

The Arthur Webb Story 1885-1964

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NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

The Arthur Webb Story 1885-1964

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Introduction

WE OWE THE PUBLICATION of this document of a working man's life to Bill Webb, who in the 1960s encouraged his father, Arthur Webb, to take pencil to paper and write an autobiography, and four decades later granted permission to bring it to the readers of *Labour/Le Travail*. What follows is an account of a working man written in the third person. His decision to write in the third person is largely the result of his modesty, as evidenced most emphatically in the second part of his story, in which he refers to himself as "John Doe." In creating a typescript, his son replaced the pseudonym with his father's name. Webb's reminiscences clearly reflect the norms of narrative storytelling. "Our Arthur," as he styled himself in the opening of the "story" of his life, looked back upon his decades of work from the vantage point of a retired man at the middle of the 20th century. He did not dwell upon his own accomplishments, but constructed a narrative that contrasted implicitly childhood and work in an English industrial city in the 1890s and rural New Brunswick in the early 20th century, with life in post-World War II urban Canada. Webb describes work at a time of muscle rather than machine, both for the opportunity this gives him to contrast his life with the lives of his readers and because men of his generation valued themselves through their physical work. The strength, skill, endurance and stoicism that allowed him to survive are the qualities that men measured themselves against and prided themselves on.

Webb's life story is remarkable, but he was not a public figure of the sort that traditionally warranted the attention of a biographer or led to a published memoir. The historian of working-class life will nevertheless find that his description of Jeff A. Webb, "The Arthur Webb Story 1885-1964," *Labour/Le Travail*, 48 (Fall 2001), 157-96.

work and society merits attention. Webb's life illustrates the intersection of world events and individual experience, played out within the minutia of daily undertakings. While we know that there were hundreds of thousands of lives like his, we cannot help but admire the tenacity and resilience that figure so centrally in Webb's life story. People such as this often appear in historians' accounts, but usually in the aggregate. Men such as Webb would be reflected in statistics as an immigrant, a worker, a recruit, one of the wounded, a returned soldier, and a union member. Historians usually see such individuals only through the lens of their own research interest, but rarely as a whole life. In this document we can see Webb's reflections as a coherent narrative — the way he saw it from the vantage point of his kitchen table near the end of a remarkable life.

Arthur's father, George Frederick Webb, seems a distant figure of work and corporal punishment. The elder Webb had been born in 1853, the second son of the postmaster at Bromsgrove, attended Grammar School in Surrey and he too entered the postal service. He retired from the post office due to failing health, and lived for 16 years in Liverpool before retiring to Alcester, Warwickshire. When his youngest son, Arthur, was born in Liverpool, George Frederick was working as a commercial traveller for a firm of builder's furnishers, but soon started business on his own account as a tobacconist, stocktaker and valuer. In his retirement he was a dedicated volunteer for local philanthropic causes, a member of the Conservative Party, and a man with artistic talent. But he appears in our view as a distant and domineering father whose insistence, as head of the household, on dictating which trades his sons followed drove four of the five to immigrate to Canada.

Arthur Webb spent his boyhood in the streets, shops and factories of Liverpool during the last decade of the 19th century. While his parents worked, he played with the gangs of neighbourhood kids and revelled in the life of a street urchin. He did not thrive at school, and at the age of ten entered the workforce. As a boy, he worked in a number of industries, from a "watcher" at a shoe store to a delivery boy for a tailor shop. He laboured in a tobacco factory, a bakery, and on his father's insistence apprenticed as a harness maker. His eye for the detail of work makes this a compelling document of a childhood in an English industrial city. At the age of 16, with the collusion of his mother, Webb immigrated to Canada to escape the trade his father had chosen for him.

This account of being a "farm boy" and a labourer in New Brunswick during the first decade and a half of the 20th century stands as an effective antidote to the saccharin romanticism of the rural ideal that appears in television representations of *Anne of Green Gables* and the reconstruction of a fictional New Brunswick past devoid of social context at Kings Landing. This was a rural community in which people sometimes abused their farm labourers, cheated their neighbours, drank too much, and lived a rough life similar to that of their pioneer forerunners. Even when relating his participation in a threshing bee, an archetypal example of rural families working together, Webb tells us that one family was left out, likely reflecting

communal punishment for some transgression. It was not that there were no acts of kindness. After having been cheated out of the final leg of his passage, Webb was rescued from the docks at Quebec City. After a succession of abusive farmers, the boy found the warmth of a surrogate family in New Brunswick, although they too did not pay the wage that had been promised.

Over the next decade and a half, hard work enabled Webb to feed and clothe himself at a variety of occupations. As did so many other immigrants to Canada from the British Isles, he accepted the call of King and Country and enlisted in 1914. His account of the war is brief, but reads like a textbook retelling of the fate of so many members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The enthusiasm for war at the recruiting office was dampened by the mud of Salisbury Plain, and extinguished in the battle for Ypres. We know he lived a horrific life in the trenches, although as is the case with so many veterans he chose not to relate these conditions. Having been gassed and wounded, he fell in love with the woman who nursed him back to health. He returned to Canada to be discharged from the Army, and worked running telegrams from the ships in Halifax harbour. His initiative once more served him well, and he took a job at Aldershot military camp. Webb then travelled to Alberta on the promise of an even better job, well in time to avoid being in the harbour during the Halifax explosion of 6 December 1917. The job in Alberta did not materialize, and he joined thousands of transient men bringing in the harvest on one farm after another, before drifting into a career with the fire department in Saskatoon. This was a time of high costs and poor living conditions for working men, and Webb joined the union struggle for better working conditions. The fight for the two platoon system, which gave the men more time off work, occurred at a time of considerable labour tension in the city.¹ The fire fighters had expressed their sympathy with the Winnipeg General Strike, and faced a hostile city administration. On at least one occasion management's animosity toward the union took a comic turn. The 13 June 1918 ceremony initiating new firemen into Local 80 of the union had to be cut short to answer a call. There proved to be no fire, and the Fire Chief later sent a letter of apology for having pulled the alarm.² The life of a fire fighter was a dangerous and heroic one, and the Fire Chief noted Webb's heroism in rescuing a child in 1918, and his being injured in a fire in 1919. Perhaps out of modesty, Webb relates neither of these incidents, but focuses instead upon how the nature of the work differed from more modern labour at the time he was writing his manuscript, and on the hardship of his bride-to-be travelling alone from England to Saskatoon. The steady wage enabled him to have a family of his own, and they

¹Glen Makahonuk, "Class Conflict in a Prairie City: The Saskatoon Working-Class Response to Prairie Capitalism, 1906-19," *Labour/Le Travail*, 19 (Spring 1987), 89-124.

²"Saskatoon Professional Fire Fighters Union, Local 80 of the International Association of Fire Fighters: Pulling Together, Celebrating 75 Years of Service to the Membership" 9, 5, Hildebrant Donation, City of Saskatoon Archives.

coped relatively well through the 20s, the Depression and war years. After 47 years in Saskatoon, Arthur Webb died at his home on 22 December 1964.

The Arthur Webb Story 1885-1964

This is a short story of a boy who immigrated to Canada at age 16 years.

Our Arthur was born in Liverpool, England 28th January 1885. He had four brothers all older than him. Our story starts when Arthur moved from his house of birth to Stanley Road. His parents opened a Tobacco shop on Stanley Road. He was one year old, as his parents both were busy in the shop he had a nurse to take care of him. When he reached the age of three he was taken to school, the age they started in baby class in those days. He attended baby classes for two years. At the age of five in January 1890 baby school term ended, so he had to wait out of school until the autumn grade 1 opened. He had lots of time to play.

When school started they found out he was hard of hearing but Doctors said nothing could be done to his ears. His seat in class was at the back of the room, so he could not hear the teacher very well and kept asking the boy next to him what the teacher said. For this he got many canings for talking in class. At the Christmas examination he failed, then he took sick. Doctors said he had a nervous breakdown and must not attend school until he was seven years old.

One of Arthur's pleasant memories is his rides to town with his mother on the horse drawn trams. Some trams had an open seat behind the driver, he would hold the loose end of the reins and pretend he was driving the team. Another exciting thing was at Christmas time when they would go to Lewis's, a large store on Ranelagh Street. There would be Santa Claus beside a large crate full of parcels. Tickets were sixpence half penny each. The kids bought tickets off Santa's helper, then gave them to Santa, that was their present for their stocking. They did not know what Santa gave them until Xmas morning. They all hung their stockings on mantel piece over the fireplace. They would find an orange, apple, few nuts and bag of sweets in the stocking on Xmas morning and their mystery box. That was their toy for the year.

After Xmas Arthur and his next older Brother Fred were taken to Birmingham by their mother to visit their Aunt. There they would sit on garden wall and watch the steam trams pass the house. These trams were pulled by a little steam engine pulling three or four trams behind them and when stopping or starting they blew a little whistle. They stayed there a week and then went back home, as school opened then and his brother went back to school.

Arthur just played alone as all the other kids were at school. Sometimes he walked to the docks to watch the ships coming and going. Of course, kids were not allowed around the docks so he would sneak in when the Bobby (nickname for a

policeman) was not looking, or hide under a lorry that was going in through the gate, but when he was caught he got his bottom tanned by the Bobby.

Other times he would wander down to town, he had nothing else to do, he sometimes got home late for dinner then he got no dinner, but a good caning and sent to bed.

Sometimes in warm weather he would go across the river on Ferry boat which cost a penny each way. Passengers paid at Birkenhead both getting off and on the Ferry boat. Arthur having no money would have a tear in his eyes and tell the Bobby he lost his mother. When all passengers had cleared the turnstile all lost children would be taken care of until their parents claimed them. Our Arthur got wise after a few trips and would tell the Bobby there's my Mother and run away. He would play on the beach and if the tide was going out he would paddle along the edge of water to next ferry, Egremont, fare from there home was two pennies. Arthur would tell the Bobby he had lost his mother and wanted to go home. He would give his wrong name and the Bobby would tell him to crawl under the turnstile and go home.

There was no home life, his parents were busy in the store and the servant was always too busy to bother with a kid. So Arthur was left on his own and so the summer passed into autumn. His brothers all back to school after summer holidays, all passed into higher grades. So Arthur was left alone again, then came winter and outdoor play and trips to town dropped off and nothing to do until school let out for Xmas holidays.

After Xmas Arthur and his brother Fred again went to visit their aunt in Birmingham, returning home at New Year, all brothers and Arthur went to school 1892.

Our Arthur being seven started in grade one with a handicap, all other boys had four months start and knew the alphabet, and the two times table, and could print the letters of the alphabet. Our Arthur could do none of this work. When his teacher saw this he sent a note to his parents asking them to teach him. There was no homework as the school provided all books and necessary equipment used in the school. Arthur's parents were too busy to teach him, his father was out most of the time and his mother was in the store. The elderly housekeeper, when sober, tried to help him but did not have much schooling herself, so his mother gave his older brother a penny extra a week to get him started. This helped Arthur some. His mother bought him a copybook to practice printing the letters but Arthur and his brother wanted to get out to play so little printing was done. Both his parents were highly educated. It was quite a strain on Arthur but he did two hours every night. Sometimes his mother would help him but he began to get his nerve trouble again so study was reduced to half hour after dinner and one hour at night after some play time.

By the time spring came he was almost up to the other boys, but he was seven years old and the other boys only six. They teased him so much he began to get behind again, but he was ahead of the class in drawing and map making. The

Teacher would put an object on his desk and the class had to draw the object as they saw it. It might be a teapot, a jug, a cup and saucer, vase with a flower in it or any object he had. They, then, stopped teasing him and picked fights with him. Some boys were bigger than him, so every night when school was out he had to fight one of them. Sometimes he won, sometimes he lost but every night went home for repairs, a bruised fist or bloody nose. If his father saw him come home that way he got a good caning for fighting, his dad was very handy with the cane. That kept up until the summer exams in June, Arthur just made enough points to pass, it was his map making and drawing that helped him.

In July his mother sent him to a private school two afternoons a week there he learned to read and write, and do arithmetic, and now being seven years old was put into the boys choir at Church. His mother was a devout church goer, brother Fred was already in the boys choir, so on Sunday, it was to church eight am, again at 11 am, choir practice, Wednesday night to bible classes and learn the catechism to get ready for confirmation.

When holidays were over and school opened Arthur went to grade two, having made up his lost time at Private School was able to keep up his end in class, but still could not hear the teacher too well, so his mother talked to the Head Master about it, and he had him moved to the front. Now being seven years old he was admitted into the gang. Childhood play was over, he was a big boy now. He did fairly well at school and just passed examinations at Xmas.

The street was the only play ground, the school yard was locked after 4 pm and the park nearest to them was two miles away and none of the kids would go that far to play. One favourite game was kick the can, they would get a tin can, the game was hide and seek, one boy was it, that is they would toss up who would do the seeking, then one would kick the can down the street, the one to seek would run for the can and return it to the starting place, the others would hide in the mean time, then the seeker had to find them, the first one found would be the next seeker. Sometimes they would play football against another gang. There would be 8 or 10 kids in a gang. The girls also had their gangs, they played at the bottom end of the street. If the boys wanted the whole street the girls used the street around the corner. Things went along as usual until the Summer holidays came, as before Arthur failed exams.

Maybe now I should explain what our back yards and alleys or lanes were like. The yards were about 12 feet square, with a brick wall surrounding each yard. At the back end was the Toilet and a back door leading out into the alley. On one side of the yard was a midden or garbage pit or refuse heap, which served two houses, at the lane or alley there was a curve to the garbage pit to make it easier for men to shovel out the garbage. The walls were about eight feet high and two bricks wide. The alley was about 3 ft wide, they were always dirty, they were shaped, open at each end. The alley running North and South served the houses or stores on the front street, alleys running East and West served the homes on the side streets. The

kids would play and run along the wall and jump across the garbage pit curve, they also used the curve to get on top of the wall. The curve came down to about 6 or 5 feet from ground. The kids would chip toe holds in brick for quick climbing. At night some kids would hide on the toilet roof others would tease the policeman and get him to chase them into the alley, while those hiding would knock his helmet over his eyes so he could not catch them running away. It was great fun, there was always tricks played on policemen, according to the law, kids were not allowed to play on the streets.

Sometimes the girls and boys played together. About this time Buffalo Bill brought his circus and Indians to Liverpool, admission was six pence each. The kids had no money, so had to sneak in. They would dig holes under the wooden fence at the rear, and crawl under. Some nights the girl's gang would join them, there was the usual animal tricks and clowns but what interested the kids most was the wild American Indians and Cowboys. The Indians scalping captives was the most interesting, but they saw wigs being scalped off, not human scalps. The cowboys would fight the Indians and shoot them and save the captives. The Indians used tomahawks and knives, that gave the kids some ideas for their games. After the circus left the kids played Cowboys and Indians, some got wounded or hurt. Once Arthur was a cowboy with a girl on his back, the Indians had sticks and knives, they were knives of broken glass, pieces about 6 to 8 inches long, the cowboys had sticks and heavy string. Arthur's mounted rider got caught, Arthur fought the Indian while his girl tried to tie the Indian's hands or feet, but the Indian stabbed our Arthur in the arm. He left his girl and he ran home for repairs, which meant he was taken to Doctor's house to have a piece of glass taken from his arm and bandaged. For that adventure he was well caned and sent to bed, that ended the Cowboy and Indian game for him for the remainder of the holidays. He still has the wound scar and will always have it.

The gangs would play football in the street, boys against the girls, or two boys gangs, according to how many they had. Of course the police would come and chase them as it was against the law to play in any street or road, but there was no other place for kids to play. The kids being young could outrun the police, but sometimes one would come to the top of the street, and one to the bottom. That would add to the fun. Some kids would run into any house and over the back wall into the alley and out onto the next street, others would dodge past policemen, very seldom were any caught, they were speedy and as slippery as eels. Police would come with arms spread out and legs wide apart, but the kids could pass them or dodge between their legs sometimes knocking them off balance but if you did get caught you got a darn good strapping from the policeman.

By this time his two oldest brothers had left school and were working at their trade, the oldest Charlie, learning French Polishing, the second oldest, Earnest, learning Barbering. All too soon holidays were over and back to school, our Arthur remained in grade two, most others advanced one grade up.

School was as usual. Arthur was now a big boy in a smaller boys class, which did not help him any, as the kids still teased him, and playing football in school yard one day he got his collar bone fractured and was away from school for a long time, so missed more schooling.

Another bit of fun the kids has was turning the gas lights off after the man lit them, the lamp lighter had a torch on a long pole which he would light the street lamps, the kids would follow behind him and climb on a boys shoulder and turn the gas off.

It was about his time the city was changing over from horse drawn trams all over the city to electric trams, the last horse tram ended in 1900. It was about 1898 that change was made on Stanley Road.

Winter ended and spring came. Some of the gang would like to walk out in the country on fine days, when school closed for Easter holidays. They could always get a bite to eat at farm houses but sometimes had to work for it, usually it was clean stables, and during the summer holidays they would toss hay when the farmers were stacking it, and sleep on the stack at night.

Summer holidays over and back to school, our boy passed to grade 3. That year after Xmas holidays our Arthur was 10 years old [in] 1895. So [he] did not return to school but went to work. There were no brothers now going to school, the three elder were at their trade. Arthur's parents thought he was still going to school until one day his mother decided to walk to town, which she very seldom did, then she took another street for a change and it happened to be the street our Arthur was working on. He was a watch boy standing outside a shoe store, stores used to hang merchandise outside to advertise them, the watch boys' job was to see they were not stolen. His mother wanted to know why he was not at school, and took him home, he got a good caning for his not being at school, and next morning was taken to school, then he got another caning. A few days later he was back working in a Tobacco factory down town and inside. In the spring and summer he worked in different departments. All employees were searched on quitting time especially those in tobacco, cigarette and cigar departments, and sometimes men would give the kids that were in other departments tobacco to smuggle out. Our Arthur was in the bag and printing department and was not searched, but the overseers got wise and all were searched. He worked in that factory until the next spring 1896, he was now 11 years old. Then he took an errand boys job on Whitechapel Street for a Mr. Bradshaw who had a Tailors store, by this time his parents saw it was not school he wanted and decided he may as well go to work, as he was not learning anything, having failed his examinations.

Now they knew he was working they took his wages off him and gave him two pence (4c) a week for pocket money.

This new errand boys job was exciting and long hours. He was at the store at 7 am, his first work was to sweep the floor, gather up the bits of cloth around the cutter's table, and general cleaning. The tailors came at 7 am also, they worked on

floor above the store. They worked piece work, so much money for each garment they made. Arthur's next job was dusting the store and brushing the bolts of cloth which took until about 11 am. The boss and cutter came in at 8am and opened the store. Orders for suits that were cut and ready for the tailors upstairs were taken by Arthur and he brought down those that were finished or basted together for first or second fitting. At 11:30 am he went to the pub for the tailors' beer for their dinner. He would eat his lunch with the tailors if there was no work for him to do. His lunch hour was from 12 to 1 pm. Once he had eaten his lunch he would go to Lime Street Railway Station and carry passengers baggage to trains and get a few pennies tips, that is if Porters were not looking, or too busy to watch him. The station was near the tailors shop, so it only took few minutes to get to or from the station. He did very well some days, and this was extra pocket money for him. This was a first class tailors shop and was very particular with their fit. They were noted for their good quality cloth and workmanship. They made formal clothes and had many customers of sea going vessels, so made a lot of sea officers uniforms. In afternoon the errand boy delivered any finished clothes, if there were none to deliver he would be busy keeping the shop clean, there was always something to be done. He would sneak upstairs and wax some thread for the tailors, they used waxed thread for some of their sewing. There were four tailors and one seamstress, she machined trouser leg and sleeve seams, all their sewing was done by hand. There was a speaking tube from cutter's bench to tailors above, there was a whistle at both ends, if shop wanted information about suits, the cutter would blow into tube and foreman would answer and if tailors wanted any information they would whistle down, there were not telephones. If the tailors had no work to be finished for Saturday they would quit at noon, draw their pay, and sometimes give Arthur a penny or two.

I might say that Mr. Bradshaw was very punctual with delivering goods at the time garments were to be finished and delivered. Sometimes our Arthur had to run all the way to make delivery on time, especially Sea Officers that were leaving port. If ships were in the dock, police would not let boys enter dock gates, that would hold delivery back, but after explaining the errand he was allowed to go through. Once he just got to the ship as the gangplank was being taken down, he made his delivery but was out of the dock before he got back on deck, so he had to sail to the harbour mouth and returned on the pilot's boat. When he returned to the store he got almost discharged for taking so long, but after explaining the reason, Mr. Bradshaw got a pass from the harbour board which Arthur took with him when he was making dock deliveries.

Most of the customers lived in the Eastern and Southeastern part of the city, in the Wavertree district and Walton & Anfield, but some lived North in Boorle district. All were in the middle or rich class. The errand boy had to be neat and polite to the customers, but our Arthur soon learned that the middle class gave him the most tips. Friday and Saturdays were the busiest days for deliveries but some were delivered through the week. The autumn was the heaviest load, as overcoats

were included. Some days he would start out to deliver in three directions, go Southeast, swing East and one or two deliveries in Northeast end, getting home late at night. He might walk ten miles before getting home. When winter and Christmas came, deliveries and tailors would work late at night.

1897. The whole winter months were hard work, and Easter was a busy time. One very hard and frightening trip took our Arthur to the far South district, which was the district where all the foreign sailors and Negroes lived. It was a terrible part of the city for a young boy to be, with valuable parcels, and not knowing that part of the city made it more difficult to find the address, although he had been given an idea of where it was. After walking up one street and down another until late at night, he saw a policeman and asked him where the street was. He did not know but said a boy should not be there after dark and with a parcel so he took Arthur to the end of his beat and gave him to the policeman on next beat, who took our Arthur to the address, which was an alley off another alley. The policeman went to the house with him, the house was dark but policeman knocked on door with his night stick, when door opened a large Negro was standing in a long white night shirt and a big club on his shoulder. The policeman told him that a boy had a parcel for him, that changed things, he said it was a formal suit he was to wear at a big wedding the next morning and gave the boy sixpence. The policeman took our Arthur back to first policeman, who took him to the end of his beat and sent him on his way home. The Summer came and Autumn arrived with little change, until the large Negro again came for a uniform. It turned out he was a sea captain on the African line, he asked if I was the boy that delivered his dress suit, when told I was, he told Mr. Bradshaw never to send a boy down to that district again, and to deliver his uniform to the African Steamship office, as it was no place to send a boy with parcels either day or night. It was the same winter rush for our Arthur, but after Christmas it eased up some.

1898. Easter came and business started another busy season. Our Arthur was to be confirmed at 2 pm Easter Saturday and during the week had asked for time off to attend church, but the boss said he could have his lunch hour at 2 pm and to hurry back, as there were suits to be delivered. What suits were ready were delivered in morning but Arthur was at the church on time. He returned to the store at 4 pm for which he was reprimanded and was not finished delivering until very late at night. He arrived home about 3 am and had to be at church at 8 am.

Play and the gang was almost over for him, but they did have some play time on week nights. They were all big boys then and football and fights were the order of things. They would play ball against other gangs, which usually ended up with an all out fight for someone playing rough, but there were other plays that were pleasant.

In the Autumn our Arthur got fired, he was delivering a lot of suits and overcoats one Saturday and returned to store and found it closed, so went home. On Monday morning he went to work as usual and saw a sign in the window "Boy

Wanted." He thought the boss was giving him a helper, and went to work. When tailor opened rear door to start work at 7 am he had sweeping done and was busy dusting when the boss arrived at 8 am. He was mad because he had to hire a cab to make a delivery himself, as Arthur had not returned Saturday night. He told our Arthur he was discharged, he told the boss he returned to store after last delivery about 9pm and found store closed. But he was fired just the same. He got his wages then went upstairs to say goodbye to the tailors, they all wanted to know why. Our Arthur was well liked by them, and when they found out why they all went down to the boss to try and save his job, but the boss was firm so Arthur lost his job in early winter.

In January our Arthur found a new job at the Old Calabar Biscuit Company. The Biscuit Coy was north of his home, the other job was in the main business district. The new job was in industrial part of the city. The back of the factory was on the Liverpool and Leeds canal, which was built in 1770 to bring coal and other material into City and Docks, as there were only narrow cobble stone roads at that time.

This new factory had many departments. They made hard tack sailor biscuits, fancy biscuits and the famous Dog biscuits. There were many employees, men and women, boys and girls. Every morning heavy drays would bring supplies to front of the building, to be unloaded by cranes. There were three cranes, certain supplies went to different floors, the building was six floors high. There were sacks of flour, carcasses of beef, tubs of butter, lard and other ingredients that were used. When drays were unloaded they would be loaded with finished products to take to city or docks. At rear of the factory was the canal, boats pulled by one horse would stop at rear and load cases of biscuits or unload products they had for the company. Along the canal was also a short cut home. Sometimes a boat would be going towards city and workers would ride down in them. Working hours for boys and girls were from 7 am to 6 pm except Saturday, they closed at noon. Wages for boys and girls were 1s 9p to start, and raises were made of different types of work.

The first work for newcomers was wheeling supplies to the bakers. There were long tables on which the dough was measured and put through rollers and formed into shapes. After it left the mixing machines, it was sent to meat tables on endless belts, where the meat was pressed into the dough, then it was transferred to an endless tin baking sheet which passed over the lines of ovens, where they were cooked then pushed into another room, where they were then cooled and packed. This is the way dog biscuits were made.

At 11:30 am the bakers would prepare a dough for themselves and the packers, the butchers would put a steak on biscuits and send them through the ovens for their dinners, the boy would go to the packers room and bring them back to the baking room. They were very tasty and hot.

Our Arthur got several promotions and with each a raise in pay. He left that factory one year later as his father decided he should learn a trade. He wanted to be

a Carpenter and Cabinet Maker as he loved making toys with wood, but like his brothers, Father chose all their trades, which none of them liked or followed.

Our Arthur now being 15 years old was a year too old to enter to learn a trade. The age was 14 years old and 7 years were required to learn then at 21 he was a man and fully trained. So our Arthur found another errand boys job with another tailor shop, near his old job. He received 2/6 a week at this shop, but they were a second class shop and most customers called for their suits. Arthur's work was keeping shop clean and polishing the many brass plates with the odd delivery. In June two of his brothers left England for Canada. Arthur stayed at this shop until end of December. His father had found a harness maker who would take him on to learn harness making. He started January 2nd 1901.

The hours of work were from 8 am until finished at night. At opening time he was given pieces of harness that had been repaired the day before. He was to deliver it to the barns from where it was sent in for repairs and to pick up pieces to repair. Sometimes the barn attendant was there, other times not but harness for repair was hung on a nail for him to take to the shop. Most days he would be loaded very heavily. It may be a heavy iron bound saddle, two or three collars and several other pieces of harness. He got back to the shop around noon, none of the repairs had name tags on them, he had to remember which piece he brought in. No stable had no repair work each day, there was always something to take, it took him a long time to recognize each stable and where it was located.

After lunch at noon, he started to learn how to make waxed thread until 3 pm he then would gather up finished work and deliver it, picking up any to take back to the shop for repairs.

Rats were his greatest terror, they were in the stables, they were larger and fatter than the ordinary alley rat. Some as large as a medium cat, he was more terrified of them than they were of him. They were mostly seen in early morning and evening.

If he returned to shop before closing time he would get more instructions at his trade, he first learned to sew two broken end of straps together again. Next he learned to put buckles on straps. In a month he could attach buckles, make his own and other men's waxed ends and sew two straps together. The next month (February) he learned to work on heavier pieces of harness. He was learning quickly, there were different knives for different work and different sizes of waxed ends.

There is quite an art in sewing. All sewing was done by hand and care had to be taken to get proper size awl and strands of waxed ends for the kind of leather one was working on. Care was needed to push awl through straight, as both sides of sewing had to be identical. If awl went through at an angle stitches would be uneven and work spoiled or charged less money for the job. That also lost the workman the cost, also lost the shop prestige.

There was a vise like chair to hold work firm while being sewed. This seat or bench had two heavy boards upright, one was firm, the other on a hinge. The hinged

one had a piece of rope or leather strap attached to it, the other end passed through the solid upright board and down to a foot lever. The foot lever was an iron bar. When work was put into the vice it was held tight by pressing the iron lever down with the left foot and hucked into the iron cleats on leg of seat or bench, that held work firmly. If one was working on a long strap, like a trace for instance, there would be a strap or rope hanging from above, with a loop at lower end, the end of trace not being worked on would rest in the loop, so work would be held straight in the vise. These seats were quite comfortable when one got used to them. One may say it was like sitting on a horse with a saddle with the foot in a stirrup. Sewing small straps and putting on buckles was not too hard to learn. Sewing was done with both hands, in this shop dull pointed needles were used, needles were entered in an awl hole at same time, so as not to cut through wax ends. When finished it looked the same on both sides, like the present day sewing machine does. As time went on our Arthur learned more and worked on heavier work, but still did all small work if any to be done, as it did not pay to have the tradesmen do it.

Then April came and our Arthur still wanted to be a carpenter and cabinet maker, but his Dad insisted he remain at the harness making. His mother thought differently about it and made inquiries about sending him to Canada. On 16th of April 1901 he and brother Fred sailed for Canada, to start a new life on their own and to their own choosing.

They went aboard the S.S. Lake Champlain at noon. They traveled second class, they shared a four berth cabin with a Frenchman and his son. The trip across the ocean was very pleasant. They had two stormy days in the crossing, but remainder of the trip was calm. There were some wounded Canadian soldiers returning from the Boer War. Our Arthur had tried to enlist in the army when war was declared but was turned down as being too small. So he chummed up with the wounded soldiers and asked them lots of questions, they took to him and they became good pals all the way across. They saw icebergs one day and all passengers went to that side of the ship to watch them.

On the same boat were a lot of Italian immigrants in the storage part of the ship.

The boys were told to eat plenty and they would not be sea sick, which they certainly did. Breakfast was at 7 am for first sitting passengers, and at 8 am second sitting. At 10 am lunch was served buffet style. At 3 pm and 9 pm our boys were lined up for all meals in Dining room. The boys did not miss a meal in the dining room or a buffet lunch, nor were they sea sick. They had a very nice trip across the ocean.

Every night there would be a concert, with passengers taking part, on April 29th the ship reached Quebec City, the ship steward put our boys ashore, even though they were booked to sail to Montreal. Why they were put into Immigration shed with the Italian Immigrants they did not know, but they heard that the steward lost his job over it, as it caused the shipping company a lot of trouble. Arrangements

had been made for the CPR to meet and see they got on the right train and to collect their baggage which was in the hold of the ship. They were the only English passengers put off the ship, only steerage passenger "immigrants" were to leave at Quebec City. They did not know what to do, as everybody spoke French at Immigration Office. They left the ship in the morning so they sat on their hand baggage until about 11 pm. Inquiries were made for the ship that two boys were missing and may have left the ship at Quebec City, that was when they began to look for them. They were asleep on floor of shed with the Italians who were not very clean. Nor were the two boys by that time. They were found by an elderly Scotch Lady around midnight. She took them to her rooms over the station, and as they were dirty, she told them to take all their clothes off to be cleaned and washed. Brother Fred was sent to the bathroom to take a good bath, then she took our Arthur and scrubbed him clean. She gave both boys a night shirt and put them to bed, it was a lovely clean room and bed. Next morning being Sunday, there were no trains to Montreal, so they had to wait until Monday.

Sunday morning she brought their breakfast to them and said their clothes were being cleaned and to stay in bed until noon, while they were eating she told them about the steward putting them off the boat at in Quebec City. At dinner time the dining room table steward missed them at their table, as they had not missed a meal all the way across, and he reported it to the Officer in charge of dining room. He went to their cabin to see if they were sick. The Officer found another couple in the cabin, they did not know of any two boys, so he returned to the dining room and asked the Frenchman who had been in their cabin if he knew where the boys were. He told him the steward put them off at Quebec City and brought a man and wife into the cabin for Montreal. The officer questioned the couple and found they had paid the steward for the use of the cabin. So the steward was arrested, and word was signaled at the next village for them to telegraph Quebec City to locate the two boys, that is how they were found, had they not been regular diners they may never have been found.

At noon they got their clothes and went to dinner, after that they walked about old Quebec City taking in the sights until supper time as only the Scotch Lady spoke English the boys went to bed early. After breakfast Monday morning she told them they would leave at noon on the train for Montreal, they would be met there and given supper, then taken to train for Woodstock. Before getting on train she tied a tag on coat button so they would be recognized when they reached Montreal. On arrival in Montreal they were met and taken to a house near the Windsor CPR station. They were given their supper and later taken to the station and put on the train for Woodstock, the end of their exciting trip. They arrived at Woodstock noon the next day. They were tired and hungry after sitting up all night on a very hard uncomfortable railway seat. There were no brothers to meet them, as they were two days late in arriving.

The Life of an Emigrant Boy 1901-1964

Arthur arrived at Quebec City April 29th 1901 with 35 cents in his pocket. He was booked for Woodstock, New Brunswick. He arrived there May 2nd, 1901 with no money in his pocket and no job, he was tired and very hungry.

Woodstock was a small country town with a population of less than 1,000, it was an agricultural town. Arthur got a job with a farmer six miles from town for one year for his bed and meals. Arthur arrived at the farm about 5 pm and was at once introduced to the barn and handed a dung fork and told to clean the cow and horse barns. When that was finished it was time for supper. After supper Arthur was taken to a shed filled with old harness and broken farm machinery and told that was his bedroom. There was an old straw mattress and couple of old blankets, also a lot of spiders and mice for company. After supper and shown the bedroom he was sent to pasture to bring the cows to barn for a milking. He was told to only bring in the cows and leave the other animals in pasture, but Arthur being a city boy did not know a cow from any other animal brought all the animals in, for his ignorance he got a few kicks in the rump, and told what a cow was. He was then taught to milk a cow, teaching Arthur was a hard thing to do, but he soon got the idea, but his poor hands being small soon got so sore he could only milk two cows to the farmers six, for which he got another kick in the rump. When milking was finished Arthur returned the animals to pasture, then feed the pigs, then the sheep, and clean the cow barn, fill the wood box, carry two pails of water to the house, it was then about 9 pm. Arthur was told to go to bed. He was a very tired and homesick boy. His bedroom having no window he groped his way to his bed and just fell on it and cried himself to sleep. That was Arthur's first real day in Canada as a farmers boy.

At daybreak next morning he was awakened, and another day started, he could feel every bone and muscle aching but being fully dressed and door left open he could see the stairs and made his way to the barn where he could see the farmer (who's name was Howard Everett) feeding the horses. Arthur was sent to the pasture for the milking cows and warned not to bring other animals. The pasture was at the back field and into the woods. There was a narrow lane leading to the pasture, after some time he located the milk cows and started them down the lane. When he arrived at the barn he was told to be quicker next time. Milking finished the farmer drove the milk to town. It had to be at the dairy by 7 am. Arthur's job was to clean the barn, return cows to pasture, feed pigs, clean two stables, fill the kitchen wood box, carry several pails of water to the kitchen, water small calves in the stable, then have breakfast. After that he was to have horses harnessed ready for work by time the farmer came home. Arthur had no idea how to harness a horse. He asked farmer's wife how to do it, she was more understanding than her husband and she showed him how. On his return Arthur had the horses all ready for work. About 7 am he was taken to the field and taught how to harrow. A harrow is a farm implement usually formed of pieces of lumber or metal crossing each other and set with iron teeth called tines. The farmer walks behind the horses and harrow to break

the plowed land to make it smooth ready for seed. Arthur was told to harrow until sun was in a certain place, then unhitch horses and take them to barn and feed them, and come to house for dinner. After dinner he was to do chores until the horses had eaten for an hour. Then go back to the field until sun was at another place, then come in for supper. After supper Arthur was to get the cows in for milking, then return cows to pasture, clean barns, feed pigs, and other chores until dark, then to bed.

Next day and others to follow was much the same. Farmer sowed the seed on harrowed field, Arthur followed with harrow to cover seed, which was sowed broadcast by hand, Arthur was also taught to sow seed. Later came plowing, that was very hard for Arthur he being small could not reach the handles so was put to work picking stones and carrying them to piles along the fence. Arthur was a very tired sick homesick boy, but he was learning and growing stronger every day. It seemed like every day there was something new to learn, then hay making time came. By this time Arthur's shoes wore out, being light city shoes, so farmer gave him an old pair of his several times too big. His clothes got too small as Arthur kept growing so farmer brought him a pair of overalls and straw hat. Mr. Everett had three horses, two heavy work horses and one driver. Now that hay making was started Arthur got his first riding job of raking hay. Arthur used the driving horse for this light job, work became easier but the hours longer. When haying was finished Mr. Everett did not need Arthur so made excuses to fire him (all lies). After dinner Arthur packed his few treasures and left. He had outgrown all the nice clothes he brought to Canada, so left with one shirt, overalls and straw hat, socks and old shoes too large for him.

Half way to town he got a job at 40 cents a day to help a man, Mr Harding, who on Sunday was Deacon of the Church. The haying was completed in ten days. Arthur asked for his wages but the Deacon said he had no money and the Lord would pay him. So Arthur was out of a job once more with no money or clothes, but not for long, across the road was another farmer that could use him. This farmer was running this farm for a very old couple who had a separate house that they both lived in and farmer and wife lived in the farm house, Arthur was given a room at back of the house upstairs. Harvest was just starting, there was only one cow and a few pigs on this farm so after days work ended there were few chores for Arthur. He wondered why there was no hay in the barn, also why farmer took the day's harvest into town every night while he did the few chores and went to bed. Arthur worked all through the harvest and it was getting cold weather. Arthur asked farmer for some money to buy some warm clothes, (this farmer was called Bert) he said he would fix him up for the winter the end of the week. Harvest would be finished and we would all go to town on Saturday. Friday night all went to bed as usual, Saturday morning Arthur awoke to see broad daylight, no one had called as was done every morning. On dressing Arthur went to the barn as usual, but there were no horses nor cow to feed, and the ground was covered with snow. Arthur returned

to the house to wake up Bert, but there was no Bert, and his bed was gone and all the furniture. Arthur was very worried and went over to the old folks house to tell them. They were still abed, when Arthur told the two old folks what he saw, the old folks burst into tears. The old man asked Arthur to walk the three miles to town and ask the Marshal to come out to the farm. The Marshal's name was Owan Kelly. Arthur did not know Mr. Kelly by sight so he had to ask where he lived. When Arthur reached the Marshall's house Mr and Mrs Kelly were having breakfast. They invited Arthur to eat when they heard he had not had breakfast, then Arthur told his story and Mr Kelly said he would drive out to the farm to see the old folks. After breakfast Arthur helped Mr Kelly with the chores then they took the horse and buggy the half mile into Woodstock. On their arrival in town Mr Kelly stopped and tied his horse to the rack and took Arthur into the restaurant and told him to wait there until he returned. Mr Kelly found out that Arthur had no warm clothes while driving into town.

Mr Albert Palmer who owned the restaurant gave Arthur a mug of hot tea and packet of cigarettes, first smoke he had since arriving in Canada six months ago. Mr Palmer asked Arthur a lot of questions and told Arthur there was an English boy working across the river in Grafton, then Arthur said he had three brothers somewhere around Woodstock but he did not know where.

Mr Kelly returned about two hours later with some warm second hand clothing he had gathered about town. Arthur put them on at the back of the restaurant. It was a small one man restaurant. Mr Kelly found out that Bert had crossed over into the USA about daybreak, so could not bring him back for punishment. Bert had sold all the years crop and took all the money with him.

Mr Kelly and Arthur drove out to the old folks farm. He picked up his few treasured things then joined the Marshal inspecting the barns and fields. There was no machinery left nor anything moveable. Bert had stripped the farm clean, the Marshal told the old folks to pack what things they wanted and he would come out in the afternoon with a team and wagon and take them into town.

Mr Palmer gave Arthur his dinner and told him he thought he could get him a good home at Maplewood about twenty miles from Woodstock as he had relatives there. Arthur ate and slept in the restaurant for a few days while Mr Palmer wrote his relatives. A few days later a letter arrived saying a Mr Smith would be glad to give Arthur a home on his farm for a year and would give him board and clothes and pay him the next year \$100. So Arthur started a new life. The Marshal bought his railway ticket (one dollar) and put him on the train for Millville the nearest station. On arriving at Millville a country village with railway station, two general stores and a few houses, Arthur inquired from station agent if Mr. Smith was at station to meet him. Agent said he knew him but had not seen him and for Arthur to inquire at Post Office which was in one of the general stores. Being a small place everybody knew everybody and Postmaster knew Arthur was coming but did not know when, so when Arthur asked him if Mr Smith was in the village was told he

was not. The postmaster told Arthur Maplewood was five miles out, but the mailman was going out there and he may get a ride out with him and to wait in store until he came. Mail went out once a week, and lucky for Arthur, that was mail day. Mr Sid Palmer was the mail carrier who also farmed in the settlement. When the Mailman came for the mail he saw Arthur and asked him if he was the English boy going to live with Alfred Smith, on finding he was, he said he would take him out. Mr Palmer was a nice Christian man and asked Arthur a lot of questions on the drive out, and seeing he was poorly clad wrapped him in a robe. On the drive out he learned all Arthur's hard story. He also told Arthur that he had no children of his own but had a niece and two boys at his farm home who were also homeless, also an old man who just did chores, he also was homeless and alone in the world. Arthur learned a lot about all the people in the settlement on drive out. There was not enough snow to use the sleigh yet so the mailman used horse and buggy which was too heavy for the horse to run, on account of the muddy road, so the horse just walked. It took a long time to reach the Smith farm, and since the mailman lived a mile further up the road, Arthur was dropped off at Smith's gate and he walked to house. They were having supper when Arthur got into house, so invited him to eat. During supper they asked a lot of questions, some of which they already had heard by letter from Woodstock. The Smith family consisted of two old parents, father and mother of Alfred and his wife, Arthur was told to call the old couple Grandpa and Grandma, Mr Smith as Alfred and his wife Carole. Arthur liked his new home and people. After supper was cleared away Arthur was told he could go to bed, and Grandpa would bring all his clothes down stairs and they would make them to fit him. Arthur at last had a bedroom and bed in a warm house. In the morning Grandpa brought Arthur's clothes to him and told him he could get up and come down to breakfast.

Now let us describe this happy family, for that is how Arthur describes them. Grandma was tall and thin and very old fashioned, but very nice. Grandpa was shorter and fatter and had whiskers, they were both in their 80s. Alfred and Carole were average build, there were no children yet.

The kitchen was average as farm kitchens go. There was a low stove with the oven over the stove on the stove pipe which heated the oven very well, a table in centre, Grandma's rocking chair, several chairs and a wash bench which served as a seat. This wash bench was used in the winter with a bowl for washing hands and face, in summer it was out in wood shed. In the kitchen there were shelves with a clock and spice tins on it, a kitchen cabinet for dishes, flour, sugar, bread and other things, also an old couch. Later Arthur was shown the barn and the animals, he did very little all day. The animals there were two work horses and a driving horse, about six cows some calves and sheep, pigs and hens. By supper time Grandma had knit him a pair of mitts and Carole had a stocking and a half knit.

After supper Grandpa and Arthur did the dishes while Grandma and Carole got their knitting out, it was time to get at knitting winter woollies for all the sheep

kept them in wool. In spring sheep were sheared and wool either carded at home or sent to the mill 40 miles away to Fredericton, for carding. At the mill they took one quarter of the wool for pay.

There was not much work other than farm chores to be done so Arthur helped with the house work. He was taught to cook and learned to churn butter and many other useful chores. The weather was getting colder and snow got deeper. Alfred took butter and eggs to the village and traded them for a pair of moccasins, money was not used, nobody on farms had money. Arthur at last was clothed for winter, in October winter was settled in.

Now work started, it was time for butchering for market, but first the wheat and oats had to be threshed. Threshing was a community undertaking as there was only one threshing machine and treadmill in the settlement. The treadmill was a heavy box like contraption large enough to hold two heavy horses, it had a moveable floor, this treadmill had a large wheel on one side, which turned as the horses walked. The treadmill was tilted, a long rubber belt went from the wheel of the treadmill to the wheel of the thresher. All farmers congregated at the barn where threshing was being done (what was called a Bee). Some fed the thresher, others piled the straw, some carried the grain to the granary, everybody worked. When that farm was threshed they all move to the next farm and thresh his grain, and on to the next farm until all are finished. The farmer's wives do the cooking and feeding the men, several wives come to help out. Arthur met all the farmers during the threshing, one farm was missed and Arthur never found out why. From the Smith farm the first one in the settlement they moved on to Arthur Kelly's farm, next was Bill Kelly, then Arthur's sons, then Geo Newells, then Manzer and Arthur Newell, next Shepards, then Loves then Palmers, then Faulkner, and last Bill Smith, Bill was the brother of Alfred. When all were threshed, all returned home, then butchering started. Alfred killed and dressed two steers, 4 sheep and four pigs. Grandpa and Grandma killed a lot of roosters and plucked them, all meat was frozen. Arthur learned the new business of butchering, but killing pigs was tricky, and a cold and wet job. A big barrel was set at an angle into which boiling water was put in, then dead pig was pushed into hot water, pulled out and all hair shaved or scraped off with sharp knives. As the weather was freezing the pig soon got cold and was put into the water again, then scraping continued. Then the job was to clean the wheat to take to the grist mill to be made into flour for the next years food. Each farmer grew a few acres of wheat for their own use. The cleaning of the wheat was done on barn floor, both barn doors were opened just enough to allow enough wind through to blow chaff out of the wheat which was slowly dropped from above, then bagged. When all was ready for market, the sleds were cleaned, new straw put on floor of sled, covered with a sheet and meat, poultry and butter were loaded and covered, and bags of wheat were put on top. Alfred started for market at Fredericton, on the way he would leave his wheat at Grist mill, sometimes several farmers would go at same time for company. It was a two days drive to market. They would stop

at some farm house over night. Each farmer had a list of things needed for house or farm, and would trade his load for needed articles, which could not be grown or made on farm. Grandpa and Arthur stayed home to do chores and look after the farm and clean and slice apples for future use, which was quite a chore in itself. Apples were cored, sliced into thin slices and threaded on string which was strung around kitchen near the ceiling for drying. This was all like pioneering to Arthur and he liked it very much, it was a real new life for him and he learned many new things which in years to come was very handy to know. We will learn later what all these new things meant to him. Alfred returned home late Saturday night and drove the sled load into barn for the night and all went to bed. Sunday morning after chores were finished we unloaded the sled and put the things he had bought in their places. On the way home he stopped at grist mill to pick up his flour and bran. Flour was hung from rafters in attic to keep mice from eating holes in the bags. The flour was stored for a year to mature. He also brought Arthur a pair of shoe packs and snow shoes. Something new for him to learn as snowshoes were used a lot in winter with the deep snow.

Now it was time to go to the woods (forest) to cut the years supply of fuel, axes were sharpened and all was ready. Arthur had been practising the art of walking with snowshoes, so he and Alfred started for the woods. Alfred carried the two axes in case Arthur fell and cut his head off, and Arthur carried the pot of dinner and bag of bread stuff. The morning was taken up in teaching Arthur how to chop a tree down in proper direction, and the different kinds of trees, hardwood and softwood trees. The hardwood trees were the ones we were to cut for firewood Maple, Birch and Beech. On arriving where cutting was to be done Arthur learned how to make a temporary camp and fireplace, which Alfred made and built a small fire. He set a pot of beans near the fire to keep hot while we located what trees to cut, marking them so Arthur would know them. By that time we were hungry, so back to the fire. Alfred made up the fire while Arthur got a pail of snow for tea water. While things were heating they got out plates and knives, bread and butter, etc. When the water boiled Alfred threw a handful of tea in water and set the pail to one side, this was amusing to Arthur for he had not seen tea made that way before. When all was ready they set about eating. After dinner Arthur chopped a tree down while Alfred watched and corrected any mistakes. This went on all afternoon until time to put on snowshoes to return home, which was about two miles away. Bean kettle and dishes were taken home for refill and axes were left at the camp site. All week they went into the woods. By this time Arthur had mastered the art of a lumberman, with a lot of aching muscles, but he was growing stronger every day and soon got over aching muscles, ready for any new experiences that may come along. When enough logs were cut, enough for about ten cords of firewood when cut and split into stove size. The next job was getting the logs into farm yard. The last few days of cutting they took horses and bob sleds, they would cut till dinner time, then they would load the bob sled and head for home, taking five or six logs to a load. When enough

was cut they would haul two loads a day until all logs were piled in farm yard. That ended the hard work for a time, just the chores to be done morning, noon and night.

In the long winter evenings Carole would read and knit, Grandma would knit and doze off once in a while. The others would sit around the stove, mitts and stockings hanging by the stove drying. The one who was the lucky one had the old couch, all were equal, first on the couch had it.

When all the farmers had their wood in, the round of visiting would start. Some farmers went to the woods with their horses to work for the winter, but Arthur liked the visiting. Every house would have the visit in turn, all would gather in the parlour for singing, every house had an old organ. They would sing hymns and tell stories until about 9 pm then have lunch, usually doughnuts, cookies and milk, at about ten they would all go home. The next night another house had them all. What Arthur liked the most was that every house always had a jar full of doughnuts and cookies, for he was growing and always hungry. Arthur had opportunities to learn many things, for there would be sick animals to doctor, and towards spring help cows, sheep and pigs at births of their young, and bottle feed weak ones. The lambs seemed the main ones to bottle feed. He also learned to carpenter, if something made of wood broke it had to be remade, so off to the woods for right kind of tree and size of wood, then see the article made perhaps a wagon tongue, or neck yokes or wiffletrees, stanchions for cattle barn, every repair had to be made and winter time was when it was done. He also learned to shoe horses and was jack of all trades, not forgetting the cooking, butter making and churning and darning his own stockings, mitts and sweater, and many other trades. One could not drive 40 miles every time something needed mending or repairing. There were no telephones, electricity or motor cars, or washing machines. Washing was done on washing scrub board, there were many interests for Arthur.

There were no Government snow plows breaking roads after a snow storm, the people had to do it themselves. This they did with a long log split in two pieces and formed like a triangle about seven feet wide at the base and poles or planks nailed across to keep base out the width. They would have horses tied to the point of plow, with the driver standing on it to hold it down. One farmer would go until he met another, each would help neighbour turn around and on return trip he would leave the road about every half mile and plow a turn about along the ditch so teams could pass. The nearest turnout would wait for oncoming team. There were bells on the horses in winter, not only for music but to warn oncoming traffic. Most farmers used the two horse sleds when going some place. When going with a one horse sleigh the horse was not in the centre of sleigh like a wagon in summer time, the shafts were on a sliding bar, and shafts were moved to one side in front. That was done when there was a ridge in centre of road made by the two horse sleds. The bells on the one horse sleighs were very musical, some fastened on the shafts, some loosely belted around the horse, one could hear the coming a long way off. They were not all the same tone and one got used to the different sound, and you could

tell who was driving past the house. We could hear the mailman coming long before he got to our farm and would go out to the road to give him any letters to mail, or a list of small things needed from the store. You could hear him returning home and go out to the road and collect articles he brought you, but he did not deliver mail, one had to go to Arthur Kelly's son, the postmaster, for his mail. The mail was delivered to the postmaster in locked bags. Arthur usually had the job of picking up the mail at the postmaster's house.

In winter time Arthur would set out a few traps along the brook that ran at back of farm in the woods, if he caught any furs he would sell them to Mr. Palmer, who did a lot of trapping in the winter. He would get credit of 25 cents for a good mink, 20 cents for a muskrat and 5 cents for a weasel. Days passed rather quickly and March came and new things and work came to Arthur, for in March 1902 another Bee came in the settlement, it was wood sawing time. Now this was done with the treadmill and horses like the threshing, only the belt from the treadmill went to a wooden frame on which a cross cut saw was attached to an axle which moved forward and backward to saw the logs into stove size length, about 20 inches long. One man marked the cut length and moved the cut pieces, another man pushed the log to the saw as each piece was cut off, several men split chunks into slabs, Arthur threw the slabs onto a pile to dry. The saw cut very quickly, what the saw cut in one day would take two men a week to cut, it would take them less than a day to cut all the logs. After all the logs were cut and slabbed the crew moved to the next farm, and set up the machine ready to start next morning. These piles of slabs stayed outside all summer and in spare time slabs were split into stove size and thrown into another pile to dry. This job was usually done during March and April. In the fall after harvest was all done the wood pile was wheeled or carried into the woodshed for the winter, and the yard cleaned up ready for the new logs to be cut during the winter.

On arrival of spring Arthur was able to plough and do all kinds of farming, he worked through the seeding, haying until harvest time. When finished Arthur had worked and his year was done. He asked Alfred about the next year and the one hundred dollars but Alfred told him he could not give him any wages so Arthur quit. Mr Sid Palmer said he would give him a hundred dollars a year so Arthur moved to the Palmer farm but hated to leave the Smiths, they were very nice about it so they parted good friends. Arthur often visited the Smiths during that year.

Now at the Palmer farm things were somewhat different, one boy had left, so Arthur took his place. Mr Palmer had many other occupations. He bought and sold cattle for city cattle brokers. He brought them to his farm for fattening ready for spring market so the two boys and Old Bill had lots of barn chores to do. Mr Palmer also did a lot of trapping in the winter, sometimes Arthur went with him, sometimes Charlie went, Charlie was the other boy. Arthur learned how to set traps, but only small traps. Mr Palmer trapped bears, foxes, lynx and any fur animal there was to trap. If Arthur caught any he would get credit for them, other winter's work was

about the same as at the Smith farm except Mr Palmer cut and stored a lot of ice for his ice house.

Cutting ice was cold hard work for the lake was large and always a cold wind blowing. The cutting of ice blocks was a new experience for Arthur, as he was taken to the lake to help. First Mr Palmer would mark out the line to saw along while Arthur cut a hole at the corner of the mark. First he used his axe to chop hole about eight square inches, as deep as he could, then finish with a sharp chisel on long handle, when hole was deep enough to strike water he was at the bottom of the ice, about two to three feet thick. Then came the sawing, one used an ice saw the other used cross cut saw with one handle taken off, as there was only one ice saw. To saw one walked backwards to straddle the line and sawed along the marked line. The cakes were about five to six feet long and about two feet wide. When the cutting was finished a chain was slipped around the cake and horses brought out of the woods, where they were left out of the cold wind. Getting the first cake out of the lake was the hardest job, as it just fitted the space, so saw cut had to be widened to allow chain to be put around the cake, also a small cake was cut at one end to allow large cake to come out. When all was ready Arthur's job was to take long handled chisel and push one end of cut cake down so the other end would come up enough to be hauled out by the horses. The ice was put on two small logs to prevent it freezing to the ice of the lake, it was then loaded on the sled and taken home, it took all the short day to get the first cake out. Once the first cake was out it was no trick to get all the others out far enough to loop the chain around. The ice house held a couple of tons of ice.

When the ice was all packed away with its sawdust insulation the next job was getting next year's wood cut and hauled into the farm yard. Another job Mr Palmer had was boarding teamsters who in winter hauled Hemlock bark to the railway to be shipped to the tannery. The bark was cut during the summer by tannery people. It took about two weeks to haul all the bark to the railway station. There were six or eight teams hauling so Mr Palmer got paid board in money. Arthur and Charlie had more work, cleaning the barns for all the extra horses and getting hay down from the mow.

The winter passed and March 1903 came. Mr Palmer also had a maple grove from which he gathered sap for maple syrup, and a sugary, so another new experience for Arthur. Gathering sap was a nasty, hard and wet job. Everyone went out gathering which started in the late afternoon. Each person carried two pails, and emptied the sap cans into the pails and emptied the pails into large barrels on a sled. As there was lots of snow in the woods and it was soft and full of water walking was difficult. Under the snow was rough ground, and once in a while one would step into a hole or trip over a log or snag and would fall down with two pails of sap going all over him wetting him from head to foot. Sap would stop running about four o'clock as the sun went down, so all sap cans would be full. Sap started to run in the morning when warm sun reached the trees in late morning. Enough maple

syrup was made to last a year. That job finished it was wood splitting time, and chores to be done, so in all it was a busy winter. During Arthur's spare time he caught some fur animals in his traps, for which he got paid or credit.

Now is the time to get the machinery out and cleaned ready for spring seeding work. Cattle and sheep are put out to pasture. Fattening stock are given extra feed in the barn. After seeding is done, we drive the fat cattle to Cloverdale where another buyer drives them to Hartland to be shipped to St. John N.B. Mr Palmer now peddles meat three days a week. So three nights a week there is a steer to kill and dress sometimes a sheep or pig. Mr Palmer is away all day, while Arthur, Charlie and old Bill look after chores and split what wood is left, and many other jobs that need doing.

The family here consists of Mr Palmer's mother who is very old and bedridden, Mr and Mrs Palmer, a niece, old Bill, Charlie and Arthur. They have a large house and the only furnace in the settlement. He is the richest farmer in the settlement. Every day is about the same as the one before, lots of work.

Arthur also learned to make beams and sills from trees. As some eight by eight timbers were needed, logs were cut and hauled into wood yard and hewn with broadaxe. All barn and house timbers were done this way, by their fathers and grandfathers, as there were no saw mills as we have today. Some buildings were over one hundred years old then (1903), and are still standing and in use in 1956, and look good for many years to come.

There was soft and hard soap to be made for the year. A large barrel was placed up on blocks just off the floor in the woodshed. A hole was bored in the bottom and a broom handle pushed into the hole, then a foot of straw put in the bottom of the barrel. The barrel was almost filled with hardwood ashes, water was then put in the ashes a couple of pails at a time. Water was put in every two days. The lye that was produced was drained off into a five or ten gallon crock by pulling up the broom handle. When enough lye was made it was boiled with all the winter grease and fat until thick as cream, then poured into large wooden pails which held ten gallons. To make hard bars of soap it was boiled until quite thick then poured into moulds to harden. This is all the soap we used for every purpose. No perfumed or fancy soap in those early days nor any dish pan hands we hear of today over radio or TV. Spring, summer and fall were about the same as the year before.

Just before Christmas Arthur was homesick to see his brothers and the town and the people, so he asked for his fur money, having used his one hundred dollars up during the year in clothes and moccasins. Arthur took off through the woods to get the train to Woodstock. Through the woods was a short cut, about three miles, but Arthur had not been that way before and was guided by the sun. It was a very clear and cold day forty eight degrees below zero and Arthur froze both his ears as stiff as a board. He took the wrong turns several times, but at last reached railway lines. There was no shelter to get into so Arthur had to wait in the open. Arthur knew the train had not come, as he would have heard its whistle. The sound of a

train whistle can be heard for miles in the clear cold weather. Arthur was cold so he built himself a fire against the railway embankment and waited. As it turned out the train was hours late on account of it being so cold. When the train finally arrived Arthur flagged it down as there was no station. Getting on board the conductor advised Arthur to stay outside on back platform as the heat of train would thaw his ears too fast, and cause serious trouble, even to dropping off. Arriving in Woodstock he met Marshall Kelly who on seeing his frozen ears took him to his home. His old mother made Arthur stay outside while she got some herb leaves, with which she made a poultice and covered Arthur's ears with it, then went into house and had a lunch. He was told to come back every five hours or so to have the poultice changed. It was felt that the herb leaves drew out the frost slowly. Arthur saw one of his brothers who was working across the river in Grafton, he slept with him that night and the old lady at that house took over poulticing his ears. Two days later frost was all out and Arthur returned home. For years later his ears were very tender and he kept them covered when cold weather came.

Arthur stayed in Maplewood that winter, he trapped for furs as much as possible to make some money, for he was not getting any money for his winter's work. He caught a lot of animals that winter and in early spring (1904) left to join his brothers in town for he was still homesick for stores and sidewalks. He sold ten dollars worth of furs from his trap line to have some spending money.

1904. A new life started once again for Arthur, his brothers did not have all the trades that he had. They all worked near the town and no need to have to make articles or cut a tree for fuel. Everybody around town bought their fuel from dealers. Nor was there need to blacksmith, as there were several in the town, so life was much easier. Arthur got a job on a small farm with a man named Ed who did not know much about farming for he was a storekeeper for years. His health was failing so he sold his store and bought the farm. He also had a large town house which was rented. He was quite well off as far as money went. The farm was one and half miles from town. Arthur's two brothers also changed jobs, Fred was three miles from town on the same road, Charlie was on the farm behind the farm where Fred worked, on a branch road. The three brothers all met in town every Saturday night to celebrate and get mail if there was any from England. Arthur received ten dollars a month each last day of the month, Fred and Charlie also received the same pay, but not regular like Arthur, so he was the Banker. There were no trees on farm where Arthur worked but there was a small brook which ran along the line between farms and it was very shallow and of no value to water the horses or cattle. So Arthur the jack of all trades built a small dam of stones taken from the brook and had a pool about a foot deep which was enough to water the animals. The farmer thought that was ok, and was very pleased with Arthur's idea, also the ladies for the water was soft and better for their washing. At this farm were Ed and his wife, daughter, grand daughter, one son and Arthur. The son did no farm work and Arthur had to drive him and the grand daughter into town every morning. The grand

daughter to school, and the son to hang about town doing nothing. There were three horses on this farm, two work horses and one driving horse which was the son's. There were four milking cows and three calves and some pigs and hens so chores were few and work easy for Arthur. The horse stable was very awkward to get into or out of being about four feet higher than the ground with a few planks to climb into stable. After seeding was done, Arthur suggested that he and Ed go to the Government woods and get a few logs to make a proper runway to the stable. Having no axe Ed bought one, then off they went with a team and sloven wagon. They went about five miles to the woods. Arthur selected and chopped the logs and brought them home. He hewed one face for top and cut to fit stable sill. They picked big stones off the piles in the field and Arthur cemented them with cow manure and straw to support the centre beam, which he had hewn flat on top and bottom. They then put the logs in place using hay wire to fasten to centre beam and to the sill of stable, burying the other ends to level of barn yard. Then they covered it all over with sandy gravel from the brook. The job was perfect and was still in use and solid when Arthur visited the place 50 years later, but it had changed hands several times since Arthur left there. Arthur did many useful things on that farm which would have cost Ed many dollars. Arthur worked for Ed a year and did the spring seeding then moved into town and worked at any job that came along, this was 1905.

If one did not have a job he did not eat, as there were no soup kitchens or government aid. Arthur had many odd jobs, a good wage was ten cents to fifteen cents an hour, board and room cost three dollars a week. That summer Arthur and his brother Fred got work on the railway laying heavy steel for the larger trains. The wage was ten to fifteen cents an hour. The railway supplied the cook and bunk cars and all shared the cost of the food. There were ten men in each crew. The fifty Italians on the job had their own bunk cars and cook car.

When fall came and work stopped for the winter Arthur and Fred went to the lumber woods in Maine, USA for 25 dollars a month and board, cutting logs until Christmas. There were five crews at this lumber camp, seven men to a crew. Two chopped trees down, one cut limbs off and the top of the tree at eight inches in diameter. Two swampers, who cut brush to make path to get tree out of the yard. A teamster hauled the log to the yard where the yard tender, Arthur, piled them about twelve feet high. Now a yard is built about twenty feet deep, as the teamster brings the logs to the yard he helps the yard tender to roll them up on skids. The yardman rolls them to back of yard until that tier is full, then yardman has to cut more skid poles for next tier. When yard gets two tier high, a chain is fastened to both ends of the yard with a loop, making like two sides of a triangle with yard as base. Then block and tackle is fastened to a tall tree at the centre and back of the yard, a rope is threaded through pulley to centre of chain. When a log arrives at the yard it is rolled on the chain, then horses hitched to the rope, to the centre point of chain and the log is rolled up the skids to top of yard. Arthur's job is to keep all butt ends even, cut skids for each layer of logs and longer ones for logs to be rolled

up, so is a very busy man. He also has to keep tally on the number of logs in the yard also what kind, spruce, fir or pine. A day's cut can average from 75 up according to how far choppers moved back. When yard first starts all cutting is close by and more logs were put on the yard in a day. Later fewer logs were hauled as they had to be hauled further, so yardman had to figure the difference in the daily cut and make nightly report of the day's cut. If 130 were cut first day he would report one hundred and what was termed 30 in the bank, next days cut may be 120, then 20 more went into the bank, an average hundred a day was a good days work, so when the cut became less than the hundred, yard man took from the bank to make up the 100. This continued until all logs were cut in that allotment of land, and crew all moved to new cutting ground. On the last day of cutting all logs are taken from the bank. It is important that company know exactly number of logs in each yard, as they have a contract for so many logs. There is great rivalry between the crews, but the best friendship is maintained and all work together.

Now about camp life, the loggers lived in log cabins, two rows of bunks one upper and the other lower, bedding was straw about one foot deep covered with a long blanket, the upper berth was too hot the lower one too cold. A bench was provided along one side or end to sit on. A big stove sat at one end with a pipe through hole in roof. A lumber cabin is built in two sections under one roof. Sleeping quarters at one end, the cook section at other end, between them was an empty passage with a door at one end, and a window at other end. One entered by the door in the middle, to go to cook and eating end, or sleeping end. The hall between the two sections was called the Dingle. The grindstone for sharpening the axes was in the Dingle also one would see many axes sticking in the logs. After supper axes were sharpened, each man ground his own axe while his mate turned the stone, then they would change places. Lights were out at 9:30 pm and no more talking or noise, as men were all very tired and were up at 5:30 in the morning. Around Christmas cutting would be finished and half the crew would leave as their work for that winter was finished for them in the woods. They would go to the Head Office for their pay and railway ticket home. The others would be kept on to do whatever job would be assigned to them.

1905. Team and drivers and remaining men started hauling the logs off the yards to the streams and piled them on the ice. In spring when ice melted the logs would travel down the river and be gathered at sorting booms at various mills along the river. This is called the drive. There would be other companies cutting along the streams which flowed into the same big river. Logs would be mixed on the way down the river, as they reached the booms they were sorted out. Logs for the first mill were sidetracked into another boom for that mill, others were sent on their way down river again to other mills. Arthur forgot to mention that each company marked their logs as they were cut. Arthur and Fred returned to Woodstock at Christmas, and they worked at odd jobs until spring.

1906. In July Arthur, Fred and Harry thought they should have a holiday, so they joined the Militia for twelve days in military camp at Sussex, NB. Arthur and Fred were in infantry, Harry joined Horse artillery. For this holiday they received one dollar a day and food, it was a nice holiday. When camp closed Arthur liked soldiering and joined the regular army. So July 6th 1906 Arthur joined the Royal Canadian Regiment stationed at Fredericton, NB, and he stayed in army until August 1907. Army life was too easy and lazy for Arthur, so he bought his discharge for \$100. He returned to Woodstock, Arthur and Fred got a job working on the dam. It was a dam for electric power. They got 15 cents an hour for ten hours a day. If no time was lost they earned nine dollars a week. Board and room cost three dollars a week. The dam was finished just before Christmas and they were again out of work. On Christmas morning they were awakened to return to work, the dam had sprung a leak. The engineer drove them to the dam where farmers were there with loads of pressed hay and loose hay. We were to drop bales of hay into the stream through the ice to try and block the leak. It took all day to get the leak stopped, they received \$5 for that days work. It was very cold being 48 degrees below zero. In early spring of 1908 Arthur and Fred got a job in a lath saw mill. It was hard work and the pay was fifteen cents an hour. The job lasted two months, so in April they were again out of work. Fred returned to the farm, Harry moved with his family to Andover to a potato house managers job. Charlie was still at the same farm he started in 1901, he was a quiet boy and very seldom went to town. Arthur formed a partnership with Ami Fisher who had a contract to renovate an old cemetery at Hartland, NB. They were to cut grass and bushes in the cemetery, strengthen fallen headstones, and fill in sunken graves. They received two hundred dollars for the job, on contract. They also received \$3 extra for each grave they dug. If any funerals occurred, they made an extra dollar if the mourners wanted the grave lined, they would line the inside with cedar branches to cover the sides and bottom to take the cold look off the grave. They were paid another dollar to mound the grave and sod the side and end with grass sod. That gave them \$5 for each grave. They paid \$3 a week in hotel for room and board. They worked from 8 am until 9 pm to get the job finished. They made a lot of money and could have made much more, for they were offered more contracts when the grave yard was finished but Ami was getting tired of work and wanted to return home to join his drinking bum friends, so their partnership broke up. They sold their tools and returned to Woodstock. Arthur then returned to the farm for haying and other odd jobs.

In the early fall his brother in Andover wrote him to come to Andover as there was a friend of his in need of a handy man. So Arthur went there only to find the job was in a restaurant and store, with salary at \$35 a month. There was a railway branch line being built from Perth to Plaster Rock. Perth was across the river from Andover, Arthur roomed with his brother and walked to Perth every morning and home at night. As the railroad men started work at 7 am Arthur had to be a work at 5 am as all the workmen had their meals at the restaurant. The restaurant owner's

name was Townsend, his wife did the cooking, Arthur attended the table and helped in the store between meals. The cook house was across the road on the river bank. Both Townsends drank very heavily and were often drunk. There were one hundred men on the job, they had bunk cars to sleep in and come to restaurant for meals. Arthur had to help getting breakfast cooked, carry food across the road to serve the men, about 25 at each sitting, dirty dishes to carry back and meals on return trip. He washed dishes when each man finished. When all had eaten there were dishes to wash, dining room to clean and set for dinner, then back to cookhouse to peel potatoes and help where needed. They made their own bread, 40 loaves were made and set over night. It was also Arthur's job to put dough in tins to raise and bake before dinner. In the cookhouse there was a double range at one end, a table down centre and a 50 loaf size bake oven. There was about four feet of space from range to table and same space between table and bake oven, which was at opposite end of the kitchen. When both range and bake oven were in use it was very hot, especially in the summer time. The Sheriff's secretary boarded over the store. He was an elderly man, Mr Howlett, very English, as were Mr and Mrs Townsend. Quite often both Townsends had to be taken upstairs to bed drunk. Arthur had to be cook and table waiter also tend to the store. On these occasions the men would carry their own dinner across the road. When they were both drunk work got too heavy for Arthur so he moved to Perth and slept over the store, which gave him a couple of hours extra sleep. Several nights during the summer both Townsends were fighting drunk, and would fight and scream at each other. On two other occasions she chased him out of the house and down the road with a large butcher knife, both were bare naked. Mr Howlett and Arthur ran after them in their shirt tails trying to catch them. Her screams and his yelling woke everybody in the village and they joined the chase. They were finally caught and brought home. When this happened things were tough for Arthur, and the railman helped as much as they could as this was the only restaurant in the village. The drunken pair would be back at work next morning as if nothing had happened. Around Xmas work on the railway slackened and many men left for the lumber woods. Later all work closed down for the winter and work for Arthur also closed down. He too went to the lumber woods for a short time, then returned to Andover (1909) and got a job in a Potato house.

When box car loads of potatoes were loaded he went with them to keep fires going in the stoves so the potatoes would not freeze. Arthur took cars loads to Toronto, Montreal, Timmins, Windsor and Boston, in fact all over the country as far west as Windsor, but mostly to Toronto and Montreal. Some car loads were then sent to other towns from these points. This job was a tough one, ordinary box cars were divided each side of the doors by heavy boards, making two bins with the centre left clear for small sheet iron stove and wood for fire. This space was door width. Potatoes were weighed and rolled up a plank in open barrels and dumped into the other bins. As bins were filling up on each side braces were put across open

space to prevent them from caving in. There were several men taking these cars to market, as car loads were leaving every night or two. One man may have as many as 8 or 9 cars to care for. The trip to Toronto usually took 7 or 8 days. At times longer according to delays in freight yards waiting for enough freight to make a train load, or too much snow and road blocked. The firing could normally only be done when the train stopped to take a siding so other trains could pass. These trains were usually fast through trains and did very little stopping, so if weather was very cold the man would be forced to fire cars on the run. That meant he would listen for the engineer blowing his whistle for a Ry crossing then get on short ladder outside car door and drop off at the crossing and catch next car and make up that fire and repeat at next crossing. As doors were not all on same side he would have to catch the ladder on the end of the box car and walk on the top of the car and drop off the front of the car and do the same thing on the other side. As fires would last from three to four hours between firing according to the weather, most trains stopped for water or to let other trains pass, fortunately the firings on the run were few and far between. The firemen slept when the train was moving and fired when it was stopped, they ate and slept most of the run in their car, one car was home. They slept on the potatoes, sometimes they would get a bag of straw to lie on. If there was more than one man with potatoes they would join up and each take one side of train and fire each others cars. More than one company was shipping potatoes. Arthur's company had potato houses up and down the line, they had ten houses on that line. The freight came through Andover at midnight where Arthur would get on it. There may be some car loads on train when it arrived, and Arthur would fire them, and there may be more down the line to be picked up and fired. The train would arrive at Woodstock next morning where Arthur would check all cars to see if enough wood had been put in each car, and oil the wheels on car doors for easier opening. He may be there a few hours and sometimes there until next day according to when the next train was made up. Perhaps the next run was to McAdam where main line trains met the branch lines. McAdam was a large divisional yard, there trains were broken up and re-assembled, all perishable and through freight was put on train, as at Woodstock he may be there hours or days. The same thing happens at all divisional points. So when he left home he had no idea when he would return, some trips were nine days some longer. Hardwood slabs were used for firing, Birch, Maple and Beech were the wood used.

In the spring of 1909 Arthur went to work making concrete culverts for the railway, they were five feet high and four feet in diameter. The concrete was all mixed by hand in those days. He received fifteen cents an hour, ten cents a day. Two men worked on each culvert, they put two molds together which took two to two and a half hours to do that job and two culverts had to be made each day. If not finished by 6 pm they had to work until finished at no extra pay.

All Arthur's life had been hard work and in those days if one did not work, and had no money, they did not eat. There was no Dole or unemployment insurance or

free meals, it was work or starve. Arthur never did have any spare money to save for slack times but he did manage to keep himself clothed and most of the time fed, but lost a lot of meals and beds to sleep in. But being a handy man and willing to work, did very well.

Arthur moved back to Andover in the spring and boarded with an English family named Gillett who had lost their life's savings through ill fortune of thinking everybody was honest. They did buy a farm and try to make a living, but neglected to have their own lawyer draw up their agreement, or study the one made up by the farmer's lawyer. After working all summer they lost farm and almost all their furniture. They then came back to Andover and rented a house and took in boarders, Arthur was one of them. There were four of us boarding there. Then a relative in England lost his wife, so Mr. Gillett sold his business in Liverpool and came to Andover. They then bought two very old houses on one large lot. There was much work required to put the house into living condition, both houses were at the sidewalk edge.

There were no real tradesmen in the village but a few handy men, Arthur being one of them, who moved in with the family, but before moving in lots of work was required. Arthur was the man for that job with the help of the old father, who was well educated for store keeping but useless as a handy man, but willing to work. This was about 1910 and 1911 as the lower floor of house was not large enough, and kitchen very small it was suggested that we build an Ell (addition) on back of the house. There was a man named Stan Jamer, a very good handy man, he was hired to help build a two story Ell. The job was finished by late fall of 1911. Both of these houses had never been painted so it was suggested we paint it, but the paint just soaked in like a dry sponge in water, not leaving a mark of paint. There was an old retired English painter in the village, he told Arthur what to do before trying to paint, so in the spring of 1912 Arthur and the painter "named Whitlock" went to work to mix a thin putty of whitening, coal oil and linseed oil. Arthur then went to work painting the mixtures on, believe it or not, the weather beaten rough siding became smooth and white after two coats. Then two coats of pure paint was put on, forty years later Arthur visited the village and stayed a few days in same house and the paint job still looked like as if it had been recently painted. Arthur stayed in the same house and worked at various jobs until August 1914 when he joined the Army and went overseas to the First World War.

When England declared war on Germany in early August of 1914 Canada soon followed. It is hard to explain the excitement that the people felt about going to war but it was widespread.

Arthur enlisted in the army on August 10th 1914. Soon after he found himself with hundreds of early volunteers at Valcartier. Colonel Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence decided that a camp would be built at Valcartier, near Quebec City, to be the assembly point for the Canadian Army in the early days of the war. It consisted of a railway siding and miles of miles of plains and bush. The camp

had to be built by the early recruits who put up hundreds of tents for soldiers to live in and work in.

While there was lots of enthusiasm for the war, few of the men had any training and Arthur was soon pressed into service as an instructor. Arthur had considerable experience in army life. He served with the regular army in the Royal Canadian Regiment 1906 to 1907 rising to the rank of Corporal. He served as well in the reserves for eight years with the 67 Carleton Light Infantry Regiment. The name of Colour Sergeant Arthur Webb appears in the pay list of the 67th for the annual drill at Sussex Camp for 1913 and 1914. The Woodstock, New Brunswick newspaper records several news items of Arthur's army activities.

There was a great rush to get the first contingent outfitted, trained and off to war. It was expected to be a short war and the young recruits were anxious to get at it so they wouldn't miss the action. It proved to be a long war filled with misery, death and desolation.

An attestation paper was signed by Arthur on September 26th 1914 to be part of the 12th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. This first army force moved from Valcartier to Quebec City to board one of the 32 ships that was to take the 30,261 Canadians overseas to war. At 3 p.m. Saturday 3rd October 1914 the great convoy formed up in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River and sailed to England.

The first Canadian contingent landed in Plymouth, England on October 14th to a tumultuous welcome. Soon after the troops made their way to their base camp on the Salisbury plain. The Canadian soldiers will never forget the plain where they trained for war and spent the winter of 1914-1915 in monotony, misery and mud. The mud, the wet, the cold but above all the mud is what they remember most. It seemed to rain incessantly on the Plain during winter. The British Army have used the Salisbury Plain for years as a summer training camp but never in winter.

On December 16th the men got some happy news that they were to be moved out of their tents into huts equipped with stoves as the weather was growing bitter cold. The huts were more comfortable but became less healthy as sickness spread rapidly among the soldiers. About this time Arthur was hospitalized with Rheumatic Pneumonia and was laid up until the end of January 1915. When he was released from hospital he went to Alcester to visit his mother, he was also able to visit with brother Ernest they had a jolly time talking about their boyhood days and Arthur told of his many adventures in Canada. Too soon Arthur had to return to the army barracks to await further instructions.

In early April Arthur was sent to France to rejoin the 1st Canadian Division and his unit the 12th Battalion but left with the 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders of Canada) draft, in time to be part of the 2nd battle of Ypres near the town of St. Julien. Towards evening of April 22nd 1915, in the front line, a French Algerian regiment was on the left flank of the Canadians and experienced the first German poison gas attack. Many Algerian soldiers died a horrible death, the remainder

panicked and fled leaving a large segment of the front undefended. Arthur's section was part of the Canadian force that spread to the left during the night and thinly defended the Algerian trenches. Had the Germans advanced through the gap during the evening they would have encountered little resistance. The Germans however were not sure of the effectiveness of their new weapon and held their attack until the next morning and were surprised by the stubborn defence of the Canadians. Two days later the 48th Highlanders as part of the first division experienced the second poison gas attack, their only protection being cotton bandoliers soaked in water. The gas, heavy shelling and wave after wave of German attackers slowly forced the Canadians back to trenches south of St. Julien. The German attack was never able to make a break through the reserve lines. The Canadians in their first major battle had proven a match for the German troops. The British Commander Sir John French wrote "These splendid troops averted a disaster" the price was heavy however as more than six thousand Canadians were killed or wounded. Of the 912 fighting men of the 48th Highlanders who were part of the battle only about 150 answered roll call a few days later. Corporal Arthur Webb was one of the survivors of the battle. On 26th of April Arthur was officially taken on strength of the 15th Battalion 48th Highlanders of Canada.

In late April Arthur was injured while in action in a trench explosion and lost his dental plate. Eating was difficult, causing indigestion with pain in the stomach and subsequent loss of weight. On May 22nd, 1915 in the vicinity of Festubert Arthur was hit by shrapnel causing a wound to his left leg. The shrapnel was removed at a dressing station and he was sent to hospital at Le Trepport for a week. He was then sent to Harfleur and went before a medical board who pronounced him unfit. He was then sent back to England. In England after a series of hospitals, special diets and medical boards it was determined that he was unfit for active service at the front, he couldn't be helped in England and should be sent back to Canada. His main problems were in the lungs (from poison gas) and in the stomach (dyspepsia). He was a very sick man and was given leave from the army to visit his mother, he thought to die.

On 23rd June 1915 with much help he made his way to his mother's house on School Road in Alcester, Warwickshire. Wounded and sick soldiers were becoming common place in England and most people were anxious to lend a hand. With the help of his mother and a lovely colleen next door he was brought back to the land of the living. The beautiful Irish girl next door was Kathleen Rosa Garvey and Arthur called her my Wild Irish Rose or "Kitty", who four years later became his wife. While in Alcester brother Ernest came to visit. Ernest and Arthur had a jolly time reminiscing their days in Liverpool as boys. Arthur was able to relate tales of living in Canada and how brothers Charlie, Harry and Fred were making out.

On Arthur's return after his sick leaves he reported to Shornecliff Camp and was transferred to the 17th reserve Battalion and was sent back to Canada. He was taken off strength Shornecliff 29 October 1915. The hospital ship on which he

traveled was dogged by German submarines but managed to elude the pursuers and got back safely to Canada.

On November 8th Arthur was transferred to home service for three months and returned to Andover, New Brunswick for rest and rehabilitation. After his leave Arthur returned to Halifax military base and was discharged from the army.

After his discharge Arthur decided to stay in Halifax rather than return to a New Brunswick farm or the potato business. He got a job with the Canadian National Telegraph Company. He was to meet the home coming ships with wounded soldiers on board to pick up telegrams announcing their safe arrival in Halifax. Competition was keen among the runners and Arthur devised a plan to beat the others by going out with the pilot boat. Each ship was met at the harbour entrance by a pilot who would bring it safely into the pier. Arthur would board with the pilot, collect his telegrams and payment while the ship was being docked and then disembark with the pilot and his satchel full of messages.

During slack times at the telegraph office Arthur was learning the code. Unfortunately practice is the only way to improve speed of receiving and most incoming messages came in at too fast a speed for him to decipher. At times however when he was alone in the office and a message had to be received he could talk the sending operator to send slower so he could take it down. Arthur gradually improved but he was never able to take messages at full speed, it did however open several doors to better jobs. His enterprising spirit in securing telegrams and his facility with the code brought him to the attention of another telegraph company. In 1916 he got a job with the Western Union telegraph office to run the office at the military camp in Aldershot, Nova Scotia.

He ran the telegraph office until the summer of 1917 when he was offered a job as a station agent in a small town in Alberta. He was provided with a one way ticket and eating money and after a six day train trip arrived in Alberta to assume his duties. This was not to be as the job had been given to cousin of the Mayor of the town and there was nothing for Arthur.

Having little money but lots of drive he soon found work on the local farms as a handyman and harvest worker. The farm work in Alberta was vastly different from the type of work he had done as a youth and young man in New Brunswick but he quickly adapted to the different ways of farming. Harvesting in 1917 was hard work and very labour intensive, there was little machinery around and all of it was horse drawn, as were the wagons. When the work was completed on one farm the workers were paid off and moved to the next farm to take up their crop. Arthur's farm jobs moved him eastward into Saskatchewan and by mid October the harvesting jobs were petering out. He was near Saskatoon so decided to seek work in the city.

On October 27 1917 he became a fire fighter in the Saskatoon Fire Department. They were hiring returned veterans of World War I who were medically fit and Arthur was able to pass the medicals. This type of work was new to him but he soon

got caught up in the excitement of it and learned the many fire fighting techniques quickly. In the 1900s horses were used to pull the fire wagons but by the time Arthur joined the fire department they were slowly being replaced by motor vehicles. Arthur's first assignment was to the horse drawn aerial wagon since he had some experience with horses on the farm and being the junior man in the station.

The ladder wagon was very long and the crew took turns driving the teller which was a large steering wheel above the back wheels. When the driver in the front turned left around a corner the rear wheels of the ladder wagon had to be turned right to move the rear end around and then quickly straightened to proceed in the new direction. The horses were trained to respond to an alarm and were stabled behind their wagon. When an alarm sounded and the stable doors opened, they would run to stand beside the wagon tongues. The harness was suspended above where the horses would stand. When all was ready the harness was dropped and coupled and the horses took off at a gallop. The firemen had to be quick so as not to be left behind. The horses seemed to enjoy the excitement of the activity and spectators marveled at the spectacle. As the fire horse wagons were being phased out of the fire department the horses were sold to whoever needed a good horse. If a milk or bread wagon was being pulled by a former fire horse near a fire station when an alarm was being answered the horse would take off after the fire wagon with the milk or bread bouncing inside usually without the driver being on board.

The fireman's job was a 24 hour a day one, with one day off in four. The single men slept in the fire hall and had to attend any night alarms. Married men went home to sleep but could be called back to fight a big fire. On November 1st 1918 a six day 2 platoon system was adopted with firemen working either 8:00 am to 6:00 pm or 6:00 pm to 8:00 am on five days, one day working for 24 hours and one day off for 24 hours, subject as before to be called back in case of a serious fire. This system was a great improvement and gave all firemen more time to spend with their families.

Since most of the homes in Saskatoon were constructed of wood and the stoves and furnaces used wood and coal for fuel, fires were quite common. Saskatoon winters are usually very cold, often to 40 degrees below zero, and fighting fires at these temperatures could be quite dangerous. Accidents at fires were quite common from slipping on icy ground and off ladders coated in ice. The fire that caused Arthur the greatest stress was the Quaker Oats fire on June 5 1919. It was on this day that he was supposed to be on his way to Winnipeg to meet Kathleen his wife to be.

Arthur had met and courted Kitty on his several leaves in England in 1914 and 1915. A steady stream of letters and cards flowed back and forth between Canada and England when he returned to Halifax to be discharged from the Army. In 1916 Kathleen's family moved to Birmingham, 49 Thornehill Road where they were very active in the factories doing war work. Kathleen worked in a munitions factory that made shell and bullet casings.

After the war as soon as they could make arrangements Kathleen came to Canada. She came by boat and train, by herself, to Winnipeg where she expected to be met by her future husband. It was a long and arduous trip and rather frightening for a young woman in a strange land especially when Arthur didn't show up (he having been detained to fight the big fire at Quaker Oats Co.). He sent a telegram to her on the train but she was hard of hearing and missed her name being paged. Here was a dilemma, had she been abandoned, should she go back to England or go on to Saskatoon, fortunately she chose to go on. Arthur in the meantime had been released from the fire duty and made his way to Watrous, Sask. where he boarded the train and met his beloved. They arrived in Saskatoon about noon on June 6th 1919. They were married that evening in the Manse of St. Thomas Presbyterian Church by Rev. Dr. Nicol. There was considerable controversy surrounding this wedding as Arthur belonged to the Anglican Church and Kathleen to the Roman Catholic Church. The local priest tried to have the marriage annulled, wanted to have Kathleen excommunicated or at very least to have any offspring brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. Arthur being a very strong willed person, a Mason and a fighter would have none of this and told the priest to get lost. The Catholic Church persisted for a while but finally gave up.

This was a very difficult beginning for Kathleen as she was thousands of miles away from her homeland, family, friends, church and in a land that was vastly different for the one that she had grown up in. As mentioned before she had a hearing problem and this tended to make her refrain from making new friends and consequently she was often lonely as Arthur worked long hours.

Arthur had rented a house on Avenue J in Saskatoon prior to their marriage where they lived while they looked for a house to buy. In August 1919 they bought a small house at 229 Avenue 1 North in Saskatoon and here they stayed the rest of their lives. Arthur's wages by this time had risen to \$90 a month and they felt they could handle the payments of \$25 a month plus interest giving no attention to what the interest amounted to. When the first payment came due three months later they found they had to pay \$48 a month out of their \$90 pay cheque which left very little to live on and do necessary repairs on the house. In time Arthur the handyman, Kathleen who learned quickly and with the help of some of his firemen friends got the little house in a liveable condition.

In those days in this part of the city there were no water or sewer systems so drinking water was purchased from a water wagon and the toilet was an outhouse at the back of the lot. A lane at the back of the property was used for all deliveries and pick up. Milk, bread, water, coal and wood each had their own horse and wagon to make deliveries. In the summertime besides the above the ice man, the fruit man and the egg man used the lane to service their customers. Garbage and ash pick up was provided by the city and the rag and bone man would beg old clothes for recycling and bones for grinding to make fertilizer. The lanes were 18 to 20 feet wide and wagons easily passed each other. The lanes like the road in front of the

houses were unimproved dirt surfaces. They were dusty in the hot weather and muddy in wet weather. The lanes were also used as the location for electric power poles and at times play areas for the children.

The winter weather was a shock to Kathleen as the temperature would often dip to -40 degrees. The weather she was used to in England could get cold and damp in winter but never bitterly cold. During her first winter in Saskatoon she had occasion to be downtown on a very cold day. While waiting for a street car to take her home she almost froze to death. Unknown to her the street cars were stopped on account of a power failure and she stayed outside in the cold waiting for one to come. She became very sick and was in bed for a long time on a very light diet.

Kathleen was pregnant at the time of her illness and gave premature birth to their first child on February 9th 1920. The baby put up a valiant struggle to survive but died on March 18th 1920. Arthur was very bitter about the baby's death. He felt that the doctor could have given the baby better care and them better advice. Kathleen's illness and the baby's birth and death left them much deeper in debt.

It was fortunate for Arthur that he had a steady job with a regular salary. He strongly supported the fire fighters union who fought hard to improve the lot of the fireman. In 1918-1919 he was secretary of the city fire fighters union who were successful in winning pay raises and the 2 platoon system. Any union fight leaves scars behind and while the rank and file appreciated Arthur's contribution to gains they had won, management never did.

On July 4th 1921 a son Arthur William was born healthy and strong. Arthur was then receiving a salary of one hundred and ten dollars a month. He and Kathleen lived frugally so as to pay off their debts and by the end of 1922 they were free and clear of debts, vowing never again to have a mortgage over their heads.

On December 5th 1923 a daughter Lorna Rosaline was born, a beautiful healthy baby. By careful living and hard work over the next few years Arthur and Kathleen were able to save for some much needed house repairs, furniture and a little decorating. In 1924 they were able to afford their first holiday. They took the train to Watrous Sask. about 80 miles from Saskatoon to holiday for two weeks at Manitou Lake.

Arthur and Kathleen after their first holiday developed a great love for travel. In 1926 they bought their first car, it was a used model T Ford. They loved to take drives in the city and out into the country. In 1927 they traded the Ford car for a 1926 Chevrolet. Both the Ford and the Chev were touring cars and were great to drive in the warm weather but in wet weather it was necessary to install the curtains that were stored under the back seat. When a sudden rain storm came down it was quite a scramble to empty the back seat of its passengers, get the curtains and rods and install the curtains before everyone got wet.

In the fall of 1927 Arthur drove the Chev to Seattle, Washington, which was over a thousand miles away through the Rocky Mountains. They camped along the way living in a borrowed tent and cooked their own meals. It was a courageous but

foolhardy trip to take since roads were not that great, sign posting poor, camp grounds were few and far between and cars were not that reliable. The only real problem encountered was a multitude of flat tires. Tires in those days were provided with tubes inside them to hold the air to give riding comfort. The tubes were easily punctured with nails or cut with glass etc. When a tire went flat the wheel was jacked up, the rim, tire and tube were removed from the wheel hub and the spare tire was put on. If the spare was already flat they both had to be repaired. The rim was made in a circle of steel split across and held together with a pin. To repair the tire the pin was removed, the split rim opened with a tire iron and the rubber tire and tube were taken off the rim. The tire casing was examined to find the nail or cut that caused the puncture, the tire tube was examined to find the hole that allowed the air to escape and a patch glued over the hole. At times a patch was also required to cover a hole in the casing. After the repair, the tube was put back in the tire casing and on the rim, the tire iron reconnected the split rim, the pin put in place and the tire assembly bolted on to the wheel hub. The tire was then pumped with a hand pump to its proper pressure, the jack was lowered and the car could get on its way. It was quite possible to have as many as 10 flats in one day on a long trip, but this was all part of the joy of traveling. On the way back the weather turned wet & cold Kathleen, Billy and Lorna were sick with colds so Arthur stopped at Medicine Hat, Alberta put them on a bus and sent them home to Saskatoon. The Chevy while performing nobly on the trip, except for flat tires, had no heater and the curtains allowed the wind to flow freely into the car so it got very cold when the weather turned bad. Arthur had about 200 miles to go to get home so he pressed on. Two days later he arrived back in Saskatoon driving the car the last 50 miles with no tires on the front rims and with no money to buy new ones. His great adventure turned out not too badly after all but it was the end of their long trips in a touring car. This was also the year that Billy was to start school so he missed the first few weeks. The Fire Dept. holiday choices were chosen by seniority and the senior men had the first choice so July and August holidays went first because it coincided with school holidays.

In 1928 Kathleen took Billy and Lorna to England to visit her parents, brothers and sisters. They traveled by train and ocean liner, arriving in England in early April. They were in time to see the beautiful spring flowers. Kathleen had a joyful reunion with her parents and brothers and sisters. They were anxious to hear all about Canada and the ice and snow. While they were in England they were able to visit Grandma Webb in Alcester and also with Ernest Webb who often visited his mother. This was much appreciated by his brothers in Canada. Kathleen and the children stayed in England about 6 months arriving back in Saskatoon in time for the fall colours.

In 1933 Arthur's salary was about one hundred and twenty five dollars a month and he had saved enough money for another car. This time he bought a 28 Chevrolet sedan with crank up windows which was a real luxury over the open touring car.

It was decided to travel to Chicago to see the World's Fair called the "Century of Progress."

In 1935 Arthur took his son to look at new cars and they decided to buy a silver streak Pontiac. It cost the princely sum of one thousand and sixty seven dollars. Arthur was in his glory as this was his first new car and he expected it to be a perfect automobile. Up to this time all his cars had been used cars and now he was through with buying other peoples troubles and cast offs. He carefully followed all the manufacturers instructions about breaking it in. He and Billy regularly washed, waxed and polished the car and it looked superb. By now Arthur had seniority enough to have a summer vacation every other year and this was the year. For years Arthur had dreamed of going back to New Brunswick to see his brother Harry and family and so it was decided that the new car would take them there. They set out bright and early about the middle of July with a months holiday ahead of them. One hundred and seventy miles later the car wasn't running right so Arthur stopped at a General Motors garage in Regina. After some investigation it was decided that the car was burning oil so badly that the engine would have to be overhauled.

Arthur was devastated and demanded a new car which, of course, was denied but after 2 days wait new oil rings were installed and he was assured that all would be well to proceed. There was no further trouble but Arthur just had to stop in Oshawa where the car was made to give them a blast for shoddy workmanship. Except for the car trouble this was the best trip that they had ever taken. The depression was now closing in with its unemployment and pay cuts so further tripping had to be limited to short distances.

Throughout his working years Arthur was always conscious of his lack of schooling and tried to upgrade himself when ever he could. However it wasn't until he joined the Fire Dept. that his life was secure enough and he had time, money and opportunity to improve himself. He subscribed to a program with the International Correspondence Schools and over the years worked through courses of Arithmetic, Grammar, Composition and Business Law, he attended night schools in Saskatoon. He read extensively and worked at cross word puzzles every day. It disappointed him that he couldn't convince his son to persevere with his studies, Bill was more interested in play. In 1940 Arthur used his savings to send his son to university and support his daughter's needs at high school. The news coming back to Canada was very bad and the fear was widespread especially for the safety of the children. Arrangements were made to have Kitty's brothers and sisters children come to live in safety in Saskatoon but before they left the Germans had torpedoed a ship with children aboard and further shipments of children stopped. The devastating news about Ernest and Ester and family who were wiped out by a German bomb. These were war years and the lure of the service was strong and in 1942 Bill joined the Army and in 1944 Lorna joined the Women's Army Corps. Arthur and Kathleen were now left alone to take care of each other and worry about their children who were both away.

In 1942 Arthur had a heart attack and was confined in bed for six weeks. On his return to the Fire Department he was restricted to light duty and in 1943 he was retired as medically unfit. After the war was over both Bill and Lorna came home safely but within two years they had both left home and Arthur and Kathleen were alone again. Lorna married Ronald Harmer in 1947 and Bill married Dorothy Blackmore in 1951. Arthur, Kathleen and Lorna drove the 1935 Pontiac to Toronto in 1951 to attend the wedding of Dorothy and Bill so the car that had such a difficult start served them well.

In 1953 Kathleen was experiencing dizzy spells and was taken to the hospital for extended tests. It was found that she had a brain tumour and needed an operation. During the operation the doctors found the tumour much larger than was expected and her chance of recovery was slim. For six months she put up a valiant struggle to survive but on January 26th 1954 she died. Arthur was now completely alone.

After 35 years of marriage the losing of one's spouse, who was truly loved, can be overwhelming but Arthur always the fighter was determined he was going to carry on. He kept in weekly contact by letter or telephone with his son and daughter. He visited them or was visited by them every year. He was a good housekeeper and cook even baking his own bread. On one occasion when he expressed in his letter to Bill that he was bored and had nothing to do it was suggested that he write his life story. Arthur loved to tell stories of the early days and his writing of them helped to pass the time and hence this story.

Arthur still lives alone in the house they bought forty two years before. Now he is getting old and gray with his old home. They are both getting old together. This story ends in 1961, but Arthur is still alive.

Arthur Webb