

Footprints  
of  
Tom Moore Sr.

Elaine Moore Morrison

# THE STORY OF MY FATHER

## TOM MOORE SR.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*  
*Stanza 7 - A Psalm of Life*

For the grandchildren:

Judy & Elizabeth

Heather, Lynne, Tom & Trevor

Michael & Gary

George & Brian

Laurie, Robert & Merideth

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## PREFACE

At the end of July, 2004, my sister-in-law, Georgette, and I, accompanied by her two sons, Michael and Gary, travelled home to Smooth Rock Falls, Ontario, to lay the ashes of my brother Tom, beside the grave of mother and father in the local cemetery. That weekend was a celebration of the 75<sup>th</sup> year of the incorporation of the town and a commemorative book about the history of the town was for sale. How surprised we were to see that my father, Tom Moore Sr., was one of the key players in that history! We, the family, had always known how important he was; what was so surprising to us was that the author of the book had so fully recognized his great contributions to his community. There were pictures of both him and the family that we didn't know existed!

At the next gathering of my children and grandchildren at my eldest daughter's family cottage at Lake Weslemkoon in the Bancroft area of Ontario I produced the book Smooth Rock Falls 1916-2004. To my amazement it aroused great interest with the assembled group. It was actually two of the "others" (in-laws) who suggested that each of the children should have a personal copy of the book. It was also suggested that I should fill in all the details that were left out in the account of this interesting man, their grandfather and great grandfather. Since my four older brothers are now dead I am the only one left who knew this remarkable man at a personal level.

Therefore this effort is directed at my children and grandchildren, nieces and nephews – all the descendants of Tom Moore Sr. I hope that this story will round out their knowledge and encourage them to pass on their memories to their children.

# The Ireland He Left

## A general background of Northern Ireland late 1800s & 1900s

Modern day Northern Ireland is a small place. It is only 110 miles across at its widest point, and 85 miles from north to south – one fifth the size of the Republic of Ireland with which it shares not only an island, but most of its history. Northern Ireland, most often referred to as Ulster, consists of six counties; Londonderry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Armagh, Down and Antrim. The one of the greatest interest to us is Tyrone which appears to have four large cities (towns?): Omagh, Dungannon, Cookstown and Strabane. My father, Tom Moore, was born February 26, 1889 at Knockmoyle in the district of Omagh in the county of Tyrone.



Northern Ireland came into being in 1921 in the Anglo-Irish Treaty, which established a new country in the south, the Irish Free State. The six predominantly protestant counties, named above, quickly reaffirmed their existence as Northern Ireland with their own parliament in Belfast, under the overall control of the Parliament in London as set out by the Government of Ireland Act 1920. When Tom left in 1909 Ireland was still one country; he never forgave them for dividing his country!

For 800 years Ireland had been ruled by foreigners, mostly English. The original Irish were Celts. Ireland was invaded by several Celtic tribes from Europe, the last of which were the Gaels who probably crossed the Irish Sea around the time of Christ. Most of these tribes shared one language, Gaelic, and were ruled by tribal Kings. In 1169 a Celtic King, Dermot MacMurrough, of Leinster, invited an English Lord of Norman descent to come to his aid against a rival King who seemed to have lured Dermot's wife to his side. This Lord, Richard Strongbow, married a Celt and settled down in Ireland. Soon other Norman Lords followed building large castles and occupying large tracts of land. In 1171 Henry 11 of England sent over an invading force to make sure that these Norman Lords were remaining loyal to the English crown. From that time on England has played a great role in Irish, English, and Norman affairs.

For the next 300-400 years Ireland was a wide-open country where, in the countryside, Irish, English and Norman nobles were the landowners and they did exactly as they wanted. They either fought among themselves or joined together happily ignoring the wishes of the English Crown.

In 1543 Henry VIII renounced England's bonds with the Catholic Church in Great Britain, including English domains in Ireland. Therefore the Church of England (Anglican) was made the official religion of Ireland. The Irish had been Catholics for over one thousand years and naturally resented this foreign declaration. Henry also declared himself King of Ireland proclaiming his right to all lands in Ireland, but did little about this claim. When Elizabeth I came to the throne she sent troops to Ireland to enforce this right. Naturally the Gaels resented these British (foreign) troops and the troubles began.

During the reign of Elizabeth I there were six rebellions quelled by British soldiers. In 1603 James I forced the rebellious leader, the Earl of Tyrone, to submit to English rule. He and another leader left Ireland, September 14, 1607 – “The flight of the Earls” in Irish History. During his reign James I tried to ensure loyalty to the throne by taking land away from the Catholic Lords in Ulster, transferring it to the new immigrants, Protestants, from England and Scotland. The Scots were Presbyterians and the English Anglican. Most of these immigrants eventually became members of the Church of Ireland (Anglican).

The Crown had hoped that these new landowners would drive the Catholic Irish out, thus ensuring loyalty. What really happened was that these landowners realized that they could make more money by running their farms with cheap Irish labour. Naturally the Gaelic and old English Catholics, who wanted their land back, rebelled against these protestant interlopers-the new landowners. Thus violence reigned for many years. Cromwellian forces arrived in 1649 and supposedly brought all Ireland under English control in 1653. The remaining lands of the Irish rebels were given to Protestants, many of them soldiers who chose to remain in Ireland. George MacAllister of Omagh, who has been helping me in family research, thinks that this is how father’s forbears arrived in Ireland, but we have no proof of this.

After the battle of the Boyne, July 1, 1690, in which Protestant William of Orange defeated the Catholic Pretender to the Throne, James II, any hope of Catholic control of Ireland was ended for the next three centuries. This imposition of order led to increased division and intolerance in Ulster. The Orange Order – a semi-fanatical Protestant order dedicated to defending Protestant supremacy in Ulster was formed in James Sloan’s pub at Loughgall, County Antrim in 1795 after a battle between Catholics and Protestants over land. To this day James II’s defeat is still regretted in Catholic households in Northern Ireland and portraits of a smiling King “Billie” hang on the walls of Protestant houses.

The troubles and the hopelessness faced by many of the Irish were certainly inducements for them to look across the ocean to North America and a better life. The great famine in the country in 1845-47, brought about by blight on the potato crop, was the final straw for many of the poor peasants. In a country of 8,500,000 people half a million died of starvation, while one million left the

country, most of them emigrating to North America. The famine increased the enmity between the divisions of society because the majority of the peasants were Catholics while the Protestant landowners continued to export their produce and cattle to England for profit.

The one good thing about the 1800's was that it was a fairly peaceful era. Although there was a constant British presence there hadn't been any rebellions for almost a century. Of course there were still many Nationalists hoping for home rule, but they hoped that this could be accomplished by peaceful negotiations. I am sure that my father agreed with this philosophy.

Therefore the 1889 world into which my father was born was one of peaceful poverty. In Northern Ireland by Michael Kronewetter, written about conditions in the early twentieth century, one finds this quote, "For the poor and unemployed, living conditions in Northern Ireland are the worst to be found anywhere in the United Kingdom. This is particularly true in the rural areas."

The area that interests us most is the farming area around the city of Omagh in the county Tyrone. It is most probable that they were tenant farmers on a very small holding and the father worked for the landowner. Although there had been a Land Reform Act passed in the early 1900s which allowed one to dream of owning one's own small farm this proved to be a betrayal because when one did manage to get that dream the farm was too small to provide a viable livelihood; one would have to hire out to a bigger landowner, or by the late 1800s, find work on other projects, such as road construction, for part of the year.

In the early 1900's Home Rule was being repeatedly brought before Parliament, but for most of the Irish, especially in the rural areas, the main concern was either getting a better deal from their landlords or better still, getting out of the country to England or to America where there was more chance of getting a living wage. (Ireland, this century).

At this time most of the Irish were still loyal to the British Empire. During the Boer war 1899-1902, there were daily newspaper reports publishing the names of the dead; officers from the big houses and ordinary soldiers from the rural areas. Division was still evident by the fact that there was a brigade of Irish volunteers in South Africa fighting with the Boers. An interesting story from this

time describes this brigade's capture of the war correspondent Winston Churchill, in late December 1899. To quote O'Reilly, the owner of a pub in Sandymount in the 1940's, "we had Winston Churchill firmly under lock and key, only the way it was, it was Christmas time, and we, all of us, had a sip taken, and we weren't watching and didn't we let the bugger escape on us". (Ireland, this Century) I can hear Dad, a great admirer of Winnie, really chuckling at this account. He would have been 10 years old then and would have been earning a Tuppence fetching the daily paper for his friend the priest. Although he couldn't read it, I am sure that he would have been trying to figure out the story in the paper that day, especially if there was a picture of Winnie displayed. Dad loved to tell us about his going two miles each day, in his bare feet, to get this paper to earn a wee bit of money.

Recently I discovered the story about Churchill's capture in Enid Mallory's book, "Robert Service – Under the Spell of the Yukon". Apparently Ladysmith, a British stronghold, was being besieged by the Boers and they were threatening to advance on Durban. Captain Aylmer Haldane was sent on a reconnaissance mission on an armoured train. Among the troops on board was Alick Service and a young reporter for London's "Morning Post", Winston Churchill. The three front cars were derailed by a Boer attack, but the two cars of troops stayed upright. While Haldane held the Boers at bay Churchill freed the engine, loaded the wounded onto the tender, allowing them to escape protected by the troops from the two cars moving parallel to the train, keeping it between them and the enemy. When they began to lag behind Churchill stopped the engine, got off, and went back to rally the troops. Instead he found himself surrounded by Boer guns. As the engine sped on to safety Captain Haldane, Alick Service and Churchill were marched off to a prison camp in Pretoria.

The State Model School used as the prison was surrounded by a 10ft high corrugated iron fence. Churchill, Haldane and a sergeant made plans to escape by climbing onto the roof of a 7ft outhouse. Churchill made it to the latrine, in darkness, and got over the fence to freedom. The guarding Irish Brigade must have interrupted their frivolity because the other two didn't make it. Churchill carried on with no food, no map or compass and no knowledge of Africaans, travelling at night. Finally, exhausted and famished, he wrapped on a door. Fortunately he had chosen the

house of a colliery manager who was English. The man hid him in his mine and then packed him into a trainload of wool heading for Portuguese East Africa. Three days later Churchill crossed the border to freedom to become an instant British hero.

I believe that the priest for whom Dad fetched the paper would have shared this story with him. This man must have been a kind, caring man because he left a lasting impression on the young boy, as did the exploits of Winston Churchill.

# Moore

## The Origin of the Name

When I first arrived in Australia in 1986, my cousin Connie MacLeod Hunt and I loved to comb yard and craft sales searching for bargains. Most of my time was spent at the used bookstalls. At one of these I discovered a book about the surnames of Australia that declared that “Moore” was the ninth most common name in the country. When we arrived home that evening to announce our finding to Connie’s Australian husband John, he shocked us with his lack of surprise, saying, “Of course, most of them were sent over as criminals with the first fleet!”

During the years 1788 - 1868 there were 158,000 convicts transported from Britain to Australia; more than 50,000 of these were Irish, men and women.

There are many variants of the name Moore such as More, O’More, Muir, Morrel, Morel (old French) and Morris, with several suggested sources. One source is from the old French “Maure” - a Moor - swarthy as a Moor. It occurs as a nickname, William Le Mor (1221) for dark and swarthy William; also as a diminutive in old French - Morrel, Morel - for dark and dusky. Today Morelle is a botanical term meaning “nightshade”. Another popular source is related to the geographical location of the family whose residence was on or near a moor.



The surname Moore is found among the twenty commonest names in Ireland. The two most reliable sources for the name in Ireland are from the Gaelic name “O’Mordha” or from the English forebears who settled in Ireland in considerable numbers over the centuries since the Norman Conquest. Many came across as British soldiers in the Cromwellian invasion or Williamite wars in the 17<sup>th</sup> century and bewitched by an Irish colleen or the offer of land as

payment for their services, decided to stay. In the book “the Surnames of Ireland” by Edward Mac Lysaght it was stated that “it was a well-known English name often substituted for the Irish O’More” The Irish O’More came from the Gaelic O’Mordha - mordha meaning majestic. O’Mordha was the name of the leading sept of the “Seven Septs of Leix”. Today Leix is a county of Eire in the province of Leinster. There you will find the ruined fortress of the O’Mores occupying the rock of Dunamase, 3 miles east of Maryborough. This area had been ransacked many times over the centuries and was almost totally destroyed by the Cromwellian forces in 1650.

Since father had sandy-coloured hair, tinged with red, and blue eyes it is most likely that our family name derived from a mixture of Celt, English, Scottish, even Norse - perhaps a union of one of those not-so-absentee landlords and a beautiful Celtic maiden!

In the “Dictionary of National Biography-Volume XIII - Macquerier-Myles-there are over 40 Moores listed. Many were writers and politicians. Two of these were prominent in the 19<sup>th</sup> century; a politician, George Moore, son of George Moore of Moore Hall, County Mayo; a poet, Thomas Moore, of Dublin, son of John Moore of Kerry. I have chosen to mention these two because my father had been active in politics all his life and he loved to quote from the poetry of Thomas Moore. How often we heard “’tis the last rose of summer”, but my favourite was the first two lines of “The Meeting of the Waters”. That poem has remained with me all my life.

*“There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet  
Oh! The last rays of feeling and life must depart  
E’re the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.”*

Dad carried his love of poetry with him to Canada where he became a great fan of the Klondike poet, Robert Service. The line that will stick with me forever is “A promise made is a debt unpaid” from the “Cremation of Sam McGee”. Dad had absolutely no use for anyone who left his debts unpaid; absolutely abhorred the idea of owing anything to anyone. I cannot remember my father ever making a promise to me. It would have been an obligation he would have had to fulfill and he would never have wanted to let anyone

down. This lesson has remained with me; I have great difficulty using the word “promise” because it implies an obligation I am forced to fulfill “come hell or high water”.

# Early Life and Family in Ireland

Thomas Moore was born February 26, 1889 in the village of Knockmoyle, in the parish of Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, to parents Thomas Moore and Mary Jane Elkin. His mother died giving him life, leaving a family of five all under the age of ten. He had two older brothers, John and William and two sisters, Martha and Mary. I grew up with the impression that his father had died when he was ten, but upon receiving his records from WW I, I discovered that his father was still alive in 1915 when he joined the army. He gave his father as next of kin, living in Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland; I have since been informed that my grandfather Tom died in 1936.

Father always looked upon Martha, who was five years older than he, as his mother. At a very young age Martha must have assumed the duties of a mother to her younger sister Mary, two years younger, and baby Tom, and cook/housekeeper for her father and two older brothers..



REGISTRATION OF MARRIAGE IN NORTHERN IRELAND  
**Certified copy of an Entry in Marriage  
 Registration Records**  
 Marriage (Northern Ireland) Order 2003  
 REGISTRAR'S DISTRICT OF OMAGH

1878 Marriage solemnized at <u>Omagh</u> in the <u>Parish of Drumragh</u> in the <u>County Tyrone</u>							
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname	Age	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.
412	Nov. 8 <sup>th</sup> 1878	Thomas Moore Mary Jane Elkin	Full	Single	Labourer	Mullyrodden Omagh	Acheson Moore William Elkin
Married in the <u>Parish Church</u> according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the <u>Church of Ireland</u> by license by us.							
This Marriage was solemnized between us <u>Robert James Serran</u> <u>Mary Jane Elkin</u>				in the Presence of us <u>William Charles</u> <u>George Caldwell</u>			

Certified to be a true copy of an entry in the Marriage Registration Records in my custody

\_\_\_\_\_  
Registrar

Date \_\_\_\_\_



CAUTION: THERE ARE OFFENCES RELATING TO FALSIFYING OR ALTERING A CERTIFICATE AND USING OR POSSESSING A FALSE CERTIFICATE. ©CROWN COPYRIGHT  
 WARNING: A CERTIFICATE IS NOT EVIDENCE OF IDENTITY

The Marriage certificate, dated Nov. 8, 1878 states that Thomas Moore, labourer of Mullyrodden, son of Acheson Moore, farmer, married Mary Jane Elkin, a minor, of Omagh, daughter of William Elkin, farmer. This marriage was solemnized at Omagh, in the parish of Drumragh, county Tyrone. Mary Jane Elkin's witness

was Mary Caldwell, possibly a relative on Dad's side because grandfather Thomas supposedly had an older brother, William Caldwell Moore. The minister officiating at the wedding was a William Chartres. Mr. George MacAllister from "Hatches, Matches and Dispatches" of Omagh has searched the family records of Clogher Cathedral where he found an Acheson Moore, 1796 - 1884. This gentleman had a daughter, Summer, born in 1845. Mr. MacAllister suggests that this lady was the Margaretta who married a William Chartres in 1862 and that this Chartres was the minister mentioned in the above certificate. In short, grandfather Thomas was married by his brother-in-law, William Chartres.

Further information from newspaper sources of that era verifies that in 1862 a William Chartres married a Margaretta, younger daughter of Acheson Moore, Esquire, of Caldram, County Tyrone. Another article states that on October 8, 1870, the Rev. William Chartres officiated at the wedding of Jane, eldest daughter of Acheson Moore, Esquire, Cauldrum, Co. Tyrone, to Rev. James Ross, incumbent of Castlearobdall, Co. Fermanagh. At this wedding William Chartres was assisted by the Rev. Alexander Hurst Ross (relative of the groom?). That same year on August 2, 1872, this same A. Ross officiated at the wedding of William Caldwell Moore, eldest son of Acheson Moore, Esq. of Cauldrum, Co. Tyrone, to Sophia Matilda, only daughter of the late Rev. Richard Ross, Drumbrain, Co. Monaghan.

Therefore, it appears that my grandfather, Thomas Moore, was the youngest son of Acheson Moore, Esquire, of Cauldrum, Co. Tyrone. He would have had an older brother, William Caldwell Moore, and 2 sisters, Jane and Margaretta (Summer). Margaretta married William Chartres, Curate of Omagh, and Jane married the Rev. James Ross of Castlearobdall, Co. Fermanagh.

For further verification of family history Mr. Mac Allister sent me a copy of an article from a 1929 newspaper in which an Acheson Moore, son of William Caldwell Moore, was killed when his bicycle collided with a car. This Acheson was 58, therefore born in 1871, which was one year after the marriage of his parents, William and Sophia Ross. It is a wonderful story about this Acheson Moore of Caldram, Augher, who was bicycling from two miles beyond Augher to visit his aunt, a Mrs. Ross, who lived below Derry. This Mrs. Ross could have been Jane, grandfather Thomas'

eldest sister, who would have been in her eighties, or an aunt on his mother's side because his mother was Sophia Ross.

Dad would have been highly amused by the story that was in the Tyrone Constitution in 1929. In the statement to a witness Acheson Moore said, "I am a farmer and reside at Caldrum, Augher. I remember Friday, 14<sup>th</sup> June, 1929, at between 8:30 and 9:00 a.m. On that date I was cycling along the road at Mackey's hill on the Augher-Omagh road and about five miles from Omagh. I was going towards Omagh. I remember the sudden appearance of a motor. I could not see clearly whether I was meeting the motor, or whether it came behind me or out of a side road. I have a hazy recollection of coming into contact with the motor car but I could not say how". The driver of the car, Colonel J.K. McClintock had put the victim in his car and taken him to Tyrone County Hospital. At the hearing into the accident Acheson described the driver as a "very kind gentleman". He added, "It was my own fault anyway. If I had had the luck to come on the motorbike it would not have happened. I would have been past that place long before that". I can hear Dad really chuckling at this statement with an aside, "darn fool, if you had a motorbike, why didn't you take it?". But he would have been proud of a relative who was honest enough to admit to his own stupidity!

The verdict from the hearing into the death of the victim was that, "the deceased, Acheson Moore, died from heart failure as a result of the injuries accidentally received on 14<sup>th</sup> June 1929, at Moylagh, while the deceased, riding a push bicycle, collided with a car driven by Colonel J. K. McClintock. Colonel McClintock was exonerated from any blame for the accident."

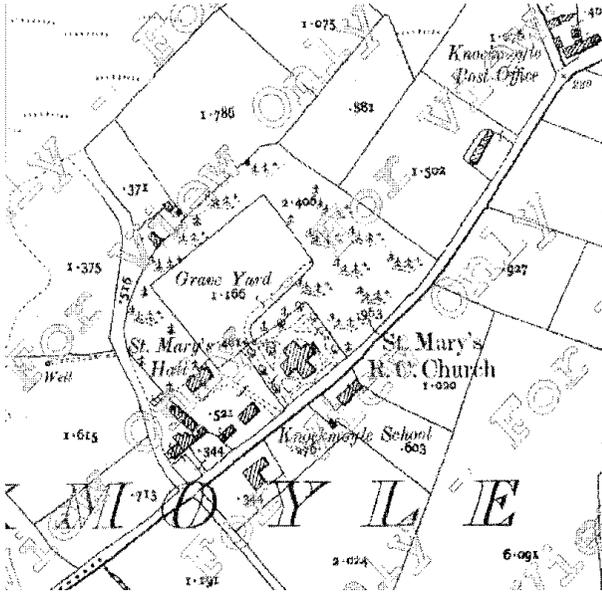
This Acheson Moore was described as a gentleman farmer from Ca(u)ldrum, Augher. Acheson Moore, the father of William, Margaretta, Jane and Thomas (my grandfather) was described in the newspaper, the Tyrone Constitution, as a gentleman farmer with Esquire attached to the name, from Ca(u)ldrum, County Tyrone. This family history seems incredible to me because being classed as a gentleman farmer suggests a man of means but father's childhood was one of such poverty that all the family except one emigrated to Canada as soon as they could. It is possible that great grandfather Acheson fell upon hard times. Although the three weddings of the siblings were mentioned in the paper, there was no write-up of Tom and Mary Jane's wedding in 1878. The above Acheson died in 1884,

at the age of 88, which means that son Tom's family would not have had much opportunity to get to know him. Only John and Bill were born and at that time they were four and two years old.

The other contradiction in this family story is that grandfather Tom's siblings appeared to have been educated. Brother William, was a banker, the 2 sisters married clergymen, but I am sure that grandfather Tom could not write. That must be why we never received any correspondence from Ireland. My father could not write, nor could his older brother John. We only received letters from John's son Andrew, in the nineteen-forties.

Home life for the five motherless children would have been a struggle with father Tom, possibly a tenant farmer, working at whatever jobs he could find to sustain his family. It is unlikely that any of the children got any education. The story told to me by my father was that he got to go to school for six months of his life because a neighbourhood priest who had befriended him, found him a pair of shoes. Therefore he was able to enjoy the privilege of education until he outgrew the shoes! In Shakespearean England students were expected to bring quills for pens, a knife to sharpen the quill, candles in winter and an expensive commodity, paper! This meant that poor children were excluded from an education because the few of them who didn't have to work to eat would not be able to obtain the quill, knife or paper. Almost three centuries later in Northern Ireland in the 1890s, school attendance was still costly - a pair of shoes.

If you look at the map of the village of Knockmoyle, you will find the school beside the Catholic Church. This is most probably the school that they all attended intermittently. My older brother Al, said that Dad told him they all went to school in between working in the fields to earn food for the family. Another family story from sister-in-law Dorothy, described the harvesting of potatoes for a neighbouring farmer. Apparently Dad returned to that field at night to pick up the rotting potatoes discarded by the farmer.



Dad and the priest became friends because the priest would give Dad a few pennies if he would walk two miles barefoot, to fetch him the newspaper. This was most probably a welcome task for the boy because it earned him a few pennies and he could spend his time on the way home trying to decipher some of the words. In later life Dad would diligently read the paper each day, carefully mouthing each word under his breath as he read, lying on the chesterfield after hollering at me to “find my glasses, girl”. This was one of my daily tasks which sometimes proved quite taxing because these spectacles could be anywhere from den to verandah, back porch or woodpile! Dad had taught himself to read, finishing the task during his war service when he was too embarrassed to admit that he was illiterate. All he ever managed to write was his all-important signature, so that he could sign cheques. As kids we used to joke that it was the most valuable signature in town.

## The Family on the Move

The eldest son, John, was the only family member to remain in Ireland. Perhaps he chose to do so to provide a home for the father. He did marry Margaret and had one son, Andrew. They lived in the Omagh area probably housing father Tom who supposedly died in 1936. We surmise that they lived in fairly poor conditions. By the 1940s Andrew had gotten in touch with the Canadian contingent by correspondence. Dad would send them money each Christmas. One Christmas in the 1940s dad received a thank-you note with a picture of John wearing a knitted vest with a big hole in it. Dad burst out laughing, saying, “the old bugger, he wants me to send him more money!” The next year we received another picture with John decked out in the same ‘holey’ vest.

When George Moore, dad’s eldest grandson, visited Ireland in 1991 he found Andrew’s wife Margaret, in a retirement home in Omagh. Unfortunately she was too senile to give him any family information. We think that they were childless and have since found out that she died Nov.15, 1994. Research found Andrew’s death notice in the Tyrone Constitution. He died April 8, 1976, suddenly, at his residence Kildrum, Dromore, dearly loved son of Margaret Moore. He is interred in Dromore Presbyterian churchyard. The article also stated that he would be missed by his wife and family circle, Dromore, Irvineston. Fintona, Omagh, Belfast, London, and Canada. Since we believe that he had no children this last statement is most interesting. Would further research find cousins; progeny of William Caldwell Moore and sisters Jane Ross and Margaretta Chartres?

The aim of the other four children seemed to be one-eyed - to save enough money to get to the North American continent. In June 1904 the White Star line announced a reduction in its third class fares on certain trans-Atlantic liners to 2.15s about \$13.30 in 1904 US dollars. It was the start of a price war because a few days later the American line reduced their third class fares to 2.5s about \$10.95 in 1904 US dollars.

By this time Bill had married Elizabeth Anderson, May 1, 1902, and had 2 children. 1906 found them on their way to Canada accompanied by children William and Annie. Supposedly a third child, Martha, was born in transit, Oct. 1904. We believe that

Martha and Mary traveled with Bill and family to finally settle in Toronto.

Eventually Bill and Elizabeth made their home in the Welland area producing a family of eight children - William, Annie, Martha, Elizabeth, Mina, Myrtle, Olive and Velda.

The marriage of Mary Moore to Jack Haughton was gifted with four children, three daughters, Emily, Mae Elizabeth, Connie and one son, James, born in 1930. He is still living in Kapuskasing, Ont. The Haughtons settled on a farm outside Englehart, Ont.

Martha married Alfred Butler in 1908 in Toronto and together they had three sons, Edward, Dell and William. We know that they were living at 10 Dundee Ave. Toronto, during the war years because Dad had money sent to Martha each month to that address. When Dad arrived there in 1919 with his new bride Martha gave him all the money she had saved for him, \$800.00. A great start for a young couple in a new country! After Alfred's death in 1916 Martha took in boarders to provide a living for herself and her three sons. We believe that she moved to Englehart shortly after Dad's visit to be closer to her sister Mary.

Dad had acquired money for passage to Canada by 1908. How he earned this money is unknown but he was always a willing worker who believed in the merits of hard work, both physical and mental. We can imagine that he worked on road construction or on neighbouring farms, wherever he could earn a few pennies. On his enlistment papers he stated that he had been in the Territorial Army, probably the reserve where he may have been paid a bit.

He loved to tell the story of his arrival in Toronto with just 25 cents in his pocket-enough to call his sister Martha. This was probably blarney because I do not think that there were pay telephones in Toronto at that time and if there were, I am sure that the cost would not be 25 cents. If one could cross the Atlantic for \$14.00 the cost of a local telephone call would not be 25 cents!

Martha told him that the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railroad was being built suggesting that he seek employment as a railway crewman. He did. He worked for the Morrow and Beatty Company laying the T&NO track from Englehart to MacDougall Shutes, now Matheson, Ont. One of the men above him was Guy (Scotty) Lawson, an engineer with whom he developed a friendly relationship. World War I interrupted Dad's railway

career. Being a great supporter of the British Empire the slogan “for King and Country” would have easily persuaded him to enlist. Thus we find him in an enlistment office March 03, 1915.

## The War Years

Dad joined the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force March 03, 1915. On his attestation papers he stated that he was born March 09, 1889 in Omagh, Tyrone, Ireland. The careful reader here will notice that the birth date here does not coincide with the birth date given in the previous chapter. This is because my father did not discover his real birth date until he was seventy years old. He had to write to Ireland to get his birth certificate to apply for Old Age Security in Canada. There had been quite a voluble discussion between my mother and father at this time because the old fellow did not want to apply for government aid, but mother won out! When the document arrived he discovered that he had been born February 26. He was absolutely delighted and from then on celebrated two birthdays each year! It was decided that there had been so much confusion with the death of his mother that his father gave him the birth registration date as his birth date. Thereafter each month Dad would gladly hand over his OAS cheque to Mom.

His attestation papers gave his trade as a Fireman, possibly what he learned in his railway career and said that he had served in the Territorial Military force. In pursuing this subject I learned that in 1901 there were 50,000 Irishmen in the British Army; 12% of the population of the United Kingdom was Irish, but 13.5% of the soldiers and non-commissioned officers were Irish. Were they a battling nation or was it poverty that led them to enlist in the British Army? Probably a bit of both.

I also learned that one could join the Territorial Army (Homeguard?) in Ireland at 17 or 18 and receive training at night; not really an active soldier, rather one who could be called on, if needed. I am sure that this was Dad's role in that force since he would have been paid a bit for having taken part in the training.

On March 31, 1915 he was assigned to the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps; his commanding officer was Lieutenant-Colonel J.A. Roberts, a member of No 4 Canadian General Hospital, University of Toronto. In February 1915 the University of Toronto, under the leadership of President Falconer, made an offer to the militia department to outfit a hospital of 1040 beds. At a farewell ceremony in Convocation Hall at U. of T. on May 6, 1915, the hall was thronged with people – wives, babies, fathers, mothers, sisters –

maybe aunt Martha was there – to say good-bye to their loved ones. The doctors in their khaki uniforms occupied the first two rows of seats; this dominant group included one woman, Dr. Harriet Cockburn. Then the seventy nurses, trim and business-like in their navy-blue uniforms with red collars and cuffs, brass buttons, blue hats and white gloves. Behind the nurses sat the more than 200 soldiers who were the ambulance attendants, orderlies and support staff. Dad would have been one of these. The ceremony ended with Chancellor Meredith's, "God be with you" as every person in the hall rose to his feet.

I believe that some of the training must have taken place in or around the buildings of the University of Toronto because, in his later years, Dad took great pride in declaring, "Yes. I've been through the University of Toronto." He was particularly delighted to drop this gem in the middle of a conversation where several professionals might be name-dropping their Alma Maters. Unless they took the time to notice the twinkle in his eye they would leave with the impression that dad had a degree from the illustrious University of Toronto!

The group left Montreal on the Steamer "The Corinthian" May 16, 1915 after a tumultuous send-off from Exhibition campgrounds, Toronto, on May 15th where thousands of Torontonians bid them farewell. I am sure that aunt Martha was there.

According to the "News" for May 27, 1915 when No. 4 Base Hospital arrived in England they were encamped at Shorncliffe. An article in the "Telegram", a Toronto newspaper, on June 30, 1915, stated that they were still based at Shorncliffe after six weeks and expected to be there another two or three weeks awaiting the decision about the location of the hospital. It was expected to be in a town in France. The doctors were at camp but the nurses were dispersed to a number of hospitals in England and France where they were receiving special training in the work they would be required to do. They would rejoin their unit once the location of the hospital was announced.

It appears that the decision was deferred until the autumn. An article dated Oct. 20, 1915 read "Alexandria". This had not been mentioned before as a possible hospital location. The article went on to state, "its position is reasonably close to the Gallipoli

peninsula and Salonika is ....". The rest of the article is lost until the last part, "particularly as it is on British territory." One could assume that the location was still "up in the air," but that they had that area in mind. In another article in the "News" of Nov. 4, 1915 there was an appeal for money to supply gifts for the hospital that is to be situated in the Dardanelles.

An article in the Varsity, Nov. 15, 1915, states that the No. 4 Base Hospital has been reunited at Alexandria, (some of the nurses were in other areas, on hospital ships in Malta) and has since left for an unknown destination in the eastern Mediterranean. It appears as if the decision has been made to set up the hospital at Salonika at the request of the Serbian government whose soldiers have been involved in heavy trench warfare against the Germans.

An interesting article in "News" Feb 9, 1916 gives us a good account of the movement of the unit from England. It gives us the contents of a letter from Surgeon-General Roberts in Salonika to Professor C.K. Clarke, Dean of Medicine, at the University of Toronto: "During the voyage we were blessed with particularly fine weather. We touched at Gibraltar, then into Malta for orders, where we remained five days and then were sent on to Alexandria, Egypt. We had to unload all our equipment and personnel from the boats; the former was piled on the docks while the men (dad) were allotted to a rest camp on the outskirts of the city, the officers being billeted in various hotels." The rest of the article depicts Robert's frustration with the unknown - did they know where they were going? Since he knew that Alexandria was the headquarters for all the operations in the Mediterranean area he sought out the chief medical officer of the whole force. In his own words, "I took occasion to call on him as soon as possible and fortunately found him to be one of the most capable English officers with whom I've had to deal. We went into the whole subject of the unit, its field of usefulness, and he is the first man since I left home who seemed to appreciate and welcome what the university has sent out for service. At once he arranged that we proceed to Salonika by hospital ship and in a day or two we were ordered to re-ship our equipment and embark on one of the castle liners acting in that capacity. He ordered them to be assembled at Malta, and then he accompanied us to that point, helping us in every way he could to get away to a good start."

They set up No. 4 Base hospital on the main Monastir road, about 4 1/2-5 miles from Salonika on November 10, 1915 – 27 days after their departure from England.

## Life in Salonika

By December 20, 1915 it was decided that it would be a hut hospital. The huts were being shipped in sections and were due to arrive at any time. The director of works was promising that all would be constructed in a month, but Roberts was skeptical because of the lack of speed with which many of the other enterprises had been carried out!

Dad really never described his experiences in the field but he would have been one of the support staff helping in construction and animal care. I believe that his main interest would have been with the animals. He certainly never fired a gun with any accuracy and would not have been too skilled in patient care, although he would have been sympathetic. The only picture we have of him shows him with a pail with which he carried water or food, probably for the animals. One of the jokes in our family was that any time dad was asked to participate in a sporting activity he would say, "Watch out for my donkey arm". As a youngster when I asked about this the reply from Mom was, "Oh, he fell off a donkey in Salonika one day when he was playing something." What could they have been playing; a Canadian version of polo?

Apparently they did play hockey because Private Lester B. Pearson, who was in charge of the stores in the unit - "a cushy job" in his opinion - led the unit's hockey team to the championship of the Macedonian Front. Since dad had never been on skates in his life he was an unlikely team member.



One of the greatest needs was an adequate supply of water. It appeared as if the well was about three miles away and everything was transported in water carts. They chlorinated and boiled all the water they used adding so much chlorine that one soldier said that he couldn't remember what real food tasted like because all they ate tasted of chlorine. The weather also made conditions difficult. It was extremely cold in winter with snow accompanied by high winds. In contrast summer was very hot

and dry. There were periods of high humidity which turned the soil to putty. They were thankful for the supplied rubber boots.

By January 1916 they were treating about 1300 cases per day. The most severe cases were transported to hospital ships if any were available. If not, they would set up wards under tarpaulins obtained from ordinance. One article said that there were now eight of these extra wards in existence as well as their ordinary hut/hospital quarters. There was an average of four or five operations per day including-appendicitis, hernia, gunshot wounds and fractures, many presenting acute challenges under difficult conditions. In the winter many of the combatants had to be treated for frostbite while in the summer heat many of the support staff suffered bouts of dysentery and malaria.

Dad's medical records have him admitted to hospital with tonsillitis for a week in March 1916 - a cold winter in the tent village! He was readmitted in June with diarrhea. His first bout of malaria took him back to hospital for two weeks at the end of September, 1916. This was followed by a second malaria attack which hospitalized him until the middle of January, 1917. In the summer of 1917 when both sides had taken to the hills for a rest a British correspondent said of the war in the Balkans area, "the only forces that hold the Struma valley in strength are the mosquitos, and their effectives may be counted by thousands of millions."

The hospital was not free from enemy attack. One article in the Varsity of Feb. 9, 1916 tells of three enemy air-raiders bombing the unit. "one bomb landed near the grand tent, hit the telephone wire, turned over on its side, but failed to explode. One plane tried to strafe the hospital, but fired too late."

There were two amusing incidents during this raid. Two of the cooks climbed into their ovens that were out in the open at the time. Another man started running across the field away from camp when a bomb landed right in front of him. He immediately turned around hustling back to camp to find the bombs falling there. He ended up huddled in his tent!

The hospital was being protected by the French who had placed guns on a near-by hill. They tried to shoot down the planes but this was dangerous for the hospital crew because shrapnel and bits of shell-casings fell on them. One piece of shell-casing went through the nursing sisters' mess tent. Fortunately the tent was

unoccupied at the time. Three French planes went up to try to destroy the attackers. An observer, a Captain Fletcher, states, “we don’t seem to have much luck in winging any of these ‘birds’.” The French fighter planes only managed to drive the enemy off.

Dad was awarded the Good Conduct Medal on the 13<sup>th</sup> April, 1917. His records state that this badge was effective 30/3/17 with the final authority for this award coming through 22/4/17. The only mention of Salonika that I ever heard dad make was high praise for his commanding officer, Colonel Roberts. It would appear that they had a good working relationship and a mutual respect.

By May 1917 the war on the Eastern front was changing in character. The allies in the Balkans area were British, Russian, Serbian, Italian, and French, helped by the Annamites and Senegalese. These last six had a joint front just north and west of Monastir where the hospital was located. The enemy were Bulgarians, Austrians and Germans. But in these closely-related areas one often found the troops joining the other side to fight with their kin. It was, therefore, at times, difficult to identify the enemy.

The French were demoralized at home after three years of semi-occupation and war and their troops elsewhere just wanted to get home. There were daily deserters from many sides. The Russian revolution was at its beginnings causing great unrest in that country and its army. In May 1917 one reporter stated that there were 50,000 deserters per day from the Russian forces, the soldiers on their way home to Russia.

To add to the confusion August 18, 1917 found all the Italian troops in the area called in to help the allied forces in Salonika try to put out a fire raging out of control. The British Base headquarters was destroyed as were most of the quinine supplies which was necessary to control the Salonica scourge, Malaria. For the rest of the war Salonika remained a desolate place.

The autumn of 1917 saw the No. 4 Base hospital moved from Salonika, where it was no longer needed, to Basingstoke, England. Dad’s records state that he was transferred to Basingstoke September 5, 1917. He suffered a recurrence of malaria and was again admitted to hospital for three weeks.

While in service Dad developed a life-long friendship with two Earls, Earl Ives and Earl Meek. In Basingstoke he and Earl Ives

began attending a neighbourhood church where they met two ladies to whom they were greatly attracted. They became the jolly group of five, joined by the minister, participating in many bicycle adventures together. The two Canadians were so impressed with these ladies that they asked them to be their wives. It wasn't until mother had accepted dad's proposal that she realized why the minister was always present on the outings. He was a very disappointed suitor. Mom always assured us that she would have made the same decision had she known his feelings. Dad was the handsome, personable Irishman with whom she had fallen in love.



Mom, Margaret Ross MacLeod, from the Dingwall area of Scotland, was working as a lady's maid for Lady Kekewich, who was travelling with her husband, Lord Kekewich, an officer with the British Fleet. Since Mother had a lovely alto voice she sang in the church choir. Dad's comical explanation of his courtship was, "When I heard your mother sing 'Oh, for the wings of a dove' I decided there and then to marry her to relieve the congregation of their misery."

Dad was transferred to the C.R.T. (Canadian Railway Troops?) at Purfleet from Schorncliffe the 8th July, 1918. He was granted permission to marry July 20, 1918. He and mom were married July 26<sup>th</sup>, 1918, at the Parish Church of Bishop, Hatfield, England.

A 278371		CERTIFIED COPY OF AN PURCHASED TO THE MARRIAGE		ENTRY OF MARRIAGE ACTS, 1836 TO 1908	
1918		Registration District <i>Hatfield</i>		In the County of <i>Hertford</i>	
Marriage Solemnized at <i>The Parish Church of Bishop Hatfield</i>		By the Minister		In the Presence of	
27 <sup>th</sup> July	<i>Thomas Harold 29</i> Bachelor	<i>27<sup>th</sup> July</i>	<i>Mrs. M. Purfleet Camp</i>	<i>27<sup>th</sup> July</i>	<i>Thomas Harold 29</i>
26 <sup>th</sup> July	<i>Margaret Ross MacLeod 27</i> Spinster		<i>West Thurston Hatfield</i>		<i>John McLeod 27</i>
Betrothed in the <i>Parish Church of Bishop Hatfield</i>		Betrothed in the <i>Parish Church of Bishop Hatfield</i>		Betrothed in the <i>Parish Church of Bishop Hatfield</i>	
Witnessed by <i>Joseph Maclean</i>		Witnessed by <i>Edwin Campbell</i>		Witnessed by <i>Lawrence P. Wells</i>	
Witnessed by <i>John McLeod</i>		Witnessed by <i>John McLeod</i>		Witnessed by <i>John McLeod</i>	

In August he transferred his money which used to go to aunt Martha in Toronto to his wife at the Beild, Guniper Green, Midlothian, Scotland. Was this the home address of Lady Kekewich? Did Mother return to her duties after her marriage? On his medical history form for his transfer to Canada, performed at Whitley, England, the 27<sup>th</sup> March, 1919, he gives his home address as Broomhill, Ferintosh, Conan Bridge, Rosshire, Scotland. Either Mother was living there awaiting transfer to Canada or else they were using just this as their home address at the time.

Dad's records are difficult to decipher at this point but I believe that he was transferred to a unit of the C.R.T. in France in August as a crane operator. It was there that he awaited the end of hostilities and his repatriation to Canada.

## Arrival in Canada

The troop ship, "S.S.Melita" with Mom and Dad on board embarked Liverpool 3/5/19 and disembarked Quebec 12/5/19. Dad's discharge certificate is dated May 14, 1919. They boarded a train for Toronto where they visited Aunt Martha and her family. It was at this time that aunt Martha gave dad the \$800 she had put away for him from his monthly pay cheques that had been sent to her.

After a short stay with Martha they boarded the Ontario Northland Railway (the railway he had helped to build before the war) for a trip north to visit Mother's brothers, Charlie and Murdo. Mother had not seen her three brothers, Jack, Charles and Murdo since their departure for Canada in 1912. Charlie, who was married to Catherine Anderson, had a tailoring business in Cochrane, Ontario, whereas Murdo, now married to Martha Tinker, worked as an accountant there, with the Ontario Northland Railways, (later Canadian National Railways). Their intention was to continue their voyage out west to homestead on a section of land that dad had purchased before enlisting. But, fate intervened. While in Cochrane, dad discovered that a friend of his, Guy (Scotty) Lawson was now employed by the Mattagami Pulp and Paper Company in Smooth Rock Falls, a town about forty miles away. You will recall that this was the engineering mate dad had met on his earlier railway experiences. A phone call to Scotty resulted in dad's employment with the Mattagami Pulp and Paper Company as of May 19, 1919. He was hired as shipping, blockpile and locomotive foreman.

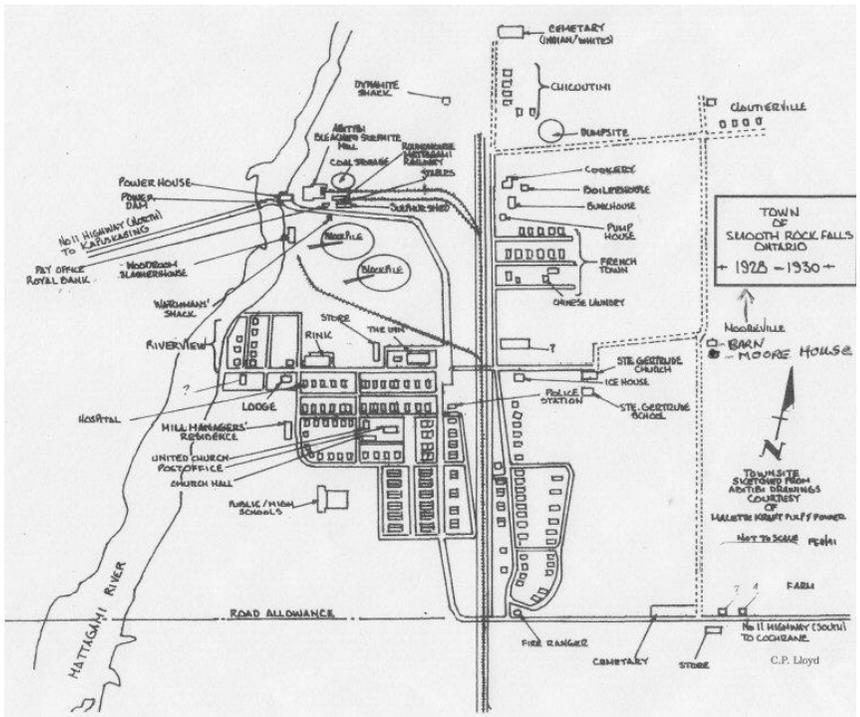
Thus began Dad's long residency (1919-1974) in Smooth Rock Falls, Ontario.

Allow me to digress a bit here. I was not surprised to hear that Dad had bought a homestead section out west while working for the railroad before the war. Having been impoverished all his young life, living in Northern Ireland where the successful were the landowners, it is not surprising that his philosophy in life was "Land is Money". We all grew up steeped in this philosophy, admonished many times that we must own our own land and house by the time that we were forty! In my teen-age years I remember Mom and Dad in deep discussion about a building lot Dad had purchased for a "song", years before (depression years?). It was then worth quite a

bit of money. 'To sell or not to sell' became the question? They sold the lot on Linsmore Crescent, Toronto, for a good profit.

## Early Years in Smooth Rock Falls

Dad became acquainted with Ted Richmond, an engineer on the train, who invited them to live with him while his wife was in Winnipeg with her mother awaiting the birth of their second child, a daughter, Sybil. Since housing was scarce in this new community they were most grateful for this generous offer. In the autumn they moved into a cabin by the river bank on the right side of the trail since no real roads existed at that time. Dr. C.F. Wright and his wife lived in a nice cottage opposite them and the town engineer, Bill West, and his wife, Jessie, lived beside the Wrights.



There was no hospital, just a small building where the doctor had his office, with a staff of cook-housekeeper, a maid, and two nurses. The patients were mainly injured mill or bush workers. Expectant mothers had to have their babies at home or go to the hospital in Kapuskasing or Cochrane. Here I will let my mother describe the birth of her first child. "My first child, a boy, Herbert Stanley, was born in the log cabin on the river bank on March 11, 1920. Helping me was a Scottish midwife who had only been in the

country a few months, having come from the town in Scotland where I was born, (Dingwall). The day following the birth my Scottish friend came to me in a very agitated state. There was a man at the door dressed in a long fur coat who had driven up in a sleigh pulled by a team of six dogs. The poor soul was petrified but I told her that he was a friend of ours and to ask him in. Stanley's first visitor was none other than Father Renaud, the Catholic priest."

There was a store that was run by the Company located in the basement of the Inn. Anything that was not available there was ordered from the Eaton's or Simpson's catalogue. Nothing much had changed in this category by the 30s and 40s when I was growing up. The Abitibi store now had its own building but the highlight of our young lives each autumn was the arrival of these catalogues. Many of my young days were spent rifling through the pages picking out presents and dreaming about upcoming treasures.

Cottages were being built on Fourth Street beside the railway track. Dad and Mom moved into one of these cottages in the early 1920s. Their second son, John Albert, was born there on September 21, 1921. Mother developed 'bealed' breasts (mastitis?) about three months after Albert's birth causing a family crisis for the feeding of a new baby and another child of 21 months. Dad telephoned his sister Martha in Englehart to ask her to put a cow on the Transcontinental Railway to be transported to the family. That is what happened. Apparently by 1922 dad had two cows that he housed at the Mill. Mom told me that dad would make a daily delivery of milk in a lard pail, dropping it off as the train went by the house each morning.

Mom's memoirs describe this in these words "when our second son was born we got a cow from Tom's sister in Englehart in order that our two children would have sufficient milk. Any surplus of fresh milk we sold to our neighbours with babies. A three pound lard pail was considered a quart."

Meanwhile Martha was entering a new phase in her life-marriage to Sam Mills, May 18<sup>th</sup>, 1922, just around the time that the cow would have been shipped to Smooth Rock Falls. They later had a daughter Gloria, born around the time of my birth, whom I enjoyed meeting in our teen-age years.

This railroad on which Dad worked was the shortest, test-chartered, standard gauge railroad in North America, only 3 2/3

miles long. Operated by the Mattagami Pulp and Paper Company it went out to join the Transcontinental Railway line at the “Junction”. This was a vital link to bring in supplies and people to the Mill and the town of Smooth Rock Falls. At first there were only boxcars and flatcars in which people and supplies were carried, but in 1927 a boxed-in car with wooden benches was added, drawn on the rails by a horse. The townspeople named it “The Toonerville Trolley”. In mom’s words, “we considered it a lot of fun”.



*c.1927: The Toonerville Trolley (Ontario Archives) / Le Toonerville Trolley (Archives de l'Ontario)*

As soon as dad and mom (the saver) were able to put aside a few dollars he began to look for land to purchase so that he could build a home for his family. He approached the New Ontario Colonization Company who owned the two townships of Kendry and Haggart since 1912 when the Ontario government assigned a contract to the company to bring in settlers, clear land and construct a sawmill. The company offered dad land in Jacksonboro (about 3 miles north of town and no road to town) at a cheap price, but he wanted to build in town. He tried to purchase our home farm from the company at the time but the price was too high. He then applied to the government as a returned war veteran and eventually was granted the 160 acres that he had originally tried to purchase.

While these negotiations were taking place the town was being supplied with milk from Bob Millar's and Tom Moore's cows still housed at the Mill. Dr. C.F. Wright was most concerned that the children were not getting enough fresh milk. He approached Dad asking him if he would consider starting a dairy farm. The Mill manager also suggested this possibility to him, perhaps anxious to get the cows and the rather unsanitary production facilities out of his domain. Dad told both of them that he would think about the idea.

The major concern now was acquiring enough money to build our home on the farm. Mother was the saver in the family, always the frugal Scot; Dad was the entrepreneur, the risk-taker. But Mom trusted him implicitly with the handling of their money. So, when the Bank of Nova Scotia bonds were reputed to be a good risk in the early twenties Dad asked Mom for her savings and bought some. They went down and down until they reached about \$23.00. Not wanting to tell Mom what had happened to her savings and against the advice of the bank manager who probably had refused to lend him the money he went to her again one day saying, "Meg, would you have a bit more saved because I have another good tip." Of course Mother produced what she had and Dad rushed out to buy more bonds, now at rock-bottom price, he hoped!

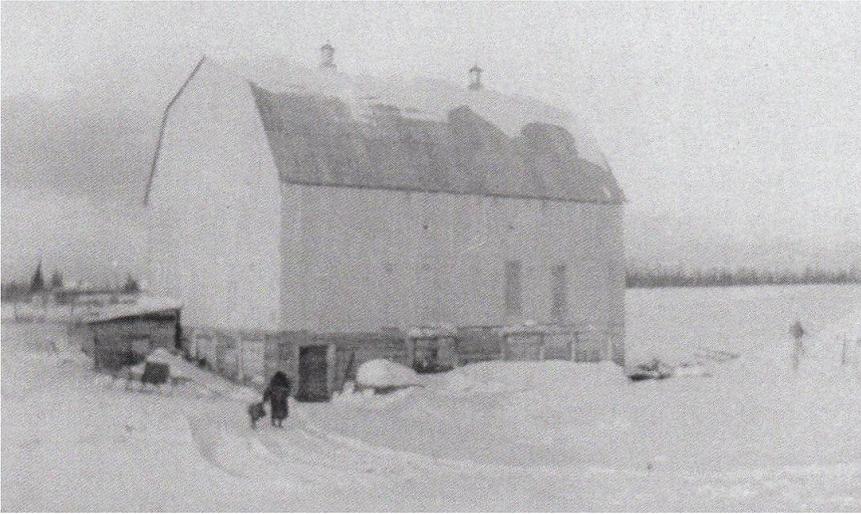
They were and the upward spiral began until they reached the \$100.00 offering price. The profit from this venture built our home and started Dad in the dairy business. This was the man who encouraged me to invest in the stock market in my early-married life with the advice, "never put any money into the market that you can't afford to lose."

Mother's description of these years naturally centred around the children. She describes the building period like this, "Our third son, Thomas Gordon, was born July 25, 1925 and that year we decided to start our dairy farm. We brought in a well-digger, and, after eighty feet of clay we came to gravel and lovely spring water. Tom built the barn over the well. He then traveled to Toronto to purchase ten Holstein cows and now we are in the dairy business. In the fall of 1926 our house was built and we moved in November 1, 1926."

The fourth son, Arthur Edgar Kenneth, was born March 28, 1927. He was born in the hospital, a two-storey frame building in the area of 141 Fifth Street. It is possible that Albert and Tom Jr.

were born in a hospital also because Dr. Wright seemed to provide hospital facilities from his home using the second floor for this purpose. Dr. Sinclair could have delivered Tom and Art since Dr Wright moved to Kapuskasing in 1924 retaining the SRF practice with his colleague, Dr. Sinclair. Apparently when the fourth boy was born Dad was not enthralled by the news. After the third day, one of the attending nurses asked him if he would like to see his son. He quickly replied, "Why? He'll look like the other three, won't he?" There was a rumour circulating at that time that he really had gone on a three-day drinking spree! Who knows? Arthur's third name, Kenneth, was in memory of Mother's younger brother, Ken, who had been killed in France in 1915 in WW I.

By the time that they took up residence in their new home her mother, Margaret Macleod, had crossed the ocean from Dingwall, Scotland, accompanied by her three daughters, Molly, Jessie and Lottie and her youngest son, Donald. Naturally they made their way to Cochrane, Ontario to visit sons, Murdo and Charlie. Quickly Lottie, a nurse, found employment in the local hospital and the family had their new home. Jessie worked as a seamstress in her brother Charlie's tailoring business. Molly found employment in the local bank. Since Mom lived in near-by Smooth Rock Falls grandmother would have been delighted to have her whole family around her once again. Her oldest son, Jack with wife Geisha, had also relocated to the area. Mother and Dad would have also been pleased that they now had a new spacious home into which they could welcome their relatives. I can envision Mother's joy and Dad's pride when they hosted the double wedding reception of Molly and Alexander (Sandy) Robinson and Jessie and Alexander (Alec) Mason in 1929. Uncle Sandy and Aunt Molly took up residence on a farm about two miles from Cochrane whereas Aunt Jessie came to Smooth Rock Falls where Uncle Alec worked as an accountant in the Mill. Their residence, across from the United Church, became a popular dropping-in spot for the Moore children, a welcome warming area before the long trek home to the farm.



**Barn with Mom & Stan?**



**The House 1925**



**Art, Ken Mcleod, Stan, Tom and Al**



**Grandmother McLeod, Tom, Stan, Mom, Art & Al all dressed-up for a picnic across the dam.**

## The Thirties

To most of the world the 1930s means the Great Depression after the disastrous drop of the stock market in late 1929. Our family didn't seem to be affected by it, possibly because we lived on a farm in a remote northern area. We produced most of our own food; we were used to doing without luxuries, didn't even know they existed if they weren't in the Eaton's or Simpson's catalogue; we had a spacious home that provided room for a housemaid and a hired man (sometimes two). In my teen years I did learn that their bedroom suite had been obtained at a good price from a professional gentleman who was leaving town because of his losses on the market. Perhaps this was how we acquired the antique settee and the stately grandfather clock that graced the hall of our farmhouse all my young life. Dad was a champion of good second-hand bargains! The only other memory of this era happened in the mid-thirties –I was four or five – when a gentleman appeared at our door asking if he could work to earn a meal and a bed. I remember this happening on two occasions. Each time dad would lead them to the woodpile, give them an axe and tell them “to get at it”. One of these gentlemen entertained us that evening with his tales of the road. Both of the men were riding the rails on their way our west looking for work.

The long-awaited daughter, Margaret Elaine, arrived October 15, 1931, born in the second town hospital which had moved to a new location in 1929. This new two-storey building at 73 Second Avenue now comprised an operating room, doctor's office, nurses' quarters, three wards and housekeeping facilities. There was no nursery, most babies still being delivered at home. Mom told me that I was born in the hospital and you will find below a copy of a letter from the LOBA Lodge which I believe pertains to flowers sent to my mother at the time of my birth.

To the members of L.O.B.A. 951

Finding it our Bound and duty - to Present.  
 To our Dear Sister Moore some  
 flowers while in the Hospital.  
 I would like all those  
 in favour to sign below so  
 this may be delt with in  
 Lodge later on.

Fraternally Elsie Stanyer  
 Worthy Mistress

Elsie Stanyer  
 Ibo Stanyer  
 Marguerite Mackenja  
 Alice G. Jones  
 J. Spence

Estella Guttridge  
 E. Guttridge  
 M. Langness  
 A. B. McKay

To the membership of  
 LOBA 951

Finding it our Bound and duty  
 (sic) to present to our Dear  
 Sister Moore some flowers  
 while in the Hospital. I  
 would like all those in favour  
 to sign below so this may be  
 delt with in Lodge later on.

Fraternally Elsie Stanyer,  
 Worthy Mistress.



The four boys welcoming baby sister



Tom and Elaine

In those early days there was no electricity on the farm necessitating the use of lamps. But, not for long! Enterprising Dad installed a 16 battery Delco plant in the basement. The iron and the water-powered washing machine, proudly purchased from the Eaton's catalogue, both operated off this Delco system Mother was

in heaven! As I have said before the arrival of these catalogues were exciting events on our young lives. Many hours were spent combing through them, dreaming of the articles we hoped to receive for our next birthday or Christmas. The pages quickly became disfigured with crosses and dots indicating our many desires.

In 1931 the Abitibi Power and Paper Company, which had purchased the Mattagami Pulp and Paper Company in 1926, offered Dad the opportunity to purchase electric power from them. He had to install and pay for the poles and wire, but the barn and the house were now 'lit up' - a welcome change and a good homecoming present for Mom and the new baby daughter.

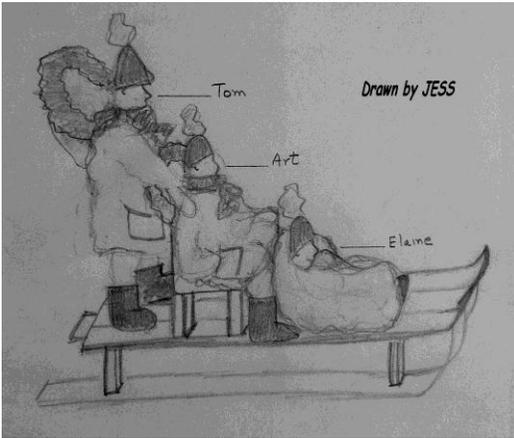
One of my fondest memories was watching Mom use her electric ironing machine that dad had purchased for her in the late '30s. Always adept with her hands, she learned to iron the many white shirts in the wash (17 or 18 per week when the boys were dating in the 1939/40 era) totally on the machine using the ends of the large roller to do the collars perfectly. No matter how hard I tried I could never equal her collars and cuffs. This machine is now in the museum in Smooth Rock Falls. We recently have learned from Billie Clark, a schoolmate of mine, that dad had purchased this machine from his parents when they were leaving the town. In 2009 Bill turned up at the museum one day with the initial receipt for the machine that he had found going through his parents' files.

Mother's memoirs tell us that the dairy business began with 14 cows (10 Dad purchased in Toronto added to the 4 which he kept in the Mill by that time) and grew to a peak of 42 in my teen years. The business was as mechanized as possible with milking machines - much to my delight because I could now enter the barn without getting sprayed in the face from the nearest teat manned by a brother! One of the best features of our barn was the cement gutter behind the rows of cattle to catch their droppings. Located on both sides of the barn the gutters opened at one end allowing the refuse to run out of the building. Each night after the milking, the whole floor area was hosed down so that the gutters and the floor were clean. Since the walls of the barn were white-washed each spring the barn always seemed white and shiny to me. This impression of barn cleanliness that I carried with me prevented our buying a farm in the Peterborough area many times when my husband, Bob, and I were farm hunting. All of the barns that we looked at were smelly or dirty in my opinion. Bob and all the farm

owners would shake their heads incredulously when I said that we would have to hose the barn down every night, and why weren't the walls white?

In the wintertime on the very cold days I would be wrapped up in a horse blanket and sat in the front of the horse-drawn milk wagon among the milk cases on the way to school. The boys would be hopping up and down with milk bottles as they delivered them to customers along the way. The route was planned so that most of the milk was delivered by the time we arrived at our continuation school, with lower school at one end of the building and the higher school at the other end. Since Stan and Al were 11-10 years older than I, Tom and Art were the ones to dismount with me.

We also went to school by dog sled. At the height of his dog-sledding career Tom had 3 dogs-Buster, Buck and Bing. The only one ever allowed in the house was Buster; Tom and Dad's favourite and the oldest. On cold mornings Tom would be outside getting the dogs out of their kennels with great difficulty. Many times the only way to get Buck out was to pick up the doghouse and shake it vigorously to dump him out. Quite a feat for a teenager but Tom was determined! Buck was the lead dog, followed by Bing, with Buster, the stable one last, closest to the sleigh.



The sleigh was quite long with a seat placed toward the back, allowing 10-12 inches behind it where Tom stood holding on to the seat with one hand, a whip, used sparingly, in the other one. Art rode on the seat with me seated in front of him

wrapped in my warm horse blanket, shielded and secured by Art's legs around me. Tom and Art were in Grade 7 and 8 at that time with me in 2 or 3. We would tie the dogs up at the end of the schoolyard. About 15 minutes before departure time at noon and at 4 o'clock the dogs would begin to howl anticipating their return home. We would be highly amused but our principal, Mr. Fells, was

not. It did not take him very long to declare, “Those dogs have got to go.” We then parked them at Aunt Jessie’s house about two streets away. There were times when we were sure that we could hear them howling from there, especially on a cold afternoon.

Dad, a keen dog lover, had introduced the boys to the canine world long before our sledding adventures. The first dog that I remember was Brandy, a chocolate-brown furry animal with a kind St. Bernard face - certainly a cross breed of some sort. I loved to lie down beside him cuddling into his soft fur coat. In the mid- thirties Dad was having trouble with foxes who were menacing the young calves in the field. When one of our horses died Dad decided to use the carcass to eradicate the pesky foxes. He placed the corpse, laced with poison, inside the woods that bordered our farm on the farthest side from the town so that no townspeople or animals would be affected. None were, but our inquisitive Brandy investigated the woods. The following morning Dad rushed in the back door shouting, “Mammy, mix up an emetic, a mixture of egg and milk in a bottle.” We rushed outside to watch him lift Brandy up, almost to full height, as he opened up his mouth to pour in the mixture. It was too late. With tear-filled eyes we watched our beloved Brandy expire.



This adventure did provide Mother with a beautiful fox fur collar, golden in colour, with a black cross down the back and a black-tipped tail, a very popular fur accessory for the stylish lady of that era.

Elaine with Connie MacLeod

As previously stated the Mattagami Pulp and Paper Company was sold in 1926 because it went bankrupt. It was bought at a judicial sale by the Abitibi Power and Paper Company (name changed to Abitibi Fibre Company shortly thereafter). Even though the mill had been in receivership for a few years it kept running and by the time of the sale it was fairly healthy, now producing bleached pulp after a high-density bleaching plant came into action in 1926. The new ownership had increased production and attracted new employees. There was a bunkhouse for single men, but a great shortage of housing for married man with families. At the time of the sale there were 94 company houses in the town. Meanwhile Dad, ever the entrepreneur, had been busily clearing the land to the north of the barn. Enterprising company employees, mostly Slavs, (Poles, Ukrainians, Russians) approached him with the idea of renting land on which they could construct houses. Thus Mooreville began. These industrious people built their own homes, bit by bit, on small lots (paved out by Dad, I'm sure!). They were so close together that one surely had to get along with one's neighbour. These were the wonderfully kind, generous, hard-working neighbours whom I learned to love

One of my earliest memories was my running away from home because I had an argument with Mom, probably over combing or brushing my hair, always tat-filled and therefore painful when combed or brushed. Mom kept my curly blonde hair in ringlets, always with a ribbon in a bow in the top ringlet. I had taken a picture with me to sell for my keep. Since my artistic ability is abysmal I cannot imagine what the picture looked like; it was perhaps one I had cut out of a magazine! I scoured Mooreville for a customer who would listen to my story. Mrs. Lebedick invited me in for milk and cookies and then sent me home with a shiny quarter in my pocket, totally delighted with my picture! These were the people who scraped together their year's land rental that they would bring to the back door of our house, usually in summer, accompanied by a basket of fresh garden produce "for the missus." When I was in high school in the forties I would write out the receipts for yearly ground rent, the amounts were \$5 or \$6, depending on lot size. We loved getting the fresh vegetables, especially those from Mr. Dubas' amazing garden.

Mom's memoirs mention the water problems these early settlers had. They would dig wells that would dry up in the

summertime. Then they would come to Dad's well in the barn for fresh water, with wagons in the summer and sleighs in the winter. They were supplied with water from this well for several seasons. This wonderful spring-water well never seemed to run dry. It is now buried under Ross road where it was widened to enter Mooreville, once the area became part of the Improvement District of Kendry. Dad named this road, Ross Road, after Mother, Margaret Ross MacLeod Moore.

The school kids of the town always knew about a quick way to earn a bit of money - find Tom Moore's teeth! Dad acquired false teeth as a young man. Since these teeth were not too comfortable, especially the bottom plate, he would often remove them and place them in the pocket of the bib of his overalls, his usual work clothes. Now since he would place sharp objects in his pockets it was a big task to keep them mended. Holes that really bothered him were often closed with an efficiently-bent nail. Many times the teeth would escape through one of the apertures or out of the top of the pocket because he had bent over following the cows home from the pasture for milking. This pasture was one rented from the Abitibi behind one side of Hollywood and the west side of Mooreville running up to the mill. Interestingly, the SRF golf course is now located on our former pasture. Many of the Mooreville kids played in this area and they all knew about the antics of "Old Tom". Frequently we would be greeted by a smiling child at the back door holding out Dad's false teeth while awaiting the expected reward. Dad would simply run them under the tap and slip them back into his mouth, glad to receive them before dinner.

These were the children who would share our annual Victoria Day firecracker celebrations. At dusk all the children from Mooreville, with interested parents, would join us on the large side lawn between the milk-house and farmhouse for the show. The boys, with Dad as overseer and director, would set off the many varied firecrackers, urged on by our "Ohs" and "Ahs" which became tumultuous as the final sky-rockets exploded. I was very reluctant to rise from my cross-legged position to go to bed. Sleep would evade me for some time as I relived the sounds and sights of that wonderful evening.

Dad was never one to worry too much about security. The house was never locked when I was growing up, but once I had gone to university and the boys had all set up their own homes they

started to lock up the house. The basement windows at ground level were easy entry points and the basement door to the kitchen had no lock. Dad wedged a knife into the slat of the doorframe with the heavy handle jammed against the wood of the door. This prevented the door from being pushed open from the basement side. One evening when they returned from an outing they were shocked to see the knife on the kitchen floor indicating that someone had entered the house. Dad had left a rolled-up wad of money in the pocket of his shirt that he had tossed onto the bed. The money was gone. He reported the theft to his friend, Clark Millaire, the Chief of Police, saying, "Never mind, Clark. I am pretty sure that I know who did this. I'll take care of it myself."

He had figured out that the only one who knew about the knife in the door routine and that if you jiggled it long enough it would fall out had to be someone familiar with the house - an employee. Picking out the most likely employee he suggested that he suspected him of theft. All was settled, the debt repaid weekly out of the lad's salary and he didn't lose his job! That is the only time I ever heard of our being robbed.

## The Church

The United Church, later called Trinity United Church, played a great role in our upbringing. Not long after Mom and Dad's arrival in Smooth Rock Falls some of the men decided that the town needed a Protestant Church. The Mattagami Pulp & Paper Company donated the land on which the church was constructed. The Church records state that five families donated \$50 each and volunteer labour to build the church. The Moore family was one of these original donors. Dad worked at the church construction site every night along with the four other family men, one of whom was Ted Richmond, the railway engineer, with whom they had lived when they arrived in the town. Another was a Mr. Dunlop, the town site foreman, formerly from Winnipeg, who also acted as lay preacher. The other two gentlemen were John McKenzie, chief carpenter, and William "Bill" Clippa, supervisor.

The first Minister, Reverend Norman Rawson, arrived in 1921. After a short time he realized that the young people of the town had no afterschool activities and no meeting place. He purchased a 35 mm projector, which the townspeople thought to be a lovely big machine. The Orangemen's hall a small frame building, stood at the back of the church. Rev Rawson held a popular picture show twice a week in that hall In the late 30s and 40s these picture shows took place in the larger community hall that had been constructed in the same location, Saturday afternoons for the children and evenings for the adults. The movie projector was usually manned by one of the United Church men.

Mother was very active in the church, in all capacities, all her life. One of my most vivid memories is being seated at her feet on the raised platform in the front of the church looking out through the railings as she addressed the congregation as their Sunday School Superintendent. Since she had a beautiful alto voice she became the mainstay of the alto section of the choir. Unfortunately I did not inherit her musical talent, but that did not deter the intrepid Scot. I sang at her side, even remember singing a solo at a concert in the adjacent hall at the age of eight or nine! All my high school years found me at her side in the alto section of the choir industriously trying to duplicate the notes that she would sing into my ear. We attended church three times each Sunday; morning and evening

service, and Sunday school in the afternoon. Dad did not always join us but did attend the evening service quite regularly with the four boys in tow. My oldest brother, Stanley, was one of the regulars with the collection plate and I well remember his serious demeanour as he diligently carried out this task.

I shall never forget how carried away we would get in the hymn;

*“Will your anchor hold in the storms of life*

*When the clouds unfold their wings of strife---”*

Mom and I would look out on our row of men; Dad with the four boys, as those male voices dominated the small church;

*“We have an anchor that keeps the soul*

*Steadfast and sure while the billows roll*

*Fastened to the rock that cannot move”*

Then the rafters would resonate as they bellowed out;

*“Grounded firm and deep in the Savior’s love.”*

Dad was our anchor and we were all “grounded firm and deep” in our family’s love.

Another memorable occasion will remain with me forever. The last time that we saw Bobby Poe was in church with his parents, David and Lettie, faithful church members. He was home on leave before departing for England for service in the Air Force. As we rose to sing the final hymn, “When I survey the wondrous cross” we, in the choir, were awed by this tall, handsome warrant Officer in his crisp, blue R.C.A.F. uniform proudly singing his last hymn in his boyhood church. The last line of this hymn is “demands my soul, my life, my all.” Robert David Poe was killed in a flying accident in England, January 20, 1944 while on a training mission with the 1653 Conversion Unit, RCAF.

On June 11, 1969, a testimonial dinner for the Moores was organized by the Margaret Moore Unit of the U.C.W. Rev. Tobey honoured the Moores for their fifty years of faithful service to the church and mentioned that Dad was presently supervising the laying of tiles outside the church foundation, still building the church at 80! Dad had served on all the Church Boards over the years and at that time was Chairman of the Trustees and Manse committee (looking

after the finances). Mother was credited for her faithful service as a lifetime member of the United Church Women. The Ladies Circle group of which she was a longtime member was named the Margaret Moore Unit of the U.C.W. in her honour in 1966. She also spent many years as a member of the Board of Session.

Norman Hill, the High School principal for whom I had a great deal of respect, expressed his admiration of the couple crediting them with, “genuine pride, charity, love, independence, and generosity. They have a real spirit of confidence and generosity and have lifted the church bodily and put up the walls at the same time.”

“With Tom Moore the ecumenical movement was in action many years back”, observed another speaker as he recalled the co-operation of Tom with the rebuilding of the Catholic Church after it was destroyed by fire.

This ecumenical spirit was fostered in Dad at an early age by his association with his friend, the priest, and the sisters in St. Mary’s school in Knockmoyle, Northern Ireland. My brother Al, described this spirit well in a letter to his nephew George Moore, who had entered the ministry. “Granddad was Chairman of the Board the year that I was elected to the presidency of the Young Peoples’ Association. We had a large group made up of Catholics and Protestants and had fun. When Mildred Wagner was voted in as my vice-president I became very angry when the Minister said that she couldn’t hold office because she was a Catholic. I resigned immediately. As soon as your grandfather heard this he showed his displeasure at the Minister’s decision by pointing out to him that we were young adults who were developing as keepers of the Faith regardless of denomination. You would have been proud of him as we all were although the decision remained unchanged.”

In the Smooth Rock Falls library there are histories of the area families. On the second page of Dad’s history, amid all his other contributions there is one line, “He helped with the construction of the Roman Catholic buildings.” How true!

When the first Catholic Church burned down at Easter 1943, I well remember my father and brothers, Tom and Art, going to help. In the ensuing accounts of the tragedy the biggest story of the day was that Ted Richmond, a Protestant, was up on the roof pouring water onto the altar area, while Dad came running out of the church carrying a statue of the Virgin Mary.

Since Dad and Father Forget were good friends it was natural that Dad would help the priest in the collection of money for a new building. Many a Friday and Saturday night we would delay dinner awaiting Dad's arrival from the beer parlours in Unionville. Dad rarely frequented these places because he didn't drink beer, but he knew that that was where he would find the workers. His aim was to get church donations before they had spent all their pay packet on booze. These donations were gratefully received by the priest whose position in the community wouldn't allow him to go into the beverage rooms. Dad would also have generously offered his time, his building expertise and any materials he may have had on the farm. He truly believed that the churches in the community showed the youth the best way to live.

In my teenage years our group of friends, Catholic, Protestant, French, English, Slav, whatever, would always get together on Christmas Eve. We began to attend midnight mass at St. Gertrude Catholic Church as a group. The first time that I attended I was about fifteen years old, and, of course, had to ask my parents for permission to stay out that late. I well remember my father's answer to my request, "May I go to midnight mass with my friends?" "Yes, if you are going to worship, not to scoff." As we got older the gang was always invited to one of the Catholic homes after mass to enjoy delicious French-Canadian tourtieres.

Years later Dad and I shared a serious conversation while we were sipping our pre-prandial drinks, seated under the back stoop, away from the sun. It was a rare occasion for me to be alone with him especially at that time of day. I had graduated from university, married and had three children to train for life. I was questioning the religion of my youth and finally asked, "Dad, do you really believe all this gobbledegook? Do you really believe in God.?" After a long silence he replied, "Well, dear, no one has come up with a better way to bring up children." My father, the terse pragmatist!

At that testimonial dinner the master of ceremonies, while reviewing Dad's contribution to the community, stated, "Mr. Moore was the first supplier of milk in Smooth Rock Falls and many deprived children benefitted from his generosity during the depression years of the thirties. No child in the community was left without milk regardless of economic circumstances."

His generosity was not limited to milk. Each Christmas Dad would arrive home with a good supply of turkeys which Mom would wrap separately, enclosing a card. Dad would deliver them, starting with the minister, and then branching out to the needy families of the community. About ten years ago on a long flight home from Sydney, Australia, I got seated beside a Canadian couple with one vacant seat separating us. Wonderful! We two ladies had a storage place for our purses, books, etc. This lucky space got us talking to one another. During the ensuing conversation we found that we had a lot in common; our philosophies of life were similar; we were all retired and loved to travel; we lived in Southern Ontario but had lived in the North. Finally the husband broke into the conversation with, "What part of the North did you live in?" I quickly answered, "I was born and brought up in Smooth Rock Falls." As I remarked the shock on the lady's face he indicated that she also had grown up in Smooth Rock Falls. "What is your name?" I cried. "I am Rita Monkman." she replied. "I am Elaine Moore", I excitedly retorted. Imagine meeting in a plane over the Pacific Ocean!

Then Rita said, "I shall never forget our first Christmas in Smooth Rock Falls. My father had just gotten a job at the mill that autumn and Mom and I, with my three sisters, had joined him in one of the company houses rented from the Abitibi. We did not have much money; we were starting a new life in a new town and the prospects for Christmas were bleak. A few day before Christmas Tom Moore arrived at the door with a turkey for the family. I shall never forget that Christmas or that gentleman."

## Politics

Dad's great interest in the community naturally spread out to the wider area, the province and the country. He learned that he could not exist without politics and politicians. He was a Conservative, a died-in-the-wool TORY, who had no time for those Liberals, those betrayers of the farmers and small businessmen. We were indoctrinated from an early age that the conservative philosophy offered us the freedom to run our own businesses and to govern our own landholdings. Election days were his busiest. I remember working at a polling station in the late forties. Dad would arrive with four to six men in tow. He would have to swear them in as they produced their names for us. We would then add their names to our list. Having been sworn in by that upright citizen Tom Moore, they were accepted as voters and given a ballot. I am sure that they had been well-instructed as to the correct location of the X by their chauffeur on the way in from the bush camps.

Federal election nights found us glued to the radio, silent as mice, as the returns came in. Usually the early results from the Maritime Provinces would please Dad, mostly conservative there, but then the Quebec results would filter in, and then rush in-all liberal. Dad would become more and more agitated as he saw the liberals once again becoming the party in favour. He would stay up as late as he could, hoping the western voters would outnumber the Quebecois to put his favoured party in power. When Maurice Duplessis assumed the leadership of the Union Nationale Party in Quebec (Conservateur?) it brought a wary smile to his face. Finally the whole province would not vote liberal he hoped. Unfortunately the federal scene did not change much. Then I'd hear his grumbling retorts, "Oh, it depends on how many refrigerators were delivered to the farmhouses just before the election!"

He was totally opposed to the government of Mackenzie King, Liberal, elected unanimously by the province of Quebec, in his opinion. His anger exploded frequently during the lengthy, vociferous debates about the government's Conscription Bill in 1940. An ardent supporter of the British Empire he was pleased when the bill was passed even though it meant that his son would soon receive the call. Naturally many of the French Canadians opposed the bill declaring that it was not their war. This meant that

some would try to avoid the draft by taking to the bush in the frozen north. By late 1943 Art was old enough to help the military officers who would arrive looking for deserters who had taken to the bush. By this time Art's three brothers were in uniform, two of them overseas in the midst of the conflict. It was understandable that Dad and he became proficient at discovering the deserter's whereabouts. I remember several times when Mom and I worried about Art as he led the officers to the suspected hideouts. Fortunately Art did not suffer any repercussions for these efforts because most of the citizens of the town, French, English, Polish, Ukrainian, Russian, whatever, had sons who were away fighting for the same cause.

All through the 1940s the Liberal party held sway in the Cochrane riding with J.A Habel(Joe) as the sitting member. But a young hero, an airman from Cochrane, J.P.H .(Johnny) Carrere, returned home after the war and showed an interest in a political career. He was a thirty-seven year old farmer and lumberman, a lifelong resident of Cochrane except for his college years and six years in the Air Forces of France and Canada. He was courted by the conservative party, with Dad as one of the leaders in this courtship. He won the Conservative nomination, followed by the election in June 1948. The Northland Post of June 1948 announced, "for the first time since 1934 Cochrane North swung into the Progressive Conservative column in Monday's general election choosing J.P.H. (Johnny) Carrere as its representative in the 23<sup>rd</sup> legislature. "They had done it! Beaten J.A, (Joe) Habel, the incumbent of many, many years!

An elated TOM MOORE was irrepressible! He had made a bet with Ernie Beauvais, a well-known Liberal in town, that the loser would push the winner in a wheelbarrow from the Elite Hotel in Unionville to the Smooth Rock Falls Inn - about a mile. The boys (now men) canvassed the area to find a rubber-tired wheelbarrow that they padded with cushions and blankets to afford Dad the most comfortable ride possible. Dad, attired in his best three -piece suit, white shirt and tie, gloriously stretched himself out in the wheelbarrow, lit his usual cigar, and smiled at the cheering crowd. It seemed as if the whole town had turned up for this festive parade with the boys walking along beside the barrow to prevent injury to Dad. Tom Jr. was chauffeur of the car right behind the wheelbarrow with Mom and me on board. The festivities

culminated at the Inn where Dad treated all the participants and many hangers-on at the bar. Mom and I were very pleased that Dad did not have to be the pusher because it would have been too taxing for him. Afterwards when we mentioned this to the boys their answer was, “Oh, the old man knew that it was a sure thing or he wouldn’t have bet on it!”

An amusing family anecdote demonstrates the power of Dad’s political views. When a federal election was called in the autumn of 1944 Tom Jr. was based in France with his RCAF unit. The airmen were allowed to cast their ballots at the base. Now at that time, my nineteen year old brother was only interested in action and women; he would not have read about or discussed politics at all - all he would know was that his Dad would want him to vote Conservative. Apparently the airmen on his base were totally frustrated by the government’s policies; a great many of them were from western Canada where the CCF party had made its debut. On Election Day when the votes were counted the final count was CCF-124, PC-1. The question of the day was, “Who in the hell was stupid enough to vote conservative?” I am sure that the ‘stupid’ culprit kept the truth well hidden from his colleagues!

## His Irishness

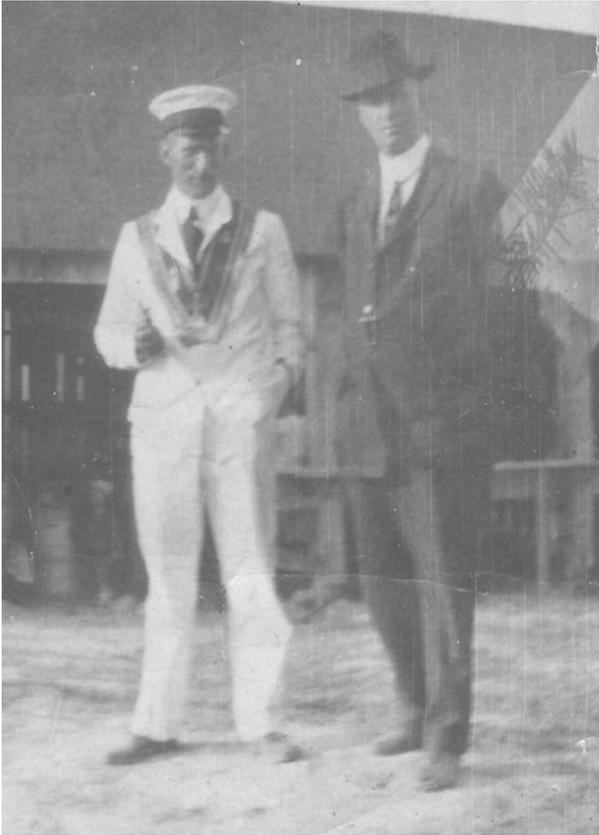
Dad was proud of his Irish roots, loved the humour and joviality of an Irish crowd. Nothing pleased him more than a crowd singing Irish songs, especially “When Irish eyes are smiling”. But he never wanted to return to Ireland. The country for him, ceased to exist when the Irish Free State, which excluded Northern Ireland was accepted by the British government in 1921 and ratified by the Dail Eireann (the revolutionary parliament) in January 1922. My earliest recollections of discussions on the Irish question always related to one man, Eamon De Valera, whom Dad called ‘the devil’. Since De Valera was seven years older than Dad I am sure that he had heard of his nationalistic exploits before he left Ireland. About 1907 De Valera had joined the Gaelic League and later the Irish Republican Brotherhood, a secret nationalistic Society, condemned by the Catholic Church. Dad would also have heard about the man’s warlike exploits in the 1920s when he and his followers fought in a civil war against the proclamation of the Free State because it required Irish officeholders to swear allegiance to the Crown. Dad could not condone this repudiation of the British Empire, the empire for which he had fought and which he still respected. The final straw would have been when ‘the devil’ drew up a new constitution replacing the Irish Free State with “the independent, sovereign state of Eire.” He proudly watched three of his sons sign up for that Empire in WW II as De Valera declared Eire’s neutrality.

In no way did his feelings of contempt for De Valera and his sadness at the loss of his country colour his treatment of his Irish colleagues in the community. He greatly trusted and admired many of them; especially a certain Mickey McHugh, a skilled machinist in the mill, who could be counted on to do small jobs for him on his machinery. One morning with me in the truck, he made one of his trips to the machine shop. With me an active two-year old, in one arm, and the damaged part in the other, he approached Mickey. To keep me safe they sat me on the bench, furnishing me with interesting articles to amuse me, while they set about the repairs. About an hour later Dad arrived home for lunch to be met at the door by Mom, “Where’s Elaine?”

“Oh, my God, I left her on Mickey McHugh’s bench”, he shouted as he rushed out.

Quickly returning, he found me still sitting on the bench, happily eating scraps from the machinists who were sharing their lunches with me!

The Protestant Irish became evident each year as the 12<sup>th</sup> of July, Orangeman's Day, approached. There was an Orange parade



each year in Cochrane and, the odd time, Dad was asked to represent King Billy on the white horse.

This would cause great concern to Mom and the boys because they knew that Dad was not a skilled horseman and that the risk would be great that day after a few drinks. The boys would be running alongside the horse, hoping to soften the fall if disaster ensued.

**Dad as King Billy with friend**

Dad loved to joke around about the Orange and the Green with one particular family in Smooth Rock Falls, the McCafferty family, headed by Charles and Susan, good Catholics and good citizens. This family of eight children required many quarts of milk to be delivered each day. The 12<sup>th</sup> of July annually found Mom and me tying orange ribbons around the bottles to be delivered to the McCaffertys. Of course, at the same time, Susan and her girls would be decorating the empties with bright green ribbons to give to that "TOM MOORE". The 17<sup>th</sup> of March saw the colours on the bottles reversed to add to the fun!



**Dad delivering milk to the McCafferty house**

We were all quite certain that Dad would have approved of our decision regarding his Orange Lodge Regalia. After his death we were all helping Mom sort through his belongings. Her query, as she held up the Lodge Regalia, “What shall I do with this?” was met by our unanimous answer, “It must go to great grandson, Sean!” Tom Junior had married a good Catholic girl, as did his two sons, Michael and Gary. Sean is Gary’s son, the first Catholic grandson. This seemed the appropriate storage place for this symbol of former religious separation and intolerance. The circle is now closed. I can see the twinkle in Dad’s eye.

## The War Years (Again)

The spring of 1939 was an exciting one for the Moore family. King George 1V and his Queen, Elizabeth, were coming to Canada for their first visit.



An honour guard of Sea Scouts, representing many areas of Canada, was being assembled in Ottawa and Albert Moore had been chosen as a representative from Northern Ontario. What an honour! Al was in grade 12, an avid Sea Scout, and great admirer of Dick Holmes, the gentleman who had devoted his life to bringing the teachings of Lord Baden-Powell to the youth of Smooth Rock Falls. Dad was a very proud parent as he watched his son board the train for Ottawa and even prouder as he carefully listened to all the stories upon his return.

These halcyon days were short-lived. Since war in Europe rumours had headlined the news reports all that year it was not a great surprise to hear the announcement of Sept 3, 1939, that the British Empire declared war on Germany. Dad would listen attentively to all the news broadcasts, his eyes threatening death to any of us who dared to speak or make a noise while the news was on. We all became familiar with Lorne Greene's "voice of doom". We all knew that it would only be a matter of time before the boys would start going to war for the Empire.

Al had started Grade 13 in Kapuskasing that month since there was no grade 13 in Smooth Rock Falls. Stan had finished

grade 12 the year before, but always the shy one, he had said that he would wait for Al so they could go away together.



During the waiting period Dad had bought a big truck and Stan became a happy truck driver hauling gravel in the summer and logs in the winter and making good money! So when Al was preparing to leave Stan had lost interest in spite of great urging from Mom, Dad and the rest of us. He had finished grade 12 with good marks, especially in mathematics, whereas Al had failed math and Latin.

#### **Tom & Stan – The Happy Truckers**

Dad's ultimatum to Al was that he had to get those 2 credits along with his required grade 13 credits in the one year since there was no way that he was going to pay his board in Kapuskasing for 2 years because of his laziness! Fortunately the principal of the High School in Kapuskasing saw the promise in Al and arranged to give him lessons in the two subjects on Saturday mornings. This prevented Al's return home for the week-ends much to young Tom's disgust since he had to cover Al's week-end farm chores!



**Mom, Elaine & Albert in front of barn as he is leaving farm chores behind.**

Al did complete all the requirements for graduation and received an acceptance for entry into Medicine at Queens University, Kingston, for the autumn of 1940. No entreaty from Mom, Dad or Al could persuade Stan to return to education-an action that would have prevented his conscription into the armed forces. Stan was happy driving his truck thinking that he had found his life's occupation.

March 1941 brought the call from the government to Stanley. There had been the first real separation in the family in 1940 when Al had gone to Queens. But Al had always been the outgoing one, the one who fought Stan's battles he said, so it seemed normal for him to leave. For shy, gentle Stan this call must have presented an exciting, terrifying prospect. He was happiest as his own boss, driving his gravel/pulp truck, avoiding all altercation and now had a girlfriend, a lovely lady who had recently arrived from North Bay to look after the Parker children. Helen Parker, the wife of Donald, the manager of the Woods Department of the Abitibi Power & Paper, had recently given birth to their second child, John, and needed help with the housework and the older child, Sally. Mabel Leclair, gentle, thoughtful, industrious and totally honest was the very person for this position and for Stanley Moore. And he knew it! But he had to go. My last picture on the eve of his departure was of him all dressed up in a dark suit, white shirt, saucy grey cap on his head, on the back porch with Dad handing him a beer, saying, "you'll have to learn to drink one of these now." Stan downed it in what seemed to me to be one gulp as we stood around as observers. The knowing look from Dad to Tom and Art told us that it hadn't been Stan's first beer!

After basic training Stan was shipped to England. His regular letters echoed his loneliness and frustration because they would not allow him to simply drive a truck. Oh no, the obligatory tests had shown him to be too mathematically gifted to drive a truck. He was to train as a range finder for the artillery.

The summer of 1941 at home was a difficult one for the family. Al was at home from Queens for a short holiday and determined to leave the university to join his brother, Stan. He just did not feel right that Stan had to face all those dangers without his protection. Also he felt guilty that he was secure at university while so many of his colleagues were out doing their bit for their country. There were many heated discussions in that short holiday period as

we all tried to convince him to stay at school. "If this conflict continues as expected you will be of more use to your country as a doctor," was the main argument. The university students were now part of the army reserves receiving combat training as well as their academic courses. Summer holidays were cancelled and courses carried on all year allowing them to graduate in four and a half years rather than the usual six years. Our arguments did prevail and he returned to Queens.

Stan's departure opened a door for Tom Jr. He was a very unhappy student, at 16, and had just finished grade nine. Both he and Art had been held up in elementary school by a system initiated in the beginning years of A, B & C classes before entry into grade one. This meant that many of the more active boys spent two years before progressing to grade one; a backward system because as these lads advanced they were always the oldest in their class, the biggest, and labeled the dumbest. Thus their behavior was usually obstreperous. Since the school leaving age was sixteen Tom was ready to take over Stan's truck permanently. His other argument to his parents was that he was needed to help Dad with the milk business. That was a happy time for Tom as he hauled gravel from Hunta for the many road construction programs afloat. Dad was now into contracts to supply gravel for these projects and knowing him, he was probably a supervisor for many of them!

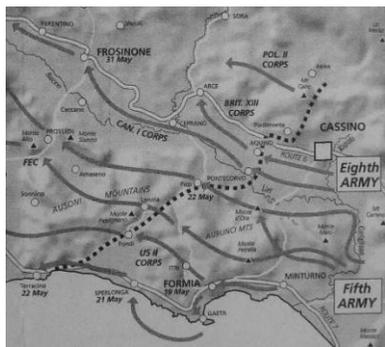
Many of my happiest times were spent riding with Tom on the gravel run to Hunta. In berry season I would alight about twelve miles down the road at the path leading into Joe Verboski's farm. Old Joe would be looking for me and would take me to the best raspberry patch on his farm. He would stay with me helping to fill my six-quart basket. One of his handfuls equaled five of mine. When my basket was full I would accompany him to his house for a drink and cookies. I was always interested in his stories about Russia and the Revolution. He had been an officer in the White Russian army - there was a picture of him in uniform on the wall. He had been forced to leave for his safety after the revolution of 1917 - 18 and had ended up in Canada. After two hours he would usher me out to the highway where Tommie would be waiting for me. We would sing songs all the way home - one of my favourites ended with;

*“We’ll build a sweet little nest  
Out there in the west,  
And let the rest of the world go by!”*

Meanwhile over in Europe, North Africa, and Asia all hell was breaking loose. Stan and his regiment, along with many other Canadians, were training constantly in England expecting to be posted at any moment to a war zone. At the Casablanca Conference in January 1943 Roosevelt and Churchill met with Stalin to debate the next steps of the war. Now that the North African campaign had ended and the cross - channel invasion was postponed all eyes focused on Sicily and Italy. It was hoped that an attack in that area would draw German troops from the eastern front relieving pressure on the Russians. Churchill’s idea of a Mediterranean front won out. The British and the Americans invaded Sicily July 10, 1943. Stanley and his mates joined this invasion as part of a Canadian division in the British 8<sup>th</sup> army under command of the British General Bernard Montgomery. Stan always expressed great respect for “Monty” but we heard nothing specific to warrant this esteem. His group just seemed to be content that Monty was in charge.

Of his army life in Sicily and Italy we knew nothing except for a description of a wild party in a bar in Italy where Stan was picked up by a large lady in search of a dance partner. Discovering that she had a rather unenthusiastic participant she whirled him vigorously around the floor for a few minutes finally flinging him across the room with such force that he ended up prostrate under the grand piano. Apparently it was the high point of merriment for the evening among his colleagues.

Nothing much was ever gleaned from Stan about their



campaigns except for the battle of Monte Cassino. The battle to capture this age - old monastery really lasted about six months, but Stan’s participation was during the last six weeks of the campaign. His role was as a range finder for the large guns during the incessant bombardment of mountain strongholds and the final capture of the monastery. The constant bombardment went on day and night

for six weeks of his life and he seemed to be assigned constantly to the night shift. The perpetual light flashes affected his sight so much that he was removed from action with a condition termed “night blindness”.

He was finally repatriated to England where his eye condition healed but the psychological effects of the prolonged battle remained with him for a long time after his return. When he came home in 1946 he was quite a different person from the young man who had left us five years before. A war photographer, Margaret Bourke - White, filming in the Cassino area, described soldiers that she saw in the back of a truck returning them to a rest area like this; “They had come from such a depth of weariness that I wondered if they would ever be able to make the return to the lives and thoughts that they had known.”

At home Tom was impatiently awaiting his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday so that he could join his brother. As a matter of fact he couldn't wait. He disappeared in January, 1943, off to North Bay to enlist in the Air force. Mother was devastated but Dad calmly said, “Don't worry, mammy, they'll send him home as soon as they find out he's underage.” They did! Therefore he spent his eighteenth birthday, July 25, 1943 in North Bay enrolling in the Air Force.

Before leaving home he amused us all with a prank played on his brother, Al. After each academic session Al would come home for a short rest. Tom and Art's noses would be out of joint because all the attention was focused on him - his favourite meals, followed by a rich chocolate cake, and no work! Tom and Art were still expected to rise early to get the cows from the pasture, help with the milking and the delivery. One morning they decided that this pampering was too much. When Dad went into their room to awaken them they were gone! The search was on! Mother and I were enlisted in the hunt, but to no avail. Where could they be? Dad knew that a trick was being played by that ultimate trickster, Tom, so no one was worried. Nevertheless, work had to go on. Al was awakened and sent to retrieve the cows in the pasture behind Hollywood. As he led the cows home Dad walked up the hill to meet them, turning to lead them down to the barn. He just happened to look back toward the house. There, on the top of the verandah, carefully rolled in blankets and hidden under the window ledge were two bodies. Dad let out a great holler that Mom and I

could not miss. The ruse was over, but it had worked! They'd gotten Al up to do their job!

That same June/July brought a good crop of hay, and lots of rain. One Saturday afternoon skies were very overcast causing Dad to push to get the hay into the barn. Everyone who could wield a pitchfork was out following the tractor and hay wagon as it proceeded along between stacks. Tom and Art were on one side with hired men on the other, all followed by Dad who helped wherever needed. I had been recruited to drive the tractor. As we neared one of the haystacks no bodies were evident, but we could hear giggling coming from behind it. Dad, pitchfork at the ready, rounded the stack to find Tom on his knees, hands folded in prayer, facing up to the heavens, "Please, St. Peter, turn on the tap." A thundering Dad hollered, "I'll turn on your tap," as two lads scurried out, their bottoms threatened by a pitchfork! It was getting very late and Tom was worried that he would not get to his date that evening!

The next morning we awoke to find that the rain had not arrived but the sky was still dark. When Dad decided that they might be able to harvest another field the boys were gotten up and Mom was told that Dad and the boys would miss church that morning. Since there was a special service that day Mother was protesting saying, "Tom, it is a special Day, you know, the Lord's Day." Dad replied, "Yes, I know, the better the Day, the better the Deed. We have to get this crop in!"

I had been enlisted several years before, when I was about ten, by Dad to help with the harvest. He arrived at the kitchen door one day, shouting, "Come on, Elaine, you're going to learn to drive the tractor." How delighted and excited I was! I could get out of the housework which I hated and could join the boys in the field - imagine drive a tractor! The seat was lowered to enable me to reach the brake pedal and Dad set the controls of the little Ford tractor so that I pulled a lever down to start and up to stop. All I had to do was move from haystack to haystack; one of the boys would replace me to take the load to the barn with me happily seated on the top of the gigantic load of hay. Was I important! At the barn I was allowed to drive the tractor again in a straight line forward to unload the hay into the mow. A long chain was attached to the tractor and the mechanical lift/loader was put into the load of hay. On the shout "Go" off I went until I heard "Stop". Art would come out to

back the tractor to the barn and I was all set for the next “Go/Stop” operation. One of the highlights of my summer!

In spite of the war the summers of the early 40s were pleasant memorable times for us on our peaceful farm. The farmhouse always seemed to be filled with people. The MacLeod relatives were frequent welcome visitors. Dad particularly enjoyed Uncle Charlie and Aunt Cathy’s company because Aunt Cathy kept the whole house amused by her unending jokes.

The MacLeod girls, Doris and Elrose, loved to come to the farm. Since they were around the same age as our boys the dating game could be safely played using the boys as chaperones. Because Doris was greatly enamoured of Forest Richmond Elrose would be foisted off to Al or Tommy for safe - keeping, much to her delight! She also enjoyed her visits to the barn with Uncle Tom, but the state of her shoes after these jaunts did not please her mother or her Auntie Meg. How delighted she was one day to find a shiny pair of rubber boots, procured by Uncle Tom, awaiting her beside the back door!



The Mason boys, John and Gordon, were my constant companions on these long summer days. We would put up tents in the backyard and spend hours cooking up schemes or telling stories. One day the tent seemed to develop a sag on one side. I was sent out with a sledgehammer to knock in the loose posts. As I circled the tent I checked the posts with my hand. When I found one that

seemed to be wavering I hit it with the hammer. “Stop” came loudly from the inside, “that’s Gordie’s head”. Fortunately for Gordie I hadn’t been too forceful with the hammer! John used to love to help round up the cows for the evening milking. It was a family joke that the cowlick he had was the result of his counting the cows by letting them lick his head as they passed.

The Robinson family - aunt Molly (MacLeod), uncle Sandy with daughters Joan and Gael spent many special times with us either at our farm or theirs in Cochrane. I remember trying to curb my excitement as I awaited their arrival one Christmas. It seemed an interminable trip from Cochrane to Smooth Rock Falls! Now this trip takes 45 minutes, but then, 3 to 4 hours especially in wintertime! When would we ever get to the presents! Gael’s happiest memory of Dad was when she painted his toenails red as he lay asleep on the couch. Mother was not amused, but Dad laughed loudly enjoying the joke played on him by his niece.

In the late 1942’s Uncle Murdo Macleod received a promotion with the CNR to move to the head office in Toronto. This meant moving his wife and family of three girls (son Ken was already serving overseas) to the big city. A home would have to be purchased and real estate in Toronto was much more expensive than in Cochrane. Old Tom came through with mortgage funds that allowed them to settle at 59 O’Connor Drive, Toronto. This home became a welcoming drop - in spot for the Moores whenever they visited the city.

Once in the Air force Tom Jr. set his mind to his next dream - to pilot a plane. He managed to pass all the preliminary tests until he came to the colour test. Tom was colour - blind but had always managed to hide the fact; he learned to identify traffic lights by their position; in other areas he survived by his wits, but not here. His dream came to an end when he couldn’t identify red from orange. He became part of the land crew watching his heroes take to the skies.

After a rapid basic training he was quickly dispatched to England where his group seemed to languish, become bored and get into mischief. In each of his infrequent letters he would ask mother to either send him another pair of civilian pants or a new watch. There appeared to be many thieves in his company. After several of

these requests Dad looked at us all skeptically and said, “The bugger is selling them to make extra money for poker!”



The picture of him in complete MacLeod regalia forwarded to Mom after a visit to Edinburgh certainly verified that he was having a great time - into booze as well as poker

Six days after D - Day, June 6, 1944 his unit was sent to France. His crew was responsible for setting up airbases following the frontline troops of the invasion. You would think that he would have been fairly safe since he was not in a combat zone. Thus it was quite a shock to us all to receive word of his wounding, causing him to be hospitalized for quite some time in Belgium. It was not until he returned home that we heard the whole story of his war wound. Since he was one of the few on the base who could communicate in French (albeit badly!). He would often accompany the motorcycle messenger going to pick up the laundry in a village near - by. Tom rode in a sidecar with the laundry on these expeditions. One day as they were returning the air base appeared to be under attack, or so it seemed to them from several miles away. Somehow, in the excitement of the moment, the motorcycle hit a large hole in the road that caused the sidecar to disengage catapulting the laundry and Tom into the ditch. Apparently some steel protuberance on the

sidecar rammed itself into Tom's leg leaving him painfully immobilized in the ditch.

The only memory of the accident that he shared with us was his gradually regaining consciousness in a Belgian hospital to hear two doctors discussing the amputation of his leg. He lost control, shouting and raging, "Don't take my leg, don't take my leg!" They didn't. He spent several months in the hospital where he seemed to have had a great time wooing the nurses.

Meanwhile at home on the farm the workload was becoming too great for Dad and Art. Dad became ill with a bleeding ulcer that often confined him to bed. The decision was made to sell the cows. After loading them onto the boxcars in the railway yard Dad and Art returned home together. The joy in Art's face told the whole story as he announced, "I could have kissed the ass of that last cow as it went up the ramp to the train!"

Dad continued delivering milk to the town bringing it in from a dairy in Cochrane for a year or two. The arrival of a new doctor, Dr. Swan, to the town began to cause problems for the dairy business. His concerns about the quality of the milk brought about more frequent testing and several results indicated the presence of some b - coli. This hassle became too much for Dad who had only continued milk delivery as a service to the community. He decided to give it up completely. By now he had many more "irons in the fire". The dairy from Cochrane assumed delivery service of milk to the town while Dad carried on with gravel contracts and road construction business which now interested him. Art had taken over a big truck and was happy hauling gravel, logs, etc, whatever needed to be transported.



Sadly, the summer of 1944 did bring the war closer to us at home. One evening Dad received a phone call from his favourite sister, Martha, in Englehart. She had received news that her second son, Flying Officer Dell Butler, had been killed in action over Germany. Dell was his favourite nephew who had brought his wife, Molly, and two sons, Dell Jr. and Douglas to visit us in 1938. Dad was devastated! It must have been heart - wrenching for both Mom and

Dad not only because of the loss of this talented young man but also because their two sons, Stan and Tom, were “over there” facing daily dangers in Italy and France

Al’s class, now labeled Meds’ 441/2, graduated. All class members were immediately commissioned as officers in the Canadian Army Medical Corps. He was the only person whom I knew who was unhappy on V.E. day (May 8, 1945), afraid that the war would be over before he could join his brothers in the conflict. Lined up in parade formation in July 1945 they were asked to volunteer for service in the Pacific area. Captain Albert Moore was one of the first to step forward. It was not to be! V.J. Day (August 15, 1945) brought elation to all, except Al.

### ***THE WAR WAS OVER!!! THE BOYS WERE COMING HOME!***

Once Sally Parker reached school age Mabel was no longer needed to help the family. Absolutely delighted at the prospect of perhaps seeing Stan she joined the CWACs - the Canadian Women’s Army Corps. When the war was over some of the CWAC units were asked to volunteer to go to Europe to organize the return of our soldiers. With delight and anticipation Mabel stepped forward. After recovering from his “night blindness” Stan had been sent to join his unit in Holland. Mabel found herself stationed at Appledorn, Holland, and discovered that Stan’s base address was not too far away. She asked one of the fellows working with her if he would take her over on his motorcycle to see if she could find Stan. Upon arrival at the camp she asked one of the soldiers for Stanley Moore. He went over to a staircase and called up, “Moore, there’s a lady down here wants to see you.”

The disgruntled reply came back, “I don’t know any bloody women in this country.”

“Well, this one down here says she knows you.” You can imagine the shock and delight in Stan’s eyes when he espied Mabel at the bottom of the stairs.

Around the time of this happy reunion in Holland there was another happy family event taking place in Canada. One morning in late October Dad rushed in the back door holding up the paper, “The Evening Telegram” from Toronto. He would only subscribe

to this paper because it was the Conservative paper as opposed to that Liberal one, the Toronto Star. “Mammy, look who’s on the front page of the Telegram.” It was Mother’s niece, Doris MacLeod, lovingly looking down at her engagement ring. The beautiful Doris had been chosen to represent the many Canadian ladies who were boarding the troop ship, SS Matsonia, leaving for Australia to join their husbands and fiancés. She was on her way to Mildura, Victoria, where she married her Aussie Airman, Johnny Corbould, a member of the Commonwealth Air Training Program whom she had met in Toronto.

Fifty years later Al joined me, and my partner George Harrison, in Australia for an extended holiday after the death of his wife Sheila. We were enjoying a MacLeod cousin luncheon at Sydney harbour with Canadian and Australian family members. Hal (Harold) Corbould, son of Doris and Johnny, had joined us for the celebration. He and Al were conversing enthusiastically when suddenly the whole table fell silent. Hal had loudly asked, “Who was uncle Tom Moore?” Al and I quickly retorted in unison, “He was our father”. It seemed that old Tom’s reputation had reached the southern shores. He was the Canadian relative that Hal remembered hearing the most about as he was growing up!



**Stan**



**Mabel**



**Albert**



**Tom Jr.**

## The Postwar Years

Stan came home in early 1946. I well remember his phone call from Toronto to us; his voice seemed so small and faraway; we were so elated, excited, so anxious to see him; he, on the other hand, seemed tired, lethargic and distant. I am sure that it was the emotional shock of being home in Canada, again talking to his family. I do not remember his actual arrival in Smooth Rock Falls; he had stopped off in North Bay to visit Mabel; they set the date for their wedding to take place in North Bay, April 7, 1947.

Tom Jr. returned home shortly thereafter. His return will remain in my memory forever because of the reaction of his dog, Buster. Buster was a slow - moving seventeen year old who spent most of his time sleeping on the floor of the verandah. Dad went to meet the train bringing Tom home to us. We heard the truck arrive and rushed to the inner door of the verandah. Buster was in his usual position on the floor beside the outer door. Tom arrived at the door, stopped, looked down and said, "Hello, Buster." The eyes opened, the ears stood up, then that wonderful creature slowly rose up to his full height on his back legs, put his two front paws on Tom's shoulders and licked his face. The tears were streaming down Tom's face as he hung onto his dog. Needless to say, the three observers, Mom, Dad and I were not dry - eyed! Buster died two months later. I am sure that he had just waited until he saw that his master had arrived home safely.

Stan and Tom had to decide a direction for their lives. Some of the returned lads were applying to colleges and universities to accept the free education offered by the government to the veterans. Stan was having great difficulty adjusting to peacetime conditions, both mentally and physically scarred by his Monte Casino experiences. The Mathematical tests, which he had aced in the army, predicted an engineering career. Thus we were all encouraging him to consider this option. But, no way! Gentle Sam wanted to marry his true love, Mabel, and stay at home! He would drive his truck!



**Stan and Mae, April 7, 1947  
in North Bay, ON**

There was absolutely no way that Tom would consider a return to school. His whole time at school had been spent trying to avoid it! With his charm it was said that he could sell ice blocks to the Eskimos. Therefore the main topic of conversation between father and sons centered around some kind of sales business. Dad, in his wisdom, could see that he would have to help them set up some kind of business that would satisfy the two different personalities. All these young lads returned from the war with a knowledge of vehicles and a desire for one. That seemed to be the area for these lads. A small wooden building across the road from our barn became their first garage while negotiations were going on with General Motors to allow them to open up a dealership in Smooth Rock Falls.

While this business venture was being explored Art was continuing his trucking enterprise. He, also, could not be persuaded to return to school, deaf to all the proposals from his Dad and siblings, especially Al, who had come home to his hometown as a

general practitioner. There was much discussion about his getting training as a mechanic so that he could join his brothers in the garage business. But no way - he was happy with his truck.

By the late 30s when the boys were reaching driving age Dad's attention had turned to big trucks. Stan was the first one to get the privilege of driving one of these big machines hauling gravel from Hunta to construct roads and bridges in the area. Tom happily followed Stan in this endeavour spending his 17<sup>th</sup> summer in a trailer camp at Driftwood constructing that new bridge. Thus it was no surprise when Art turned his attention to these big vehicles once he kissed the cows good - bye. How proud he was of his first new truck. He was in business!

The house was filled with conversation, noise and merriment. Dad was overjoyed as he awaited the arrival of the boys each night after work. They would all gather in the living room, sipping a drink, to talk over the day's exploits. Tom had received notification that he was to receive a monthly cheque because of his war wound. The first cheque was greeted with much hilarity - the sum of \$7.00! Dad's immediate reaction was, "Great; that will buy a bottle of liquor each month for us all to share!"

The main topic of discussion at this dating, pre-nuptial time was women - which ones would make the best wives! The conversation would become strident with much input from all quarters. "She must be pretty" - "at least attractive" - "she must know how to cook" - "economically!" - "she should know how to sew - she could save money by making the kid's clothes" - and so great ideas were circulated to the amusement of all. Finally, Dad, in his wisdom, decided that the ideal wife for his sons should, "know how to cook, should have \$1000 in the bank and should have her appendix out!" This became the much - discussed, laughable criteria they were to use in search of a bride. I was always intrigued by the appendix removal requirement! Was his because Al's appendix operation at age 12 had cost Dad a lot of money? Since Stan had chosen Mabel six years before and Art was in love with his Dorothy by then, this criteria only pertained to the most vociferous ones in the family discussions, Al and Tom.

Marriage must have been the general topic of conversation in all the small communities to which the boys returned from the war. Many years later, when I was helping my grandson Sam, study

for an English exam, I was highly entertained to find this conversation from Alice Munroe's "Lives of Girls and Women" set in small town Ontario, between the heroine's father and Uncle Benny.

"Two thousand dollars in the bank", mused my father. "Now there's a woman. You ought to look around for a woman like that, Benny. Question is: a fat one or a thin one? Fat ones are bound to be good cooks, but they might eat a lot. But then so do some of the skinny ones; hard to tell. Sometimes you get a big one who can more or less live off her fat, actually be a saving on the pocketbook. Make sure she has good teeth, either that or all out and a good set of false ones. Best if she has had her appendix and her gallbladder out too"



Christmas 1945 had brought a delightful CWAC to our town to visit her sister, Elsie Moore(no relation). This enthusiastic lady caught the eye of Art Moore as well as his stomach because she was a gourmet cook. She fit into the after-war party scene in the town welcoming home the boys since she was an expert in preparing meals for the masses as she had done in the army. Art was completely smitten.



Art married Dorothy Wilson, December 27, 1947 in her hometown, Newmarket, Ontario.

Once the dealership was secured Dad and the boys built Moore's Garage at 14 Main Street. This was a large cement block building with an office, a parts department and a showroom taking up 1/3 of the building while the other 2/3 provided adequate space for mechanical and bodywork. By this time both of the boys were married; Stan, to his beloved Mabel and Tom to a lovely nurse, Georgette Chiarelli, who had come to work at our hospital. Two apartments with two bedrooms each were therefore constructed on the second storey of the garage to house the two families. Stan's girls, Judy and Elizabeth, and Tom's boys, Michael and Gary, spent their early years there while their fathers established the business.

Allow me to digress a little here to marry off the two boisterous, outspoken boys in the family. Herb Greenidge, Al's university roommate, introduced him to a lovely blond athlete, Sheila Jamieson, a friend of Herb's future wife, Muriel. Sheila was gaining fame as an outstanding pitcher in the softball leagues of that area. Al worked in Hawkesbury, Ont. for a while after graduation so that he could court the lovely Sheila. This courtship culminated in marriage in Ottawa, July 17, 1948. I had been asked to be a bridesmaid and was most excited by the arrival of a beautiful dress and the prospect of a great party in the Federal Capitol.

Mom and I went down a few days ahead with Al to take up residence in the Chateau Laurier while attending the pre-nuptial events. Friday morning, the day before the wedding Dad, Tom Jr., Stan and Georgette arrived with a clamour. When we settled them down enough to get the story we joined them in the laughter. They had left Smooth Rock Falls the night before after work, driven all night, Stan and Tom alternating as drivers. It was a long, hot, tiring trip ending with Tom at the wheel as they entered Ottawa. Dad was seated beside Tom in the front seat acting as a rather reluctant navigator with Stan and Georgette in the back seat trying to help. Tom had tried to cool off by removing his socks and shoes. As usual he was not paying attention to the speed limit as they searched for the hotel and was pulled over by a police siren. When the policeman appeared at the driver's window Dad leaned over Tom shouting, "Pinch him, Officer. He's speeding. Pinch him. He's barefoot!" The kind officer listened to their story about driving all night, searching for the hotel, their brother's wedding, etc. then let them off with a warning, after giving them directions to the hotel.



**Dad & Mom**

**Al & Sheila**

**Mom Jamieson &  
Uncle Wilfred Lonsdale**



It is not surprising that the last one to get married was Tom Jr. At Al's wedding he had been very busy trying to juggle three girlfriends. He was actively courting Georgette, a young nurse who had newly arrived in town - a beauty who had recently graduated from Hotel Dieu Hospital in Kingston. A former girlfriend from Cochrane and a close family friend, both of whom were working in Ottawa, were also invited as guests. Tom, the juggler, had such a difficult time entertaining the three

women that he was forced to prevail frequently upon his brother Stan to help him on the dance floor - an unwelcome task to the shy, happily-married Stan! The lovely Georgette won his heart.

The wedding date was set for April 25, 1949 in her hometown of Renfrew, Ontario. Mother, Dad and I were planning to attend; very excited I had been allowed to buy a new dress at the Hudson Bay store; then Mom announced that we would not be going. Devastated, I kept plaguing her for reasons. She finally took me aside to say, "Your brother is being married in the Catholic Church. Before the ceremony he will have to sign an agreement to bring up the children in the Catholic Church. Your father cannot agree with that, therefore we will not attend." For Dad I am sure that he was concerned with the loss of freedom of choice for future grandchildren. Months later I discovered that Tom had refused to sign any such document - the wedding had gone ahead as planned.

Dad's fertile mind never allowed him to limit his interest to one business. As well as the dairy business and land rentals he always played the stock market retaining a broker in Toronto. It was an important event when mother would hand him the telephone, with great reverence, announcing, "It's your broker."

I would listen to the conversation with fascination awaiting the decision - Sell! "Buy" always seemed to take more time.

By the end of the war many of the original residents of Mooreville were leaving town and wished to sell their homes. Dad would buy many of these homes using them as rental units while awaiting the chance to resell them. Art and Dot had taken up residence in a house owned by a friend in Mooreville right after their marriage. When Stan and Mae married Dad offered them the rental of a small four - roomed house, just purchased in Mooreville, a few houses away from Art and Dot. Of course they accepted. After one look at the house Mabel decided that it needed a lot of work before she would live in it. I was recruited as helper as we washed all the walls readying them for a paint job, as well as washing and scraping floors for refinishing. They did such a good job of the redecorating that several months later Dad was offered a very good price for the house.

Being the good businessman that he was he decided to take the offer. After all there was a big farmhouse available with only three people in it where there used to be seven, sometimes nine with

hired help. Stan and Mae could move in with us. They did! And wonder of wonders I never heard one word of complaint from either of them. Mabel began to take over most of the housework to help Mom. I had chores to do Saturdays but often was reluctant to do them. Mabel would get after me urging me to get at them. One day I got lost! After a thorough house search and much calling out Mother gave up and began to do my chores. Mabel, on the other hand, knew that I was just avoiding work; she also knew my favourite pastime; it didn't take her too long to find me in my large clothes closet, seated at the back, covered by the hanging clothes reading my book by flashlight. I was quickly routed out and mother was relieved of my chores!

Several years later Art and Dorothy were renting one of Dad's houses in Mooreville just across the street from the house in which Stan and Mae had lived. Well, the same thing happened. Dad got the opportunity to sell and he did! Of course, there was room at the farmhouse. The difference was that they had two children by then, George, nearly 3, and Brian, about one, and still in diapers! A kitchen was put together for Dot in one of the bedrooms adjacent to the bathroom and she did the best she could. It didn't help her mood too much when one day she was laundering by hand the many diapers required for Brian when Art said, "Why don't you just sit him in a pot and let him drip?" It seemed as if the men of the family didn't have much sense when it came to the needs of children. It certainly was a lesson to us that Dad expected us to put success at business first in our lives. The women in the family had to learn to adapt to the vicissitudes of monetary success.

The upheaval of the post - war era seemed to be prevalent everywhere. The mill was actively hiring; roads were being constructed; the north was opening up; there was even talk of a pipeline going through. Dad, the entrepreneur, was not reluctant to put his hand to any new venture promising a profit and benefitting the community. He and his friend, Phil Kelly, discovered a large gravel pit near the end of Departure Lake. But, it was inaccessible by land. Just the job for Dad! He would use his business acumen and building experience to construct a road around the west side of the lake. Since the location of the pit and the prospective road was on crown land multiple negotiations ensued with the provincial and municipal governments. Phil Kelly, a future member of provincial parliament, took care of the negotiations at that level, while Dad was

busy with the nitty - gritty problems locally. The result was a road constructed around the west side of the lake to the gravel pit. This road offered access to that part of the lake for cottage construction. Many citizens rushed to take advantage of this cheap lakefront crown land. I believe a lot was available for \$150.00 with the proviso that a building worth at least \$1000 be constructed within a year. Stanley, Tom and Art all took advantage of this offer to build cottages thus offering us all access to the lake for many future summers. After a few years, Al, who was practicing medicine in Cochrane, purchased a cottage close to Tom's; the circle was complete. Dad, once more, had all his family around him, at least for a short time each summer when my family would visit. We would take up residence in Al's cottage so that Mom and Dad could join us each evening for dinner. There were frequent family gatherings at one of the four cottages at the lake.



**Dad and Mom with Brian, Heather, George, Judy and Michael**



Mom with Lynne, Michael, Heather, Judy, Elizabeth, Tom and Trevor



Tom enjoying his daughters-  
in-law  
Georgette, Mabel  
Sheila and Dorothy

## **Incorporation and Construction in the 1950's and 1960's**

Once the boys were settled into their respective businesses Dad could turn his ever - busy hand and mind to other projects. Through his efforts in the late thirties and early forties we were able to have hydro services and town water. Since I do not remember ever using our outhouse Dad must have piped water into the house by the mid - thirties for our indoor toilet facilities. There is a family story about Stan, at about 12 years of age, getting into the “high wines” that one of our hired men used to brew in the basement. In his inebriated state he locked himself in the bathroom located on the second floor of the house, climbed up into the open window and was threatening to jump. The family was out on the lawn looking up at this slight frame on the windowsill, the whole family except Grandmother Macleod who had been resting in her bedroom adjacent to the bathroom. She remained at the bathroom door, gently talking to her grandson. She finally persuaded Stanley to open the door to allow her to use the facilities, thus preventing the tragedy. This means that we must have had inside plumbing by the early thirties.

In the early fifties Unionville and Mooreville were growing with most of the inhabitants working at the Abitibi Power and Paper Co. The residents approached their employer concerned about the unhealthy conditions in which they were living. The Abitibi told them that the company would help if they organized themselves into a viable group. Dad headed up this group with Francois Bordeleau, a clever businessman from Unionville. The request for Incorporation of the township necessitated many trips to Toronto to negotiate with the provincial government. Dad's close friend, Phil Kelly, who had been elected to the Ontario Legislature in Nov. 1951 and named Minister of Mines, June 1952, was an able advisor during this procedure.

Dad always stayed at the Walker House, a small hotel, kitty-corner to the Royal York, because it was much cheaper, but still close to all the political action. On one occasion when he and Francois Bordeleau were there negotiating with the government, a thief entered the room during the night. In the morning when Francois, ever the meticulous dresser, was donning his jacket, which

he had carefully hung up in the closet at the bottom of the bed, he felt his breast pocket and exclaimed, “Tom, my wallet is gone. We’ve been robbed!” Dad, who never carried a wallet, was retrieving his shirt from under his side of the bed. He felt for his wad of bills stuffed into his shirt pocket and replied, with a sly smile, “We are fine, Francois. I have enough for the two of us.”



c.1960s: Kendry Twp. Council—Tom Moore Sr., Gaston Gravel, Albéric Pelletier, Jean-Léo Lavoie, and Reeve, François Bordeleau.

On October 12, 1954 the community became incorporated as the Corporation of the Improvement District of Kendry. The Board of Trustees was headed by Francois Bordeleau, chairman, Tom Moore, vice chair, and Percy Lamothe, a member.

Unilingual Dad always seemed to remain “the power behind the throne” as he encouraged us to become proficient in French because we lived in a predominantly French - Canadian community.



1957: Project for sewers and water lines for Kendry Twp. Tom Moore Sr., Percy Lamothe, Murray McLean and François Bordeleau.

Since the community was now eligible for government grants roads in Mooreville and Cloutierville were improved. By 1956 the Kendry area was supplied with town water.

In the early fifties the town was booming; the hiring spurt at the mill had brought many young couples to the area. With houses provided at a low rental rate (\$25.00 to \$50.00 per month depending on size) it was a good place to start a family.



A local newspaper headline at the time boasted, “Fastest - growing town in Canada is Claim of Smooth Rock Falls”. More than 80 babies were born in 1950 - 51 bringing the population up to 3000. Moore’s Garage was a going concern with many of the young families eager to buy a new car. Naturally these young parents liked to get together for entertainment and this frequently called for alcoholic beverages. The closest liquor store was situated in Cochrane, about an hour’s drive away.

Art Moore took advantage of this need setting up a business taking orders from town customers for beer and liquor. With these orders in hand he and a helper would proceed to Cochrane, pick up the orders, then deliver them to the locals charging a fee for the service.

In my graduating year, 1952, my roommate, Rae Freeman, came home with me to meet my kin as we waited two weeks before returning to Queens for graduation. While visiting Dorothy and the children one afternoon we heard two people enter the summer kitchen at the back of the house. Since Dot and I recognized Art’s voice and knew that he and his helper were unloading the liquor supplies to get them ready for delivery we carried on with our visit. On the other hand, Rae kept hearing the stacking of boxes and the remnants of a broken French dialogue. Completely bewildered she finally shouted, “What are those two French louts in the back room doing?” Through our laughter Dot assured her that one of those louts was her husband while I added, “but they are speaking French rather badly!” It was usually a “Franglais” with a French - Canadian accent.

During this time Dad, recognizing this need in the community as an opportunity for a new business enterprise, was once again negotiating a contract with the government. If he were to construct an adequate building with two separate units would the government rent these premises so that the town could have a Post Office and a Liquor store? He got the contract and the construction began. Much of the main construction was carried out in the evenings because that was when the men were available. One

evening Dad invited Mom and me to accompany him to the site to watch the completion of the roof. As we followed the busy bees on the roof scurrying around trying to finish the job in the remaining daylight we were joined by a family friend, Bert Plant, the mill manager. Observing all the activity he turned to Dad and said, "I wish that I could get those same men to work that quickly and efficiently for me". Dad just grinned. The boys later added, that, perhaps, there wasn't the same incentive - cash on the spot and the sharing of a case of beer at the end of the evening!

The completed building housed the post office at 141 Railway Street (presently 5<sup>th</sup> street) and the liquor store at 145 plus two apartments on the second floor that quickly attracted tenants. In the early 1960's Dad added to the building to accommodate an Eaton's order office.

Being with my father was a constant learning experience for me. The previous year, 1952, as I have said, was my graduation year. Since Tom and Georgette were driving Dad and Mom down to the ceremony it was a good opportunity for my roommate, Rae, to meet my family. During the two - week waiting period I became aware of my father's reluctance to accompany us to the university. I was quite hurt thinking that Dad didn't want to help me celebrate my success. One afternoon when we were sharing our pre-prandial drinks Clarke Millaire, the town Chief of Police, took me aside to say to me, "Your father feels that he will embarrass you in front of your educated friends and professors." Fortunately we were able to convince him that I would never be ashamed of him. I wanted him there.

Interestingly enough he was more prescient than I. We all felt completely out of place in that sea of people in the gymnasium for the after - ceremony reception. I had never been to a graduation before; we didn't have one at the Smooth Rock Falls Continuation School nor do I remember being invited to one from Cochrane High School where I completed my grade 13. In my naivety I thought that the professors and instructors would be circulating to welcome the returning graduates and meet their families. I noticed few of my professors and even fewer of my fellow graduates. I learned a lot that day. At every graduation in my 32 years at Kenner Collegiate I made a special point of circulating to talk to the graduates and their families. When my eldest daughter and son graduated from their respective universities we made special arrangements for family dinner celebrations, avoiding the official

receptions, if there were any! When my youngest daughter received her degree from Charles Sturt University in Australia via the internet there didn't seem to be any ceremony to attend. How the world has changed!

When Stan and Tom's children got older it became imperative to think about a house for each family. Land was measured off and two lots created on the farm bordering Ross Road, right beside our farmhouse. Houses were quickly constructed and the boys brought their families home. Dad was delighted to have the three sons in town now living on the farm. Art's family had a home on the other side of the barn in Mooreville across from his hardware store. How well I remember the fun we had watching Stan and Tom each hand over \$1.00 to Dad as payment for the land!

For many years it had become the custom, at Dad's urging, for the boys to come to the farmhouse for before dinner drinks. This became known as "the five o'clock club". The day's events were discussed at length, new business deals were hatched, in true boisterous Irish fashion some ideas ended up in shouting matches and Mom or I, or both, would have to get into the fray. Often Mom and the wives would join the men for these pre - prandial sessions. The presence of the ladies usually helped to control the discussions. At that time the town was policed by Clarke Millaire, Chief of Police, whereas Kendry was under the control of the Ontario Provincial Police. Dad became a close friend of Clarke Millaire and warmly welcomed any members of the OPP. Thus we would often host a policeman or two to our "five o'clock club." One afternoon when I was at home with Mom awaiting the arrival of the boys there was a loud knock at the back door. I hastened to answer it to find Dad being held vertical by two very tall policemen, all sporting serious facial expressions. I recognized Clarke but had no idea who the larger officer was. He announced, "We have arrested this gentleman for driving under the influence of alcohol." There must have been a faint flicker of a twinkle in Dad's eye because my bewilderment finally erupted in a big guffaw as I realized that I was the butt of their joke. The tall OPP officer was the newly - arrived Freddy Martin who became a highly respected member of the community. The rest of the family arrived shortly thereafter to join in the merriment of the extended "five o'clock club."

Another learning experience for me occurred June 23, 1956 - my wedding day! Since I had to complete my teaching contract we

didn't arrive home until the early hours of Friday morning, the 22<sup>nd</sup>. Therefore Dad and I had little time for conversation. When all the family, friends and relatives had left for the church Saturday afternoon Dad took me by the arm and proceeded to walk me around the lawn as we awaited the return of a car for us. This was our conversation.

“Where are you going to live?” asked Dad curtly.

“We will rent an apartment in early August when I complete my teaching assignment.”, I answered cheerily. “Meanwhile Bob will live at home. That way we can both save all our salary to furnish a flat in August”, I added confidently. I knew that after a five day honeymoon Bob would drop me off at a Leadership Camp for girls sponsored by the Ontario Ministry of Education. It was a great honour for me to have been chosen as one of the staff for that summer.

“Renting is a waste of money, you know. Do you have anything saved for a down payment on a house?”, he added.

“Yes, Dad, almost \$1800, but we want to take our time to look around,” I replied, impatiently scanning the road for Tom's car. Thank heavens it arrived and the inquisition was over.



**Dad, Mom, Bob, Elaine, and Mom & Dad Morrison**



**Dad and Aunt Martha Mills at  
Elaine's wedding, June 23, 1957**

When I repeated this conversation later to friends they all expressed shock at my father's seeming insensitivity. I never thought of the event in that manner. To me it was another example of my father's love and concern for my well - being. When three of his son's married he was able to ensure that they moved into a house either on the farm or nearby. When Al set up his practice in Cochrane, Dad was there to lend him money for a down - payment on a home. Therefore the questions were not unexpected; the timing was disconcerting. The following summer when we were about to purchase our first home it was Dad who loaned us the money for a second mortgage so that we could take advantage of an existing mortgage on the home at the excellent rate of 4 1/2 %. He was very proud of my money management and even more so when we paid off this second mortgage in two years. He was not so happy because I had returned to work to enable us to complete this task. In those days married women, especially those with children, were not supposed to work outside the home.

Dad's philosophy about home ownership was that one should own one's home, mortgage - free by the time one was 40. I fell short of this rule by eight years. Unfortunately he was no longer with us when we could say that we were debt - free, but I knew, in my heart, how proud he would have been. Not only did we own our

home but also a small farm of 62 acres with river frontage. As we burned our mortgage papers I could feel his loving hug.

By 1957 the Abitibi Co. had expanded their water and sewage mains allowing Kendry to supply water to their residents. This reconstruction of roads in Mooreville and Cloutierville afforded employment to the area for many small truckers with gravel available from the pits at Departure Lake and Hunta. At the same time TransCanada Pipelines arrived to lay pipelines in the township. This surge in employment caused a severe housing shortage. Dad's available land presented the opportunity to construct a trailer park, firstly situated at the end of Hollywood on our farm. It was eventually moved to its present location behind the original farmhouse on the Unionville side.

Since water and sewage facilities were now available to the Mooreville residents many of them wished to buy the land under their houses. Dad willingly complied with these requests; a flurry of activity ensued; measurement of lots became necessary, mostly done by Dad and the owner pacing off the land around the existing lots and banging in stakes. Since many long term residents wanted large gardens or extra pieces of land for equipment storage or whatever Dad and the owner would come to an agreement on the required lot size. Because the farmland behind the houses was no longer used for tillage and pasture the lot size was immaterial to both parties. Everybody was happy! If the owner needed more land on which to park a new piece of equipment or build a storage hut "Old Tom" would not mind.

This state of affairs created great havoc for Tom Jr. years later when, as executor of Dad's estate, he tried to define the actual borders of the farm in preparation for a possible sale. A few years after Mom's death, May 26, 1991, he asked me for help because the taxes on the estate properties, which were earning nothing, had risen to \$2200 per year. The borders of the farm property were almost undefinable; the descriptions of three of the narrow holdings, a ditch, the farmhouse driveway that was not attached to the house for tax purposes and a narrow 35 ft. strip between a house and a road in Unionville were ludicrous. By the mid - nineties a new government tax system had been introduced with questions being referred to a Timmins office. Requests for tax considerations could be filed with them. My son, Rob, a lawyer by then, helped me to complete the necessary forms and, in time, an inspector arrived to examine the

lots, guided by Tom Jr. When the final decision came through the estate taxes were lowered by \$700.00; the farmhouse driveway had been transferred to Arlene Sword, the purchaser from Dad in 1969; the ditch was just that, a ditch into which the town dumped all the plowed snow for storage each winter! We all had a great laugh together realizing how amused Dad would have been by his children's stupidity. I could just hear him saying, "I certainly wouldn't have paid taxes for 25 years on a piece of land that I didn't own!"

The sad thing about this story is that I never had a chance to apologize to Arlene Sword. Because of an error in sales registration in 1969 Tom Jr. had repeatedly asked Mrs. Sword to buy the driveway to clear up that area of the estate. She rightly refused and kept on using the driveway that she claimed was hers. How right she was! The only good to come out of this is that perhaps we saved her a bit of money annually.

Dad kept track of everything in his prodigious mind. This mind was most acute, probably helped by the fact that he had never learned to write. Most of us jot down important details and then misplace the paper. Not Dad! Everything was in that head! I remember his testing me as a young child to add up figures quickly. He'd spiel off a number of them and before I could register them all he'd come up with the total. It was a game we often played as I aged but I could never outdo him. Amazing, as was the poetry he would quote from a man who taught himself to read as an adult in the army. To his inquisitive mind this inability to read must have been an abomination that his determination obliterated. His inability to write didn't seem to bother him because mother or I were always available to do his secretarial work. But it certainly made the settling of the estate more difficult because the intricate details of the assets were registered in a mind that was no longer with us.

In the late 1950s the route of Highway 11 that had previously gone through the main street of the town and across the dam at the mill was changed. It now bypassed the town and Unionville to the north of Main Street, opening up new land for the construction of homes and businesses adjacent to this new road. Since a service station would be necessary, and profitable, at the edge of town along the new highway, Dad and Tom Jr. combined resources to construct a B.A. Service Station and restaurant. It was

taken over by Art and Dorothy in 1962 and was known as Art's B.A. until 1986.



Always the far-seeing entrepreneur, Dad then obtained a permit in August 1960 to build Moose Motel adjacent to the service station and restaurant. In 1961 it opened with seven units; five more units were added later on just before it was sold to Herve and Jeannette (Corbeil) Couture in the mid-sixties.

Much road building was taking place in this era with the change of route of Highway 11 and the construction of a highway to Fraserdale (now 634) which was to pass the front of our home and traverse Mooreville.



This necessitated the widening of Ross Road causing the destruction of our loved Caragana hedge at the front of the house and the demolition of the barn. Dad was in his element, right in the middle of the activity, as a landowner and a member of Kendry township council.

By this time Tom Jr. had bought out Stan from the Moore Bros. partnership and Stan was running his own road - construction business out of his new home on Highway 11 east of the service station. Dad, now in his 70s, would delight in doing the rounds each day in his truck/car? (owned by Moore's garage) dropping in on Moore's garage to give advice, then, up to the service station to bug Art and the grandkids and enjoy a coffee with Dot, then in to Stan's to see what was going on in that area. The "five o'clock clubs" went

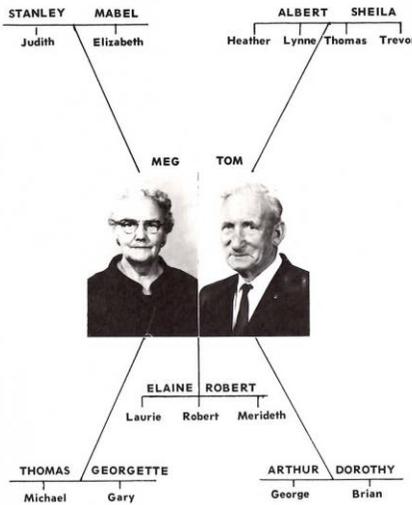
on as usual but often with a change of venue, wherever the boys were! This often presented consternation to the womenfolk who were trying to keep dinner warm.





# The Last Hurrahs

By the late sixties Tom Jr. had built a beautiful home on the highway and Dad had purchased the lot beside him on which he constructed a smaller bungalow for their retirement home. Of course there had to be room for visitors, especially Elaine, Bob, and three grandchildren. The whole basement was finished to furnish a domain of two bedrooms, four - piece bath, and a large lounge area complete with TV for the kids. The large garage next door at Tom Jr.'s home became the venue for the "five o'clock club" from then on.



*The Family of  
MR. & MRS. THOMAS MOORE, SR.  
request the pleasure of your company  
at a Dinner in Celebration of the  
FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY  
of the Marriage of their Parents  
Saturday, the Twenty-Seventh of July  
Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-Eight  
at Five o'clock  
Royal Canadian Legion Hall  
Smooth Rock Falls, Ontario  
followed by  
OPEN HOUSE  
for the Town of Smooth Rock Falls*

*5 o'clock club  
as usual*

Before leaving the farmhouse there was one big party arranged to celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, July 26, 1968. The whole town became immersed in this happy celebration at the Legion Hall. Over 100 friends and relatives were seated for dinner to await the piping in of the happy couple. Dad's two old friends from WW I, Earl Ives of Petawawa, Ont. and Earl Meek from Buffalo, N.Y. with their wives, had made the lengthy voyage to celebrate with their mate. Mildred (Wagner) with husband, Laurie Hardman, represented the Otto Wagner family, whereas Rod Bolton and his mother, Elfie, held up the banner of the Claude Bolton family. Old friends, Les and Bessie Shore, retired in Belleville, spoke

to the group celebrating Dad and Mom's contributions to the community, as did Judge Wilfred Dupont from Cochrane.



Sgt. Jack Williams, Englehart Pipe Band

Dad told the crowd that, over the years, he had taken a good deal of advice from Wilfred, who replied that the benefits of their friendship had been reciprocal. Rene Brunelle, MPP, Minister of Lands and Forests for Ontario, whom Dad had known as a youngster in Moonbeam, Ont. presented him with a plaque on behalf of Ontario Premier, John Robarts. One of the highlights of the evening was the speech by Joe Habel, former Liberal longtime member of Provincial Parliament, from Cochrane. He suggested that Tom Moore had, at one time, been the unofficial MPP, because while he was officially holding that post electricity had been brought into Kendry township, largely at the instigation of "Old Tom".

The Mayor of Smooth Rock Falls, Alec Roberts, spoke in praise of the couple and Francois Bordeleau, Reeve of Kendry township, presented Dad with the Centennial Medal.

The eldest grandchildren, George and Heather Moore, relived the happy days they had growing up with Grandma and Grandpa Moore.

Mother's MacLeod family was represented by her brother, Murdo, and wife Mattie from Toronto, her sister, Molly, and husband, Sandy Robinson, from Cochrane, their daughter, Joan, with husband, Glenn Johnson, from North Bay, her nephew,

Gordon Mason, (her sister, Jessie's son,) with wife, Helen, and three children, Tina, Tracy and Steven, from Cochrane.

The high point of the evening came when Dad, the reluctant speechmaker, rose to address the gathering. After thanking everyone for attending this wonderful celebration organized by his family he reminisced about his WW I adventures. When he was repatriated from Salonika in 1917 he was suffering from malaria, thus was hospitalized for quite some time in England. Upon recovery since there was no need for him in the CMAC, set up for Salonika, which was now being dispersed, the army had to find another post for him. His description of this was as follows, "So the army sent me to France as a shovel operator. When I got there I reported to the commanding officer. He welcomed me by saying, "Moore, you are the 329<sup>th</sup> shovel operator they have sent me and we haven't got a shovel!"

After the dinner ceremonies the whole town joined in the musical open house that went on until the wee hours of the morning. I had arranged for grandson Michael Moore to take grandma and grandpa home as soon as they tired. About 3 am he approached me to ask, "Aunt Elaine, I'm exhausted, can I go home?" We drove the oldies home at about 4 am at which time we were expected to sit down to talk over the whole affair!



**Francois Bordeleau, Tom, Wilfred Dupont and Rene Brunelle, MPP**



#### Happy 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

The following day Dad and Tom Jr. went missing about 10 am. About two hours later they arrived home smiling broadly. I had insisted that we have two punches available for the dining crowd, one alcoholic, the second one non - alcoholic. Dad did not think that this was necessary since drinks were available at the bar and wine served with the meal. As usual he was right! He had spent the morning rebottling the generous remains of the two punches together, bringing home a crate of bottles to be used as “mixers” for the next month’s “five o’clock club”.

The reunion with his mate, Earl Meek, at the anniversary celebration offered Dad a new adventure. Since the Meek’s spent part of the cold Buffalo winter in warm Florida, Dad decided that he and Mom should join them. Therefore the next two winters found them in Madiera Beach, Florida, lodged at “the Breakers” learning how to play shuffleboard and walking the beach. In 1971 Tom Jr. and Georgette decided to visit the area and naturally visited the oldies. Well aware of Dad’s abhorrence of renting it was no surprise to us all to find out that he had talked Tom into sharing the purchase of a house in Madiera Beach, not too far from the seashore. It was a great bargain, too cheap at \$18,000 to turn down!

They later found out that the area was subject to frequent flooding - it always seemed to happen when they weren't there. Fortunately Tom was able to sell the house for the purchase price in 1976 so that Dad's half share could be added to the estate.

Dad, now in his eighties, enjoyed the smaller home, right beside son Tom, where he could keep track of all the family doings. He still drove his borrowed truck; still visited the family businesses daily; still bugged his grandchildren admonishing them "to get off their asses and get working!" His main concern was their welfare. When grandsons Michael and Brian decided to open M & M Power Sports in 1972 in a building beside Art's BA, Dad was their backer at the bank. The story goes that their fathers, Tom and Art, had reservations about investing in the business, but grandpa came through backing the loan at the bank. When Dad died in 1974 this debt weighed heavily on the settlement of the estate, causing some disagreement with the three heirs whose children were not involved in the debt. The problem was that the estate could not be settled with this debt unpaid. Without a settlement Mother was powerless, but, suddenly a solution arrived. The only money in her name outside the estate was Dad's insurance policy. Mom, ever the placator, was delighted that she had enough to pay off the bank and thus settle the estate. How proud Dad would have been of her!

Dad died Sunday, March 3, 1974. Bob and I arrived home Monday evening in time to go to the United Church where the body was resting to help Mom and the family receive the many friends and relatives who were arriving to pay their respects. It was then that I learned that the Catholic Bishop in Hearst had sent instructions to the local Priest, Father Tremblay, to offer his church for an ecumenical service to be held for Dad, the first service of this kind to be held in the town. This meant that a United Church service was held March 6, 1974 in the small United Church attended by family and friends of that religion. I will always remember the five of us kids with Mom gathering at the side of the coffin to farewell our hero before the lid was closed. The coffin was then taken out to join the legionnaires who had assembled to form a guard of honour to escort the body to the Catholic Church. We, the family, fell in behind in cars as we and what seemed like the whole town slowly made our way up to St. Gertrude Church.

Tom Jr. was driving Mom and me and as we came to the hill going up to the church we noticed one of the faithful legionnaires

slowing down a bit, almost limping along. When he fell back enough to be recognized it was Walter Shwetz, a longtime friend and neighbour about Dad's age. Tom immediately stopped the car as I rolled down the window urging Walter to join us in the car. He pulled himself up to his full stature, turned and replied, "No, I walk for Old Tom."

That was the town's tribute.

Shortly after the funeral one of the neighbours came to the house to inform us that Dad had lent him some money when he was in a spot of trouble. - no papers, no proof. He just wanted to let us know that he would pay it back to the estate. That was the measure of our father. His kindness and ethical honesty brought out the best in the people around him.

On August 13, 1975 Ontario Premier William Davis presented Mom with a plaque that read "Upon recommendation of the Ontario Geographic Names Board made October 9, 1974 a lake located in Inglis twp., Cochrane District, has been officially named Moore Lake in memory of Thomas Moore Sr., in recognition of his contribution to Northern Ontario." The location of this lake is Latitude 49 - 32' - 30", Longitude 80 - 56' - 20".



**Rene Brunelle, MPP, Tom Jr., Mom, Premier Wm. Davis  
Presentation of Moore Lake Plaque**

We admired him

We revered him

We respected him

We feared him

Above all, we loved him.

He was our hero.

## Dad's Philosophy of Life

### In which he is joined by his loving wife

*The right road is a long road  
And at times it may be rough  
Never leave it for the wrong road  
That is paved with shame and bluff.  
Don't mistake the smiles  
Of the men that travel there  
Or the gold that they are wearing  
As a sign that all is fair  
For beneath those jewels shining  
And the treasures they possess  
There are countless hours of whining  
And a fearful loneliness.  
It may not be a bright road  
But it's free from all disgrace  
It's lined with friends who love you  
Whose joys are of the best  
When the stars come out above you  
With conscience clear you rest.*

*Author Unknown*

*Dad would recite this poem at family gatherings:*

Pages 103, 104 and 105 removed for privacy reasons.

Pages 103, 104 and 105 removed for privacy reasons.

Pages 103, 104 and 105 removed for privacy reasons.

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