to do this winter
now I'm afraid than I'll get done
I have about one hundred & twenty cords
of wood to get up and I would like
to get out about twenty five thousand
feet of lumber in the logs and our
house to put up. There was a time
when I would not write such things
but now I suppose you will be interested
a little in what I am doing
I am sorry that I cannot have things
as I would like to with regard to where
I have to bring you but you won't never
cast up my poverty to me, you deserve
a better home than I can give you
but we will have to be content with
an humble lot for a while But I must
not go on like this, well you will
pardon me for you know that I am all
business, ^{and not much of that} and no letter writer
Mirus says you would not have went away

if my house hadent fallen down
how little he knows say I dont you
For all I know the cause (I thought)

I wished you were at meeting (this morning)
got your Bible & read the Text. they sang the
91st hymn Be a good girl search the scriptures
for in them ye think ye have eternal life
May God Bless you and make you the
means of doing me good for I need it
Remember I said I wanted you to help me
to be good. Remember me & forget me not
Pardon this rambling written letter my heart
said it is full of Love to you and with
my best wishes for your welfare

I am and always will
be your Own Willson

To

Wally

R Oh do write soon and often

but dont think I am crazy (if I am pretty much)