

Growing Up in Ontario

It seems I have been collecting family history my entire life but it's taken until now to bring it all together. My fraternal grandparents were John Edward Waite and Laura Caroline Akester.

The name Wait, in ancient times spelled Waught or Wayte, is derived from the old German "wahten" meaning "to keep watch" or "to guard". The original Waytes in England appeared immediately after the Norman Conquest of 1073 with a legend suggesting that a Ralf de Wayte married Emma, a sister of William of Conqueror, and was given the earldom and castle of Norwich. The Waite coat of arms consisted of a shield with three silver bugles and the motto "pro aries et foco" meaning "for our homes and altars".

Thomas Wayte, a Protestant Member of Parliament, was a regicide and was one of 40 men to sign a warrant authorizing the execution of Charles 1 of England on January 30, 1649. Most historians indicate that the king was publicly beheaded for not attending to the affairs of state but the real reason had more to do with his decision to marry a French Catholic wife and practice her religion. His marriage to Henrietta Maria of France produced 9 children, 3 of which - Charles (later Charles 11 of England), Mary (later Queen Mary of England), and James (later King James VI in Scotland and James 11 in England) - would all struggle for the English throne following the death of their father. Parliamentarians, Protestants under the command of Oliver Cromwell, managed to wrest the reigns of governmental power from the English nobility for eleven years of civil war and were responsible for issuing a warrant of execution authorizing the king's execution. During that volatile period two of the beheaded king's sons - Charles and James - fled to their mother in France to escape their father's enemies and secretly took on the Roman Catholic beliefs of their mother while daughter Mary fled to Holland to marry William, Prince of Orange, and embrace his Protestant faith thus setting the stage for the struggle for the monarchy to regain the British throne.

Charles 11 gained the English throne after the death of Cromwell and ruled England for 25 years until his death in 1685 making way for his younger brother James 11 to rule the English monarchy. Almost immediately James signed a treaty with Louis XIV of France to Catholicize England's army and government. When James fathered a son in 1688, England's leading prominent Protestant statesmen, fearing the establishment of a Catholic dynasty, invited James' sister Mary's son William (afterwards William 111 of Orange) to fight for the English throne. This power struggle pitted Catholics against Protestants.

William of Orange, the son of Mary 1 (King Charles 1's daughter) had earlier married Mary 11 (King James 11's daughter) making him both a nephew and a son-in-law to the man he was destined to dethrone. William landed his army on English shores in November 1688 promising to defend the liberties of England and Protestant religion. He marched unopposed to London since England's King James 11 had ignominiously fled to France. In London William met with a Protestant Parliament who denounced James 11 and offered the throne jointly to William and his wife Mary. William 111 of Orange thereupon ascended the throne and immediately scuttled his father-in-law's treaty by declaring war on France. William's ambition was to make all of North America, including Newfoundland's valuable fishery, exclusively English. Louis countered by appointing Louis de Frontenac, previously the first governor of New France, as the head of France's forces in the New World.

He came to be known as William of Orange and founder of the Orangemen fraternity in England. On July 1, 1690, King Billy defeated his father-in-law's army on Irish soil at the Battle of the Boyne. William's victory led to the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland and penal laws that basically disenfranchised the majority of the Catholic population. Since the late 1790s, the Battle of the Boyne has been celebrated by the Orange Order, a Protestant organization, on the 4 of July. In a most simplistic explanation, religion turned English rulers against each other and brought England to civil war.

John E. Waite married Laura Caroline Akester in Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, England, on Christmas

Day, 1879. John was 19 years of age, Laura a year younger. The marriage was witnessed by Charles Thomas Akester and Emma Elizabeth Waite. A son Isaack was born within the year but lived only six months. A year later Laura gave birth to twin stillborn daughters. Three more children were born in England; Elizabeth Ann in 1880, and Rose Ellen and John William in the same year - 1885.

John E. and Laura, along with John E.'s sister and brother-in-law, Emma Elizabeth and Wilson Windle, set bound for Canada from Liverpool, England, aboard the Steam Ship *Sarmation* on August 27, 1886, and disembarked in Quebec City on September 6.

They made their way to Pembroke, Ontario, where the two men formed a partnership with schoolteacher John Julius Hollinger and started the first brick yard in the Ottawa Valley appropriately called the Windle Waite and Hollinger Brick Yard. Hollinger and started the first brickyard in the Ottawa Valley. The operation was called the Windle Waite and Hollinger Brick Yard. Hollinger was a schoolteacher and landowner in the Pembroke area and the father of the Benjamin Hollinger that discovered the Hollinger Gold Mines in 1909 in Northern Ontario. This mine was at one time the richest producer of gold in the Western Hemisphere with a total gold production of \$4000 million. Benny and his partner sold their claims to developer Noah Timmins in 1910. As a result the town of Timmins is named after the developer and not the discoverer. Benny Hollinger gradually lost all the money that he had gained from selling his claims and through other various speculative ventures. Benny died of a heart attack at a young age.

Shortly after their arrival in Pembroke, Rose Ellen, just six months of age, choked to death with convulsions from whooping cough and was buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery grounds. Four years later their son, John William, died of fever and convulsions at five years of age and was buried in the same cemetery.

Shortly after the death of his son, John E. dissolved his association with Windle and Hollinger and relocated a new brick yard at Port du Fort on the Ontario side of the Ottawa River. When these clay deposits gave out, he located for a third time at Foresters Falls and for a few years as many as 12 men worked at the yard and at times as many as a dozen teams of horses with wagons would be lined up waiting to be loaded with brick or tile. Most of the homes built within a forty mile radius of Foresters Falls were constructed with Waite brick, each bearing the initials JEW. During the winter months 'Dad' Waite converted a portion of the brick yard into a skating rink complete with a little shack in which his patrons could keep warm. He had a big pot bellied stove upon which he heated buckets of water. The boiling water would be placed in a contraption made from cow skins and dragged by young male skaters around the rink. The skin leaked like a sieve and flooded the rink with hot water which instantly froze and repaired the ice.

Apparently John E. was trained in the art of boxing before coming to Canada and a story was often repeated that one of his young workmen, who held a grudge, told his sixty year old boss that he would surely hang a beating on him if only he was 25 years younger. The brickyard owner told his antagonist that his nose had yet to be hit and challenged him to be the first. The workman took a wild swing only to have his fist knocked away setting himself up for a good punch which ended the brawl much to the amusement of the other hired hands.

John McLaren McLeese, a short time employee at the Waite Brickyard mentioned 'Dad' Waite in his *'Memoirs of Foresters Falls'*

"A family that created an important niche in the early community life of Foresters Falls was that of John Waite. He was "Dad" Waite to most of the inhabitants. Coming to Foresters Falls about the turn of the century, he bought the machinery of the old brickyard on the corner of Cobden Road and moved it to an acreage on Bob Williams place, back of the village. The old brickyard, located on the exact spot where now stands the Reynolds home, was owned by "Old Man" Johnston. I cannot recall his first name. In those days, many of the older men were known to the children of the village only as "Old Man".

I have both a pleasant and an unpleasant memory of "Dad" Waite. As a boy, I was hired to fire the boiler at the Waite brickyard. The wood was four and five-foot chunks of green birch, so green that the sap fried out when fired. It

was almost impossible to keep up a head of steam, and when the pressure lowered and the engine stopped, “Dad” would come roaring up and give me a tongue lashing in no restricted language. I would go home at night so tired I couldn’t undress before throwing myself on the bed and to sleep. One day I became so tired and frustrated that I quit and walked along the Williams side of the creek to the back of our farm and crossed over a log to where brother Bob was working, and tearfully told him my woes.

The pleasant memories of “Dad” Waite singing bass in the village choirs. He, and many members of his large family, were musical and contributed much to the social life of the village. The Waite family at the time I knew them were all young, only the girls and Joe were old enough to contribute to the family income. As I recall the children, there were Lizzie, Rosy, Joe, Charlie, Wilfred, John (who died young), and Archie.

In addition to his brick-making industry, “Dad” Waite took contracts for masonry work, chimney building, ditching, where his tile were used for under-draining. “Dad” was a first class mechanic, having learned the brick-making and masonry trade in England, his native land. He was a good man, kindly and helpful to any in trouble, and he taught his children honesty and thrift. Always, in memory, I think of “Dad” Waite, as he gave me that “fatherly” talk when I returned for the balance of my wages after quitting the job. “Don’t be a quitter, John,” he said. “You’ll find more satisfaction in facing facts, honestly. If you had told me the work was too heavy and hard, I’d have given you another job. You asked for the firing, and I expected you were able to handle it. In England, many boys your age undertake equally heavy jobs. Don’t be a quitter, but also remember never ‘to bite off more than you can chew.’”

‘Dad’ Waite always insisted on having a clean work station and was able to work all day in a white shirt digging trenches and laying tile without ever dirtying his clothes. His sons all worked in the brickyard before going onto other jobs. His son Charles Alberft (my grandfather) worked at the brickyard until falling in love and marrying Tina Bishop at 18 years of age.

Christina Sarah Bishop was born in Essex, England, on 29 September, 1888. Her parents were Chrissy (born Wells) and Stephen Bishop. Apparently Chrissy (the Mother) died a short time after the birth. Nothing else is known of the Wells family. Following her mother’s death, the baby was raised by Aunt Eva Pope. While very young Chrissy and her friends used to delight in teasing an old man who was badly stooped. When the old man died, Christina’s friends dared her to go into the funeral home and view the body. Because of the deceased man’s bowed condition both the top and bottom halves of the coffin lid were left open. Just as Chrissy was taking a good look at the dead man’s face, a girlfriend pressed down on the feet of the deceased and his head came up off the pillow frightened the daylight out of the young prankster. The child became difficult to handle and the aunt eventually placed her niece in an orphanage. Chrissy Bishop became an orphan and the responsibility of the White Chapel Board of Guardians on 1 April, 1896 when she was placed into foster care. Her domestic training came to an end on 6 October, 1898, and she was admitted to Forest Gate District School, East London. On the 18 October, 1899, she was transferred to a Dr. Thomas John Barnardo home in preparation for emigration to Canada.

When just 13 years of age, Christina made the trip from England to Canada on the Steam Ship *Cambroman*, captained by James H. Moore. The ship set sail from Liverpool on the 7 June 1900 and arrived in Quebec City on the 16. The steamer carried 352 adults, 78 children between the ages of one to fourteen, and five infants. The most memorable part of the ocean voyage was the burial at sea of Alfreda Normand. This young girl died enroute and Chrissy watched the coffin slide down the gangplank and splash into the sea. Of the 435 passengers, 120 were in the Dr. Barnardo party destined to travel by train from Quebec City to Peterborough, Ontario.

Upon her arrival in Canada, Chrissy was adopted by the John James Moore family who lived on the Queen’s Line not far from Foresters Falls. She worked as a hired hand for the Moore family for the next five years and was treated like a daughter. The Moore family consisted of three boys and four daughters - Russell, William, Roy, Jessie (later Mrs. David MacDonald), Ruby (later Mrs. Archibald Weedmark), Nellie (later Mrs. William

Pettigrew) and Nemmie who died young from consumption.

“Mother told me that her Mother had left her with an aunt by the name of Pope. This lady took her to an orphanage with a little bag of cookies and left her on this long bench. She never came back. That was the last that she ever saw of her relatives. It was sad when you think of it at that age. She must have been about eight years old. She didn’t have an easy life. She always had spunk. She said you got to make the best of it. She said that she came to a place (after leaving Peterborough) and they were expecting a boy. She was sent out to the barn and climbed up a ladder to sleep up in the straw. She was crying when the minister came to see if things were OK and they said they were expecting a boy so the minister took her and placed her then with Moore’s. She didn’t even remember that she had landed in Quebec City and then gone to Peterborough.”

At the age of 18 years, Chrissy married Charles Albert Waite and bought the farm. “Dad told me about working for or living out near Sam Wallace. They bought the farm when they first got married from John Grant and it’s always been called the Grant Settlement. The date was on the cement step going into the milk parlour when the place was built. I don’t know when the school was built across from the farm. The date was over the door. We all went to school there. He milked mostly Holsteins. They shipped cream and the milk was used to feed the calves until they were old enough to go out in the fields. They shipped to the Queen’s Line Creamery. The farm was 350 acres. John R. Bryce lived on one side of us and he sold to his son Ira who eventually sold to his son Norman. Three generations. Norman sold and moved up to Westmeath. On the other side there was a small house with different people. William Broome was there and he had a nice family. Past them was another Bryce and then there were Robinson and Black families.”

“Mom and Dad were there until the house burned. Dad was in the process of building the house in the Falls when the house burned. They were papering it when the farm house was struck by lightning and burned. It was almost ready to move into. They lived in the school for a short time after and then they moved into the house. By that time John (my uncle) had bought the school. Apparently he bought the school and one acre of property for \$1.00. Mom had said she would never move to the Falls unless it was God’s will. I guess it was God’s will because the house burned down. It started in the attic. It came in on the wires. Like the hydro wires or the telephone wires. It had blown the telephone practically to bits. I think they got most of the things out. Nearly all those homes in the Grant Settlement were struck with lightning. We had some wicked storms out there.”

“She mostly worked hard on the farm. She did all the inside work. With all those children there was always lots of work. She did all the baking. She had all her children at home except John. I’m not sure about Orin. Mrs. Moore often came out and she told me many times that she was the first one to hold my head in her hands. Mrs. Moore was her adopted Mother.”

“I was in the Air Force and went west to Saskatoon. I was there for awhile and I was moved to Rivers, Manitoba. Tom was at Rivers and that’s where we met. He was born and raised in Renfrew and I was born and raised in Forester’s Falls. We only lived 23 miles apart and we had to go that far to meet one another. He was a wireless operator in the Air Force. I was in wireless to because I was on telephone switchboard and so on in the administration office. I went there in August and there was a Sports Day and I went out there with another girl, Amy Barbara from Shawville, who was also on the switchboard and she introduced me to Tom and 4-5 of his chums. Later on he called in to switchboard and said ‘Oh, you’re from Forester’s Falls and I’m from Renfrew and he said I wanted to talk to you to-day but you left too early.’ I had to unpack and I had to go to work at 12:00 and I had to have my supper and so on. About a week later he asked if I wanted to go a show. People told me he had taken Amy to the show so I said don’t you have a girlfriend? And he said, well no, I only took her to a show once in awhile. Anyway, I’m telling little secrets I guess. When I arrived on the station he was in charge of wireless and the head of that department took me around to introduce me to all wireless and communications people and everything. I went into this big room and there must have been about ten girls in there sending messages and everything and Tom was in there in charge of that room. I had this old summer issue on and this stupid hat from the Air Force and I see

him keep looking and looking at me. And I thought why are you looking at me. Maybe it was the old outfit that I was wearing. So, I met everybody and I left and then later the woman corporal said when I left Tom said, 'Did you see that girl that was just in here? That's the girl I'm going to marry.' So we met August 19 and we were married February 1st."

Verlie M. (Mrs. Thomas A.) Wark born Waite tapes, Renfrew, Ontario, June 23, 1992

"I must have met Joe in January '46 shortly after Christmas and we were married July 30 of the same year. We had Joanne the following July '47 and then we moved up to Duparquette in northern Quebec. It was a small little gold mining town. We stayed there until the mine closed and then we moved up Elliott Lake, a uranium town, in January 1957. Joe was a shift boss for years at Denison Mines and then he was the mill foreman when he had the heart attack. He had the attack at work and they brought him into the hospital. He didn't work for 8 and half years before he passed away. There was so much stress as mill foreman. He just turned 62 in August and he passed away on November 16, 1989. We had two children. Joanne and Debbie. They were 15 years apart.

My maternal grandparents were Alexander McBride and Olive Jane Smith. Alexander initially worked for blacksmith Isador Fortier in Cobden, Ontario, but later bought the business. The Alexander McBride family moved from Westmeath to Cobden in 1899 and first lived in a little house near the fairgrounds and as a youngster my grandfather Lloyd attended Cobden Public School. It was Olive Jane that had a hereditary condition called dentinogenesis imperfecta resulting in grey teeth and the disease seems to affect half of the children born to the carrier. Such teeth are generally smaller than ordinary and lack the white enamel. Unfortunately my grandfather and mother passed this genetic defect to me.

On April 15, 1916, Lloyd Albert McBride married Katie Eve Humphries. He was 21; she was 15 and pregnant. Eva's Father John Francis Humphries farmed on the outskirts of Cobden. Katie's older brother and sister, Garland and Una, were twins. Her younger sister was Elizabeth. When Jane died in 1913. J.F. married Annie McLaren née Kerr.

From 1916 until 1919, Lloyd worked for his father on a farm situated 1 mile southwest of Cobden on the Eganville Road. On February 17, 1917, the pair was blessed with a daughter Jean. She was born in the home of Eva's brother, Garland, and his wife, the former Jean Gould. The baby was named in honor of her Aunt Jean. Ann Brown acted as midwife. Garland and Jean lived on a 150-acre farm located 3 miles west of Cobden on Highway 17. Eva's sister Una, married to Harry Buttle, lived on the farm next door.

In 1919 Lloyd purchased a 100-acre farm 2 1/2 miles west of Cobden from Peter Wilson. On April 16, 1919, Eva gave birth to a son Gerald and then again on June 24, 1920, she had a second son Milton. Mrs. Wesley Berry, a neighbor, acted as midwife at both these births. Then on June 24, 1924, she had a second daughter Helen. Mrs. Reid scolded Jean, 7 years of age at the time, for not keeping the doors closed because of the fly problem. These last three children were born in the house located on this farm. Tragedy struck on November 24, 1926. Eva's brother Garland was returning home from church with four of his children, Edgar, age 9 years, Nina, 7 years, and George, 3 years when the car was hit by a train at a railway crossing in Cobden. All four were killed in the accident. A daughter Mabel was not injured.

The sale of Garland's farm did not take place until April 19, 1928. Lloyd purchased Garland's farm but sold it two weeks later to Jack Faught. It was during this period that Eva learned that she had cancer of the cervix (at that time referred to as groin cancer). She underwent her first operation in the Pembroke Cottage Hospital with Dr. I.D. Cotnam performing the surgery. Lloyd consequently sold his farm to George Collins and moved back into Cobden for the summer with his sick wife.

On September 25, 1919, Lloyd purchased a 230-acre farm and ranch located on the Bonnechere River just west of Renfrew from William Harper Cotie. Lloyd began milking Ayrshire cattle and selling the milk to Vice's Dairy in Renfrew. He later switched to Holstein cattle. He bought his first 20 registered heifers from his wife's sister, Elizabeth, and her husband, John Wesley Briscoe, who lived in Northcote. When Elizabeth died J.W. remarried

Pearl Payne, daughter of Agnes and John Payne. When she died, he married for a third time to Rachel Francis of Edmonton, Alberta. Eva's condition worsened and she had to undergo a second operation at the Ottawa Civic Hospital. The cancer spread and she died on the farm on May 10, 1929, leaving her husband with four young children. She was buried in the Cobden Cemetery.

On February 23, 1938, Lloyd's elder daughter, Jean, married Jason Stanley Edmunds. They had two sons, Ian Stanley, born May 23, 1945 and Raymond Alexander, born July 20, 1947.

In April 1941, Lloyd and his two sons were cutting stove wood when the boxing broke on the saw end of the arbor. The tightness of the belt threw the saw backwards towards Lloyd. He threw up a gloved hand but the blade caught him in the left arm and side of the head. Gerald and Milton rushed him into the Renfrew Victoria Hospital. Although bleeding profusely, he did not pass out until after he was on the operating table. The attending doctors were John James McCann and George Burwell. Drifting in and out of consciousness, Lloyd heard the two physicians conversing. McCann wanted to take off his left arm but Burwell argued against it stating that he was going to die anyway. Lloyd came through the operation with his arm, however the healing process was slow because the wounds had not been cleansed before being closed.

On June 24, 1942, Lloyd's younger daughter, Helen, married Ender Stewart Waite. On October 14, 1950 John Milton McBride married Zelda Schroeder. They had two sons - John Douglas, born December 30, 1951, and Peter Alexander, born December 9, 1954.

During 4 July celebrations, 1944, Lloyd's eldest son, Gerald, lost his grip on a boat while swimming in the Bonnechere River at the William Smith farm. Dragging operations eventually hooked his trunks and he was brought to the surface. Several friends, including Ender Waite, tried artificial resuscitation, without any success. Instead of bringing up water from his lungs, the lifesavers brought up tea from his stomach. The drowning was a dreadful shock to Lloyd and almost overnight his hair began to fall out and within a few weeks he was bald.

In 1963 Lloyd sold the Cotie farm to his remaining son Milton and moved into an apartment in Renfrew.

On January 4, 1967, Lloyd remarried for a second time to his childhood sweetheart Elsie Guest. Shortly after Lloyd's first marriage to Eve, Elsie had married David Clyde McFarlane. This union produced one daughter Joyce. Lloyd and Elsie carried out a clandestine relationship for many years before the death of D. C. For several years Lloyd and Elsie lived in her residence on Raglan Street in Renfrew. Eventually both became too old to care for themselves and both moved into the Bonnechere Manor, an old age home. Lloyd died there in 1987. Elsie died a few months later.

'We used to go and visit there place and stay for supper and poor Mrs. Waite had to get supper for Aunt Jean and Dad and us eight kids. One time somebody said what were we having for supper and somebody said scrambled eggs so Lloyd said you'd better scramble out to the hen house and get some more. I was just little because ten of us went in the car. There were three of us in the front seat and seven of us in the back. We sat on milk stools. An old '28 Dodge.'

'I was 4 years and 3 months. We moved down there on September 28 and then Mother died the next spring in May of '29. I was one month from being five. I think she just got sick after we moved down.'

'Orin worked for Dad when I was just a kid before Mother died even and after Mother died too down at the farm. He was always working on an old car. He always had an old car and he was working on the engine. He was poor and we were poor. He was only 22-23.'

'I think Charlie Waite came down and did ditching for us. That's how we got to know them. They used to go and visit Waites when Mother was still living but I don't remember it but Ender remembers Mother being there. I don't because I was too young. When Mother died I was four so Ender would be 13. He said they went picking mayflowers the day Charlie and Mom went to Mother's funeral because it was May 12th and they (the kids) were home alone. She died on the 10th and was buried on the 12th which was Mother's Day.'

‘He came down to visit us one time when I was maybe 14 and he was 23. I liked him but I was too young. He had to wait for me to grow up. I started dating him in the spring of ‘41, no maybe February ‘41. I was 16 coming 17 in June. I got married the next year when I was 18.’

‘I think I went up to Pembroke on the train and he was at Nemmie’s and Bill’s. I went up there for the weekend. He met me at the train. That would have been February ‘41. I think he was helping Bill cut wood. He was 26.’

‘In March or April ‘41 he went up to Sudbury and worked for 67 cents an hour. He was always going to get 71 but he never did. He worked until the following March and he came down and rented the Pettigrew farm. He was really only up there one year exactly. He saved \$500 that was pretty from 67 cents an hour. He paid room and board and stayed with Orin and Muriel and the five kids. Orin worked in the mines as well. He hadn’t come down and bought a farm yet. Orin and Muriel stayed up there and came down for our wedding. They came down to stay shortly afterwards.’

‘We stayed on the Bill Pettigrew farm. He was married to Nellie Moore. She was the daughter of the Connie and Bill Moore that adopted Grandma Waite. When she came out from England Moore’s took her and treated her real well. She was one of them boat orphans. She was born in 1888 and died in 1987. She was buried the same day she arrived here. She was here (in Canada) 87 years.’

‘We were married on the 24 June. To day is really our 50th wedding anniversary. We were married 50 years at 2:00 o’clock. We went to Pembroke to Uncle Fred (Waite) and Aunt Eliza for a cup of tea and then we ate in Pembroke and then came down to Preen’s Hall for the reception. It is the Laundry Mat now. Preen’s Blacksmith shop. They had a hall up above it. It was nearly full. There were maybe 200 to 250 guests. We went out and sleep at Jean’s that night. We had no money and they had my pajamas all sewed up. We had to go home and milk the next night. We were married Wednesday and we went home to milk Thursday night. We never had a honeymoon. Lloyd did the milking himself Wednesday night. There were only 12 cows. He only did it that night and the next morning. They were Pettigrew’s cows but we milked them. The milk cheque was \$32 we got \$8 and Lloyd got \$8 and Pettigrew got \$16. When we sold a dozen eggs he got 25 cents out of 50 and we each got 12 and a half cents so you didn’t get rich up there very quick either. The farm was maybe 150 acres. It was good land. The oats were up to Ender’s head. It was a beautiful crop that year. Ender was there a year and I was there only 9 months. Ender was there for March, April and May along with Lloyd and then we got married in June. I was there and cooked for both of them. We only had about \$200 when we came down to Dad’s. We drove Lloyd’s old Pontiac. I don’t know where we got the Pontiac when we came down to Dad’s. It was a terrible old car. You had to drive it into the barn and put it in behind the horses for the heat (in the winter) or it wouldn’t start. You couldn’t leave it outside. There was horse manure on the running board but it started every morning and took the milk as long as you never stopped and came back home. That’s how we got our milk cheque. It smelt like a shit house when you went out to the car because it stayed in the barn. That’s what we started up with and no electricity. We milked with a lantern. We just sold cream. A truck came from Eganville or Cobden and picked it up to make butter and ice cream. We fed the pigs the skim milk. The barn is still standing. The house burnt just after we left and a really funny thing. I had a dream that the house burnt and I said to Ender in the morning. We were living down here now, either at Dad’s or at the Payne place. I told him that I had the funniest dream last night. I said to him that I dreamed that the Pettigrew house burnt. By God it burnt the next week. I just got goose bumps. That’s true.”

‘Lorne Carey fed you pabulum. We looked in the window one night and he was taking a mouthful of pabulum and giving you a mouthful and he’d take a mouthful and give you a mouthful. One other night we came home from being somewhere and he was bathing you. He’d duck his head under the table and jump up and say ‘Boo’ to you and there was water going clean up to the ceiling and back down and he was having a great time. God, we came in and floor was all covered in water. It didn’t matter. He liked you.

He was 15.’

‘We lived at Dad’s from the end of March until the 23 October I think we moved up there. When the cows had to go into the barn. We took 10 of Dad’s cows. A couple were purebreds and the rest were just grades. But then we bought a couple of purebreds and that’s how we started. Our cows gave us calves and we registered them and we had a registered herd after a few years. At first we had half purebreds and half grades.’

‘We bought some of the cows from J.W. Briscoe. I think Dad had bought them first. He had an option to buy any cows before the sale. I remember going to the sale. He had sales often. He would buy cows and then have a sale. He was a hard workingman - Uncle Jack - he was a nice man. He was married to Aunt Lizzie, Dad’s sister. She died with cancer of the liver when she was real young. He re-married Pearl Payne who came from our farm. She was the daughter of John Payne who owned our farm. His wife was a Maggie Tripp. Payne lived on the farm 47 years and we were there for 44. That’s ninety-one years all together. I don’t know if anyone owned it before him.’

‘The barn and house were on the place. Ender built the garage, the granary, and the milk house. We used the original roof but it had been the icehouse. We had ice covered with sawdust to use for cooling the milk because we didn’t have electricity. We had to put a big cake of ice into the water. We had a cement water tank to hold the milk cans. We put in the cakes of ice to keep everything cool. Ender used to take the horses and sleigh to the Bonnechere River in the winter and cut huge blocks of ice for use during the summer months. The sawdust kept the ice from melting. We afterwards had the first bulk tank in Renfrew County and then the first bulk cooler in Renfrew County. We had the first gutter cleaner in Admaston.’

‘We had a team of horses. A year later when I was pregnant with you two horses were killed with lightning.’

‘Jack had a halter on and he tramped on it and pulled it tight over his nose and he suffocated. He ran around the field like crazy and Cecil Crozier watched him and just ‘phoned us after he lay down and by then he was dead. If that halter had of gotten loose he would have lived. He didn’t call us until after he lay down and was dead. He thought he was being chased by horse flies. We never put a horse out with a halter on after that. It was a big deal to us to loose a horse. Then we went up to the Falls and bought another horse from Norman Gillan and Lorne drove it down on horseback. We had no truck to bring a horse down. Lorne went up and drove it home bareback. He had a sore ass when he got home.’

Helen H. (Mrs. Ender S.) Waite née McBride tapes, Renfrew, Ontario, June 24, 1992

‘They ran away mowing hay with Lorne Carey and they ran away rolling out wire to make an electric fence with Ender and he threw a hammer and hit old Harry right on the head. That stopped him right in his tracks. He ran away every chance he got. He reared up and Ender had time to catch him. He was just a runaway

On April 15, 1916, Lloyd Albert McBride married Katie Eve Humphries. He was 21; she was 15 and pregnant. From 1916 until 1919, Lloyd worked for his Father on a farm situated 1 mile southwest of Cobden on the Eganville Road. On February 17, 1917, the pair were blessed with a daughter. She was born in the home of Eva’s brother, Garland, and his wife, the former Jean Gould. The baby was named in honor of her Aunt Jean. Ann Brown acted as midwife. Garland and Jean lived on a 150 acre farm located 3 miles west of Cobden on Highway 17. Eva’s sister Una, married to Harry Buttle, lived on the farm next door.

In 1919 Lloyd purchased a 100 acre farm 2 1/2 miles west of Cobden from Peter Wilson. On April 16, 1919, Eva gave birth to a son Gerald and then again on June 24, 1920, she had a second son Milton. Mrs. Wesley Berry, a neighbor, acted as midwife at both these births. Then on June 24, 1924, she had a second daughter Helen. Jean, 7 years of age at the time, was scolded by Mrs. Reid for not keeping the doors closed because of the fly problem. These last three children were born in the house located on this farm. Tragedy struck on November 24, 1926. Eva’s brother Garland was returning home from church with three of his children, Edgar, age 9 years, Nina, 7 years, and George, 3 years when the car was hit by a train at a railway crossing in Cobden. All four were killed in the accident.