

Another grand old pioneer who spent part of his young married life in our section, was Magistrate Frank Hunt. Middlemarch claim him as their own, but we feel in passing, that we were all much richer for his living in our midst. Squire Hunt, Justice of the Peace for Elgin County, was an outstanding character at most public doings. One of his special feats occurred on May 21st, 1903 when on "Pioneer Day" at the Centennial Celebration, shortly after 10 o'clock, the procession moved east from the old St. Andrew's Market headed by Frank Hunt, Esq. in pioneer costume, trousers tucked into antiquated boots with a fowling-piece slung over his shoulder, riding "Princess Malahide", ahead of the Oneida Brass Band and two primitive sleds drawn by Indian ponies, each bearing an aged Indian woman, one Katie Cornelius 104 years old who was still strong enough to have chopped her winter's wood.

Magistrate Hunt was a great story teller and at a banquet held at the Grand Central Hotel he told of experiences of our pioneers when neighbors helped each other at barn raisings, husking bees and apple parings- when there was little money and his Magistrate's fee for marrying couples was often paid with \$2.00 worth of maple syrup, beeswax or ashes. He told of Colonel Burwell who married a man named Brown. The couple went up mounted on a single horse, were married, paid their beeswax and started for home. On the way, impatient Brown turned his head to kiss his bride, was taken with a 'crick' in his neck which never got straightened out again and for ever after, he was known as "Wry necked Brown".

In concluding this chapter on S. S. No. 17, we would mention the one outstanding event which will go down in history as Yarmouth Township's greatest monument- the building of our Mental Hospital, the

very finest of it's kind on the North American Continent. It is comprised of 600 acres of land, made up of farms purchased from Dan Parish, John Pressey, Geo. Cross, Robert Hepburn, James Todd and Hugh Cassidy. The land on the west side of the Highway where the nurses' residence and the new public school stands, has for many years been known as the 'Kettle farm'. Originally owned by Andrew Hepburn, it was acquired by Hiram Kettle on Feb. 4th, 1874 from Catharine Hepburn, Widow, ^{of Andrew Hepburn Jr.} comprising 175 acres. At the time the Government purchased this property for the nurses' home, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Markham were operating this fine farm, Mrs. Markham being a direct descendant of Hiram Kettle. Used as a Technical Training School during World War Two, the new Mental Hospital was a boon to the City of St. Thomas, two miles to the north.

Several thousand Air Force Personnel were housed and trained in this most modern of schools. The term 'T. T. S!' has been made familiar to men from the Continent, Australia, Trinidad, the British Isles and many faraway lands, as they recall their pleasant and profitable stay in this wonderful institution. Many thousands were treated in it's modern hospital where the latest equipment known to modern science is installed. The heating system is a skillful piece of modern engineering, under the management of Jas. McLaughlin and the huge nurses' residence connected with the main buildings by subway, is the last word in architectural achievement.

Near the nurses' residence and to the north is situated one of the most modern two roomed country schools, of which the rate-payers are justly proud. This new buff brick building was erected in 1942 to replace the old one-roomed brick structure built in the year 1881 better known as "Shanes School". This was the second school built in S. S. No. 17, the first one being an old log structure which stood on the corner of Con. 5 at the Gravel Road.

(The above chapter written and contributed by
Mrs. Clara Mills McKenzie)

A LITTLE LOCAL COLOUR

I have read with keen interest the 'Tweedsmuir Village History', of the struggles and the triumphs of the early pioneers to make this the pleasant, productive community in which we live. Many of those mentioned, from around Union, were known to me when I was a boy, and came here with my family in 1910. Rock Bailey, Thomas Olde, John Pearce, John Edkins, David White, Eli Green, Dr. Marriott, John Whaley, Jim Ingram, the Sweedland brothers and, ofcourse, 'Liza Sweedland, Bill Dufty, Gran Steele and a host of others. These were some of the senior citizens of the village in those days, and it seems hard to realize, having passed my three score years and ten, that I am now one of the old boys.

Many of these people were quite colourful and I think it worthwhile to preserve some of the anecdotes concerning them which come to my mind and, ofcourse, there must be many others.

During the days of the old Traction Line many will recall that Richard (Dickie) Mills was the station master and met all the cars, early and late, in the old cement block station which stood across the road from his house. It was a favourite place for some of the old fellows to spend a pleasant hour sitting in the sun on the bench which stood against the south wall. One morning Eli Green, and one or two of his cronies were sitting there, when Mrs. Mills came across the road with Dickie's breakfast, a savoury plate of bacon and eggs which she handed to him over the counter. He carried it back to a small table in the rear of the building but had to come up front to sell ~~some~~ ^a student a commutation book. It took some few minutes and meantime Eli's cocker spaniel, sniffing this delightful aroma, trotted in, slipped under the gate in the counter, hopped up onto the chair and polished off Dickie's breakfast. Eli saw the dog leave and, knowing perfectly well what was going to happen, nudged his

friends to watch. When Dickie went back the dog had left and his plate was as clean as if it had been washed. He stood scratching his head. He didn't think he had eaten his breakfast but somebody certainly had.

As a boy around the village, at the blacksmith shop, down at the mill or wherever the old boys gathered I can still hear the deep resonant voice of old John 'Hedkins! "Blackbirds is at my corn, corn. One of 'em pulled and pulled and when 'er let go 'e fell back upon 'is hawss."

What with English hired men there was every accent from all over the old country. Old Bill Dufty with his south country speech, "W'at be doin' of?" "W'ere be g'wen?"

Jim Ingram was a good neighbour and always willing to help. One year after my father died Jim was over helping pick the raspberries. They had just that day bought their first car, a model T. Ford. It was standing proudly in front of their house and Jim could hardly wait to get the berries picked so that he could load them into the car and run them up to town in no time at all. They had left it out in the blazing sun and the old hard tires couldn't stand it and all at once there were a couple of muffled explosions. Jim leaped the fence and ran across Sweedland's field to investigate. After awhile he came sadly back. "Guess we'll have to take the democrat after all, the b----- blowed up".

One night I was down at the store on some errand and old 'Liza Sweedland was there making some purchases. She left before I did and when I got down about where Joe King lived I found a parcel lying on the path. I picked it up and, being a well-brought-up young fellow, I walked down their sideroad and knocked at the Sweedland's door. What I didn't know was that young Bill had been tantalizing his grandmother and she was lying in wait for him. When I knocked, all prepared to say that I had found a parcel, she flung

open the door and threw a dishpanful of dirty water all over me,

The Whaleys lived next door to us until their farm was sold to the Golf Club. Both Mr. Whaley and Lorne has such deep bass voices that when they were working around the farm, even away up on the top of the hill where the club house now stands, and were just talking in ordinary speaking voices we could hear every word over at our place. Mr. Whaley was a very unruffled man, nowadays we would say that he keeps his cool. His daughter told us once that they were all sitting downstairs one evening when her father decided to go up to bed. When he reached the top of the stairs he called down in a calm conversational voice, "Louella, bring up a pail of water, the house is on fire".

... I didn't know Dr. Marriott so well but I remember once hearing him describing a Christmas goose they had had. "She must have been twenty years old. We roasted her, we stewed her and we boiled her and you couldn't cut her wi' a cleaver."

Zack Hathaway was always a delight to us young boys. He always had a tale to tell us about the time he treed a bobcat or stuffed his jacket into a mink's hole until he could get back with a trap.

During the First World War city folks were urged to lend a hand to the hard-pressed farmers. Many of the young men from the farms had gone to the war and there was a great shortage of help. Gran. Steele, our good neighbour for many years, tells of one hot summer day when he was working in the front field when a carload of young city fellows went by in an open Ford, probably on their way to Port for a swim. One young fellow leaned out and yelled, "Go to it, grandpa, you old S.O.B.". In telling about it afterwards Gran admitted that he didn't get much help but he appreciated the encouragement.

... I count myself very lucky to have grown up in Union. Many happy hours were spent swimming in the pond in summer and skating there in winter. We roamed the hills and valleys and one summer a couple of us camped out on a hill-top. We had perfectly dry, comfortable beds at home but we thought it would be fun to sleep in a tent. These happy memories, the people and the beauty of the countryside have made me content to spend the rest of my life here.

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H. B. Scott