

Life Before Lively

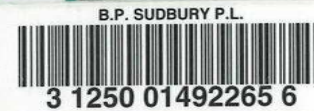
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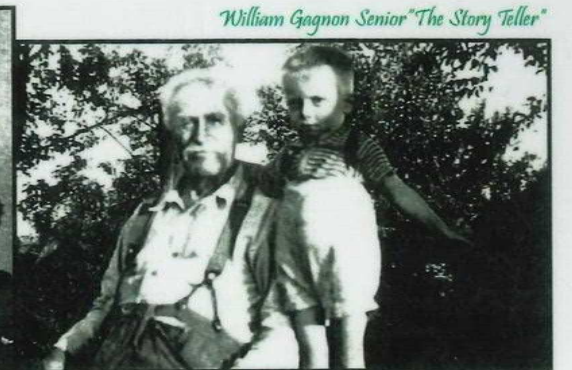


Lorne working the horses, 1920

by Billy Gagnon



William & Emma Gagnon



William Gagnon Senior "The Story Teller"



"Making Hay, 1930"



The Dedication

To my parents, grand parents, and early folk who pioneered in the north facing unbearable conditions and hardships who felled the trees and cleared the land, toiling endlessly, to eke out a meager living from the farm. I humbly dedicate this book.

May we never forget those who have passed on before us, always remembering their sacrifices and contributions to the present.

Without question some events have been overlooked, names forgotten, some factual errors and omissions.

And for that I apologize.

Deep gratitude is extended to Marnie Ranta (Stargratt) who sorted through the pages of my scribbling and notes assembling them into a document of events.

To my sister Doris who became the editor and grammatical critic she offered the following preface.

To the Author:

I enjoyed reading your book very much. Some of the memories brought tears to my eyes as I hadn't thought about some of these things for a long time.

I was brutal with the punctuations corrections. There are a lot of commas that are not required so I put a small "x" through them

Good luck with it!
Doris

And to my sister Barbara who provided photos, researched information, and for her many hours of typing and computing I am sincerely grateful.

You all added interest, professionalism and charm to this project of memories.



William & Emma Gagnon
Homesteaded 320 acres - Lot
7 Concession 6 in Waters
Township in 1898 (Now the
town of Lively) the land
patent from the "Master of
Titles" was issued in 1905.



This original homestead
was built of logs and
rough sawn lumber. The
family lived here until
1916. A new house was
then built on another part
of the farm. This house
was located at the present
site of 9th avenue & "C"
street in Lively.

Creighton road and beyond another 500 meters then west to the previously mentioned spot at Meatbird Lake swimming pond to acquire the northern boundary for a total of three hundred and twenty acres.

The farm buildings were situated on a knoll near the present "Ash Cor Golf Course Clubhouse".

GRANDPA

My grandfather and grandmother were married in Pembroke in 1884. They moved to Copper Cliff a few years later where grandfather worked at the smelter for the Canadian Copper Company. They bought the farm in Waters Township in 1898 and started homesteading a few years later in 1902.

I never know my grandmother as she passed away before I was born but I do remember my grandfather William (Bill). He was a jolly man with white hair and a huge white mustache which would get quite frosty in the winter or it would be covered with the tell-tale droplets of buttermilk when he would sneak a drink from the churn while Mother was making butter.

I recall the regular visits of Father Regan the parish priest from Creighton. He would come "chugging" down the lane with his black model A Ford coupe. He seemed to know when it was churning day and fresh buttermilk was available. He and Grandpa would sit under the old Manitoba Maple tree in the backyard and spin yarns to each other.

Grandpa was a natural born story teller. He could hold our attention for hours with his bear stories or tales of early pioneer life. I must say these stories were not always true but at the time they were exciting as well as some being scary. He was also a lover of chicken stew. Whenever the craving arose, Grandpa could be seen in the barnyard viewing the flock of hens. It did not take him very long to catch one and have it ready for the pot. He always used the same excuse that "the chicken wasn't feeling very well anyway".

His favourite past-time was cutting and splitting wood to supply the cookstove and the furnace which was used to heat the huge eight room farmhouse.

Grandpa usually received a Christmas parcel from one of his daughters, Lillian Button, who lived in Toronto. The year was 1944 and the parcel arrived in January. Of



William Gagnon Sr. "*The Story Teller*" with grandson Earl (Circa, 1939).



Cattle grazed peacefully on the Gagnon farm where the town of Lively now stands.

course Grandpa shared the goodies with the rest of the family before going to bed.

I would carry the kerosene lamp to the foot of the stairs to show the light for Grandpa to climb up the stairs and then go to bed. One night as he neared the top of the stairs I could hear that his breathing was very loud and difficult. I called Father to come. Grandpa had just climbed to the top of the stairs and that is where he passed away. Father and I managed to get him onto the bed and Father went for the doctor.

The wake was held in the farmhouse as was customary in those days. A large wreath was placed in front of the house, usually on the door which indicated that a death had occurred in that house. The weather had turned very mild and the roads became nearly impassable.

Mr. Ed Diebel who was a good friend of Fathers was also the highway maintenance foreman. He sent the snowplough to clear the road to the farm and ploughed out a parking area in the field for relatives and friends who came to pay their respects.

Grandpa was of the Roman Catholic faith. Father Regan said the mass with the internment in the Roman Catholic cemetery in Sudbury.

THE FARMHOUSE

Although the farmhouse was very well built there was no insulation between the walls as we know today.

The furnace was in the cellar (I use the word "cellar" as there was only a dirt floor) and the heat rose up through a register three feet in diameter in the living room floor. How well I remember getting out of bed on a cold winter morning, grabbing my clothes and running downstairs to stand on the register to get dressed.

Father was always the first one up in the morning. He would fire up the furnace and light the fire in the cookstove and make a pot of porridge. This was our daily breakfast during the winter months, along with toast, which was made on top of the woodstove on a wire grate big enough to hold one loaf of bread.

There was no electricity on the farm in those days so in the evening we would play checkers or crokinole by the light of a kerosene lamp. We were fortunate to have a radio which was powered by three batteries. These

batteries were very expensive so we tried to make them last as long as possible. During the war years we were limited to one hour radio listening in the evening.

Our favourite programs were Amos & Andy, Fibber McGee and Molly, The Green Hornet, The Lone Ranger or Edgar Bergen & Charlie McCarthy.

Father would always listen to the news of the war by the "voice of doom", Lorne Greene, the CBC radio announcer.

Some evenings we would play the phonograph or gramophone as we called it. There was a crank on the side that you had to wind up like a clock. The records were about one-quarter of an inch thick and they broke very easily. We didn't have very many records so as a result each record was played again and again causing a short record life.

There was also a piano in the living room at the farm. Father was the piano player in the family (although we all played a little). Usually every Sunday Father would play the piano and we would have a sing song.

THE NEIGHBOURS

Our closest neighbours were Anderson's farm to the south and Ritari's to the west approximately a mile distance in each case.

It was in the late 1930's or early 1940 that Father sold some building lots from the farm along the Creighton road. The first person to build was Mr. Tomassini (Happy). The next people to build a house was Mr. & Mrs. Oiva Santala followed by Mrs. Mattinen and family, Mike and Helen Zelinsky, Henry and Theresa Nichols, Frank and Molly Smith built their homes later on. At the present time there are only two of these houses remaining. The rest were purchased by Inco and later demolished.

During the depression years there was a lot of help around. Young men would work on the farm for their board and room. The hired man I remember best was Ed Gallant. Ed came from Prince Edward Island and lived on the farm for almost three years before enlisting for active duty with the Canadian army. At the time of this writing (December, 1992) my wife Julie and I have just received a Christmas card from Ed in Prince Edward Island. He has celebrated his 86th birthday.

THE FAMILY GROWS

When I was five years old Father brought my sister Barbara and I to visit our Aunt Nellie and Uncle Ed Knight who lived in Copper Cliff. Everything was fine until the evening when I found out that we were going to stay there and not go home with Father. From what I remember and from what I was told later, I guess I had made a lot of noise. But after a week or so Father brought us home again where things had changed a bit.

A strange lady met us at the door and said, "Come and see your new brother Earl". He was only a few days old and was in a crib in the kitchen. Mother was in bed in a spare room off the kitchen.

The lady whom we later knew as Maimi Mattinen was a housekeeper Father hired when Mother was giving birth. This took place at the farm, November 16th, 1937. Two years later in 1939 when brother Alan was born, Maimi also looked after the house and a nurse took care of Mother. Maimi had a Finnish background and some of the food which she prepared was different from what we were used to eating. I recall one particular dish called, "Porhanalaatiko" or a casserole made with onions, rice, carrots, etc. We didn't want to eat it at first but later found it tasted very good.

In August 1943 our youngest sister Doris was born. The doctor and nurse were fetched as there were no telephones. Lempi Stephenson was the nurse. She was the daughter of Frank and Greta Anderson who owned the adjoining farm south of us. Lempi stayed with Mother for a few days while my sister Betty looked after the house as she was now thirteen years old.

At this time I will introduce the names of my family. My Father's name was Andrew but he was always called by his second name Lawrence, "Lorne". My Mother's name was Elizabeth, known as "Lizzy". Her maiden name was Leach.

There were six children in our family, starting with the eldest, Elizabeth (Betty) Lois, William (Bill) Lawrence, Barbara Joyce, Earl Francis, Alan John and Doris Agnes.

While Mother was in bed resting the week after Doris was born Father and the rest of the family went blackberry picking one day. There was a marshy area on the west side of the farm we called the "Beaver Meadow". That particular year there was a bumper crop of these

berries growing all over the ground on vines. We picked a couple of water pails full, then of course, "what does one do with all these berries?" Well, Father soon solved that problem. He got out the huge preserving kettle and started to make blackberry jam. Someone informed him while he was in the process of jam making that "pectin" was necessary to thicken the jam. For this he used crabapples as we didn't have concentrated pectin, "Certo" as it is known today. Father became famous in the family circle for his blackberry-apple jam.

THOSE CRABAPPLE TREES

Speaking of crabapples! That is a story in itself. When my Grandparents settled in Waters township in the year 1898, the original homestead was a half mile south of the present farmhouse. It was here beside the old homestead that the three famous crabapple trees stood. These trees were huge by today's standards and every year were loaded with crabapples. There were two types of fruit. One tree had larger and sweeter crabapples than the other two. These trees were so large that the apples could not be picked unless you climbed up the tree or had a long ladder. The apple trees on the Gagnon farm were known to people far and wide. I do believe every kid in Waters township and Creighton had at sometime or other been involved in the challenge of "stealing crabapples from the Gagnon farm". If they were successful at their venture they were rewarded with a couple of pockets full of sour crabapples, which when eaten probably gave the adventurous youth stomach cramps. But if they were not successful in getting safely down the tree with their prize and escaping, they were confronted by my Father who would be waiting at the bottom of the tree with a stern look on his face. He asked the would-be apple rustlers their names and pretended to write them down onto his tobacco pouch. Unfortunately and unknown to the would-be apple thieves the largest tree, and the one with the sweetest apples was visible from the window of the milkroom at the farm. It was from this vantage point that Father could see small human forms at dusk creeping across the open field in the direction of the old hay barn. Once they reached the hay barn they were "home-free" as this acted as a cover (or so they thought). This only gave Father a chance to walk across the field behind the hay barn and catch the thieves in the act "up the tree". It was a great challenge for him also.

There was a famous legend which was passed around amongst the would-be apple thieves in Creighton (which was also told to me on numerous occasions), that the old house at the abandoned homestead was haunted. Some



Elizabeth and Lorne Gagnon, 1928.



Apple trees in bloom.



Lorne with his daughter Doris (Circa, 1945).
Remains of original homestead in background.

people had even heard strange noises coming from within the house or from the thick growth of trees which almost hid the house from the crabapple trees. The other story was that Mr. Gagnon carried a sawed off shotgun loaded with salt, so if you were caught up the tree you suffered the consequences. Of course none of these stories were true but it added to a youth's challenge. I do know that it was a challenge to Father as well. Many a time after his "detective" work at the crabapple trees he would return home grinning from ear to ear as the young rustlers headed home with a stomach ache from eating sour apples and wondering if they were really in serious trouble.



Team of horses King & Albert pulling a binder in a field of oats, 1921.



Lorne Gagnon with 1928 Essex Automobile.
This vehicle was used to deliver farm produce to the town of Creighton.
Cattle barn in background.

CHAPTER 2

MAKING A LIVING

A farmer in those days had to rely on the local population for a market for his farm products. There were no farm marketing boards or food terminals where farm produce or dairy products could be shipped. The milk pasteurization law came into effect in the late 1930's or early 1940's. This law stated that raw milk could possibly carry the tuberculous virus and all milk must be pasteurized. It took the average milk drinker a while to get accustomed to the taste of pasteurized milk after drinking fresh milk all their lives. Most of the surplus milk from the farm was sold (not pasteurized) to the people who lived in the village of Creighton. So during the summer months when we had a milk surplus, there was always a ready market for it, from the ethnic groups especially. During the evenings there would always be quite a gathering in our yard at milking time. Each person would have a gallon jug in their hand. The milk was sold on a first come first served basis. There were times when the last person to arrive went home without. I think it was more of an excuse for some of the men to talk with their co-workers from the mine, or just sit and relax under the huge maple tree in the backyard and wait until the milking was done. The people brought glass gallon jugs to carry the milk. A gallon of fresh milk during the late 1930's and early 1940's cost twenty-five cents while pasteurized milk was ten cents a quart. Father sold cream for one dollar a quart. There was also butter and eggs available. Milk and sour cream was shipped to the dairy in Sudbury.

During the war years butter was rationed and every buyer had to have a coupon before he or she could buy butter. Father was very strict on the issue of "no coupon, no butter". If caught the fine was more than he could afford.

There were some places in the area where butter was sold on the "black market". Most of these people eventually got caught and were penalized by the "War-time Prices and Trade Board". The duty of the Board was to police the sale of all the commodities which was on the ration list during the war and issue ration books. Sugar, coffee, tea, gasoline, tires and chocolate were also rationed. Other farm products were sold to the people and merchants of Creighton. There were four general merchants in Creighton at that time. Fera and Celestini's, Fievoli's, Carlo's and Kelly's. These



Flocks of sheep

The majority of the photos in this book were taken by Elizabeth Gagnon with her Brownie Box Camera, which she acquired by saving box tops from Nabisco Shredded Wheat.



merchants bought all our produce as well as beef, pork, eggs, sheep and lamb.

THE SHEEP

At one period of time Father had built up a flock of over fifty sheep. There was always a good market for spring lamb as the Yugoslav and Croatian people from the area always had lamb at their festivals. Raising sheep in those days was a time consuming job as the fences were poor and there was a constant threat of wolves and stray dogs chasing and killing the sheep. There was a particular pack of dogs one year which took four sheep from the farm at different times and a large number from Mr. John Niemi, a neighbouring farmer. The township council hired a dog catcher or bounty hunter to try and control the stray dogs in the township. One morning a Mr. Kusti Rinta drove into the farmyard with a pick-up truck. There was a canvas covering something in the box of the truck. This was the man who was the "stray dog exterminator" which the council had hired. He pulled the canvas off the truck box and asked Father if these were the dogs he saw chasing his sheep. There were six or seven dogs that had been shot that day. The bounty hunter had done his job.

I recall another Spring day when a man came to the farm carrying a basket. He asked if he could pick dandelions from the pasture. These were used as salad greens. His companion was a huge German Shepherd dog. All at once the dog started the sheep to stampede out of the barnyard. Father at this point became very angry and told the man to call his dog off, but his pleas were ignored. By this time the dog had the sheep at a full run in the hay field, barking and biting at the sheep and lambs. Father turned to me and said "go and get my rifle" I brought the rifle to dad along with his pouch of cartridges. He took aim at the dog who was by now at least a hundred yards away and running the sheep as hard as he could. There was one shot from the 38-55 calibre Winchester and the dog's sheep running days were over. Needless to say the dog's owner was very upset and threats were flying. After some months had passed the same man came to the farm again. By now tempers had cooled and he actually applauded Father for his "good shot". He said, "I have to say that was a perfect shot". Who knows maybe it was a lucky shot!

THE CATTLE

The herd of cattle on the farm which was between thirty to forth head, roamed the pasture and on occasion

would end up in the bush where it was cooler in the summer. We always had a collie dog which would help fetch the cows in for milking. When I was eight or nine years old it was my job to bring the cows into the stable for milking. There were also times when I would come home without them. Two of the cows in the herd wore cow bells. However, if they had wandered into the bush and were lying down the bells were not ringing and then the cattle were hard to find. There was a creek which ran through the pasture which was called "the Meatbird Creek". If the cows crossed over the creek during the day naturally they would have to cross it again on the way home. On a hot summer's day while herding the cattle home I would become unnecessarily, but pleasantly, wet while crossing the creek.

Another of my chores was to start and stop the windmill whenever water was required to fill the tank. There was a small crank on the tower of the windmill. By turning this crank it would unlock the brake and swing the blades toward the direction of the wind. This would start the windmill pumping water from the creek to a huge wooden tank in the hay loft in the barn. When the tank was full of water another trip had to be made to the windmill to turn the crank to stop it from pumping, but not before we had a shower of cool water from the overflow pipe which protruded out the wall of the barn. This was a great place to cool off on a hot summer day.



The Gagnon Family, 1945

Back left - Father (Lorne), Bill, Barbera, Mother (Elizabeth), Betty.
Front left - Earl, Doris, Alan.



Farmhouse built, 1916 8 - Rooms
Home of Elizabeth and Lorne and family of six were all born in this house.



The Gagnon family.

Back: Bill, Betty, Barbora.
Front: Earl, Alan, Doris.
(Circa - 1946)

CHAPTER 3

THOSE STRONG FARM WOMEN

Farm women in those days also had a hard life. I think back to our Mother and how long and hard she had to work to accomplish the same chores which now would take only a few minutes with our modern conveniences. As an example, on washdays the fire in the kitchen woodstove was lit. Then the big copper boiler was put on the stove and filled with water to heat. This process took an hour or two depending whether or not water was available from the storage tank. If the air was calm outside and there was no wind we didn't always have water because the water was pumped from the creek by means of a windmill. When this occurred the first step was to harness one of the horses and hitch him to a device we called a "stoneboat". This resembled a sled with a couple of barrels on it, into these we would put the water. We would go to the creek or spring to fill the barrels. The horse would pull the stoneboat to the house where the water was emptied into the boiler on the cookstove. After the water was hot it was emptied into a washtub where flakes of soap were then added. The clothes were added only when the flakes of soap had melted. The hardest work started. Mother had two pieces of equipment to wash the clothes, a "scrub board" and a "plunger". This plunger resembled an inverted metal funnel with a round three foot handle. The idea of this device was to move the water through the clothes by plunging it up and down in the water. The real stubborn dirt (and there was lots of it) was removed by rubbing the soiled area of the clothing over a piece of corrugated glass with a wooden frame around it called a "scrub board" or "washboard".

While this process was going on the kitchen got very warm and steamy from the second batch of water which was heating on the stove. This would be used for rinsing the clothes. The hard water and lye soap was not compatible. This combination sometimes left a scum on the water or a ring around the tub which was hard to remove. Thus the need for boiling water for rinsing. The clothes were then wrung by hand and hung outside to dry. In the winter the clothes got stiff as a board and were taken into the house to thaw out and dry on a wooden clothes rack. This whole process took three to four hours. This was a far cry from today's standards where the hardest job is turning on the switch of the automatic washer and dryer.

Let me tell you about the gasoline driven washing machine that Mother had in later years. She would only



Fordson Tractor purchased 1923 from McLoed Motors,
purchase price \$428.00.00



use it during warm weather out in the back porch, as a lot of room and ventilation was required when it was operating. This was a Connor washer complete with stainless steel thermal tub with a contrary gasoline engine driving it. After the water and the clothes were put into the tub, the gasoline engine would have to be started. Usually this was Father's job, but sometimes Mother would ask one of us to help her press on the starting pedal if Father was busy in the fields. These engines did not always start on the first try like today's electronic ignition types do. There were times when it would not start. Then Mother would wash the clothes by hand. But when it did start you almost needed a gas mask and an engineer's certificate to operate the fool thing, that is if it stayed in one place long enough to change the clothes. The washer would move all over the floor from the vibration of the engine all the while belching out blue smoke from the exhaust.

Another one of Mother's many roles was that of a home school teacher. During those early years in Waters township there was only one school which was three miles from our farm. When my oldest sister, Betty, was ready to go to school she went to Elm Street Public School in Sudbury and stayed with our grandmother Leach for the school term, coming home on weekends. It was in 1938 when I was ready to go to school that Betty and I went to school at 1-A Waters. Father would drive us to school (with his 1935 Chevrolet) until winter came. The roads were not ploughed at the time and there were often weeks when we had to remain out of school. Mother would then give us our lessons at home.

Baking and cooking was a constant chore for mother, as was previously mentioned we didn't have electricity on the farm prior to 1949. All the baking and cooking was done on the wood fired kitchen stove, which made the kitchen warm and cosy in winter but became unbearably hot during the summer months. The pots and cook utensils were of a poor quality by today's standards. Granite coated pots were the norm for that era which had to be handled with care to prevent chips of granite from ending up in the cooked food. Mother did most of her cooking in two huge cast iron pots called, "dutch ovens". These pots were always on the stove slowly cooking the meals. Preparing meals for the family and hired help was a difficult task for Mother. There were no packaged meat or foods as we find in the supermarket to-day.

The preparation of a chicken dinner began in the chicken coop where the five steps began, catching and killing the chicken by Father and plucking, cleaning and

cooking the chicken by Mother, then the meal was ready. Potatoes were a staple vegetable and we grew a lot of them on the farm. Mother cooked potatoes many different ways. I think everyone's favourite was "potato cake" which was baked in the oven in a huge pan until it was brown on top and we ate it with homemade butter.

Although there was always plenty of farm products available, specialty ingredients were rare. When Mother baked pies, she didn't stop at one or two pies; but rather eight or ten. These pies were eaten within a few days by the family and hired help or Sunday company. Bread and buns were always baked in quantity. Mother always tried to take advantage of a cool day to do her baking. Once in a while the Weston's bakery truck would stop at the farm while making bread deliveries to the stores in the village of Creighton Mine. Mother would occasionally indulge in buying one of the "marked down" treats, especially a chocolate jelly roll.



1-A Waters School Grade 1, 1940.
- Barbera Gagnon, 6th from the left -



1-A Waters School Grade 2, 1940
- Billy Gagnon, 4th from the left -

CHAPTER 4

NO YELLOW BUSES

During the Spring and Fall we would sometimes walk home from school. There were times when we got a ride in Mr. Ritari's pickup truck or Mr. Santala would give us a ride in his gravel truck. Sometimes the other Mr. Santala would give us a ride in his grey Ford car. He was known as "grey car Santala". On the days when we walked the three miles home the other children who lived on that road would walk part way with us. I will try to remember some of their names. They were two Isaacson girls, Norma and Viesti, Niilo Basto and George Hill.

Allan Laaksonen only lived a short distance from the school. It was at his house that I ate hard-tack for the first time or "kova-leipa" as the Finns called it. It was a type of rye bread which was dry and crisp. It resembled a piece of plywood with homemade butter smeared over it. This was always a treat for me as we never had it at our home.

1-A Waters was a one room school with white wood siding on the outside and huge windows on the north and south sides (which were too high to look out while you were sitting in your seat). A huge stove was used to heat the classroom. The older boys would carry in the wood from the woodshed and place it in the huge woodbox. The only sanitary facilities were two small buildings behind the woodshed marked, "boys" on one door and "girls" on the other. The water was carried from a spring and emptied into a earthenware cooler beside the girls cloakroom.

Mrs. Jessie Hamilton was our teacher at 1-A Waters. She taught school there for a number of years before I started and for many years after I left. In a one room country school in those years there was one teacher who taught all grades from grade one to grade eight. This school had at times an enrollment of seventy-five. Some of the younger students were sitting two at a desk.

Mrs. Hamilton was a good teacher. She demanded respect from her pupils and gave respect in return. She devoted her entire life to educating the people of Waters township. She taught English and spelling to adults in the evenings. Mrs. Hamilton came from Capreol but had a small cottage behind the school where she lived during the week. She would go home on weekends. In those days the teacher and the school house as it was called was the

hub of the community. Mrs. Hamilton was an active member in most community activities.

1-A Waters School was also used for council meetings, school board meetings, (school board trustees governed the local school and was a volunteer position) polling stations, community dances, plays, concerts, fall fairs, church services and Sunday school, yes, and even a training centre for the home guard militia during the second world war of which Father was a member.



Betty Gagnon (Morrow) left.
Sally Rauhala (Dingwall) right.

1-A Waters, 1940.
Alex Salo's farm in background
present site of Westview Crescont.



I-A Waters School.
(Circa, 1940)
A new school built in
1947 is now the "Ben
Maxam Centre"

CHAPTER 5

THE HOME GUARDS

The home guards as they were called were a group of volunteers from Waters township who were given basic training in army techniques. The idea being that in the event of an enemy attack these men would be called upon to protect the community.

I always went with Father to watch the marching, rifle training and radio receiving and transmitting. As a boy of ten these things were very exciting to me. I always thought that when it was my turn to join the armed forces I would join the air force.

As well as the home guards Father was a member of the Aircraft Detection Corps. This was also a volunteer organization. His duty was to report any unusual aircraft sightings and report to the air force base. At the end of the war in 1945 he was presented with a plaque from the Air Force in honour of his service.

CHAPTER 6

OUR NEW SCHOOL

We went to 1-A Waters School for three years until a new school section was formed in the north end of the Township.

There wasn't enough money in the Township coffers to build a school, so our neighbour to the west of our farm offered the use of the porch on the front of his house as a school room. The teacher's name was Miss Evelyn Bale. We didn't have so far to walk to this school. It was only one mile. We took a shortcut through the pasture and bush. We had to cross Meatbird creek on a bridge which was built by Father and the hired man, Ed Gallant, who was home on furlough from the army.

Whenever he had any free time Ed would always come "home", as he always called the farm. He was later sent overseas to the front lines with the forestry corps. We would send him letters and parcels overseas. I can still remember his address, C.F.C.-17110 Canadian Army Overseas.

The front porch of Ritari's house was used as a school for one and a half years. The new school which was built across the road from Ritari's house was also a one room school. It was built by a Finnish carpenter by the name of Vilho Leppanen. The sanitary facility was outdoors. It consisted of a building constructed of shiplap. This building had a partition down the middle, one side for boys and one side for girls. However, within a short time the knots in the pine boards of the partition wall either dried up and fell out leaving a knot hole or they were punched out, I suspect the latter. These knot holes served as peek holes into the girls' bathroom. But I found out in later years that there was an equal amount of peeking from the girls' side as well.

There was no toilet tissue hung neatly on the wall but instead there was an old water pail nailed to the wall with some newspapers inside or we might be lucky and find the Star Weekly magazine or an old Family Herald Weekly.

Some of the children who went to this school were, Anna, John and Mary Keschuk, Lillian Seppala, Stella Palmaruk, Russell, Donald and Maurice Montgomery, Ronald, Shirley and Lloyd Quiring, Buddy and Arne Ritari, Edwin

and Walter Ranta, George and Stuart Smith, Gerald and Claudette Bernier, Art and Jim Greer, Henry and Heimo Sikkala, Lena and Olga Rupa, Betty and Barbara Gagnon and Gwen Wytowitch. These were the original pupils to first enter the new school. Of course as years passed there were new pupils arriving. I must be forgiven if I have failed to mention everyone.

Our teacher's name was Mrs. Johnstone who was followed by Mrs. Smythe and Mrs. Bryan.

CHAPTER 7

WE CUT BLASTING POLES

Father supplemented his income by working out during the slack seasons on the farm or by cutting and selling wood to the people of Creighton. In 1944 a cord of poplar wood sold for \$3.00 delivered. There was also a guaranteed order for five thousand blasting poles to be delivered through the winter months to Creighton mine. These were poplar saplings approximately one inch on the butt and fourteen feet long. They were used in the mine for blasting ore chutes. I would help Father carry and pile the poles in the bush as they were not very heavy. In the late 1930's and early 1940 INCO paid five cents per blasting pole delivered to the mine but the price increased later to seven cents each.

In the Fall of 1941 when I was nine years old, I was allowed to go with Father for the first time to deliver a load of blasting poles to Creighton mine.

Mr. Husson who was the yard foreman at Creighton came to the farm and said he needed blasting poles at the mine right away. We already had a load of four hundred poles on the wagon which we had cut the day before, so Father harnessed the team of horses, "Dick" and "Archie", hitched them to the wagon load of blasting poles and started out for Creighton mine a distance of about three miles. I sat on top of the load of poles with Dad. I could hardly wait to see what a mine looked like. When we reached the mine gate an INCO guard looked at Father's "pass" and let him through with the load, but he said to me "you will have to wait here sonny". So I sat outside the gate watching the miners coming and going through the gate and listening to all the strange sounds coming from the mine site buildings. It sounded like a busy place.

Sometimes we would pile one thousand poles in a pile. Mr. Oiva Santala who was one of our neighbours on the old Creighton road owned a dump truck. He would deliver the poles to the mine for three dollars a load.

CHAPTER 8

LIFE IS FASCINATING

As I stated earlier there was very little money to be had in those days. The country was still reeling from the depression years and another world war shaping up.

We, as a family, were very fortunate. We didn't have any money to spare, but had the love of both parents whose first thoughts were always of the children's needs.

Growing up on the farm was a place where a young boy didn't have much use for money anyway. Most of our fun was created by ourselves, regardless of the season or weather. I spent most of my free time outdoors. As I recall my adolescent years on the farm were always exciting to me. I was certainly never "bored" as is so often the cry of today's youngsters. Every part of the farm and the activities on the farm were very fascinating to me. There were all those buildings and regardless of how many times I went inside them, there was always something new or different to draw my attention. The stable in the winter as one entered, had an aroma and warmth all its own. The stable was full of contented cows peacefully chewing their cud staring and blinking at the bright light of the open door. All their heads would turn in unison as I walked down the six foot wide aisle between the two mangers. There was a never ending scurrying of cats and kittens looking for a safe haven from the actions of a small boy. Only the brave waited beside their food dish for handouts wondering if it was milking time. At one end of the barn was a ladder which led to the hayloft. It was routine and a challenge to climb the ladder into the hayloft, climb to the top of the hay, swing on the hayfork rope, somersault down the hay and climb back down the ladder again.

One of my chores was to gather the eggs and feed the chickens in another building we called the "hen house" where the early morning sun would stream through the windows warming the floor while I scattered the grain for the chickens to feed on. It wasn't long before the hens were singing merrily and scratching the straw away to pick at the feed.

There was a hill behind the barn where we could ski or slide with our homemade sleighs.

Our clothes were not as warm as the insulated clothing of today. The common cloth in those days was a



Barbara, Earl and Alan give Rover a bath.



1940
Earl poses with the newly born spring calves.

heavy rough cloth called "mackinaw". Most of the winter clothing was made from this material. We would end up with chafed wrists and ankles from the rough pants and coat material rubbing on our skin which would get quite wet from the snow.

When Meatbird Lake froze over in the late Fall and before the snow fell, we were provided with a huge skating rink. Our skates were spread thin so we would share them with each other. They didn't have any ankle supports and the leather was very soft. This made it hard to keep our ankles straight but we always had lots of fun. At night when we went home we were completely pooped and our feet tingled from wearing skates that were too tight or we had blisters from skates that were too big.

Springtime was always a new beginning on the farm. There was new life in the barns. New calves, chickens and baby lambs. Spring also meant that the creek would be overflowing its banks with water.

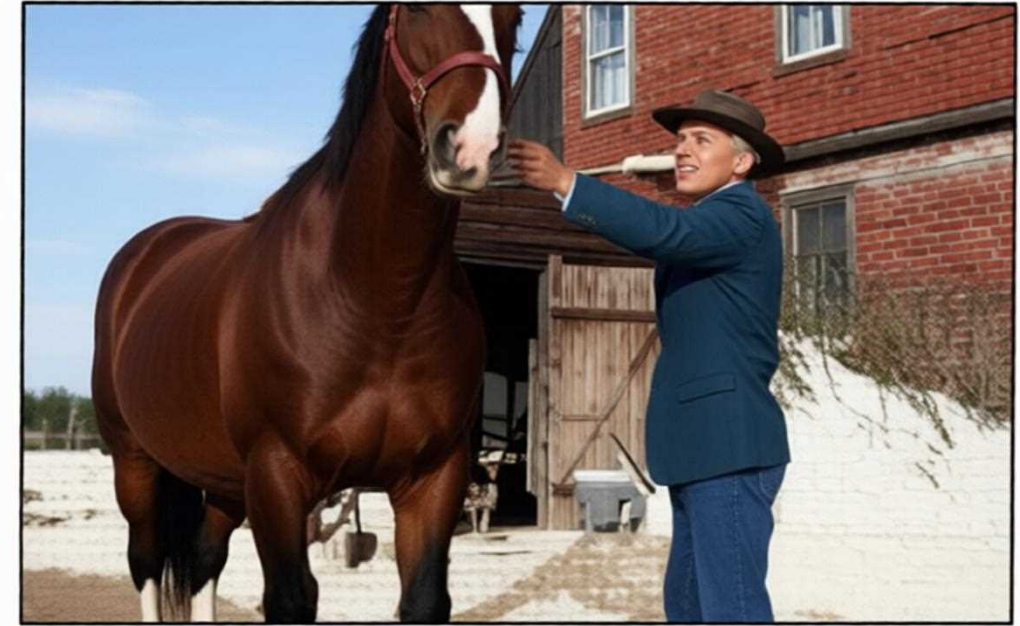
I had two chums who enjoyed building rafts on Meatbird creek as much as I did. Buddy Ritari and Ronnie Quiring were their names. There was a spot where the creek flowed through an area we called the beaver meadow. This is where we built the rafts from cedar fence rails and cedar posts and float them down towards rapids. As we got a little braver we would take the raft down the rapids and into the rougher water. Of course this creek never kept its water level at this height for very long. Thus our raft would become lodged against the bank and we would have to leave it there and start construction again next year.

One Spring day Ronnie and I decided to check out an old shotgun which had been hanging on the wall in the milkroom for as long as I can remember. Father warned me on numerous occasions that this shotgun was not to be touched, handled, or removed from its place on the wall, by anyone except Father as he said it was a dangerous gun.

Of course one day when Mother and Father were away we did the forbidden thing. We took it down from the wall. There was a shell in one of the chambers. I guess it was always kept loaded in case of a predator around the animals and chickens. Anyway, we thought we would fire just one shot and replace the shell with one from the box, then hang the shotgun back on the wall. We both knew that a shotgun has a terrific recoil or "kick" to it when fired so we had a plan. We tied the shotgun to a

rail fence with a piece of rope, then fastened a long string to the trigger of the shotgun. When we pulled the string the shotgun fired. "Boy what a noise"! The shotgun fell to the ground in three pieces, the stock, the barrel and the forend. This is what Father meant when he said that the shotgun was dangerous. He knew the weld on the forend lock was cracked but he knew how to hold it. Needless to say, I was given a serious father to son talk over the seriousness of our day's antics.

Another Springtime exercise was to check out the creek and swamps catching frogs or waiting for a whip-poor-will to sing at night then sneak up and try to catch him.



Bill and "Maude", 1946.
"Maude" The musteng horse.



CHAPTER 9

THE ONE "HOSS SHAY"

One Spring day when I was thirteen or fourteen years old I decided to start to build a "shay" or buggy. Anyway, it is a two wheeled cart with a seat and was pulled by a single horse.

During one of our school lessons we studied a poem written by Oliver Wendell Holmes called, "The Deacons Masterpiece". This was a poem written about a deacon who built a one horse shay. He was to build the best shay ever. It would be so strong that it would last forever (shay is a one horse carriage). Anyway, the inspiration for my project was derived from the poem. There was an old set of wagon wheels (the high wood type) laying in the grass behind the tractor shed. I pushed them out into the yard and began my construction project.

I cut two maple poles from the bush which I used for the shafts. These were bolted to the axle and the seat and platform were then installed. This was purely another case of "son not listening to dad". Dad had warned me that those wagon wheels were old and the wood was soft and badly decayed. Anyway I thought I would take it easy and the wheels would be okay.

I hitched one of our newly acquired horses to this rig. Her name was "Maude". I must tell you about this horse. Father bought her from a veterinary who was also a horse-trader. We called him, "Doc. Younge". This horse was part Clydsdale because of her very large hairy feet and part mustang, because of her disposition. She could not be trusted. I think she had been abused by someone before we got her. There was a Bar-X brand on her left shoulder that told us she came from a wild horse herd from the west.

When I started down the driveway all systems were working just perfect. I turned down the concession road and old Maude started to trot. The trot soon changed into a run which caused the buggy to start to sway. This spooked the horse and she became so excited from the noise that she ran off the road after crossing the bridge at the creek. The wheel hit a boulder on the side of the road and after bouncing over it the wheel flew off and rolled into the bush. I finally got the horse stopped and assessed the damage, sort of hard to operate a two wheeled shay with only one wheel, so I unhitched old

Maude and led her back to the farm yard and left my prize invention in the bush beside the road. Father never did mention my folly for having warned me that the wheels were not solid any longer.

CHAPTER 10

A SHORT RIDE

I must tell you about another encounter that I had with this horse. When Father was doing the Spring planting of oats or wheat he would always re-seed the field with clover or timothy seed for hay the next year.

Our seed drill was getting old and the mechanism which covered the seed was not working. This became my job after the grain was planted to cover it over using a single horse (Maude) pulling a section of the harrows equalizing bar, and drag chains. This particular morning I was out in the field covering the grain, when all of a sudden there was a down pour of rain. Within a short time I became very wet and the field was getting muddy so I quickly unhitched "Maude" from the harrows and jumped on her back for a quick ride home to the dry stable. But old Maude had a totally different plan and wasn't going to comply with mine. I was no sooner on her back than I found myself lying on the ground and Maude was on her way at a full gallop to the stable by herself. I had only one choice left and that was to walk across the field to the farmhouse. So nursing a sore arm with a two inch long scrape on it and very hurt pride I met Father where he had been watching from the milkroom window. He never ever said, "I told you so", but "Let's have a look at your arm".

CHAPTER 11

HOME REMEDIES

We were always a very healthy family with no serious ailments other than the usual measles, mumps and chicken pox and I do believe we all are still in possession of our tonsils. Of course Mother always saw that we were well fed with good food and no shortage of fresh air. As youngsters we spent most of our time outdoors. In winter we were given a daily dose of cod liver oil, one teaspoon per person. Before leaving the house in the morning we heard Mother's famous call, "Okay kids line up for the cod liver oil". This was supplemented by a weekly dose of a tonic called, "Beef, Iron & Wine". It was terrible stuff.

There were two remedies at our house for colds or sore throats. The first one was Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil (we called it electric oil) poured over a teaspoon of sugar. It tasted like pine tar but our Mother said it was good for all ailments as was goose oil. This oil was fat rendered from the goose which was a tradition for the New Years feast. The oil was stored in a bottle in the pantry. If we complained of a sore throat we were rubbed liberally with this oily substance and then covered with a wool cloth. Very severe chest colds were treated with a "mustard plaster". This was a paste of dry mustard, flour and water, it was smeared on to a piece of cloth and strapped over the chest then covered by a woolen cloth. This was torture, but I guess it worked, or maybe the chest cold would go away on its own.

The only time that I remember having to see a doctor was when I was six years old. It was in the summer time on a hot day. I went to the hayfields with the adults who were coiling the hay (forking the hay into piles so it would dry). The sun was getting too hot or I became tired so I crawled under a coil of hay and fell asleep. During this time an insect crawled into my ear and stung me on my ear drum. I can still remember the terrible ear ache I had as the infection spread within my ear.

I was taken to Doctor Evans who had a small clinic on George Street in Creighton mine. He later made a couple of calls to the house to check on my ear infection.

In the years following and to this day whenever I have a medical examination the doctors always comment on



Bill Jr. on Fordson tractor, 1947 starting the "fall ploughing".



Some of the farm buildings.

the scar tissue which the infection from the insect sting left on my ear drum.

I do not recall any of my brothers or sisters ever having health problems of any kind during their growing years.

CHAPTER 12

STATUTE LABOUR

In Waters Township as in most rural municipalities we had what was known as Statute Labour. This meant that every taxpayer in the municipality could perform some labour in lieu of a portion of his taxes. Statute labour usually went towards working on the municipal roads. Father did his statute labour work on the road we called the "cut-off". It was sort of a concession road which linked the Creighton road to Highway 17 at a point approximately five miles west of Copper Cliff. Once a year the farmers would gather with their shovels, horses, wagons, trucks, scrapers and all able bodied sons. If you were at least fourteen years old and could handle any of the above equipment, you were counted in.

The Township owned a horse drawn grader. It usually had a four horse team pulling it but one year Father used his Fordson tractor as the power plant. I was thirteen years old that year so I volunteered to do the driving as I drove the tractor before on numerous occasions. Father stood on the back of the grader smoking his pipe and operating the levers and wheels which controlled the grading blade.

Another piece of equipment that was used was called a scraper. It resembled a large scoop or shovel about two and a half feet wide and four feet long with two handles at the back which were controlled by one man and powered by a team of horses. This device was used to clean out the ditches or to make new ones.

I always looked forward to doing statute labour as it gave the farmers and their sons a chance to work together and also to find out what was going on the neighbouring farms.

There was always some good natured competition going on amongst the group such as who could shovel the fastest, who had the best team of horses, which team could pull the most, or some other type of foolishness.

During the remainder of the year the road maintenance was done by Mr. Matti Basto who was employed by the Department of Highways.

Father was always very active in municipal affairs in Waters Township, as a youngster I attended a lot of council and school board meetings at 1-A Waters school

with him. He was only twenty-one years old when he was elected reeve of Waters, followed by many years as clerk-treasurer, councillor, school trustee, or some other municipal duty. It was during one of these terms in office that he felt the school board was dragging its feet in having a new school built for the north end of the Township. Father resigned his post as clerk-treasurer of the Township and became a candidate for a school board trustee. He was elected along with a neighbour Mr. Dave Ritari, another school trustee. They both worked toward a common goal which was to have a school built. It wasn't long before a school was started even though it was held in the front porch of Ritari's house. The new school was built the following year. After accomplishing what he had set out to do, that of having a new school built (known as 1-D Waters), he was then elected to the office of Reeve.

CHAPTER 14

WE CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS

Being that today is Christmas day as I write this portion (1992) I would like to tell you what our Christmas was like when I was growing up in the 1930's and 40's. Mother always baked a Christmas cake usually in the month of August. It was a huge creation about 10 inches high consisting of five layers. My chore was to cut the wood for the kitchen stove (which had to be green birch) as this was the only type of wood Mother would use as it gave a steady even heat which was needed to bake the cake without burning it. You must remember that we have no electricity so all the baking was done in the oven of the wood fired kitchen stove. When the cake was baked Mother wrapped it in brown paper and hid it in the pantry under the stairs, as there were sixty small fingers in our house who might start digging at it before Christmas. Sometimes we were allowed to sample the cake on Father's birthday, November 29th. This is when Mother would take it from storage to cover some of the layers with an almond paste icing.

Mother was famous for her huge pans of shortbread. I understand that butter is one of the main ingredients in shortbread. This is probably one of the reasons why she would always include shortbread at Christmas time as we had butter-a-plenty on the farm.

The other Christmas treat was gingerbread in all its forms, bread, cakes and cookies. It was made from molasses taken from the huge barrel of the stuff stored in the milkroom next to the barn. Molasses was used as a food supplement for the milking cows.

The Christmas tree was cut on the farm and was already chosen by some member of the family earlier in the Fall. We also made most of the decorations for the tree, such as chains made from brightly coloured paper, and popcorn which was hung on a thread. We would also save any silver paper we could find, to cut into strips to simulate icicles for the tree. There were no coloured lights in those days. Most of our gifts were homemade although Santa always came and left one toy or a doll. I recall one Christmas I got a huge spinning top from Santa. It was brightly coloured and would hum as it was spun around. We would always hang our stockings (usually men's work socks) on the stair railing. They would be

filled with all sorts of goodies like peppermint sticks and oranges which were always a treat at Christmas. Christmas dinner was always looked forward to by all members of the family and Mother always made it a "meal for a king".

One particular winter I believe it was 1944 that we had a terrible snow storm a few days before Christmas. All the roads in the district were blocked and Mother didn't have all of her specialties in for the Christmas dinner. Father said he would wait for a couple of days until "Big Bertha" came from Copper Cliff to plough the road so he could go to Sudbury to get some supplies for Christmas. "Big Bertha" by the way was a huge snowplough which travelled at a snail's place. It was owned by INCO and was used to plough the snow on INCO roads and streets to the townsites. You must remember there was no town of Lively at this time, no golf course, no tailings dump, just a lot of bush and hay fields where Lively is now. The Creighton road was due west of Copper Cliff. It followed a straight line of sorts but due to the many swamps and rocks on the way, the road developed a few curves dodging them.

Father waited until the day before Christmas for the plough to come through. But still no "Big Bertha". So he decided we would walk to the Creighton townsite for our Christmas supplies. There were four merchants in Creighton and they received their provisions for their stores by a train which made a daily run to Creighton to haul the ore to the smelter and to bring the miners to work also.

Father couldn't use the horses and sleigh as the rain which fell on top of the snow, froze and caused a thick crust of ice. This he said would cut the horses feet and legs. So early in the morning Father and I started out on our three and a half mile trek to Creighton. Boy, it was hard walking! Sometimes the crust on the snow would carry you and some steps you would sink in snow to the knees. We only had one packsack so Father improvised one for me also. He riveted a couple of leather straps on to a potato bag and that was my packsack for the day.

Father purchased all the provisions which Mother needed for Christmas dinner from Fera and Celestini's store. I carried the turkey in my potato bag packsack. We were sure tired when we got home from plodding through the snow with a heavy load on our backs. And guess what? As we were heading up our lane there was "Big Bertha" slowly pushing mountains of snow ahead of her zig-zagging

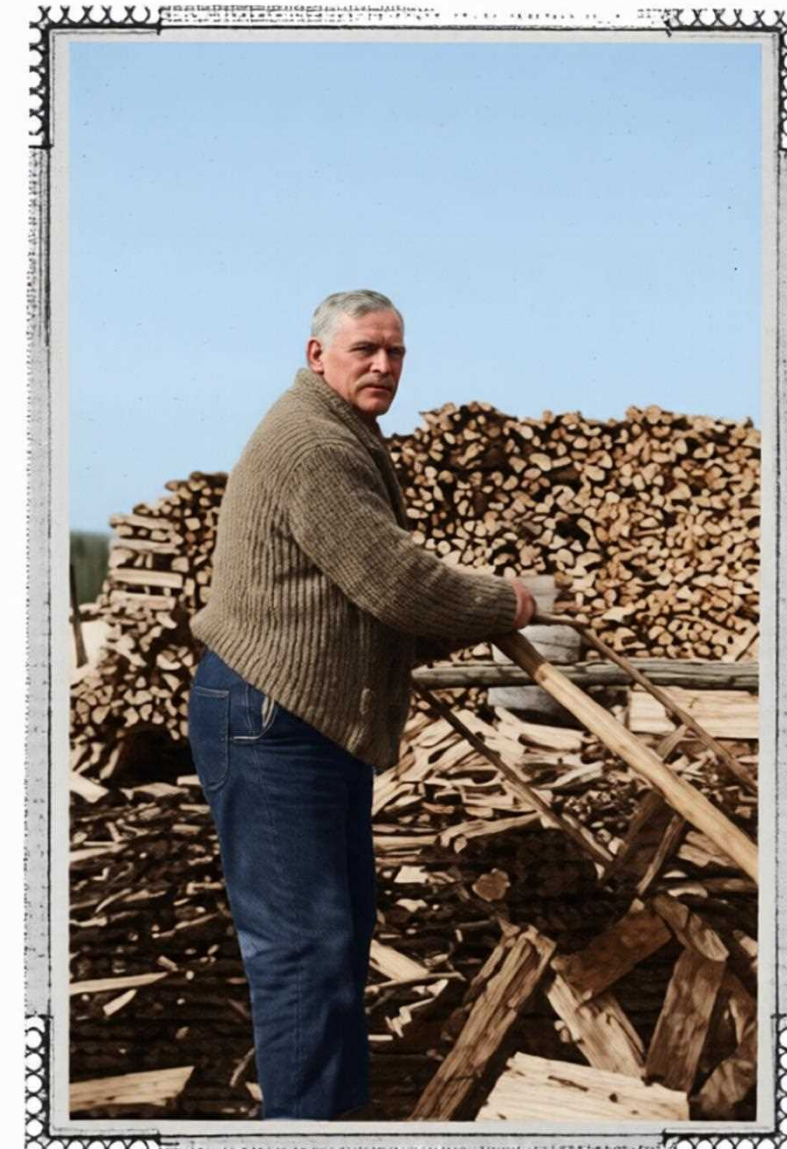
CHAPTER 13

THE WOOD PILE

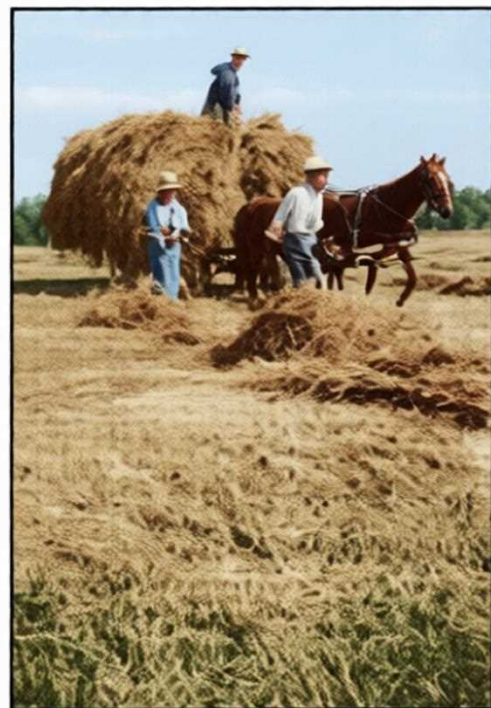
At some point I made mention of the furnace in the cellar of the farmhouse which heated the house during the winter. There was also the kitchen wood fired cookstove. Both of these stoves had a ravenous appetite for wood. Thus cutting wood was a never ending job. Usually in March or April the trees were cut and piled in the bush and when a couple of loads were ready, the horses were hitched to the sleigh and the logs or poles were brought into a huge pile in front of the woodshed. There were no chainsaws in those days so the trees were cut down with axes or swede saws.

Father owned a circular or buzz saw which was set up beside the pile of logs. The saw was driven by a belt and pulley arrangement powered by Father's 1921 Fordson tractor. When the saw was set in position, Father would take great pains to "line up" the pulley on the tractor with the pulley on the saw. Then the twenty foot long belt was laid over the pulleys and if the both pulleys were properly aligned the belt would stay on and the saw started to hum. The throttle on the tractor was set and the wood cutting began. If the poles were not too big two men could lift them on the table but there were times when three or four people were required to lift the heavier logs. One man threw blocks of wood into a huge pile as they were cut. Then the wood was split and piled into the shed. Our grandfather was the wood expert. He spent most of his time around the woodshed. He would sometimes cut the wood with a bucksaw. This was a saw with a wooden frame and usually homemade.

For a couple of years Father bought stovewood from the Indians on the Whitefish Lake Indian reserve south of Naughton. Most of this wood was either maple or yellow birch. It was hauled by a sleigh and a team of horses. We had to cross Mud Lake to get to the reserve. We crossed the lake at the spot where Joseph Street is now. There was also a sawmill on the reserve about a mile from the lake. On one of our trips while coming across the lake, the ice on the lake was "booming". Boy was I scared! There were a lot of teams of horses on the lake coming and going and none of the drivers seemed concerned, neither was Father. I was ready to jump off the back of the sleigh. But now I realize it was only the expansion taking place in the ice.



William Gagon Sr. cutting stove wood
(Circa, 1930).



Making Hay (Circa, 1930)



Making Hay (Circa, 1930)

William Sr., Bill Leach (mothers' brother) and Lorne

The hay was unloaded into the bam with a "hay fork" (Circa, 1925).



towards Creighton. Father had a surprise in his packsack for our Christmas dinner. A bottle of ketchup. This was a treat we only had at Christmas time.

Mother was famous for her carrot pudding at Christmas time. It was prepared a few days before Christmas and steamed in a huge cast iron pot on the back of the kitchen stove. Some of the ingredients were carrots, raisons, currants, ground beef suet and spices. I cannot ever remember a Christmas at home without a carrot pudding.

At Christmas time we had some food which we didn't see the rest of the year and which we take for granted nowadays. For instance, oranges only came at Christmas time. We would find them in our stockings which we hung on the stair railing. Christmas dinner would never be proper without one green jello and one red jello at each end of the table. We would all sit down together in the dining room. We always ate in the kitchen during the rest of the year. Of yes, cranberries; these were picked in the Fall just about the time of the first frost. There was a cranberry bog at the north end of our farm. Father would pick them and Mother prepared and stored them until Christmas. Also when the apple crop was ready, the local feed company, "Edward Grain", would deliver a "hogshead" of apples in the Fall, usually "Northern Spy". A hogshead was a huge wooden barrel. This barrel of apples was stored in the cellar and it lasted most of the winter. This was the only fresh fruit we have until Spring. At Christmas we would also get some store bought candy. We would get a little bit of candy on Christmas Day but our wise Mother usually kept the candy in her bedroom closet. She would ration out the candy to us a little at a time during the Christmas holidays. In the evenings as we were playing checkers or listening to the radio we would listen for the tell-tale rattle of cellophane paper through the stove-pipe hole that went up to our parents' bedroom. The cellophane noise of the candy bag told us Mother was getting us a treat. Any candy we had the rest of the year was homemade candy, usually Sunday was candy making day. During the war years, 1939 to 1945, sugar was rationed so we have very little candy those years.

If the weather permitted we went to visit our Aunt Nellie and Uncle Ed Knight and our two cousins Annetta and Ernice during the Christmas season. Santa Clause left gifts for us under their tree also and we were usually treated to another feast. At Christmas time we didn't have too many relatives from town to visit as the roads were not always ploughed and the automobiles were

not as trustworthy as they are today nor did they all have heaters in them. But during the summer time it was just the opposite, there was always someone visiting on the weekend.

Mother was from a family of twelve and Father from a family of six so with the cousins we were a large clan. Mother always looked forward to these visits and always went out of her way to make sure everyone was well fed. On one particular summer weekend Mother boasted that she had a total of twenty-five unexpected visitors to the farm and she managed to feed all of them. She always had canned veal stored in the ice-house. This was prepared earlier in the summer from veal which was butchered on the farm and stored in small pails with tight fitting lids, then the pails were buried in the ice-house. This along with fresh eggs, chicken and vegetables grown on the farm we have enough good wholesome food.

CHAPTER 20

BUILDING A NEW ROAD

During the late Fall of 1943 and the Spring of 1944 there were land surveyors doing some measuring on the farm property. They were hammering wooden pickets in the ground with numbers and writing on them. These pickets were everywhere you looked. We were finally told what was happening. Earlier I mentioned the road that existed between the towns of Copper Cliff and Creighton. Given the fact that INCO owned all of the land on the north side of the road and most of the land on the south side, it was decided that this would make an ideal tailings dump area. The only obstacle was the road, so it would be closed and a new one was proposed from highway 17 north to Creighton. Thus the reason for the survey crew. The surveyors had mapped out two possible sites for the new road. One survey would have the new road start at Highway 17 at a point where the original "cut-off" road met the Black Lake road. It travelled in a northerly direction to the site of the present Walden Arena where it then swung in an easterly direction to a point near the present legion hall where it then connected with the old concession road. This survey was most agreeable to all the property owners and farmers as it did the least amount of damage to the farmers' fields, especially that of the Anderson farm. But this was not to be. The powers to be chose the other survey (as the road now exists). The land was expropriated from the land owners as most of the land owners had already given the required five percent of their land for road use. The arbitration hearings continued for many years after the road was built.

The contractor started clearing the land for the new road in the Spring of 1944. The contractor's name who built the new road was Angus and Taylor. They had just moved their equipment back from up north where they were involved in the construction of the Alaska Highway. The contractor used a lot of fascinating equipment when the construction started. Especially to the eyes of a twelve year old boy. One that I particularly remember was called a "mule". It was used to haul rock which had been blasted for the road right-of-way. This "mule" had two big wheels in the back and two small wheels in the front. One of these odd rigs was driven by George Hill, a neighbour of ours. The driver sat sideways on a single seat and the box of the truck was in the front. There were no springs, no cab, and no hoist to dump the box.

To dump the box the driver pulled a pin device on the front of the box and the box tipped itself. These mules used the same mechanical dump as the old single horse dump cart.

There were a couple of operators who would let me ride on the equipment. The fellow who operated the drag line and the fellow who ran one of the bulldozers, his name was Alec. His job was to push the blasted rock with his bulldozer, across the swamps for a new road bed. Sometimes he would allow me to operate the controls. Of course he was on the seat beside me. Another piece of equipment which caught my attention one day was a water dump mounted on a Bren gun carrier. This machine was originally used during the war to carry a Bren gun. It was built like a small bulldozer with high and narrow tracks less the blade.

One evening when all the workers had gone home I had a strong urge to start the engine and try it out. By trial and error I got the engine started and the machine started to move ahead. Not knowing how to steer the thing, one of the tracks hit a birch tree about four inches in diameter, then the tracks kept pushing and climbing until the tree was bent over and the track had climbed on top and was ready to tip over sideways. Frantically I shut the engine off and ran home hoping no one saw me.

Father worked on the highway construction also. He was working for a local contractor who was building concrete bridges for the road construction to span the three creeks. When the construction of this highway was completed it meant that anyone travelling from Sudbury to Creighton mine had to travel about four miles extra. So the miners who were travelling to work at Creighton mine didn't take too kindly in having to use this new road. Even when INCO closed the old Creighton road with a steel gate at either end, the miners would pull the gates down, or drive around the gates. Gasoline was rationed in those war years and another ten miles per day soon used up the ration coupons. It wasn't until the Fall of 1947 that the road was made totally impassable and all the traffic was re-routed over the present Creighton road.

CHAPTER 15

THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

Summertime also meant haying time. The hay was cut with a hay mower drawn by a team of horses. When the hay had dried it was raked into what was called windrows by means of a dump rank. This implement wasn't very heavy so it was pulled by a single horse. The hay was then forked by hand into piles or coils where it was left to dry some more before it was loaded on the wagon and brought into the hay loft in the barn. We were more fortunate than some area farmers as there was a "hayfork" in the barn to unload the hay from the wagon and lift it into the hay mow. This device was a two pronged fork about four feet high which was pushed down into the load of hay, locked into position by means of a lever, a cable was attached to the fork and up to a carriage which ran along a single track inside the hay loft roof. The team of horses were hitched on to the other end of the cable at the rear of the barn which pulled the load of hay up into the barn hay loft. When the desired spot was reached the "trip" rope was pulled and the load of hay was released and it fell to the floor. The hay was then forked into the corners of the hay loft and course salt was spread over the hay to help in the curing process. Forking hay in the hay loft on a hot summer day was one of the worst jobs on the farm. The hay was dusty and the pollen from the timothy and clover got into your eyes and nose along with the chaff and seeds down your neck. But when evening came we would all cool off in the swimming hole in the creek below the house, and forget about the hay for another day.

Some evenings we would make ice-cream. There was one of those ice-cream makers on the farm which looked like a small wooden barrel with a crank on the side. We always had a lot of cream on the farm in the summer and Mother would mix her special ingredients and fill the inner steel container ready for the ice-cream maker. As kids it was our job to get a block of ice from the ice-house, wash off the sawdust and crush the ice.

The ice crusher was a potato bag into which we put the block of ice. It was then hammered with a block of wood or with the side of an axe. The crushed ice was placed between the steel container and the wooden barrel and layered with course salt. The crank was turned and turned and turned and after fifteen or twenty minutes of this non-stop cranking we had a one gallon container of the finest ice-cream, a treat well worth working for.



Earl & Doris with "Silver".



Earl leading "Dick" with Bill Jr. at the controls of the cultivator.



In the above photo, Lorne is "breaking in" his new 3 year old team,
"Dick & Archie".
(Circa - 1920)

Lower photo shows the same team 25 years later.



Above photo Bill Jr. on the hay rake with "Pearl" the "race horse".
Note the windmill in background.



The above photo shows the 90 acre hay field on the Gagnon farm.
Photo taken approximately at intersection of Sixth and Tenth Avenues in the
present town of Lively.

CHAPTER 16

KEEPING COOL

I have mentioned the ice house on the farm and the ice which was stored there. Cutting and packing ice was another winter chore which had to be done as it was the only means of cooling the milk or cream in the milkroom and also for use in the icebox in the kitchen. The ice houses on most area farms were usually the worst looking buildings on the farm and ours was no different. There were no windows and only one wide door where the blocks of ice were slid down a temporary wooden ramp. The ice was stored in this building and packed in sawdust, which was used as insulation.

Usually in the month of February the ice cutting would start at Meatbird lake at the site of the present swimming hole. (It must be remembered that Meatbird lake is now drained and a causeway built across the lake where the ice cutting took place)

The team of horses was hitched to the sleigh which had a special rack on it made of wooden planks. The ice cutting tools consisted of an axe, a chisel with a long handle, a pair of ice tongs, a long straight board, (used as a guide to cut the ice in a straight line), a square shovel, a couple of light logging chains, and most important the ice saw. This saw resembled a huge cross-cut saw with a "T-Bar" type of handle on one end. The saw was six or seven feet long.

Before the ice cutting started an area was shovelled clear of snow and a hole was chopped through the ice (which was at least eighteen inches thick) with an axe or chisel. The hole was large enough to insert the saw blade through which was about ten inches wide. The straight board was laid on the ice and now the hard work started "sawing the ice". This was hard work because the handle of the saw was lifted at arms length overhead to start the downward stroke. The cutting stroke was complete when the saw handle touched the ice surface. The saw was then lifted up at arms length and started over again. This was certainly not an easy task.

The blocks of ice were then lifted out of the water with ice tongs and loaded on to the sleigh. When the sleigh was loaded it was hauled back to the farm and the ice was packed in sawdust in the ice house. It took a good many loads of ice to fill the ice house.



Lorne at the controls of the binder GIVING THE TEAM A REST.



Bill Leach with team on the hay mower.

During the ice cutting season it was common to see eight or ten teams of horses and ice cutting crews on Meatbird lake. The neighbouring farm to the west of us, owned by Dave Ritari and his Father John had an ice business. During the winter they would have ice cut by some local man who was looking for work. Then it was packed in their abandoned cow barn then in the summer John Ritari would deliver blocks of ice to the residents of Creighton mine.

CHAPTER 17

HORSE-POWER

I have a vivid memory of a Finnish man whose name was Herman or "Hempa" as the Finns called him. He was a big burly rough type of individual. I forget where he came from but he ended up at Ritari's one winter cutting and hauling their ice. He had one white horse and a set of sleighs. The horse was in very poor shape and was never fed properly. The sleigh was always overloaded with block of ice and the poor horse could hardly move the sleigh at times. This didn't bother Hempa in the least. He would whip the horse with his birch stick and would continually shout at the horse.

As the teams of horses and loaded sleighs passed over the same trail along the lake shore, some bare ground would appear through the snow. This would make it very difficult for even a team of horses to pull the load of ice off the lake. But this fellow Hempa would have this poor old white horse pulling a bigger load than was normal for a team of horses. (I certainly didn't like that character).

I recall another instance of horse abuse which took place one winter to a team of horses owned by the Anderson farm. It took place after a snow and ice storm the horses were being forced through four feet snow drifts, trying to pull a heavy sleigh with a caboose on it and loaded with cans of milk. One of the Anderson sons (John) was using a birch stick with a whip on the end made from a length of haywire, to whip the horses into trying to do the impossible. He finally had to give up as the horses refused to even move. This John was a very indolent person anyway. Soon I saw the hired man, "Eino" come to his rescue and move the milk cans by means of a hand sleigh to the waiting milk truck. He then shovelled an area to get the horses turned around and took them back to their stalls in the stable.

Both Father and Grandpa was expert teamsters. They never used a whip or for that matter they never even owned one. In later years the area farmers told me stories about the good horsemanship these two men possessed.

Father had a team of gray Percheron horses which he raised on the farm from colts. Their names as previously mentioned were "Dick" and "Archie". This team was

trained by Father and was together for twenty-seven years. Archie was the first to go and Dick lived until he was thirty-two. Anyway, Father and his team of horses were always on the same "wave length". They worked together like "clock work".

There was a time when I was thankful that Father had been such a good teamster and trained the team so well. It was in the winter and Father and I had the team of horses and the sleigh in the bush to pick up some firewood which had already been cut. We have the wood rack on the sleigh and the horses were stopped as we loaded the front of the sleigh first. When it was time to move on to the next wood pile Father gave the usual signal for the horses to move on. He never used the reins to guide or stop the horses while in the bush, only his voice commands. Father was standing on the back of the sleigh and as the sleigh started to move his foot went through a plank on the sleigh rack. He lost his balance and fell backwards over the end of the sleigh. His foot was caught in the plank and his head was dragging on the snow behind the moving sleigh. I was walking behind the sleigh when this happened. The horses sensed that something was wrong because they stopped as soon as Father fell.

To this day I don't know where I got the strength from because I picked Father up by his shoulders and lifted him up on to the sleigh in order to release his foot. I was only about eleven years old at the time.

I can still see old Dick turning his head and looking back at Father as much as to say, "Are you all right?".

CHAPTER 18

THE NEIGHBOURING FARMS

This is probably a good time to remember some of the area farmers, their sons and some of the local hired hands.

Ernest Kallio owned the farm adjoining ours to the east. He also owned the Copper Cliff dairy. The man who ran the farm was a bachelor by the name of Arvi.

Anderson's farm was operated by Mrs. (Greta) Anderson who also owned the dairy in Creighton. Mr. Anderson (Frank) never worked the farm as he was a miner working for INCO at Frood Mine. The man who was responsible for the farmwork was Eino. He was a huge muscular Finn. He spoke very little, and never stopped working.

Uno Isacson had a small farm south of Anderson's. He had two sons, Frank and Stan. Matti Hill lived to the west of them and he also had two sons, Lauri and George. Further down the road was the Basto farm. Matti was the father and he had seven sons, John, Eino, Ero, Arvo, Ami, Wilfred and Niilo. From Basto's corner there was another road which went in a westerly direction which is now called Niemi road. There were two brothers who each owned farms on this road. John Niemi who had three sons, Oiva, Urho and Vilho (Bill). The other brother's name was Jacob Niemi. He had four sons, Arne, Vern, Walter and Niilo. The Sparks hall was also on this road. This hall was a meeting place for the people who lived in the area. It was built by local area residents and was owned by the Sparks Sports Club. This was where people would gather for dances, plays, sports events or any other social activity.



Junior farmers judging livestock at Burwash Industrial Farm
(Bill Jr., third from right).



Prize winning Holstein calf "Flossy".

CHAPTER 19

FARMERS' NIGHT

Saturday night was called "farmers' night" at least during the summertime. Father and Mother would go to Sudbury to the market to buy fresh meat, as we could only keep some pre-cooked meat in the ice house. There was never a problem storing meat during the winter. So off we would go to town in Father's 1936 Chevrolet, or in later years, I guess it was 1941 that Father came home with a newly painted 1937 Plymouth. "Boy that was a nice car!" Anyway, the Farmers' Market was on Borgia Street and that was where we usually went first. This was a meeting place for all the people from the country. The meat section was very noisy and crowded as the meat vendors called out their products to would-be buyers. The Borgia street area was the rough section of the City. There were many transients on the street in those days as the C.N.R. station was at the east end of Borgia Street and the famous Queens Hotel was on the corner at the west end.

After the shopping was done we would head home. This was the best part of the trip to town. Sometimes we were treated to a bottle of pop (to be shared) or a hotdog. There were a couple of "hotdog stands" on the Copper Cliff road in the Gatchell area. The one I remember best was called the "Lunch Box". It was a building built in the shape of a lunch pail complete with handle. There was always a strong odour in the air in this area of town. South of the highway there was a creosote plant. This is where the railway ties, telegraph and hydro poles were treated with creosote to prevent them from rotting. The wood was first dipped into huge tanks filled with creosote then piled in a storage area in the yard thus the creosote smell.

The street cars in Sudbury were always fascinating to us. They serviced the Sudbury-Copper Cliff area from Notre Dame Street in Sudbury west to the Copper Cliff Refinery. One year Father took us for a ride on the street car from Copper Cliff to Sudbury just before Christmas. We visited toyland before returning home.



Bill coming from Copper Cliff High School Cross-Country, 1947.



Doris feeds the chickens, 1945.

CHAPTER 21

JUNIOR FARMERS

On the farm during the summer there were always some chores that had to be done, potatoes to hoe, the garden to weed and cultivate. We had a large vegetable garden and as youngsters we would pick the vegetables, load them on a small wagon and pull the wagon along the Creighton road and sell vegetables. A couple of times we took the single horse and wagon and went all the way to Creighton. My oldest sister, Betty, was the sales person and I drove the horse.

When I was thirteen years old I joined a 4-H Club which was jointly sponsored by the Sudbury Kiwanis Club and the Department of Agriculture. In Waters Township during this era there were quite a few small dairy farms so the 4-H Club took the form of a calf club. In the Spring of the year a calf was put in your care. It was obtained from your Father's herd. It then became your responsibility to feed, train, and keep records of the growth and habits of the calf until Fall.

Achievement day was held at the 1-A Waters school in September. This is when you had to show your calf to the judges. There were two judges Mr. Romeo Leroux and Mr. Vern Kallio who was a graduate of the agriculture college. Points were given for the best calves and for best showmanship. Also important were the records which each member kept on the rate of growth and medical condition of his or her calf. Later in the Fall we were guests at a banquet in the old Nickel Range Hotel in Sudbury where the awards were presented to the winners. To attend a banquet with the Kiwanis Club in the upper dining room of the Nickel Range Hotel was quite an honour for a thirteen year old country lad. Some of the other members of the calf club that first year were Henry and John Nelson, Judy and Laureen Jacobson, Minerva Punkari, Andy Pakkala, Jacqueline McKim, Irene Kovalainen and Oliver Moxam.

During November 1949 through the 4-H Club and the local agricultural representative, Mr. Romeo Leroux, I was asked to participate in the Sudbury and district livestock judging competition which was held at the Burwash Industrial Farm. The three winners from this group would then enter the Ontario junior livestock judging competition at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto. I was quite proud of myself when the score was announced.

Out of a possible seven hundred points I racked up six hundred and ten which gave me first place in the competition and a trip to the Royal Winter Fair.

Mr. Romeo Leroux drove the other two boys and myself to the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph where we were given a week's course on livestock judging and a few short courses on farming in general. It was an interesting week and was the first time that I had ever been away from home. From Guelph we went to the big city of Toronto where we stayed at the Royal York Hotel. We also went to the Maple Leaf Gardens to a hockey game. The Royal Winter Fair was held at the Exhibition grounds. As competitors we didn't do all that well for the north but it is an experience which I will never forget.

This same year I also ventured into the business world. I was going to make my fortune raising chickens.

The Family Herald was a favourite farm magazine which came in the mail on a weekly basis. The classified ad section listed day-old chicks for seven cents each. These were mixed chicks, roosters and hens. I had saved seven dollars over the past year and that was just enough to buy one hundred day old chicks. Of course I had no money to pay for shipping or subsequent feed (Father sprung for that). There was a small chicken coup on the farm, which at sometime previous, was used for raising chicks. It contained a small kerosene heater to keep the chicks warm. The chicks arrived by train to the Copper Cliff station where Father and I picked them up and brought them to their new home in the chicken coup. After about a week the flock of chickens seemed to have shrunk in size, so we took a count. There was about forty chicks missing. After a search of the area we found them dead under the floor of the chicken coup. Father said that this was the work of a weasel so we made sure there were no holes around the floor and the door was closed properly. But two days later my complete flock of chicks were gone, and also my business venture. We found a small hole which was gnawed by some animal. This allowed the varmint to gain access to the chicks and ended my career as a chicken farmer overnight.

CHAPTER 22

A HIGHER EDUCATION

When I was fifteen years old I made an attempt at furthering my education by going to Copper Cliff high school. There were no yellow school buses then so we had to find our own way to get to school. There was a bus company called "Local Lines" which ran a bus service from Creighton to Sudbury via the old Creighton road as previously mentioned. We had to buy our own tickets on the bus and most of the time we had to stand. I didn't always ride on the bus, as I would hitch a ride on the Copper Cliff dairy milk truck which delivered milk to Creighton mine, thus saving my bus ticket. I found it hard at first to adjust to high school as I was accustomed to a one room country school, where at lunch time and recess we did everything from skinning porcupines to building rafts on the creeks, or camps in the bus where it was common to have a hole in your trousers or a patch on your shirt.

I knew nothing about their basketball or football games, let alone the word gymnasium. Never heard of Algebra, Latin or Physics or why we had to change classrooms every thirty minutes. My interests were altogether different from the rest of my classmates. I was soon coaxed into playing football and joined the team. I was husky for my age, and accustomed to working on the farm, so I became a prime candidate for a football player. I had little interest in the game but I played anyway. I guess my interest was to become a farmer. At that time, I also thought I would like to go to the Ontario Agriculture College in Guelph but high school had to come first. I was never a class "A" student as far as scholastic standards were concerned but I did manage a few years.

CHAPTER 23

THE WILD BLUE YONDER

It was 1949 that I had my first airplane ride. As I had previously mentioned I rode the milk truck home from high school on occasion. The payment being that I help Arnold Jenson the truck driver unload the milk cases at the Creighton dairy. This one particular day there was an airplane parked behind the Creighton Shell garage and a fellow doing some motor repairs. I had heard of him before from some of my friends. His name was Allan McMahon. He was a natural born mechanic and for a man with little education he was very knowledgeable when it came to any mechanical devices. Arnold Jenson and I went over to talk to him and to look at his aircraft. He asked me if he thought my Father would mind if he landed a couple of aircraft in his hayfields.

The next weekend to my amazement Allan drove to the farm to ask me if I would come with him to Hanmer to help him with some work on a war surplus trainer aircraft which he had recently acquired. He bought two airplanes which had been at the Hanmer emergency air strip for most of the war years. He was going to start the engine on one of the aircraft and to check the condition of the fabric on the tail section. We bought some adhesive tape to repair a tear in one of the elevators on the tail section, and a small hold in the fuselage of the aircraft. These aircraft were known as Fairchild P-T-19 Cornell. They were used to train pilots during the second world war but were now grounded due to past wing failures. There was a problem with the glue used on the box spar which held the wings to the fuselage. During some training sessions in extremely cold conditions there was a wing separation problem. "but this is summer" said Allan as he fired up the two hundred horse power Ranger engine and we took off into the wild blue yonder.

At this point in our lives neither Allan or I possessed a valid pilot's license nor an engineer's certificate to authorize the airworthiness of this aircraft. Anyway, he knew how to pilot this Cornell. (I was 16 years old) This Cornell had only fourteen hours flying time logged and was fully aerobatic according to the manufacturer's specifications. It was able to perform loops, spins, dives and inverted flying, and I was enjoying all of them from the rear cockpit of this plane. We were soon flying over our farm and Allan was checking over the hayfields looking for a place to land.

The Cornell aircraft was equipped with dual controls. One set was for the student and one set for the instructor. When we were again in level flight, Allan called through the gosport tube, "you have control". Allan was coaching me as we flew. I couldn't see him in the front cockpit but I was hoping that he had his hands and feet close to the controls. We made a couple more circuits then Allan had the Cornell lined up for a landing on the hayfields. Down we came sort of rough, as the field was not as smooth as a runway. The plane landed on the field where eighth avenue in Lively is now. He got the plane down and taxied it close to the barn where we tied it down. I couldn't believe what had just happened. This was my first flight in a airplane and I was given the controls for a while. This was the beginning of some experiences with flying and aircraft maintenance which entered my life in the years following. I never did get a pilot's license although Allan got both his pilot's license and his aircraft engineer's ticket for maintenance on aircraft. For the next decade or so I did a bit of flying and had a life long friendship with Allan McMahon.

LET'S GET A JOB

After the school term in June, 1948 some of the older boys in the high school would seek summer employment with INCO, the local mining company. This year I was invited to tag along with them to the hiring office in Sudbury. I was only sixteen years old at the time but one of my friend's Father was a mine foreman with the Company and he said he could get me a surface job as labourer. You had to be eighteen years old to work in the mines underground.

After we have completed our medicals and interviews with the personnel agent he looked at me and said "you look like an eighteen year old to me". So the next day I was at Creighton mine embarking on a career as a miner.

Mother and Father were upset at my latest choice of summer employment but Father had a long talk with me and I promised to be careful and follow safety rules.

It was quite an experience for a sixteen year old boy. I did spend the whole of the summer school holidays working underground. My pay per hour was ninety-eight cents but after one month I was receiving \$1.09 an hour.

The following summer INCO wasn't hiring students until the first of August; I started to work again at Creighton. This was the summer of 1949.



Charlie Lively

JANUARY, 1951

New Townsite Named After Charlie Lively

The new Inco townsite between Copper Cliff and Creighton has been christened Lively in honor of Charlie Lively, an Inco veteran of 35 years' service who came up through the ranks and is now superintendent at Levack. His name is closely associated with Creighton Mine, where he worked almost a quarter of a century.

Announcing the name of the new townsite, Vice-President R. L. Beattie said the selection was made as a compliment to Supt. Lively and also a tribute to the hundreds of men who, like him, have given long and faithful service toward making Inco what it is today.

If the new townsite inherits the qualities of the man whose name it bears, it will always be busy and on its toes. Charlie Lively has been a hustler ever since the day he was born in 1887 at Rowdin, in Hants County, Nova Scotia. He was one of 13 children of a farmer, and his first job was handling a team of horses for his father on a road building contract. He got his mining baptism in an antimony mine near home where he mucked in the drifts, and he's been a miner ever since.

INCO REPORTED PLANNING TOWN NEAR CREIGHTON

Farm Purchased;
Company Has
No Comment

Purchase of a 325-acre farm in Waters township by International Nickel Company is revealed in official records in Sudbury today. With the acquisition of this property, along with a previous five-year plan of land purchasing in the same township by International Nickel, it is believed the final steps are being taken for the establishment of a \$3,000,000 townsite within less than a mile of Creighton Mine.

While the sale of reeve Lorne Gagnon's 325-acre farm is revealed in official land title records, another resident of the same neighborhood, Mrs. Frank Anderson, has admitted that a deal is pending with Inco for her 420-acre farm which adjoins the Gagnon property.

This, it is believed, would round out the proposed townsite which would have 150 new homes, with all modern services and conveniences. It would lie on both sides of the new Creighton highway, near its junction with Highway 17.

Reports given by a Toronto newspaper on Thursday afternoon that the cost of the proposed townsite would be in the neighborhood of \$30,000,000 are grossly exaggerated, it is learned by the Sudbury Daily Star.

While no official statement has been forthcoming from International Nickel Company officials, it is learned in authoritative quarters that the new townsite will be proceeded with as soon as final details are drafted.

The accommodation to be provided in the 150 new homes would be primarily for residents of Creighton Mine who will be forced to vacate their present premises with the opening of the proposed new open pit at Creighton. This will be developed on a huge scale, it is learned.

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued from page 1)

Whether the purchase of the Gagnon farm portends further major industrial and mining expansion in that area is a matter for conjecture today by many residents of Waters township.

An interesting feature of the title to the Gagnon and Anderson farms is that both carry the mineral rights.

Reeve Gagnon's farm is located on Lot 7, Con. 6 Waters township. It was first settled by Gagnon's father in 1901. The present owner has lived on it since he was a boy of two, having been born in Copper Cliff.

Mrs. Anderson first settled in Waters township in 1913 with her late husband. They developed one of the largest and most prosperous dairy farms in the entire district. The property is contained in five blocks in Con. 4 and 5.

The first large-scale land purchases were inaugurated by Inco some five years ago, when two large farms were purchased on the old Creighton road in order to provide room for dumping the immense flow of tailings from the Copper Cliff smelter.

Since that time, township records show that considerable additional property has been purchased in Concession 4, 5 and 6 giving Inco ownership of virtually all the land between the new Creighton road and Copper Cliff.

Two years ago the E. Knight farm was purchased. This ad joins Gagnon's to the east. It is not known if it will be incorporated in the proposed. There is a natural water-course through the Gagnon and Knight properties to provide adequate sewage disposal, it is said.

CHAPTER 25

THE END OF AN ERA

This same year 1949 in December the farm was sold to INCO and the town of Lively sprung up in its place.

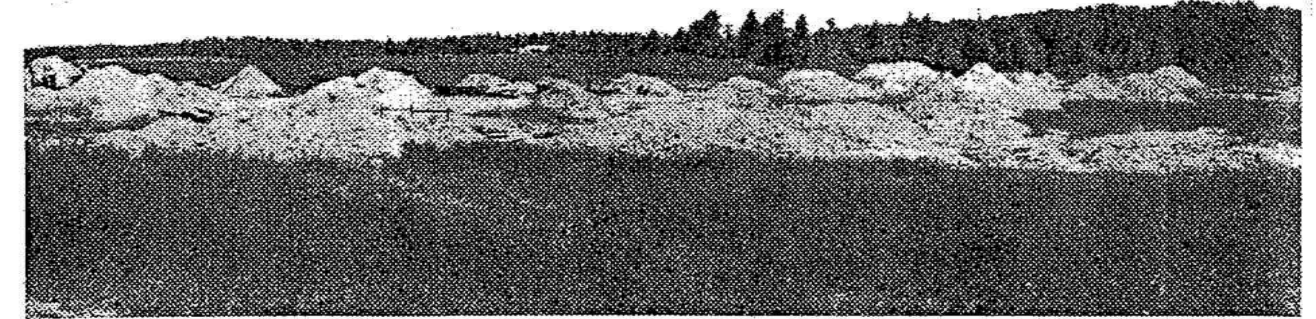
One November day in the year 1949 I saw a black limousine travelling slowly along the road between our farm and the Anderson farm. This was a rare sight indeed. It stopped in front of the gate at the entrance to our hayfields. Four well dressed "executive type" gentlemen got out of the car and walked a short distance into the field.

They stood on a little knoll looking over the two hundred acres of cleared land of the two farms. Then they returned to their car and left. Within a few days Father knew who these men were and what their mission was. They were INCO executives who were looking for property where new homes could be built for employees who would be coming into the area to work due to an expansion program within the Company. A deal for the farm was finalized in December of 1949.

The other two properties which made up the town of Lively were also purchased by INCO. One of these properties belonged to Mr. Edison Knight. This property of eighty acres now encompasses the Pine and Birch streets area and also the Lively Golf & Country Club. The Knight property was not a farm but a heavy forested area. Huge spruce and pine trees covered the entire property. It is hard to visualize as one walks over the fairways of the Lively Golf Course or strolls down Pine street that a forest so thick that the sun barely shone through ever existed here. Only those of us who inhabited this area before the transition took place can attest to the splendour of such a forest. The other property which made up the Town of Lively was the Anderson farm which consisted of approximately four hundred acres of land.

The Andersons settled on the original property in 1913 and later more land was purchased to make it one of the largest and prosperous dairy farms in the district.

These three farms which made up the Town of Lively all had an interest feature to the Land Titles. They all had the mineral rights to their properties, but were sold



A double row of excavations was the first visible sign of the new town which is to be constructed for Inco workers

New Town Under Construction Two Miles from Creighton

A brand new town—so new it's still unnamed—is springing up beside the highway about two miles from Creighton Mine. Part of the big Creighton development program, which includes sinking of a new shaft and construction of a concentrator, the town project is an outstanding feature of Inco's over-all capital expenditures of \$22,000,000 in 1950.

From 100 to 150 houses will be erected in the initial development of the new townsite. Ten different architectural styles will be used to give a pleasing variety; some will be bungalow type, others storey-and-a-half; 20% will be of insul brick, 40% of stucco, and 40% of wooden sheeting. The dwellings will be of from four to six rooms and will have hot air furnaces, hardwood floors, all modern facilities, insulated walls and ceilings, and full concrete basements.

Streets of the townsite have been laid out attractively in a semi-circular pattern to fit the contours of the land. There are enough slopes and valleys in the terrain to provide opportunity for effective landscaping.

To Have Six-Room School

In the central part of the town will be erected a six-room school equipped with the latest word in educational facilities. Adjoining ground has also been allotted for churches

and such other community services as may be developed.

The business section will include stores and offices, and in all likelihood a beauty parlor. Parking space will be provided all around the business section, with streets leading into it.

Provision has been made for several small parks in the town for children's playgrounds, and also for tennis courts.

Land on the west side of the highway has been allotted for a secondary school and an enclosed ball park.

August, 1951



450 Homes, 17-Room School for Model New Town of Lively

On a rolling plain midway between Copper Cliff and Creighton Mine a brand new community is in the making, a community of neat modern homes, a large public school, stores, and other facilities. It's the town of Lively, being built by Inco to help carry out a major expansion of its mining operations in the Sudbury District.

During the past 10 years Inco has been engaged in a continuing program of extending its regular underground operations at Creighton, Garson, Levack and Frood mines and, in

addition, new underground mines are being brought into production at Stobie, Murray, and Creighton. This expansion will offset tonnage obtained from the Company's great open pits, where operations are scheduled to be completed about 1953.

Considerable increase in manpower and shift of residence are among the many far-reaching complications involved in the conversion to all-underground mining, and an important feature of the long-range program has been construction of new homes, and

enlargement of educational, recreational, and other welfare facilities, for Inco employees. Since 1941 Inco has allocated for this purpose more than \$9,000,000. It has either built or let contracts for 865 new dwelling units, and has built three more large employees' clubs, a curling rink, and additions to schools in Company towns. It has also given substantial support to various community projects in Sudbury.

The new town of Lively, named after a veteran employee of the Company who has risen in the ranks from miner to mine superintendent, is springing up to accommodate the movement of manpower required for Creighton Mine, where in addition to the expansion of underground operations a 10,000-ton concentrator is about to swing into full production.

In a picturesque setting on the south rim

along with the land at the time of the sale to INCO. In the year 1950 a new town was beginning to emerge from the very spot where over a half century previous Bill, Sr., and his son, Lorne Gagnon, along with the Andersons cleared the land, worked the soil and grew crops.

It was here where the herds of cattle quietly grazed and men working against time, cutting the hay and grain, hoping the rain would hold off until the crops were safely stored in the barns.

It was these very fields where we as youngsters and our ancestors before us, would go barefoot all summer, across the stubble of the hay and grain fields without as much as a flinch, for the soles of our feet were as tough as leather. These fields are now covered over with homes and streets such as eleventh avenue, sixth avenue or fourth avenue.

With the sale of the farm came the end of an era.

It was also the rapid beginning of a new one, "The Town of Lively".

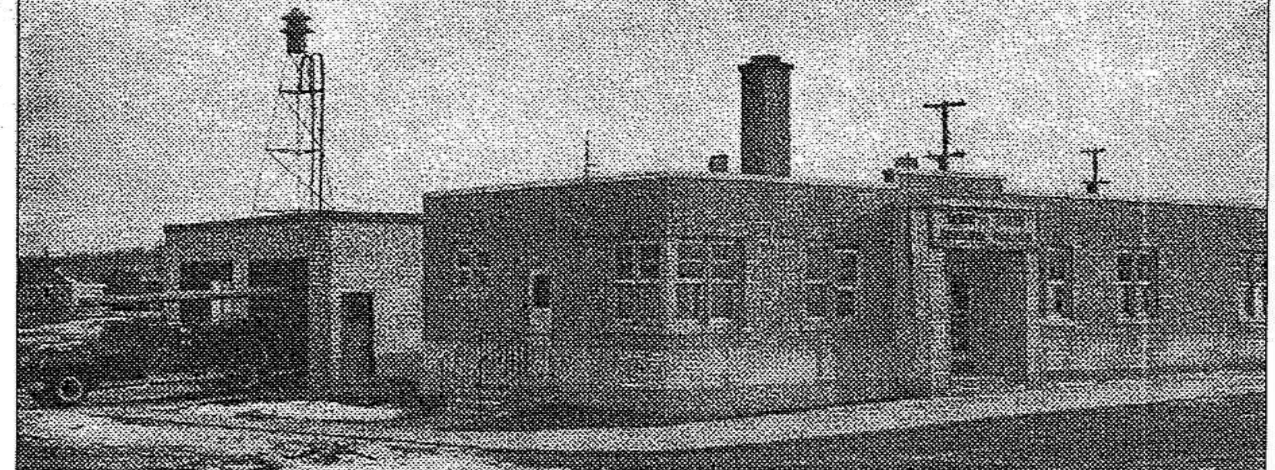
The summer of 1950 saw earth moving equipment such as bulldozers, power shovels and trucks everywhere. Streets were being built, pipelines and powerlines installed.

A complete transformation of the once tranquil valley unfolded before our disbelieving eyes. There were building contractors with names such as Dumontelle, Rolmac, Hill-Clark-Francis, Rayvor and Cecchetto. They invaded the area and each company set up their own temporary mini factory on the property which is now the Lively Park area. These mini factories contained equipment to pre-cut each home, and manufactured all the doors and window frames and stairs. The pre-cut house was then loaded on to wagons or trucks and transported to the lot where a poured concrete basement was waiting for a particular model of a house. Over \$3,000,000.00 was spent on the initial building program and expansion was necessary even before the first home was occupied.

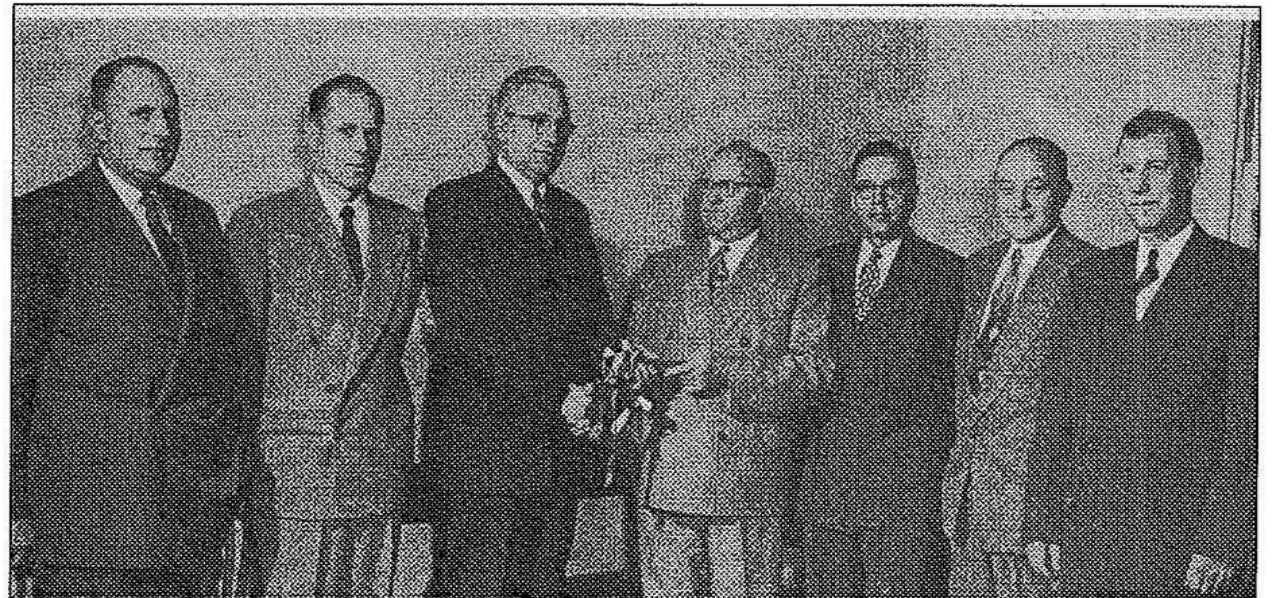
Mr. & Mrs Don Wright and daughter, Doris, had the honour of being the first family to move into their new home in the new town on Third Avenue on January 18th, 1951.

The following year saw the construction of a municipal building and firehall. These buildings were officially opened by the new mayor, Albert Elliott, clerk

Lively Opens New Municipal Building



The model town of Lively has acquired a smart new municipal building containing a council chamber, executive office, and police office, with an apartment in the basement for the fire chief. The building's heating unit also takes care of the adjoining fire hall which houses a 500-gal. LaFrance pumper, a combination snow plow-truck, and a bulldozer-loader.



In this picture Mayor Elliott of Lively presents the traditional key of the city to J. R. Gordon, vice-president and general manager of Inco, at the official opening of the town's new municipal building. Taking part in the presentation, left to right, are Councillors Neil Ogilvie and Clarence Meaden, J. R. Gordon and Mayor Elliott, Town Clerk Don Dixon, and Councillors Jim Martel and Boyd Thompson. Not shown are Councillors Ed Whiting and Dennis McKinty.



Steady Progress at Townsite

Despite considerable difficulty in obtaining delivery of materials, construction proceeds steadily on 125 houses in the new townsite two miles from Creighton. Ten different architectural styles are being used to give a pleasing variety. The dwellings will be of from four to six rooms and will have hot air furnaces, hardwood floors, insulated walls and ceilings, and full concrete basements. A seven-room school will be built in the central part of the town as well as some stores and offices. Adjoining ground has been allotted for churches and such other community services as may be developed. Announcement of the name of the new townsite is expected to be made soon.

Don Dixon and councillors, Neil Ogilvie, Clarence Meaden, Jim Martel, Boyd Thompson, Ed Whiting and Dennis McKinty. The Town of Lively received its name from Mr. Charles Lively, one of Sudbury's best known miners. Mr. Lively's mining career took him to Garson, Creighton and Levack mines from which he retired after 36 years to take up residence in the Town which bears his name.

Mr. Lively passed away on July 10th, 1954.

The sale of the farm probably came at a most opportune time. Farming in this area was hard at the best of times, but was made even worse with the sulphur fumes from the Copper Cliff smelter which had its way of destroying crops. The previous years 1947 - 1948 there was a bovine tuberculosis epidemic in Ontario and all cattle had to be tested by a veterinarian from the Department of Agriculture. On the first test we lost seven head of cattle. The barn was completely washed and disinfected, then a complete coat of whitewash was applied all inside the barn. But in February of 1949 when the second test was given the complete herd had to be shipped out as they all tested positive. Most of the area farmers suffered the same high losses to their cattle herds. There was some compensation received from the Agriculture Department but not enough to replace a whole herd.

Father was now sixty years old, and with the loss of his cattle along with the sale of the farm he should have retired. Instead he accepted a position with INCO's Agricultural Department as a groundskeeper. A position he held for several years. When the farm was sold the agreement stated that three acres of land were retained, along with the house and Father and Mother could live out their years in the original farmhouse, which they did.

Father died in an automobile accident in 1966 and Mother passed away in hospital in 1977 from cancer.

At the time of this particular entry which is January 1993, the status of the family is:

Betty married Stewart Morrow in 1956, they had one daughter Deborah. Stewart died in 1962.

Barbara never married. She lived at the farmhouse with Mother and Father. After their deaths she purchased a home on First Avenue in Lively where she still lives.

Earl married Carole Graham in 1965. They have one daughter, Kathy and one son, Graham. They live in Guelph.

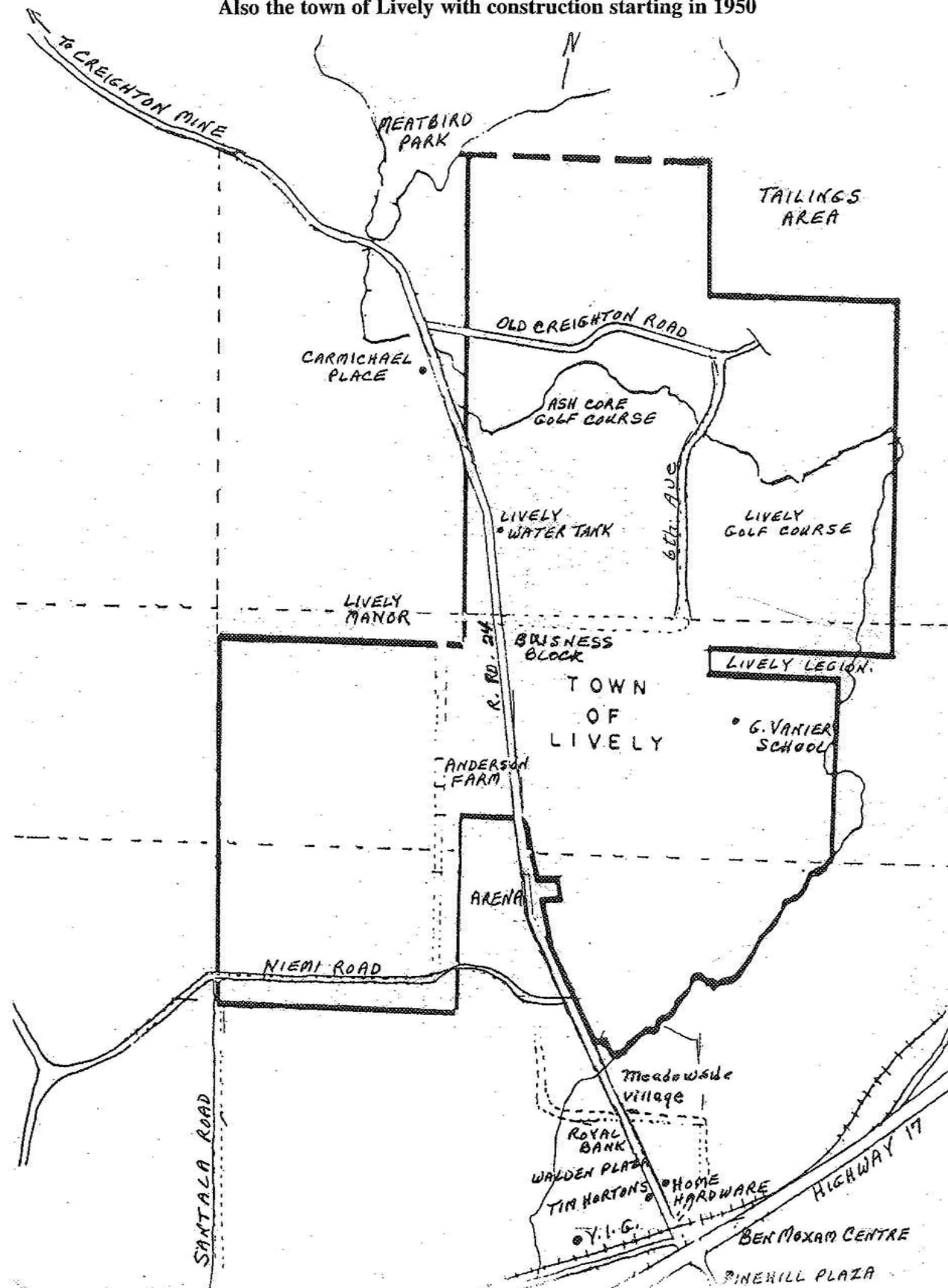
Alan married Lillian in 1982. She is a stepmother to Alan's two daughters Kristine and Karen from a previous marriage. They live in London.

Doris married Gerry Fournier in 1965. They have one son, Ronald. Gerry passed away in 1989. Doris resides in Sault Ste. Marie.

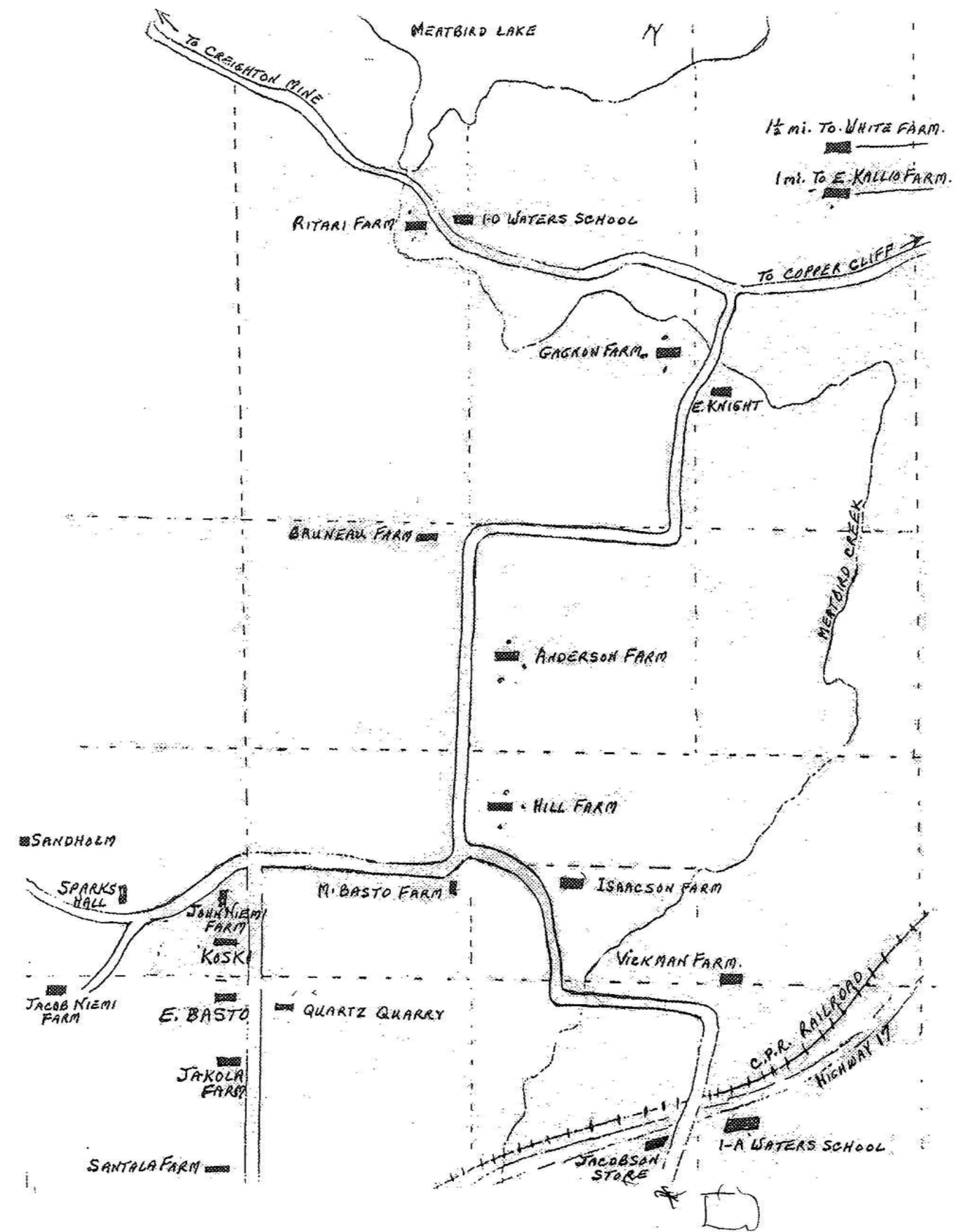
After the farm was sold I lived at home for another ten years until my marriage to Julia Affi in 1960. We have two children. Suzanne and Andrew live in Toronto. I made a career out of mining and retired in 1991 with forty-two years service.

My adolescent years project a part of my life which I foster a great deal. The memories of growing up on a farm in Waters Township will be with me forever.

This map shows the highway from highway 17 North to Creighton
which was built in 1945.
Also the town of Lively with construction starting in 1950



This map shows the farming area where the town of Lively is now situated.
Prior to 1945.



Acknowledgment

I would like to express my sincere thanks to my wife Julia whose help and encouragement provided the incentive for me to finish this book, a project I had begun and abandoned some years ago.

And to Hector Bédard who shared with me his memories of pioneer farming in the north, having been raised on a farm in St. Charles. Also to Hector's staff at Central Printers for the care and expertise shown in the printing of this book.

*Thank you all,
Billy*