A Yorkshireman In Canada

Reminiscences In Prose and Poetry

Fred B. Ingle

Poems And Songs

A WAY WITH WORDS

After leaving the farming community around Oxford Mills in 1939, Dad got a job at the Shingwauk Indian Residential School run by the Anglican Church in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. He became the general assistant, helping with the farming duties and with the care of some of the young native boys who attended the school from several reservations in Ontario and Quebec. He used his well-honed farming skills to excel at getting the chickens to do a first rate job of laying eggs. They liked him so much they would sit on his shoulder while he cared for them.

But someone else came to care for him, too, although not at first as she thought he was a tease and was annoyed when he used to slip up behind her and affectionately untie her apron strings. Ruth Cox, my mother, had served as kitchen matron at the Anglican residential school at Fort George on the Quebec side of James Bay 2before coming to Shingwauk in 1938 as laundry supervisor. Mother was in her mid-thirties and Dad in his late twenties. I suspect that initially she considered him still a bit of a boy given his playfulness, especially in a school run on a very strict basis where everyone had to call each other Mr., Miss or Mrs.

Dad didn't give up and affection grew as they got to know each other, including while quarantined during a measles epidemic. By 1940, courtship had progressed to a proposal of marriage. However, Mother said "no." She was seven years older than Dad and she thought that too much of an age difference. Dad responded that "to me age was just a number and if we loved each other enough that number did not matter." Mother still said "no" but gave Dad a copy of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem "A Woman's Question" to read. Dad read it and wrote what he called "The Answer To A Woman's Question" in reply. Poetry was born and my parents married in the Bishop Fauquier Chapel on the school grounds on Jan. 18, 1941.

I came along at 12:30 p.m. on Oct. 9, 1941. It was a difficult birth and while Mother was in the General Hospital in the Sault Dad wrote "The House Of Healing." Today, a copy of this poem, surrounded by a scroll of flowers drawn by Dad, hangs on the wall on the obstetrical floor of the hospital. Dad wrote "Courage" in January, 1983, for a friend, Mrs. Muriel Hornby, who had just lost her son, John Christopher. At the bottom of his copy, in his own handwriting, he noted: "Muriel: I just had to sit down and write this for you, something compelled me."

Ken Ingle
Waterloo, Ontario
September, 1998

Respectfully Dedicated
to
My Darling Ruth
With all my love and devotion

I LOVE YOU

God guided me to you dear
In his mysterious way
He led me to the path of love
And blessed me every day.

He taught me how to love you
Because you're kind and true
He's asking me to keep you safe
To have and honour you.

He knows how much I love you
He knows how much I care
And in his love and mercy gives
Me strength to do and dare.

I want to make you happy
To make your life more bright
That's why I'm staying up to write
This poem to you tonight.

I'll dedicate my life to you
I'll give to you my name
I'll make you proud to be my wife
I'll keep you free from shame.

I'll do my best to bear your cross
Together with my own
You'll never be, my darling Ruth
Neglected or alone.

Together we will serve him
Our Saviour, Christ the King
And as we journey on through life
Our humble gifts we'll bring.

Three little words I'm saying
They mean we'll never part
Three little words: "I Love You"
And they come from my heart.

Engagement Day
March 23, 1940

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above -
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike, you have questioned me,
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.
You require that your mutton shall always be hot
Your socks and your shirt shall be whole,
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars,
As pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far better thing,
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts -
I look for a man and a king.
A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker God,
Shall look upon as He did the first
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade
From my soft young cheek one day,
Will you love me then, mid the falling leaves
As you did in the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean so wide and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be,
If you would give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You hire with little pay,
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won this way.

Elizabeth Barret Browning

THE ANSWER TO A WOMAN'S QUESTION

So you want to know if I understand
If I realize what I've done?
By asking you to become my wife
And wanting you to share my life,
You think that to me it's all fun.

What you do not know is how much I thought,
And pondered again and again,
How strong my heart, how deep my love
How I prayed for strength from heaven above
So I should not be selfish or vain.

A maid or a seamstress 'tis true I can hire
And pay them what ere they might ask,
But I need something more, and I never once thought
That your love and devotion could ever be bought
Like wine from a large wooden cask.

I shall strive to be kindly and honest and true,
And whenever your beauty is gone
You will still be my darling, my own precious wife
My true inspiration, the joy of my life,
My partner till life here is done.

Is there anything more I can offer to you?
Myself, my devotion, my life,
My name, my religion, my honour complete
I gladly lay everything down at you feet
In return for you being my wife.

Fred B. Ingle March, 1940

MY SWEETHEART

God made a woman out of the dust
Out of a man and a woman's trust
He gave her a heart as pure as gold
And a sunny smile that will never grow old.

He made her fair as the brightest morn
She's the finest woman that ever was born
For He made her tender and true and kind
A more lovable nature 'tis hard to find.

Then He watched her grow as the years rolled by
He watched her laugh and he saw her cry
And I know He said "This should never be"
So He gladly gave her, thank God, to me.

And now my prayer to our God most high
Will be always the same till the day I die
God give me the courage from heaven above
To be worthy of her most wonderful love.

March, 1940

AN IDLE THOUGHT

When I am old and worn and grey
    And you are maybe far away
When life is just a weary song
    I'll dream of you the whole day long.

I'll dream of what you used to be
    When we were young and strong and free
Of how we used to laugh and sing
    Forgetting what the years would bring.

And then, when life its course has run
    A newer life will be begun
I'll meet my fate what ere it be
    If only you will dream of me.

Shingwauk School
March, 1940

WON'T YOU FORGIVE

When I am sad and weary
And full of cares and woe
When you are bright and cheery
But I always answer no
Will you remember darling
That for you only I live
I love you just as much dear
So please, won't you forgive

When I do things I shouldn't
As sometimes I will do
Remember dear I couldn't
Live my life here without you
I'm trying oh so hard dear
To make the life I live
Go just the way you want it
So please dear, please forgive.

Written when he made me cry
Ruth

YOUR BIRTHDAY GIFT TO ME

You gave me a gift and 'twill always be
A beautiful treasure most rare to me
I'll cherish it down through the years of my life
Long after God makes you my own darling wife.

Every time that I look on its face I will see
The love and devotion that you sent to me
The heart that is yours that is purer than gold
I know that your love dear will never grow cold.

I could only say thank you, I should have said more
But words seemed to fail me as never before
So I'm writing to you in this old fashioned way
To tell you how happy you made me today.

I wish I could tell how my heart swelled with pride
How I longed to be always there by your side
I wish I could tell you the thoughts that are near
But all I can say is "I THANK YOU MY DEAR."

May 18, 1940
Fred's 28th birthday
(Ruth gave him a curved,
oblong Rolex Standard watch)

"MY FIRST LOVE LETTER FROM FRED"

It's only a letter I'm sending
Just a few words of love and of cheer
But my heart and my soul are wrapped up in its words
Cause I'm lonely without you my dear.

My love dear is still true and tender
Your place in my heart still remains
For no other can take it I solemnly swear
Though they try to again and again.

I'm not much at writing a letter
I'm better at writing in verse
So I'm trying to include in my letters to you
A poem that will help reimburse.

The Principal came home last evening
From taking some children away
Two more went away on this afternoon's train
But they are not going to stay.

Miss Mitchell is leaving on Sunday
Miss Parsons is going then too
That only leaves eight of us holding the school
So you see dear we'll surely need you.

Miss Hehn and Miss Marter are staying
Miss Muirhead and Benna are here
But Pop is so worried about his vacation
He thinks he won't get it this year.

In August I have to go camping
And in August Pop should go away
But I'm forced to go with the army you see
So I think Pop will sure have to stay.

The goldfish are swimming contented
And everything's doing alright
But I wish that instead of just wishing my dear
I could hold you and kiss you good night.

So I've ended my letter with crosses
They're the best I can do dear right now
But I'll make them come true when you come home again
Till then I will manage somehow.

Good night and God bless you my darling
I'm thinking of you night and day
You know that I love you as much when you're here
As I do when you're far far away.

To Ruth Cox on holiday with Bill, Bella and Billy Watt at Moose Factory July 1940.

UNTITLED

You know how much I love you
I've told you day by day
You know how much I miss you
When you are far away
And though you're not beside me
As the sun sinks out of sight
I whisper dear, with all my love
A fond and sweet good night.

OUR MOTHERLAND

She stands again and fights alone
Our Motherland so brave and true
She waits the great unseen, unknown
With courage that our fathers knew.

This little island fair and bright
Holds in her hand the fate of men
Who stand for peace and good and right
For these she lives and fights again.

Those valiant hearts that bleed and die
To rid this world of sin and shame
They understand the reason why
They fight in dear old England's name.

So we in this Dominion fair
Must stand behind the land we love
We'll show the world how much we care
For England and our God above.

We humbly kneel before the throne
Of GOD, and ask his gracious will
And England does not stand alone
We stand beside her, waiting still.

Once more old England firmly stands
And so the Empire proudly gives
Her sons to help the Motherland
She shall not die while Canada lives.

Published in *The Sault Daily Star* in 1940

DESOLATE

Why should I be so desolate today?
And I alone because you are not here
In flesh and blood? No, you are always near.
I see you smiling in the sunlight's play
Upon the wall beside me, and the way
The wind stirs in the trees is like your dear
Beloved voice. Or if it rains I hear
Your step outside. You cannot go away.

Yet I am lonely still. However much
I love your presence in the wind and air
And sun, my woman's heart is starved with such
An empty presence, which does not compare
With really having you. I want the touch
Of your dear kisses on my lips and hair.

August 14, 1940
From your lonely Ruth

UNTITLED

The trees are just as green,
The little birds still sing;
But, dear, without you, the joy for me
Has gone out of everything

I miss your loving lips,
I miss your good-night kiss;
I'm longing and waiting for your return,
And joy and rapture and bliss.

Ruth

These two poems were found among
the manuscripts of Fred Ingle's poetry
in the hand-writing of his wife Ruth.

WAITING

If you could really know how much I love you
And how I long to hold you close again,
If you could know the loneliness and heartache
That's mine, while you are lying there in pain.

If you could understand that men can suffer
Though outwardly they seem so calm and brave,
They're only little boys grown up to manhood
'Cause inwardly they're tender and afraid.

Men may be tall and strong and tough and handsome
But deep beneath there beats a human heart,
It takes God's greatest gift to make them tender
And once again they vow they'll never part.

So it will be with me, my dear, until you
Are safe again at home, sweetheart, with me
What fun we'll have along life's road together
When we are after all not two, but three.

To my darling wife,
With all my love
Fred

GOD'S LOVE

God gave you dear sweetheart to me
That's why He brought me o'er the sea,
He knew we needed each other's love
He saw our need from heaven above,
And now He's given us something more
To bind our love as never before,
A precious baby to love and care
He's ours sweetheart, our love he'll share.

I've tried so hard, I'm trying still
To love and honour and cherish till,
The day comes when death do us part
Till then you'll be close to my heart,
And if, when this our life is o'er
We're together again across the shore
I'll love you then, as you will see
Because God gave you dear to me.

THE HOUSE OF HEALING

This is the House of Healing
Where bodies racked with pain
Are comforted and strengthened
And soon made whole again.

This is the House of Marvels
Where miracles are wrought
Where God's own Hand is guiding
And wealth and fame are nought.

This is the House of Mercy
Of tender, loving care
A House that's filled with sunshine
And beauty, everywhere.

Thank God for all the people
Who work in this House, we say
May He in His tender mercy
Bless them at His work today.

May He give them strength to labour
And always to do His will
To heal broken bones and bodies
And make burdens lighter still.

Be not afraid to enter here
You who have lost life's pace
The God of your Fathers, All Supreme
Dwells in this Holy Place.

PRECIOUS LITTLE DREAM GIRL

Ruth Elizabeth Alice
Sweetest baby ever
You were meant for Heaven
But - for us - never.

I wanted you for Daddy, sweet
He is so kind and dear
But all that's left for us, my pet
Is a memory and a tear.

Precious little dream girl
We wanted you so much
To be our little daughter
To play with, love and touch.

We have your little brother
Darling Kenny who
Needed a little sister
To love and play with, too.

But this life is none too gentle
And God who is very wise
Took you home to Heaven, dear
To be with him in the skies.

Ruth A. Ingle
General Hospital
November 14, 1942

Ruth Elizabeth Alice was lost at six months in a miscarriage on November 13, 1942. Thomas Ralph Ingle (named after family physician Dr. Thomas Ralph Heath) was born at six months on November 9, 1946 and lived for three hours.

UNTITLED

A little brown teddy
A wee blue doll
I see you hugging
As you toddle along
You smile so sweet
And you scamper and shout
I wonder just what you are thinking about.

I've watched you grow since the day you were born
I've seen you look happy and sad and forlorn
I've played with you, spanked you and taught you to walk
I listen and love you as you try to talk.

For Kenny 1943

DEDICATED TO MY SON KENNETH

Sometimes I dream when I'm all alone
Of a little boy I left at home,
I seem to hear his little feet,
Scampering up and down the street,
That's my son:

Sometimes I feel his tiny had
Clutched in mine, it feels so grand,
Or his little voice so loud and clear,
Making sweet music in my ear,
That's my son:

I know he's thinking of me today
Although I'm thousands of miles away,
I know he's praying for me tonight,
And wishing that he could hug me tight,
That's my son:

And me, I'm going over the sea
To fight for freedom and liberty,
I know he'll miss my guiding hand,
But someday he will understand,
That's my son:

While overseas 1944

Ruth: Can you suggest a title for this poem. [Fred]

Respectfully dedicated to all the wives,
mothers and sweethearts of the men
and women in the armed forces.

THOSE WE LEAVE BEHIND

They carry on while we're away
Doing the same things day by day
Hiding a tear behind a smile
Waiting and praying all the while.

Heartaches are theirs, and grief and pain
Hoping to see us once again
Longing to hear our voices anew
Carrying on so brave and true.

Ours is the glamour, ours the fear
Theirs is the blood and sweat and tears
We are the ones to do or die
They also suffer and pray and sigh.

To those we leave behind we say
Keep faith with us till that great day
Think of us; pray for us; cry for us too
Always remember we're fighting for you.

May God protect you and keep you safe
May He in His mercy give you faith
To keep alight the fires that burn
Till we who love you can return.

In England 1944

#1. C.B.W. - C Coy
R.C.E.M.E.
C.A.O.
July 18/45

Hello Darling:

How are you tonight and how are things at home?

I didn't get any mail tonight sweet so I'll be expecting some tomorrow. It is now 9:15 p.m. and I have just come from the show at the N.A.A.P.I. Tonight's movie was "Wilson" and if you haven't already seen it by all means do so darling if you get the chance as it is one of the finest pictures I have seen for some time. It certainly taught me a lot about President Wilson that I didn't know and it's too bad the world hadn't more men like him in high places instead of some of the scheming politicians who think of nothing only their own profit.

President Wilson was a great man and like Roosevelt was working for the good of mankind but was hindered by politicians who thought only of themselves. He [Wilson] owed most of his greatness to both his first and second wives and darling that picture made me realize just how much I owe you. Everything I am and everything I will be I owe to you because I have to prosper sweet as your happiness depends on my success.

When a man has a woman who loves him enough to overlook his mistakes and encourage him to greater efforts, nurse him back to health and strength when he is sick and endure hardship and poverty with him and still keep on smiling and still love him, then a man would be a poor creature if he couldn't prosper in some way or another and make her happy and do everything in his power to make her life really worth living, wouldn't he sweet? That's the way I feel about you darling and that's why I know we will prosper when I can once more get back to civilian life and get a fair chance to really amount to something.

We may never be rich sweet but if we are happy and contented and live a good clean life we shall never regret our stay here on earth.

Maybe I should try writing a book; I seem to be getting along good with this. But I mean every word I said sweet and as I told the people at Shingwauk when we were married; my life would be dedicated to your happiness: it still holds good darling and always will.

One of the boys here who came over with me is trying to get home in order to obtain a divorce and he is only about twenty-five years old. He was telling me all about it the other night and I was trying to find out from him if there wasn't any way in which he could patch up all the trouble and start afresh but he says there isn't as both he and his wife want a divorce so I guess it's hopeless. You and I love each other so much and are so happy together that I couldn't imagine getting a divorce.

To me, when a man and a woman are married; live together and really get to know each other for what they are; when they get to know each other's faults and failings, each other's little habits, whether they be good or bad, and really live together as God intended them to, then for the life of me I can't see why they

DID YOU EVER WONDER

Did you ever wonder why God loves you
Did you ever wonder why He cares
Did you ever think why he forgives you
Or sheds for you His bitter tears.

Did you ever wonder how He's feeling
When you stray far off the beaten track
Did you ever think how long he calls you
And guides you till you come right back.

Did you ever wonder how Christ suffered
As he hung upon that awful tree
Did you ever realize the torment
That he endured for you and me.

Did you ever stop to think that some day
When your span of life on earth is done
You'll be going through that vale of darkness
Does it make you want to hide and run.

Don't you think the love of God is precious
When he gave for us HIS ONLY SON
Don't you think it's worth it all my brethren
When you hear those words at last, WELL DONE.

YES, if you can think at all, you Christians
You should know and understand this much
We should love and live and die for JESUS
For He loved and lived and died for us.

MY PRAYER

When other folk hate and despise me
And I lose my faith in man
Please God give me courage to rise up and say
I'll help them whenever I can.

Whenever a brother is troubled
And I can make easy his load
Please God give me strength just to help him today
To carry his cross down the road.

If I can make somebody happy
And ease someone's sorrow and pain
My joy will be greater in heaven above
For my life here will not be in vain.

THE SEASONS

When the cold north winds are blowing
And the snow is white and deep
How we wish that we were going
O'er the ocean's wild, wide sweep
To a country fair and warmer
Where the sun shines bright all day
Where the wind is soft and calmer
And the cold is chased away.

Then comes spring, and with its coming
We see buds upon the tree
And the busy bees start humming
And the birds sing merrily
Summer's just around the corner
And we lose our sullen frown
Days are longer and much warmer
Earth has shed her winter gown.

When the summer overtakes us
Then we swelter in the heat
And the sun just seems to bake us
While the hot roads burn our feet
Then we sigh and wish cool breezes
Could be blowing round our door
We forget the coughs and sneezes
Of the cold winter before.

Then comes autumn and we wonder
If the furnace we should light
For the days are warm, but thunder
Oft disturbs our sleep at night
We would like to change the weather
But thank God our hands are tied
We would spoil it altogether
For we're never satisfied.

We should thank the Lord for giving
All the seasons in their time
For it makes our life worth living
When we have a change of clime
Life would be so dull and dreary
Should the sun be always near
And we'd feel so cold and weary
If 'twas winter all the year.

COURAGE

Yesterday I saw
COURAGE,
Not the flamboyant, devil may care
COURAGE,
But a strong, silent, abiding
COURAGE.
During World War II I saw
COURAGE,
Men wounded beyond description,
Men who died, not knowing why.
Yesterday I saw
COURAGE,
A woman who's young son had died,
A heart attack, final,
But she, a church Lay Reader
Carried on,
Read the lesson, said the prayers,
Sang the hymns.
God help me,
I didn't know what to say
To ease the burden,
I told her so,
She said, "Pray for him."
I did, and I will.
For her, too, because,
Yesterday I saw
COURAGE
And belief in God's love
In her eyes,
And that is real
COURAGE.

Respectfully dedicated to a good friend Mrs. Muriel Hornby whose devotion and courage has no equal. May God in his mercy ease the pain and suffering of this time and help you understand why it has to be so.

Fred. B. Ingle

SITTING ON A FENCE POST

Verse 1

Johnny Jones was a slowpoke;
Wherever he was sent,
Each morning on his way to school,
This is the way he went.

Chorus

Sitting on a fence post, swinging on a gate,
Looking in a window, maybe I'll be late'
Wish I had a nickel, wish I had a dime,
I'll be lucky if I'm there on time.
I think I'll make it if I go this way;
I guess my teacher will be cross today;
Sitting on a fence post, swinging on a gate,
I don't care if I am too late!

Verse 2

Johnny didn't like his teacher,
But he was never shy --
Each morning Johnny Jones was late,
And here's the reason why.

Mailed Sept. 16, 1954

SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE

Verse 1

When you're feeling sad and lonely
When you're feeling oh so blue,
Never mind your fears, wipe away your tears,
Here's the only thing to do.

Chorus

Hum a little ditty, sing a little song,
Pucker up and whistle when the way seems wrong,
Make believe you're happy, make believe you're gay
Spread a little sunshine on your merry way,
Don't pack all your troubles on your shoulders,
Pucker up and whistle night and day,
Hum a little ditty, sing a little song,
Spread a little sunshine on your merry way.

Verse 2

When the way is dark and dreary,
And the sky has lost its blue,
You can make it right, make the sun shine bright,
This is all you have to do.

MY CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Verse 1

Sleigh bells jingle in the night,
Christmas time is here,
The snow is sparkling, clean and white,
Listen to my prayer.

Chorus

May there be peace and gladness, and goodwill everywhere,
Let men be true, their faith renew,
That's my Christmas Prayer,
May there be joy - not sadness - and love beyond compare,
Let hearts be gay this Christmas Day,
That's my Christmas prayer,
Oh may the love of God reveal to every faithful heart,
The blessings of goodwill and peace though we be worlds apart,
May we who live in plenty learn truly how to share,
Take God our Lord at His own word,
That's my Christmas Prayer.

Verse 2

Hymns of praise are sung today,
Songs of love and care,
Angels in their bright array,
Listen to my prayer.

LETTERS FROM THE FAR NORTH

A Missionary's Reflections on Life
in Fort George 1933 to 1937

Ruth A. (Cox) Ingle

Page 1: acceptance letter from Deaconess House (in Dad's original book made up by Mrs Morgan).

Page 66: Telegram of acceptance at Shingwauk (at AUC) above Hines letter.

Memories

excerpts from staff/student letters; Mascopic poem; 3 (4 does Don have a different one?) small Star articles (dates?)

supper I had a long talk with him about the Indian people and the work of our Church in the North. He tried to tell me we girls were foolish to sacrifice our lives away up here, but I'm afraid he didn't help his argument any. If anything, I am more enthusiastic and happy than I was before. The country here is so very beautiful. Up here one has time to think and ponder on the glories of nature and the Creator who made them, and the Indians as well as the white people. The longing grows to help His Indian children to share more fully in His blessed love.

Above left: Engineer Guy Cadney, cook Bert Palmer and Skipper Nielsen were members of an English, Danish, Indian and Eskimo crew that sailed James Bay in the Fort Churchill carrying freight to various Hudson's Bay Company posts, missionaries, HBC factors and clerks.

Above right: Ruth Cox met lifetime friends on the Churchill -- the new Fort George HBC factor Bill Watt, his son Billy and wife Bella seen here at Charlton Island.

We saw the lights of the Nascopie for a long time before we docked. We arrived here at Charlton Island at 10:30 p.m. The white buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company, the dock which was high above our heads, and a wrecked ship, all looked very weird in the moonlight. We had to climb up a ladder to land on the wharf. We were given a large room with two double beds in the Hudson's Bay

balls from going into the bush and into the river. One ball got lost the other night and our Noah's Maggie searched diligently until she found it. We each have our own racquets and the net is Mr. and Mrs. Jones's. We are not any of us very good players, but we are learning and having many an evening of fun and pleasure when work is over for the day.

A week ago tonight we had an evening of Hymn singing, with a bun and a cup of tea for our Indian friends in the Mission grounds. The Church organ was brought out and Miss Nesbitt played for us--with all of us gathered in a circle around her. The natives chose their own hymns and sang in Cree, while we sang in English. They did so love it! Just in the midst of the singing, Mr. Reed, a teacher of the Danforth Technical School, of Toronto, arrived with two other teachers, a Mr. Mackenzie and a Mr. Clilcott, by canoe with an outboard motor, bringing a letter for me from the Rev. W.G. Walton, who, with his wife, were the missionaries here in Fort George for thirty-two years. It seemed a fitting time to read his letter to these people for whom he had laboured so long, and whom he loves so well. The result is that many of them have written to him.

Mr Reed, with Mr. Mackenzie, is very much interested in the H.B.C. and the work our Church is doing in the North among these people. He is a member of the United Church, but admires and commends the work our Church is doing for God's people of the North. He took many moving pictures, some of them in colour, of the settlement of Fort George, our people, and the life of our community. He and Mr. Mackenzie hope to lecture on the material they have collected and to show the pictures in churches and elsewhere in Toronto and other places. I hope if you have the opportunity of seeing his pictures and of attending the lecture, you will try to do so. They will be most interesting, I am sure.

Yours faithfully,
Ruth A. Cox

The School was built in 1934, but the original School was built in 1874. It is quite large and houses eighty girls and fifty-five boys, as well as a Staff of fourteen. The grounds surrounding it are very large and lovely. It faces the St. Mary's River but is about two good blocks away from it. They tell me that four years ago there was all forest around about, but it is rapidly becoming cleared out and built up. There is a golf club a mile further East from the School, and some of the bigger boys earn money caddying.

The School is built with two wings and an assembly hall at the back of the centre hall leading directly from the front door. There is another centre hall which crosses the first. On the South-East side of the building is the double reception and living room and a class room. On the North-East side opposite is the sewing room and the girls' clothing room, the girls' stairway, Miss Loukes', Miss Thompson's and my rooms, with my room next to the centre hall.

There is a lovely view of the grounds, the Principal's residence and garden, from the top floor dormitories. A monument made of the stone from the old school building--this one is of brick--was dedicated on June 8th by the Bishop of Algoma, Rt.-Rev. Rocksborough-Smith, in memory of the old school and its founder, the Rev. E.F. Wilson. There is a beautiful little stone Chapel at the entrance to the School grounds where we all go for worship on Sundays, and for Holy Communion once a month. Communion is held for the staff on the other Sundays at 7:30 a.m. in their Chapel in the School.

The name "Shingwauk" means "Pine," and the School is named after the old Chief Shingwauk who wanted a "teaching wigwam" for his people. He would have been very proud had he been here on June 23rd to see five children receive an Entrance Diploma without even having to try their entrance examinations for their year's work; and two of them, a boy and a girl, to receive each a silver cup donated by the staff, and the first ever to be presented in the Shingwauk. The boy's was for general proficiency, and the girl's was for the highest marks for the year. However, perhaps he does know where he is now. He helped the Rev. Mr. Wilson to found the School, and a brother of Chief Shingwauk helped to raise the money to build it. Paintings of each hang on either side of the assembly hall as one enters the door. A tablet in memory of the Chief hangs in the hall leading to the above-mentioned room. Some of the brother's descendants still live on the Garden River Reserve which is about nine miles east of Sault Ste. Marie. I have been in the school car with others to look for a run-away boy there. It is a beautiful valley surrounded by high hills. The people live in houses, some nice, some poor and ill-kept. The Indians work for a living but I haven't discovered just what they do yet.

The School has quite a lot of farm land and pasture land, some owned and some leased. The boys help to do the farming. Potatoes, vegetables and flowers are grown. There are cows and chickens, and we have plenty of milk, butter, cream and eggs, and best of all--beef!

Events since I came here have been a luncheon for the clergy who attended the Synod of Algoma, a reception at the Bishop's home

This publication was prepared by the author's family.
All pictures are from the author's personal collection.

Cover:

Top Photo (left):
Janie Matches and Maggie Kapisco with a native canoe. Wood, canvas and a covering of paint.

Top Photo (right):
Happy faces of four unidentified children in a Fort George winter.

Bottom Photo:
The mission in winter. Snow, children, Ruth Cox and a pair of husky pups.

Printed in Orator-S font and on alkaline-based paper.

Ruth Audrey Cox

LETTERS FROM THE FAR NORTH

This is a true story of life on James Bay in the early thirties, taken from the letters written by Ruth Cox to her friends in Toronto during the four years she spent at St. Philip's Mission, the Anglican Indian Residential School in Fort George, Quebec.

Ruth Audrey Cox was born on August 8, 1905, the first child of Albert and Alice Cox of Toronto, Ontario. She helped raise her two brothers and three sisters and, because the family was poor, she had to go to work when she was thirteen to help out financially.

Being a religious girl, she had her mind set on becoming a missionary but needed more education so she went to night school and then to the Canadian School of Missions and to Trinity College where she excelled in her class.

In 1933 she went to the Indian Residential School in Fort George on James Bay as Kitchen Matron and she came to love the north and all the people, especially the children. However, during her stay there she began to have trouble with her teeth and gums and finally had to have all her teeth removed. There was no way she could get to a dentist so the nurse had to do the job. It must have been very painful for Ruth and scary for the nurse who had never pulled teeth before.

After four years Ruth had to leave the north because of her health and was put on sick leave. After the sick leave was over she wanted to go back north again but the Indian Commission decided otherwise and persuaded her to go to the Shingwauk School in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, instead.

In 1939 I went to Shingwauk as a staff member and found the principal very strict with the staff. We had to call each other Mr., Mrs., or Miss as the case might be and our conduct had to be exemplary in order to be a good Christian example to the children.

Although Ruth and I were attracted to each other right from the start, when I proposed to her in 1940 she said "No" in no uncertain terms because she was seven years older than me and thought that was too much. When I told her that to me age was just a number and if we loved each other enough that number did not matter, she still said no. One day she gave me a book of poetry by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and asked me to read a poem entitled "A Woman's Question." I read it and then wrote what I called "The Answer to a Woman's Question."

We were married in 1941 in the Bishop Fauquier Chapel on the school grounds with all the children and staff attending as well as Ruth's Mother and Father and a lot of friends from the Sault. We left the school and lived for many years in the city before moving to the country, 40 kilometres east of the Sault. We had more than fifty-two happy years of married life until Ruth passed away on Palm Sunday, 1993. I miss her so much and will never forget her as long as I live. That is why I have collected her letters and pictures from the north to be made into a book so that anyone who reads it will know what a wonderful woman Ruth Audrey Cox really was.

Fred B. Ingle
Desbarats, Ontario
December, 1996

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above -
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike, you have questioned me,
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.
You require that your mutton shall always be hot
Your socks and your shirt shall be whole,
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars,
As pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far better thing,
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts -
I look for a man and a king.
A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker God,
Shall look upon as He did the first
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade
From my soft young cheek one day,
Will you love me then, mid the falling leaves
As you did in the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean so wide and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be,
If you would give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You hire with little pay,
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won this way.

Elizabeth Barret Browning

THE ANSWER TO A WOMAN'S QUESTION

So you want to know if I understand
If I realize what I've done?
By asking you to become my wife
And wanting you to share my life,
You think that to me it's all fun.

What you do not know is how much I thought,
And pondered again and again,
How strong my heart, how deep my love
How I prayed for strength from heaven above
So I should not be selfish or vain.

A maid or a seamstress tis true I can hire
And pay them what ere they might ask,
But I need something more, and I never once thought
That your love and devotion could ever be bought
Like wine from a large wooden cask.

I shall strive to be kindly and honest and true,
And whenever your beauty is gone
You will still be my darling, my own precious wife
My true inspiration, the joy of my life,
My partner till life here is done.

Is there anything more I can offer to you?
Myself, my devotion, my life,
My name, my religion, my honour complete
I gladly lay everything down at you feet
In return for you being my wife.

Fred B. Ingle 1940

THE LIVING MESSAGE

NOVEMBER 1932

CHURCH OF ENGLAND DEACONESS AND

MISSIONARY TRAINING HOUSE

CANADIAN SCHOOL OF MISSIONS

TORONTO

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY CANDIDATES 1932-33

The following have been accepted as Candidates, and will be training this winter:

Ruth Cox, Toronto, Diocese of Toronto, operator in factory. Has been attending Night School, and expects to obtain full Junior Matriculation this year. Has taken St. John's Ambulance Courses; for six years a Girl Guide; a member of W.A. and Bible Class, and Deaconess House Scripture Union. Is to have one year's training for Indian School work.

Blanche Nesbitt, Bell's Corner's, Diocese of Ottawa, is to have one year's training for Indian School work. A graduate of Carelton Place High School and Ottawa Normal School, also qualified teacher of Physical Culture. Taught Public School for several years, and a Sunday School teacher.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO

Standing of the Divinity Class

April 1933

Class I: 75%; Class II: 66%; Class III: 60%; Pass 50%.

SPECIAL STUDENTS: (Passed in the following subjects)

Cox, Miss R.A.: English Church History (II), I English Bible (I), II English Church Bible (II), Liturgics (II), Religious Education (III), Canadian Church History (III).

The Arctic Mission

Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada

THE CHURCH HOUSE
604 JARVIS STREET
TORONTO 5
CANADA

20th April, 1933.

Dear Miss Cox:

Just a note to say that I herewith enclose a cheque for $100.00 towards outfit allowance. The rule is that this $100.00 is given on the basis of the worker fulfilling her period of service in the North. It is held as against salary account in the meantime, but as you will find, that is merely a matter of bookkeeping.

I would like to say how glad I am to read the reports that have been sent in regarding you and the progress you have made in connection with your preparation for missionary work in the Far North. I am sure you will be very happy and prove a blessing to those with whom you associate. At the present moment we plan for you to go to Fort George as house matron [Editor's Note: a trained cook, Miss Cox became kitchen matron], and later on you will get detailed information regarding when you leave, etc. All I can say at the present is that you will probably leave Toronto towards the end of July and travel by rail to Moosonee, there board a motor schooner which will take you to Fort George. There will be three other ladies travelling in the party, so you need have no fear.

In the meantime let me wish you every blessing and happiness in your preparation, and may you in all things be guided by God the Holy Spirit, then all must be well,

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,

A.L. Fleming

Archdeacon of the Arctic.

Encl.

ALF/CD.

Miss Ruth A. Cox,
18 Langley Ave.,
Toronto.

The home church Ruth Cox loved. The Anglican Church of St. John The Baptist, Norway, at Kingston Road and Woodbine Avenue in Toronto as it looked in 1930.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

May 1933

MISS RUTH COX

It is with feelings of thankfulness that we record the fact that Miss Ruth Cox of 60 Belhaven Road, is to go north to Ft. George on James Bay to do work as Kitchen Matron in the Indian Residential Boarding School at that place.

Ruth has had aspiration for missionary work for some time, has given up Church activities that she might complete the educational requirements for three years, part at night school, has been accepted by the W.A. [Women's Auxiliary] for that work and has completed her winter's term at the Deaconess Training School and will leave at the end of the month for her new work.

She will stop at Chapleau on the way for a couple of months' experience in institutional work at the Chapleau Indian Schools.

We congratulate Miss Cox on her acceptance and the successful fulfilling of a plan which has needed great determination to carry out.

We hope to show a slight appreciation of her efforts before she goes and I know that the prayers of the people will follow for a blessing on her work. We sincerely trust that her example will be an inspiration to others.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

JUNE 1933

MISS RUTH COX

At the morning service on May 28th the Rector made the occasion a farewell service to Miss Ruth Cox who is leaving for work at the new Indian Residential School at Fort George on James Bay Diocese of Moosonee. On behalf of different organizations in the Church the Rector presented her with a cheque, expression of the good wishes of the congregation in her behalf.

The special dedication prayers used made the occasion an impressive one.

We will follow her career with deep interest and prayer.

60 Belhaven Road,
Toronto 8, Ont.,
June 4, 1933.

Dear Canon Reed and Friends of St. John's Norway:

The service for me last Sunday morning was very beautiful, and something I shall remember all the rest of my life, and take with me wherever I go in the service of our Saviour and Friend!

St. John's, its Rector and Deaconesses, both Miss McKinley and Miss Shotter, have played a very great part in the path I have chosen. When I first came to St. John's, about eleven years ago, I loved the Church, and through it I learned of the very real Presence of our Saviour in my daily life. In all of my efforts and failures, joys and disappointments, Christ has been my inspiration, and St. John's and its members the means whereby I found the comfort and help of Him who makes life worth while.

I feel very proud and very humble to be your Missionary. May God make me worthy of your faith in me, and help me to serve Him truly wherever I am.

Thank-you very much for all your kindness to me, for the service, and the cheque. I appreciate it all more than I can ever say; but wherever I am you may be quite sure I shall always be thinking of, loving, and working for the Church of St. John's, Norway, and its people. May God bless you all.

Yours faithfully,
Ruth A. Cox

P.S.--If anyone would like to write to me I shall always be glad to hear from, and write to them. The address will be: Anglican Residential School, c/o The Hudson's Bay Company, Fort George, Via Moosonee, Ontario.

FAMILIES

The Coxes about 1921: From left Ken (named by Ruth), father Albert, Albert Jr. (Sonny), Ivy, mother Alice, Verna, a shy Ruth and Dorothy.

The School of Missions in 1932. Identified in the picture in the front row are Blanche Nesbitt (second from left) and Mildred Rundle (far right). In the second row (far left) are W.A. candidates Edna Farr and Jessie Miller. The three men are (from left) phonetics professor Dr. Cummings, school head Rev. Dr. Lovell-Murray and religious professor Dr. Matheson followed by Ruth Cox.

INTRODUCTION

I have been asked to add what memories I have of a very dear and wonderful person that we -- myself, my wife and my mother and father -- had the privilege to call friend.

I first met Miss Cox (Ruth) in August of 1933. I look at the date that I am writing this and see that it was 63 years ago. This, in any stretch of the imagination, is a long time to have known and had a loving friend.

As a little boy of six who had just returned to Canada from Scotland, everything was a new adventure. In meeting a lot of strangers, especially the ladies who were going on a new adventure, going into the North to a new school to teach native children how to read and write, Christianity and personal hygiene, the one person who stood out was Miss Cox. It must have been the same with my mother and father as theirs was a friendship that started then and lasted until their deaths. [Editor's Note: New Fort George Hudson's Bay Company factor Bill Watt, his wife Bella and son Billy arrived in the northern community on the same motor ketch with Ruth Cox.]

In the winters every Friday night we, my mother and father and I, would go to the mission to play games, have a cup of tea, milk for me (KLIM) and cookies for all. These cookies and goodies were made by Miss Cox, how I do not know, as the ingredients were hard to come by as it must be remembered that this was the mid-thirties and living in the North was tough.

Miss Cox was a very loving and caring friend and it was this that was a great comfort to my mother when we lost my sister who was born at Fort George and died when she was about two or three months old.

Miss Cox left Fort George in 1937 and we left in 1938. The next time I saw her was after my father was posted to Moose Factory and Miss Cox came to visit us in the summer of 1941. It was then that, when I took her out for a ride in my boat, she told me that I should call her Ruth so from then on she is Ruth. It must be remembered that through all this time Ruth and the Watts were always corresponding.

The next time I saw Ruth was May of 1956 at Sault Ste. Marie when I moved from Red Lake to start work in Elliot Lake. I stayed with Ruth, Fred and Ken overnight and it was then that I first met Fred and Ken.

My wife Elsie moved from Winnipeg in October of 1956 to the Soo. She first stayed with some friends of mine but later moved to stay with Ruth and her family until January of 1957 when our house in Elliot Lake was ready.

During the years that followed we had many pleasant visits back and forth. One of the more memorable but less pleasant was when Ruth and Fred came for my mother's funeral. A very pleasant one, although Fred had just had a big operation and Ruth was quite ill with arthritis, was when they were able to come to our son's wedding in June 1985.

One of the saddest days of my life was when in April 1993 Elsie and I had to say good-bye for the last time to (Miss Cox) Ruth, a true and loving friend of a lifetime, a true Christian.

Although at rest and gone to your reward, you will always be remembered and loved.

Bill Watt
Elliot Lake, Ontario
December, 1996

Ruth Cox and Billy Watt in the winter of 1933-34. Forever her "first little boy."

THE LETTERS

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

AUGUST 1933

St. John's Indian Residential School,
Chapleau, Ont., July 17, 1933.

To my Friends of St. John's Norway:

I send love and greetings. My training in Chapleau is nearing an end and it has been very happy, interesting and helpful.

Before winter sets in I hope to send you a letter from Fort George telling you about the children, the school, the work, the people, and the part your missionary is filling for you in the work of the Saviour.

Lovingly yours in His service,
Ruth A. Cox

The Chapleau mission school staff. In front: engineer Mr. Stillwell, matron Mrs. Bowlby, principal Canon Vale, laundry supervisor Miss Grant, senior teacher Miss Swain and farmer Mr. Calrow. Second row: junior teacher Mrs. Gibson, staff kitchen matron Miss Whittaker, former children's kitchen matron Miss Richens, girls' supervisor Miss Denton and boys' supervisor Miss Affleck.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

OCTOBER THROUGH DECEMBER 1933

Moose Factory Ind. Res. School,
via Moosonee, Ont.,
August 3rd, 1933.

Dear Canon Reed, Miss Shotter and Friends of St. John's Norway:

This morning at 7 a.m. Miss McCabe, Miss Quirt, Miss Nesbitt and I arrived safely in Moosonee after a long and interesting trip.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to our friends at Chapleau, for we had a very interesting and happy two months with them getting acquainted with the work of an Indian School.

Canon Vale drove Miss Nesbitt and me into town in the buggy. Miss McCabe left the night before to spend the day at Sudbury. Mr. Calrow, who is the farmer at Chapleau School, and Mr. Calvin, a bright pleasant Indian lad, put our baggage on the train, and teased us about the amount of it, saying, "Everything but the piano seems to be going!" Canon Vale got permission from the conductor for us to stand at the back of the train to wave at our friends at the School two miles out from Chapleau town. They were standing on the rocks, at the stile, on the School verandah, and on the hills--the staff, the boys and the girls, even three-year-old Rita (my baby I called her). How I am going to miss her; but perhaps I shall find a baby at Fort George. Rita hugged and kissed me to last five years while I am at Fort George. If you ask her how she is she says, "Jake-a-loo" in the cutest way imaginable, and if you say, "What will you not be twenty-five years from now?" she says, "A little papoose."

Wee Rita Williams. A first love among
the children of the north.

Miss McCabe boarded the train at Sudbury, and we all arrived in North Bay about eight p.m. Mr. and Mrs. Locke, recommended to us by Canon Vale, and to whom he wrote for accommodation, met us at

the station. Mr. Locke took our hand baggage in the "flivver" while we walked the few blocks to their home. It faces a beautiful park which we walked through. After being shown to our pretty and very comfortable rooms, we got tidied up, and went downstairs for refreshments. In the meantime Miss Quirt, who was staying at the summer cottage of her family some miles away, came with her father, sister, cousin and Miss Flossie Hirst, who has just returned from the Arctic. We all had quite a jolly time together. After they left for the evening we sat up reading the newspapers, talking of our trip and our future work, and listening to ten-year-old Ethel Locke play her violin and sing. She has played and sung over the radio on several occasions. We finally went to bed and slept beautifully until 5.45 a.m., when we all, with one accord, arose to get ready for the second lap of our journey. After a delicious breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Locke escorted us to the Temiskaming and Northern Railway's train at 7 o'clock. We passed by the back of their home on our way, and they all waved us out of sight.

This time we had Miss Quirt with us. The ten-hour trip to Cochrane though tiring was not uninteresting. We passed through very beautiful country; got out several times at stations where the train stopped for ten or twenty minutes, and, at Porquis Junction where passengers change for Timmins and Iroqouis Falls, we were met by Archdeacon Woodall. Mrs. Williston, of Cochrane, had sent word to him we were passing through Iroqouis Junction that day. We had a very nice talk with him before we started on again for Cochrane.

We arrived in Cochrane at five p.m., and Bishop Anderson met us at the station. He took us by motor to the home of the rector, Mr. Williston, and we had supper there. Mrs. Williston entertained us as Mr. Williston was away on holiday. We had a talk with Mrs. Anderson, then played croquet on the lawn, the Bishop and his daughter coaching us. The night was quite cool, and after a while it was the "comfiest" thing imaginable to sit in front of the fireplace in the Bishop's dining room sipping hot tea, eating rock cakes and talking over the events of the trip, and what we expected and hoped to do later on. At ten p.m. we were taken to the train bound for Moosonee.

Once in our berths we lost rack of time, sleeping comfortably until six a.m., an hour before arriving in Moosonee. The conductor on the Chapleau train teased us as he punched our tickets by saying, "From bad to worse." I don't quite agree with him. Chapleau was a very pretty place. Moosonee is nice, too, but it is very low, marshy country. I shouldn't want to live there all my life, but it would be nice for a little while. There is a beautiful new hotel facing the Moose River, called the James Bay Inn. I would recommend anyone to go there. It is a very charming place to stay. In the living room there is the most beautiful fireplace in the North Country. The bedrooms are lovely with their comfortable beds and hangings, spreads and upholstery of tan and beige. The inn was just built last year when the railway opened up, and up to the present has not been a paying proposition. It had electric light and running water.

There are several stores, a post office, an Imperial bank, a Roman Catholic house where seven priests and brothers live, a Revillon Frères store and warehouse, the Hudson's Bay warehouse and wharf, a very nice station, and several very large homes, as well as smaller ones. At Chamandy's general store and restaurant, after we disembarked and were met by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, of Moose Factory, we were given hot coffee and biscuits to sustain us until we got to the school. The tide was out, and it was interesting as well as great fun trying to thread our way through the shallow water in the motor boat the three miles to the School. Mr. Blackburn reached down in the water which came only to his elbow, and picked up two clams in their shells for Miss Nesbitt and me. We arrived at Moose Factory Island about nine a.m., and the village was out on the banks to see us come. I was surprised at how large it was. Miss Quirt and Miss Nesbitt stayed at Mrs. Blackburn's home while Miss McCabe and I stayed at the School itself in a room once occupied by Bishop Horden himself. His table was still in use in the dining-room, and his office chair is used by Mr. Blackburn. An old, old register belonging to the H.B. Company, dating back to 1700, is a relic of which the School is very proud of possessing. Bishop Horden's handwriting is there with many others which are very neat and beautiful, not at all like the writing of to-day.

Bessie Quirt, Mildred McCabe, Blanche Nesbitt and Ruth Cox visiting the home of Bishop Horden on Moose Factory Island.

We were entertained very nicely indeed at the School and at Mr. Blackburn's home. Mrs. Blackburn took us for a walk and exploring trip on Thursday evening. We went first to the Hudson's Bay store where we met Mr. Anderson, the chief for all this district up here, got a great deal of our mail, and saw the Hudson's Bay museum. The living quarters, and the manager's office

buildings are one hundred and fourteen years old. One would never think so, they are so beautifully kept. The buildings are all painted white with red roofs and trimmings. Later we visited two very dear old people who both remember Bishop Horden. One was Mrs. Moor, the granny of Emily Donald at Chapleau. She is a dear soul who smiles and laughs quite happily. I told her all I could about Emily whom she hasn't seen since she was a wee tot three years old. The next night I visited her again, and she asked me to play the piano for her. Her son is just learning to play. He is quite a grown man, and though I cannot play very well she was delighted and said she would remember it always. The people up here appreciate so much the little things one does for them.

We visited the blacksmith on Thursday evening, too. He is a dear old Christian man of eighty-three. Though he is pensioned off by the Company he still finds work to do. He lives alone except when his sons or grandchildren come up on holiday from Cochrane and elsewhere. Mrs. Blackburn says he, by his simple loving faith in his Bible and the Saviour, can do more for the natives than she and her husband. He has an old family Bible, and though he is an unlearned man his Bible shows the use to which it has been put. He has a full-length picture of Bishop Horden in his tidy and pretty living room, and he wouldn't part with it for anything. It is the only picture of its kind which anyone at Moose has in their possession. We visited the Bishop's grave in the cemetery there. It is kept nice by loving hands. The white people at Moose are very hospitable, and the Indians are nice.

The School has about forty children altogether, although most of them have gone home for the holidays. It is a clean school though it is old, and is kept in good repair. It is painted black with red roof and white trimmings to distinguish it from the Hudson's Bay Company's buildings. The staff consists of Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Ridgedale, who is nurse matron; Miss Flavelle, who is house matron; Mr. Card, the farmer, and a teacher. At present there is no teacher; a new teacher is being appointed. They have quite a large vegetable garden, flowers, cows and a team of horses.

On Friday evening Mr. Blackburn had the usual weekly Cree service in the Church which was built in 1860, and is very interesting indeed. The service was at seven o'clock, and the Church was full. Miss McCabe, Miss Quirt, Miss Nesbitt and I were introduced to the congregation, and asked to speak for five minutes each. We spoke in English, and an Indian interpreted it into Cree. It was very thrilling to me, although I was very shy and frightened. However, I asked the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and afterwards Miss Quirt said that both Miss Nesbitt and I had done very well for our first time. I chose as my opening hymn "Jesus Calls Us," and used it for the theme of my talk. Much to my surprise and delight Mr. Blackburn changed the last hymn, and we sang "Jesus Calls Us," as our closing hymn. I loved it, for it is one of my favourite hymns and one from which I get a good deal of comfort. The darkness was closing in, and the lamps in the Church had not been lit. It was very beautiful and inspiring to be singing

it together, we in English and the Indians in Cree, with Mr. Blackburn leading in Cree. Later we all lined up and the natives shook hands with us as they left the Church.

Miss Quirt and I visited Miss Daw, a former member of the Moose Factory School staff, at the Hudson's Bay quarters, and spent a jolly time there. We walked home by moonlight, and saw the Northern Lights in all their splendour, all part of the glorious handiwork of the Maker. We visited, too, Mrs. Cotter, the wife of [the] Revillon Frères manager, and the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Craig. She is a jolly charming woman. She once lived at Fort George and longs to go back, so that speaks well for our new home. They say it is rocky, hilly country, with trees and berries, a nice beach, the Mission, Revillon Frères, the Hudson's Bay Company, Jack Palmquist, independent trader, and the Roman Catholic Mission, with a floating population of seven hundred Cree Indians and an occasional Eskimo.

Charlton Island.

We left Moose Factory Island at 10:15 a.m., and as the tide went out we had a delayed though jolly trip across. We all had to get out on the beach except the Indian guide Andrew, his wife and our baggage. We explored a derelict Hudson's Bay ship, and walked along the beach waiting for our boat to get over the sand bank. The Hudson's Bay boat was delayed, too. However, we finally all got aboard and started again for the Hudson's Bay ship, "Fort Churchill." Skipper Nielsen is a very good captain, and a true jolly man of the seas. It is his boast that no one escapes sea sickness while on his boat. I determined to show him he couldn't boast about me, and so he is waiting to say "I told you so!" We left Moosonee about eleven a.m. for Charlton Island. Aboard were: Mr. Anderson, the Hudson's Bay district manager; Mr. and Mrs. Watt and Billy, Hudson's Bay people for Fort George; Mr Thompson, Hudson's Bay man for Charlton Island; Mr Crookshanks, who is to hold a lonely post for the Hudson's Bay Company on the Belcher Islands, and the crew, including the Captain, the engineer [Mr. Guy Cadney] and the cook [Mr. Palmer], with their Indian sailors. We had a lovely trip, and such a happy time. Our accommodation was very small, but we had plenty of fun over it. We had two sittings for meals, but we all managed to crowd into the dining room for afternoon tea. The cook refused at first to give us any just in fun, and at four o'clock the skipper called us quietly one by one, and there on the table in the dining room were cookies, cheese with delicious biscuits and butter, and a pot of nice hot tea.

I stayed out on the deck almost the whole time. For hours before we saw Charlton Island and the Nascopie as she came in. The moon came up a beautiful orange just after sunset. I stood at attention, being a girl guide, while the flag was taken down. The Captain teased me that he wasn't going to take it down at sunset. He also reminded me that I ought to salute my flag! He is a very clever man, as well as being exceedingly funny and amusing. After

supper I had a long talk with him about the Indian people and the work of our Church in the North. He tried to tell me we girls were foolish to sacrifice our lives away up here, but I'm afraid he didn't help his argument any. If anything, I am more enthusiastic and happy than I was before. The country here is so very beautiful. Up here one has time to think and ponder on the glories of nature and the Creator who made them, and the Indians as well as the white people. The longing grows to help His Indian children to share more fully in His blessed love.

Above left: Engineer Guy Cadney, cook Bert Palmer and Skipper Nielsen were members of an English, Danish, Indian and Eskimo crew that sailed James Bay in the Fort Churchill carrying freight to various Hudson's Bay Company posts, missionaries, HBC factors and clerks.

Above right: Ruth Cox met lifetime friends on the Churchill -- the new Fort George HBC factor Bill Watt, his son Billy and wife Bella seen here at Charlton Island.

We saw the lights of the Nascopie for a long time before we docked. We arrived here at Charlton Island at 10:30 p.m. The white buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company, the dock which was high above our heads, and a wrecked ship, all looked very weird in the moonlight. We had to climb up a ladder to land on the wharf. We were given a large room with two double beds in the Hudson's Bay

bungalow for our own use, then we all gathered in the dining-room, where we had hot coffee, bread and butter and fresh wild strawberry jam. The strawberries are plentiful and grow right up to the doorstep.

James Bay HBC district manager J.W. Anderson at the Charlton Island post. The trip to Fort George was delayed here for several days while the Fort Churchill returned to Moosonee with some passengers.

August 12, 1933.

The next morning Archdeacon Fleming came ashore from the Nascopie and, as it was Sunday, he took us all back with him to a service on board the ship. The Rev. Mr. Bailey, from Lake Harbour, returning home on furlough, preached the sermon. After the service we visited the Captain [Smallie] in his apartment, and he invited us all to stay to dinner on the ship. The Nascopie is a large and comfortable ship similar to an ocean liner. There were all kinds of interesting people on board--missionaries, mounted police, geologists, scientists, tourists, and others. The Rev. Mr. Gibbs was returning home on furlough from Chimo, and also the Rev. Mr. Herbert from another northern mission.

Bessie Quirt felt sick on our return to the Island, and she was in bed for six days. The doctor on board the Nascopie attended her. She is not going on with us, but is returning home to Orillia until she is strong again. It is only a short time since she had an operation for appendicitis. It is God's appointment, so we must not be disappointed.

On Monday evening the Archdeacon held a service at Taylor's, the only native home on the Island. We were excused from going as it had rained very hard. On Tuesday, which was my birthday, Miss Nesbitt and I attended a Communion service held in the same home by the Archdeacon. It was a lovely way to have my birthday finish up. We expect to have three girls from the family coming to Fort

George. The Nascopie left on Thursday at dawn, and the Fort Churchill left on Wednesday at dawn to take passengers back to Moosonee. For two days we were marooned on the Island, but on Friday the Fort Charles, a Hudson's Bay ship, came in bringing a Mounted Policeman, Mr. Hopkins by name, and an Indian prisoner. The Fort Churchill is expected back today or tomorrow, and we shall leave as soon as she unloads and reloads for Fort George. In the meantime we are enjoying a lovely holiday--reading, writing, walking, resting, and picking strawberries. I saw my first seal today, about six feet out from shore.

Fort George, August 21, 1933.

Miss McCabe, Miss Nesbitt and I held service at the Taylor home on the Sunday before we left Charlton Island. Miss McCabe took prayers, Miss Nesbitt read the 104th Psalm, and I started the singing of the hymns which were "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," and "Nearer My God to Thee." Mrs. Watt came, and also Mrs Louttit, the wife of a Hudson's Bay employee. It was inspiring!

On Monday evening we had a jolly farewell party, for the Churchill came in on Sunday, and we were sailing at four a.m. for our long-looked for destination. Mr. Hopkins, the policeman, played a guitar and we sang all kinds of songs as well as hymns. Then we had coffee, toast and cheese, and chocolate cake, made by Mrs. Louttit for the occasion. We picked berries the whole afternoon, and had a feast of them, too. Charlton strawberries are the best I have ever tasted.

The M.K. Fort Churchill returning to Charlton Island from Moosonee.

At three a.m. we all, with one accord, arose with the sun. We waited and waited for Skipper Nielsen, for he had slept in. However, at 4:20 a.m. he arrived, and we all sat quiet in the kitchen where we had been having toast and coffee, and teased him by letting him think we were still in bed. He found us, after

calling us to get up, and we all went on board ship. The anchor was lifted, and we were off with Miss McCabe and Mrs. Louttit waving to us from the dock. Miss McCabe is to come on the Churchill's second trip here. She left yesterday morning with Canon and Mrs. Griffin, two R.C. nuns, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon of the Hudson's Bay, and an Indian girl from the R.C. School, which is situated about half a mile from our School, and whose buildings look like a fair-sized village.

We arrived safely at the Twin Islands where we were to anchor for the night, and where we saw a white bear in the distance. We had dull weather, and the waves were choppy. Miss Nesbitt and Billy Watt were sick, and they even made the Skipper himself that way! I was able to laugh at him for I was out on deck all the time with Mr. and Mrs. Watt. We had two R.C. nuns, and a father on board, as well as a tiny girl for the R.C. School. They have two priests, four brothers, and five nuns here, with but eight or nine children in the School. They have been here for ten years, have a sawmill, church, school, priests' and nuns' residences, and are clearing land at a great rate. They even have a cow. They have only one convert, an Anglican once, and they have built him a tiny house to live in. There are about seven hundred Indians come here in the summer, and they are all Anglicans so far.

In the evening, after supper, the Skipper and I played checkers. He is a wizard at the game and beat me in both games (we played two). However, we played backgammon later, and I got even by beating him in two games.

We left the Twins at four a.m., and I was on deck almost as soon as the boat started. For an hour we sailed in fog, and then they had to go back to the Twins until the weather cleared up a bit. We started out again at noon, after dinner, and got as far as the Islands which surround the Island of Fort George, for we, too, are on an Island. The fog was closing in fast, and it is rather treacherous going the seven miles up Big River (alias Fort George River on the map). We got stuck on a sand bar as the tide was going out and had to anchor until morning. We saw a seal, two jellyfish, one of which the Skipper brought on board in a pail for us to see and to amuse us, and a sea animal which looked like a silver Zeppelin.

The R.C. mission boat came out to the ship. We could not see Fort George at all for the other islands, but the Indians heard the ship when she was still miles away. Three R.C. brothers were in the boat, and they took the two nuns, Father Belleau, the little Indian girl, Mr. Watt and Billy to Fort George. Mrs. Watt, Miss Nesbitt and I remained on board over night. We had a jolly evening singing songs and later talking and singing hymns. The Skipper sang us some comic songs, Mr. Cadney, the engineer, sang some Cockney songs, for he is an Englishman from Old London, and Mr. Palmer, the cook and steward, played his guitar, which he made himself and which was every bit as good as a store one. At 4:30 a.m. the Skipper and Mr. Cadney woke me up by talking to Billy Watt's pussy in the salon outside our cabin door and feeding it. They are true seamen, jolly and funny, but with hearts of gold. We got off the sand bar about

six a.m., and arrived at Fort George about seven. The whole village was out on the wharf, and the banks of the river to meet us. Canon Griffin, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Jones came aboard to welcome us. Mrs. Griffin welcomed us at the School. The School is situated about five minutes' walk from the Hudson's Bay wharf and buildings. They have a house, a store, a warehouse, a workshop and several smaller buildings.

Hilda Jones, wife of the principal, walks toward the Anglican mission school buildings at Fort George. From left: St. Philip's Anglican Church, the mission house, house of interpreter Sam Iserhoff and the residential school.

Our School is comfortable and lovely. Mr. Summers, the carpenter, has surely done a fine piece of work. He comes from Toronto. I will tell you more about it in another letter later on. We expect to send out and receive mail again in the near future. We have been very, very busy getting settled and getting school started. Things are running fairly smoothly for a start.

The sun shines up here and we have summer. We have a mission garden and several fields of potatoes. Some are doing better than others. From the garden we occasionally have lettuce, spinach and rhubarb. Beets, carrots and cabbages are very slow and uncertain. However, they are not doing so badly.

The people are very poor, depending on trading fresh fish and rabbits, ducks and berries for a little flour, grease and clothing. They are not under government treaty. We have thirty-three children in school. We are short on many things in our supplies, but are managing very well by contriving ways and means. Routine has started. I will write more again.

Yours in His service,
Ruth A. Cox

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

MARCH 1934

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MISS RUTH COX, ANGLICAN RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL, FORT GEORGE

Dear Friends:

The plane has not yet come back from farther north to take our mail out to you, so while the decorations are still up, and Christmas is fresh in my mind, I shall try to tell you of the joy we found in making the Saviour's birthday a very precious one to our children.

What a busy week we had before Christmas; with all the decorating and preparation for Santa Claus. The older girls helped me to decorate the dining room by crinkling the red and green paper streamers which are draped over the windows and doors with red bells in the centre. The night we received the mail we were having the Advent weekly slides and service in the Church. We had to wait to open the bag until it was all over, and then until the children were tucked in bed for the night. Then what a happy and excited staff gathered in Mr. Jones' office. Mr. Jones held the bag upside down ready to empty out the mail while we all knelt on the floor waiting to receive it. I was wondering what that bag held for me, when, after a moment of suspense for all, the mail was on the floor in front of us. Each of us sorted it, and letters were flying in all directions but all landing in the right lap. Sunday being the day before Christmas we had Christmas carols and services: first at Sunday School at 9:30 a.m., then at Cree Communion service at 2:30 p.m., service in English at 11 a.m. After the children were all tucked in that night we played Santa Claus and put all the gifts on the tree in the dining room. What a lovely lot of dolls and beads we had for the girls and for the boys, there were knives, pencil boxes, marbles and mechanical toys. How nice of all our friends outside, who sent such lovely things to these children here who have so little, but who are happy with so little.

Christmas day brought more happiness than all the others put together: we had breakfast at a quarter past seven, so that Santa Claus could come at eight, and give each child his or her gifts. The boys looked for him in the school, in the halls and rooms, and at breakfast there was dead silence instead of the excited chatter we expected to hear when they could see the tree with its lovely gifts. However, Santa Claus arrived, coming down the upstairs chimney in the Mission House, and then down the stairs blowing his horn, because he had no bells; what a study of facial expressions, some happy and some very frightened. All shook hands with him, but at first five-year-old Jackie cried, and seven-year-old Rosie ducked under the table and would not be pushed or pulled to Santa Claus until she had seen five or six others shake hands first. These children are so simple and dear, and they get such a great

deal of fun and happiness out of so little. The boys liked their mouth organs so much that we have had them for company ever since. We spent a wonderful hour with the children before they went back to the School to get ready for Church service. The service was part in English and part in Cree. Everyone comes to Church here, so it was a very good congregation who lifted hearts and voices in praise of God, through carols to the newborn Saviour. We sang "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," and you could really hear the angels sing with these sincere and happy people in their singing. If only the whole world would send back the song which now the angels sing. We come up here to teach these people of the Saviour who came into the world to save sinners, but back home there are those who need that message far more. For these Indians have many of the Saviour's laws interwoven in their law of life without the knowledge of His teachings in which many back home are sadly lacking. Honesty is one--doors do not need to be locked and barred up here. These people admire things, but they do not covet: what lessons we can learn from those we come to teach.

School girls dressed for winter in parkas, cloth outer mittens and moose hide moccasins made at the mission. W.A. bales provided the coats and woollen toques, scarves and mittens. From left: Minnie Swallow, Daisy Taylor, Daisy House, Alice Atkinson, Janie Matches, Dinah Sealhunter, Mary Taylor and an unidentified girl. The Taylor girls were from Moose Factory.

After dinner on Christmas day the staff had their tree. Mr. Jones helped Santa by giving us our gifts off the tree. Dear Old Santa was very good to me, among other gifts I had a lovely surprise in receiving a lovely book from Miss Shotter and the Ecclesia Girls' Bible Class. Books are very acceptable and it is so

nice to know the Class is remembering me. Our Christmas dinner for children and staff consisted of roast goose, cranberry sauce, roast potatoes, gravy, peas, Christmas pudding, nuts, and chocolates for the staff, a gift from Bishop Fleming.

New Year's eve we had a wonderful Watchnight service, I wish you all might have been here to enjoy it with us. The service began at eleven and lasted until twelve. All the Indians were there and a few children; all the hymns were sung in English and Cree. The Hudson's Bay Company rang their bell and the Indians rang the church bell, and after the service it was such a happy time when they all came to us and wished us a very Happy New Year. Will you, dear St. John's friends, remember me and all our workers in your prayers that we may make it indeed a Happy New Year to all God's children here.

Ruth A. Cox

We stayed up until the messages on the radio were all over, and still wrote letters! I received my first message by radio last night from my family. It is wonderful to hear from home that way, and I hope I will receive other messages quite often now. They come through CRTC Toronto at 11:30 p.m. on Saturday night. We received quite a number of messages for all the mission last night. Our Christmas dinner consisted of roast goose, frozen and saved for the occasion, cranberry sauce, roast potatoes, gravy, peas, Christmas pudding and sauce, nuts, and chocolates. The children had roast goose, potatoes and gravy, Bird's custard and jelly and oatmeal muffins. [Editor's note: This addendum was published elsewhere.]

Sam Iserhoff and boys cutting ice from river for use in the ice house where birds and fish were stored. The mission house and church are in the background with HBC at far right.

THE LIVING MESSAGE

AUGUST 1934

CELEBRATING THE NEW YEAR AT FORT GEORGE

Extract from a letter from Miss Ruth Cox

For several years now the Hudson's Bay custom of giving the Indians a treat at the Christmas season has been abolished, but this year Mr. Watt decided to give them one. That is why we had such a number of Indians in. This year is proving to be a good fur year, and they are getting a goodly number of foxes. One man has got nineteen already. The people are looking well dressed. In the summer they were in tatters and Mr. Jones said last Christmas they were in a sad condition and they looked and acted sad and depressed. Not so this year!

On New Year's morning we were awakened by shots and shouts. The Indians had come to the School and were serenading us. One Indian played the fiddle while another played a drum made of deerskin. They were shouting Happy New Year in at all the doors, dancing and shooting. Mr. Watt has given them the gunpowder. This is the first time they have ever done that kind of celebrating we have been told by Sam Iserhoff and Oliver Louttit. They meant to do it after the bells had ceased ringing, but having gone back to their tents and feasted so well they all fell asleep. However, it surely was thrilling to wake up and hear them under one's window. I felt really homesick when I heard the din, and the roar of that crowd. Crowds are scarce up here--we see plenty of individuals, but very seldom see a good number together except at Church.

The Hudson's Bay Company buildings at Fort George included (from left) the store, warehouse, home, another warehouse and a work shed topped by a bell tower which was used to call workers to the post.

Last night, Wednesday, January 3rd, 1934, ended the festivities for Christmas. Jack Palmquist, the independent trader, gave them a feast, and they had a dance afterwards at the home of Willie Spencer, the Hudson's Bay Company interpreter. Everyone was there, and the dance ended about four o'clock this morning. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Miss McCabe and I went over to see it about nine-thirty, while Miss Nesbitt, who was tired, stayed on duty at the school. The people seemed delighted to know that we were interested enough to come. Four people got up and gave us their seats, and we watched for an hour. They step-danced and did a square dance while Sammy Linklighter, another of our mission workers called off the dance, and strange as it may seem, he called it off in English, and they all did it correctly though they do not speak or understand a word of English. We were treated with honour and respect.

Noah Kapisco's wife, Maggie, was dancing as well as any young woman. Noah was the mission servant when Mr Walton was here. He lights the fires in the school for us, and makes it very comfortable for us when we get up on cold mornings.

For more than 40 years Noah Kapisco carried water for the mission. He filled nine oil barrels twice a day outside the kitchen door, carrying the water up a fifteen foot slope from the river. His wife Maggie once patiently spent a day hunting in the bush for a tennis ball which had been lost from the mission's homemade court.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER 1934

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MISS RUTH COX. ANGLICAN RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL, FORT GEORGE

James Bay, July 8, 1934.

Dear Miss Shotter:

Unexpectedly, on Friday, a plane came bringing mail, but as we are on the mainland, and the last two days have been stormy, no one has been able to cross the river until today. We had the double joy of eating our Sunday lunch in a mossy grove with spruce trees all around, and reading mail from home. Thank you for all your care, thought and prayers for myself and family, I appreciate it all very much. I wish I could have you here with me on this rocky shore, where the waves of James Bay are dashing and sending up clouds of spray, to have a good talk. The children have gone home on holiday, all except four girls and three boys. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are taking care of them while we have a much needed rest and change.

Ruth at the mission camp on a day off. This picture was taken in 1936.

We are only about four or five miles from the Mission but the width of Fort George River and a bit of the Bay lies between. When we get out on the rocks we can see both Fur Trading Companies, the Mission and School in the distance. All Friday night and yesterday we had a dreadful wind and rainstorm. Our punt, which was high upon the beach, was washed away by the tide and picked up by an Indian on the Fort George shore. Our tent was soaking wet in the morning and we shivered for quite a while after getting up because we were unable to light a fire. The stove has to be in the tent door and we couldn't open the tent for fear the wind would blow it inside out.

However, after awhile the wind changed and we got dried out and had a hot breakfast. Today is really lovely, but Fort George weather cannot be depended on. The mornings may be fine and the evenings dreadful and we are determined not to camp out in a tent again here. We are hoping the next few days may be fine ones. We have had a wonderful year here with these children. Everything has been new to them, and to us, and together we have all had happy, inspiring times. They are quite unspoiled and if one has the God-given power to teach them correctly, they should remain so. Sometimes I just get a little frightened when I think about it and remember they see the Saviour through our eyes and love Him accordingly. I have prayed all year for grace to follow truly in Jesus footsteps, that my example may be like him. God grant that in my small and humble way I may have shown forth His love and life in mine. The children have advanced wonderfully well this year in all they have been taught. Under Miss Nesbitt's capable teaching they have learned to understand and speak English fairly well for one year. They wash and cook and scrub and sew well too, and they keep themselves clean. We are very lonely now they have gone home, but it is better for them to return to their homes once a year. Life in a school for a number of years would unfit them for tent life altogether. We hear Bishop Fleming is coming for a visit on the "Fort Churchill." It will be nice to see him and have a talk.

Ruth A. Cox

These men helped to build the residential school at Fort George. From left: Sam Iserhoff, Noah Kapisco, Sammy Linklighter, and an unidentified man.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

MARCH 1935

FORT GEORGE NEWS

February 28, 1935.

Since I have been here in Fort George as kitchen matron I have had a varied experience in preparing and cooking country food. Since August 1933, I have cut up a good many "animals," but so far they have been merely hundreds of rabbits. You would laugh or shudder to see them in their frozen state during the winter--some are coquettish, some are amusing, some are very ugly, some are weird, and some are decidedly queer. I imagine all sorts of things about them as I thaw them out, and many a laugh Miss Lister, Mrs. Jones and I have looking at them. The nearest I have ever been to cutting up anything larger was slicing some whale meat. However, last summer Mrs. Jones, Miss Nesbitt and I saw a whale, or white walrus as its real name is, in the process of being cut up. Truly it was not a pleasant sight. The natives had it lying on the grass, and each and everyone of them looked very dangerous with their sharp-edged knives and bloody hands. Not a scrap of the whale is wasted. Everyone shares each one which is caught. John Cheeskomash, the assistant chief, brought us a share, laid out very artistically in a roasting pan. It looked just like a salad with the different colours of meat ranging from white to deep red.

The mission school kitchen.

I have seen a rabbit skinned; have scaled, skinned and filleted fish of all kinds; have fried, baked, broiled and steamed sturgeon, salmon, salmon-trout, maia, whitefish, rock cod, and cod's roe. I have stewed, steamed, roasted and fried rabbit, ptarmigan (or white bird as it is called), duck, partridge, pheasant, loon, goose, fried seal liver and roasted whale meat. I

have skinned loons, and feathered geese, ptarmigan and loons; all these in their season, of course. Just at present our meat diet consists of rabbit and ptarmigan, with fish only occasionally. I have eaten husky duck and ptarmigan eggs. I like duck eggs, but the partridge egg has a very red yolk, and the sight puts one off eating it.

Our branch of the Women's Auxiliary, which was opened on November 28th, 1934, is coming on fine. We have had five meetings, and they are held every third week. Just at present we are busily engaged in making garments for a sale. The natives will buy them with so many rabbits, birds, fish, etc. In turn, the Mission will trade money for the food to the W.A., and with the money we hope to buy a prayer desk or something to beautify the Church. The women love to come to the meetings, and we love having them come. For a while Mrs. Jones and the staff will hold the officers' positions by appointment from Mr. Jones, as the women do not understand what the W.A. is yet. In our talks to them we explain as far as possible the meaning of the W.A., its work and its prayers. From that we branch out into the wider field of service in the world to all mankind.

The Fort George Indian Women's Auxiliary. Among those identified: Ruth kneeling at left with Chrissie Matthew on sled and Blanche Nesbitt sitting behind her. Standing: third from left Mary Louttit, Caroline Johnston with baby Sackville, Maggie Kapisco, third right Mildred McCabe, third right Emily Louttit, Bella Watt, Winnie Spencer, Sarah Englishshoes with Doris Lister behind, Daisy House with her sister Bella and her baby.

When you know that these people have been always paid for whatever they do, or whatever they bring to the Mission, it is wonderful to see them sitting, sewing on garments to be bought by themselves later on. If any of them bring their children in the school a gift of food, they nearly always want pay for it. It is because they are so poor; but even so, Jesus praised the poor woman

who gave all that she had. Our people couldn't give all they have, but one would like to see them give something. Their time and work is a good beginning, and it does one's heart good to see them doing it. They seem so happy doing the work, too. Most of the women who come understand some English and speak it a little. A few understand and speak it well. Mrs. Sam Iserhoff, our interpreter's wife, interprets for us when we speak at the meetings. My turn came last Wednesday, February 20th, and oh, how I dreaded it. It was not as hard as I had expected because I remembered the Saviour would give me the words to say if I would only trust Him, and He did. I was nervous a little, but my thoughts and words came easily. I thought of my subject the night before and all the next morning as I worked; and though I had only a few reminders on paper, I did not seem to lack words or thoughts. I only hope some little word or phrase helped in the cause of the Saviour.

Mr Bailey, the seventeen-year-old clerk at the H.B.C. left today, February 26th, for Great Whale River Post by plane with Mr. J.W. Anderson, the H.B.C. district manager. He was notified by radio last Saturday night and the plane came unexpectedly today. He had two hours to have dinner, pack and say "Au revoir" to his friends here. He will go by dog team to the Belcher Islands Post. The Belchers are in Hudson Bay. Mr. Crookshanks has been there alone since September, and today Mr. Boyd came in from the lonely post at Kanaapscow, 160 miles inland. The fur traders truly lead lonely lives and are very courageous. Please pray for the people of the North--white men and Indians.

Faithfully yours,
Ruth A. Cox

A student at the school, Philip Cox (kneeling in white shirt) and his family with Ruth standing third from right. On the back of this picture she wrote: "My Indian Namesake. I called him my 'Brother'."

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

AUGUST 1935

LETTER FROM MISS RUTH COX

Anglican Residential School,
Fort George, via Moosonee,
Ontario, June 23rd, 1935.

Dear Friends of St. John's (Norway):

Today is a perfect June day. When I awoke this morning the sunbeams were dancing on the waves in all their glittering glory. The river, this Summer, so far, has not been still very often. A few times it has been mirror-like, but not for long. Just at present the waves are white-capped, but not cold-looking. I am sitting in our little park-like space on the river bank, with the Church behind me; Cree Service is taking place and the singing of so many voices sounds so sweet.

Inlander Indian tepees with the mission in the background.

The Inlanders are practically all in Fort George now from their hunting grounds. Many of them have come two to three hundred miles, and some even more. There are eleven tepees up in the grounds in front of the Church and behind the H.B.C. They are a very happy crowd and they look so gay and happy coming to Church with their brightly coloured shawls of many colours and their pretty print dresses. The men all wear white men's suits and caps, and on a Sunday, except for the women, one would think there was a

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

MARCH AND APRIL 1936

LETTER FROM MISS RUTH COX

Anglican Residential School,
Fort George, via Moosonee,
Ontario, January 8, 1936.

Dear Canon Reed, Miss Shotter, and Friends of St. John's (Norway):

The last trip of the motor ketch Churchill into Fort George for this past Summer was made on September 5, 1935. Supplies for both the Fur Companies and the Missions were unloaded, and she left the next day with Mrs. K. Doutt and Dr. Michaelson on board. Mrs. Doutt came into the Bay early in the summer with her husband and Mr. Fricke. They all three came from Pittsburgh and are connected with the Carnegie Foundation Museum. Mr. Fricke and Mr. Doutt collected and stuffed birds and mice respectively, and Mrs. Doutt collected flowers, grasses, etc.

Carnegie Museum visitors included Mr. and Mrs. Doutt on the left and Mr. Fricke on the right of Bella and Billy Watt. Mr. Doutt paid Billy $1.00 for each lemming he brought Mrs. Doutt to stuff.

Dr. Michaelson is employed by the government in Washington, D.C. He is an anthropologist. He came here on August 20, on board the Churchill, and stayed at the H.B.C. until the ship arrived here again on September 5. He studied our people and their customs.

Another interesting visitor was a Mr. Kerr, a wealthy lawyer from Pittsburgh, connected with the Carnegie Foundation Museum. He killed six white bears with the intention of presenting the skins to the Carnegie Museum. The largest bear was killed at Grey Goose Island, North of us. It weighed about sixteen hundred pounds; the

skin alone weighed two hundred and fourteen pounds; and we have since heard that it is the largest on exhibition in a museum.

Cleaning the giant polar bear skin for the Carnegie Museum. The bear held a record for largest killed.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason and their children, who were at the Revillon Frères Company, left us on August 22 to go home to Scotland. Then we lost Jack Palmquist, his wife and their two little boys. Mr. Palmquist is a Free Trader, and has been here three years or so. He has been very good to us in the past, bringing us mail and freight whenever he went to Moosonee. He has moved South of us between here and Moosonee. We are missing all these people very much indeed, but people are coming and going always in the North and we have to learn to say "Good-bye" with a smile.

School opened on September 3. Most of the children were back ready to start. We expected Daisy and Mary Taylor, of Charlton Island to return from their holiday, but as another sister was sick, their parents decided to keep them at home to help. We are sorry they could not come back. Whenever chance mail comes by Indians, we get nice letters from them, saying how much they miss the School and all of us. They pray for us always, and ask God to bless us.

It seems we have so many children now that we have fifty-six, twenty-three boys and thirty-three girls--twenty more than we had when School first opened in September, 1933. Responsibility is so much greater, and the more the children learn of the white man's ways, and of how to express themselves, the greater our difficulties become. Please pray for us always that we may not slacken in our efforts to make our lives worthy examples of Jesus' own, so that these Indian children, as they learn from us, may see and follow the good.

We had an epidemic of what Miss Rundle says was the nearest thing to German measles, just after the children came back to school. Everyone of them had it. It was brought here by some

we have the W.A.'s to thank. It is through them that any of this and all of this is possible. Our own W.A., which was formed a year ago on November 28, is coming on splendidly. Every woman who can possibly get here, or is within walking distance, comes regularly, unless, of course, she is sick, or stays at home to mind a baby or so. They bring their babies with them, and we have a lovely time trying to get the babies over making strange. Some of them never do, but others after a while allow us to hold them for a little while. Sackville Johnson, who is named for a former R.F.C. Manager, is the dearest and brightest child. At our last meeting he clapped his little hands for me, while I said, "Pat a cake, pat a cake," and waved at me when I was sitting across the room from him. He will be a year old on Saturday, January 25.

Sackville Johnson and a copy of *The Living Message*. This picture was used on the front cover of the church magazine.

Mr. Anderson, the H.B.C. district manager [for James Bay], arrived on [January] the 21st, which was this past Tuesday [and is scheduled to leave here for Moosonee on February 16]. Mr. Norman Ross, manager for Great Whale River Post, and Mr. Jack Tyrer, clerk for the Belcher Islands Post in Hudson Bay [and the government doctor's nephew], were with him. They came by dog team, bringing the Winter mail. It was a welcome sight to see them coming, the team of eleven dogs in fan-shaped harness with their bells ringing, Mr. Anderson with his friendly smile and dressed in deerskin, Mr. Ross in a scarlet H.B.C. blanket cloth coat, and Mr. Tyrer in a brown cappo with the H.B.C. bright coloured sash, and the big sleigh piled high with mail[! B]ut instead of the usual flags of greeting flying ga[il]y and bright[ly] in the wind, they were all at halfmast for our beloved King George. We had heard of his passing on to be with God on the radio, just an hour after the news was first flashed over the air. It will seem a very strange world without King George. God bless King Edward VIII, and may his reign be a [long one, a] peaceful [one], [and a] happy one[, is the wish

of his loyal subjects in Fort George, which is named in honour of his royal Father]. [Editor's Note: This letter was also published in *The Living Message* in July, 1936, including the insertions in the last paragraph (framed in square brackets) which were edited from *The Parish Monthly* due to space limitations.]

Yours faithfully,
Ruth A Cox

Sam Iserhoff's daughters Lillian and Ruth. The little girl was named after the author and was the first Ruth in Fort George.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

JULY 1936

LETTER FROM MISS RUTH COX

Anglican Indian Residential School,
Fort George, via Moosonee,
Ontario, February 16, 1936.

Dear Canon Reed, and St. John's Norway Friends:

The mail left yesterday morning at seven a.m. We said "Good-bye" to Mr. Anderson on Friday night. He and Mr. Watt had been working late at night finishing up their book work, requisitions, etc. They finished up about nine p.m. and Mr. Anderson came in singing to Mrs. Watt, "I don't care whether it's snowing, or blowing, I'm going.." in a teasing manner. We always say we are glad to see him or the Skipper coming, but we are glad to see them go because the mail goes, too, and we can have a rest. So, he retaliates by saying he is glad to leave Fort George. However, it is only teasing, because we really like to have visitors. It is kind of him to bring us so much mail by dog team.

He travels with two guides from Attawapiscat on the other side of James Bay where the team of eleven Husky dogs are kept all summer and fall. They get up at five a.m. in the morning, have breakfast which Bobby Linklighter the dog team driver gets ready (he melts snow to use for water), break camp, repack the sleigh, and harness the dogs to it. They travel all day through blizzards and storms, providing they are not too bad, over rough ice and smooth, through soft snow that even their snowshoes sink through; sometimes riding on the sleigh when the going is good, and the dogs are not too tired; sometimes running beside the sleigh; and sometimes pushing the sleigh with its heavy load when the going is hard because of rough ice, or soft snow. Just before dark they stop and pitch camp after travelling all day with only a brief stop in the middle of the day for a "snack" of frozen beans thawed, and thawed bannock. Mrs. Watt cooks the beans, and bakes little round bannocks for them while they are in Fort George, just enough to last them until they reach the next Post which is Great Whale River in the north, and East Maine south of us. When they are at the next one someone there does. There is a Post manager's wife at G.W.R. but none at E.M. Perhaps Bobby will do it there, or an Indian woman.

February 17, 1936.

So much has happened today that I simply must write about it while it is news. Juliet Matthew, our oldest girl and Richard Matthew's niece, has a crippled sister who has been in our hospital for three months. She is twenty-five years old. Several years ago she fell, and injured her knee. A while later she fell again on a

stone, and hurt the other knee. Ever since she has been crippled, each year getting more paralysed in both legs. Miss Rundle thought she could help her, and so she came into hospital on November 13. She was able to use crutches within two weeks, by pushing herself along the floor with her most useful foot, and dragging her other foot behind her. Since then she has progressed very well. She has even gone outside as far as the School, which is about a hundred yards from the Mission House, on the smooth path which the children's feet have made. Mr. Jones did not wish to let her go back to her father's tent until Spring for fear she would give up walking with her crutches. But tonight she is going to her Aunt Mary Louttit who lives in one of the H.B.C. employees' houses to leave the hospital free for Richard Matthew's stepson, and his wife Hannah's son. Harry Box, or Cox as his right name is.

The drowning accident is preying on his mind, and he talks about it continuously. He came down with Mr. Jack Hope-Brown from Kanaapscow a week ago yesterday as guide for the regular winter trip which the clerks must make. [The Matthews were on an expedition to Kanaapscow with HBC clerk Hope-Brown when Richard, his wife and two little girls drowned in the rapids in the Fort George River about 50 miles upstream from the mission. See Page 41 for further details.] Mr. Watt is not sending him back. He is coming into the hospital for a rest, and then he is going to stay in Fort George for the remainder of the winter. When Mr. Brown goes back to Kanaapscow, and he leaves on Thursday, he is going to send Box's wife Martha down to Fort George to be with Box. Doesn't it seem so sad that this young married couple should have had such a sad beginning to their married life? Please pray for them that God will help them, and grant them His love and mercy. We never know these stoic Indians suffer until something like this happens. At the time of death they break down, but after the funeral they seem to accept their sorrow as something which must be, and not even seem to be lonely or sad. God grant we may do something to help Box in this time of need.

Things never happen singly in Fort George. Today Mr. Watt asked Mr. Jones if Mrs. Jones might accompany Mrs. Watt and Billy on a dog team trip, with Willie Spencer, Mrs. Louttit's son and the H.B.C. interpreter and storekeeper, and his brother Oliver Louttit as guides, to East Maine Post. Mr. George Dunn, formerly of Fort George, is the Post manager there, and is a great friend of our Billy's. As the Watt's do not expect to be here in Fort George much longer than another year, this will be Billy's last chance to go on such a trip, and it will be a holiday and a change for Mrs. Watt, and Mrs. Jones. Lucky people! They will be gone about two weeks, and on their return they should bring us back some mail. They will be taking mail with them, too.

February 20, 1936.

Life in the North always holds something unexpected! Just shortly before two o'clock this afternoon a knock came at the kitchen door (knocks are few, and far between in George). When I called, "Come in!" Oliver Louttit came in smiling, and handed me a

brown paper package with no explanation, and when I asked him who it was for, he just answered "Letters". An Eskimo and his team had arrived from East Maine Post, and Mr. Watt after sorting the mail (the H.B.C. is our Post Office in Fort George) had sent Oliver over with our share. Our old friend Jack Palmquist had gone to Moosonee by dog team, and had brought the mail about ten miles south of E.M.P., and Weetultuk the Eskimo had brought it to us. Everyone received good news from home, and we have [had] such a happy time sharing news about our mutual friends. We received mail dated as late as January 29.

Hilda Jones watches as Bella Watt (with Billy just behind her) helps prepare for their trip to East Maine.

February 29, 1936.

Box went home last Monday morning, but we now have David House in the hospital. He is the husband of Richard Matthew's daughter Bessie, the father of one of our dearest, and brightest, little boys whose name is Daniel, and the brother of Daisy House whose family has had so much trouble in the past two years. David has had a very hard winter. He has not killed any fur, and he has been starving himself to feed his two little boys and his wife who is expecting a little baby soon. He is very independent, and we would never have known of his condition if he had not heard that Mr. Watt was wanting him to go to Kanaapscow in Box's place, and came into the Post bringing his family with him. Mary Louttit sent for Mr. Jones and Mr. Watt to come to see David. He seems to have worried and starved himself into a bad state. He is so very thin, and he looks just like a little boy and he must be about twenty-eight years of age. He seems to lose control of his actions every once in a while. Bessie told me yesterday that he upsets her. It is just at times he is not himself, and all the rest of the time he is quite rational. We are trying to keep him here to get his nerves rested, and to build him up a bit. He is always wanting to go to his traps,

but he is not well enough for that, and it takes a lot of persuasion to keep him from going. We are so sorry for him. He has been such a bright and up-and-coming young man. God grant he may become his usual self again soon. He was one of the freighters on that ill-fated trip to Kanaapscow, and he may have thought too much of the accident, as well as his inability to provide for his family. Bessie and the children are receiving a ration from the H.B.C. while David is with us. Mrs. Jones and I have given Bessie some materials to make wee baby clothes.

The House family. Daisy stands second from left with her brother David fourth followed by his family including wife Bessie and son Daniel at far right. Their sister Bella kneels with her husband Tommy Wasapanoo and their baby. Daisy and Daniel were students at the school.

Tonight, when the sun was setting in a gloriously beautiful sky tinted from a light pink to a rose red, the depressingly heavy feeling of winter seemed to lift and a promise of Spring seemed to be somewhere near. I shall be very glad of Spring this year for I have found this past winter very long. The isolation with no hope of a change is very hard to bear at times, and only love for God and the desire to help His people here keeps our courage strong and our hearts brave when such times o'ertake us. We are all feeling very tired, too, for the work and responsibilities have been so much heavier this winter.

Yours faithfully,
Ruth A. Cox

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

AUGUST 1936

Anglican Indian Residential School,
Fort George, via Moosonee,
Ontario, March 1, 1936.

Dear Miss Shotter and Friends of St. John's (Norway):

Rrring-rrring-rrrring: Time to wake up. "Oh, dear," I murmur sleepily, "is it morning again so soon?" The top of my head is cold, and as I fumble around trying to find the alarm clock, which has been snugly hidden in an eiderdown cushion all night to keep it from stopping in the cold during the wee small hours, and to still its ringing voice, I gather up my courage to jump out of my cosy bed to close the window and open the door to let in the heat when Noah lights the fires at six o'clock. Then I crawl back into bed shivering, and snuggle down among the warm blankets to await the crunch, crunch, crunch of Noah's footsteps on the frozen ground. Fifteen minutes later I get up, and it doesn't take me long to get dressed, as the heat from Noah's fires hasn't yet penetrated the building. Some mornings my breath looks like a snowy vapour!

Tuesday morning is bread baking time and so the two girls, who do this for a two-week period, and I must be over in the kitchen, which is in the Mission House, at six forty-five a.m. The bread is kneaded down the night before, warmly wrapped in blankets and quilts, and set on chairs near the stove in the children's dining room to rise. The fire is kept on as long as possible, and as I live over in the School, Mr. and Mrs. Jones very kindly keep wood on it in the evening and bank it when they go to bed. We have three bakings of bread a week, except occasionally when we have only two. There are eighty small loaves to a baking, and these two girls of whom I spoke, knead them all before breakfast, which is seven-thirty. The staff of seven kitchen girls come over a few minutes after I do to get breakfast ready and serve it.

Two of these girls are staff dining room girls. One of them sets the table and waits on table during meals; the other one helps in the kitchen before meals and helps to wash and dry staff dishes, and to tidy up in the dining room after the staff are finished. This means sweeping and dusting and looking after the stove. I cook the breakfast myself.

The other girls prepare the children's breakfast. One girl makes the tea and serves it out for fifty-six children, and the hospital patients if there are any. Three others spread the bread with jam or peanut butter, etc., and serve it. At seven-fifteen the porridge is served and the milk put on it ready for the boys and girls who come over from their dormitories in the School with their supervisors at seven-thirty. "Grace" is said, and while Miss Rundle supervises the children's meal, the other five staff members have their breakfast. At eight a.m. breakfast is over and prayers are

taken by Mr. Jones for all in the children's dining room. At eight-fifteen Miss Rundle has her breakfast.

Generally the children finish their meals before the staff and the girls start washing up their dishes. By the time I get out to the kitchen after prayers, they are nearly ready to sweep and dust their dining room and the kitchen. If they finish in time, for they must leave at eight forty-five a.m. for a recess before school starts at nine o'clock, they begin to prepare their dinner. When they leave, the bread girls, who have been out for a recess while the bread is rising, come back to stay for the morning, as they are seniors and only go to school in the afternoons. One of these girls puts the bread in the oven and watches it until it is all baked, which is about ten-thirty a.m. The other girl helps me. The potatoes are counted out, washed, and put into a pot with their skins on, ready to be put on to boil or to bake at ten-thirty; then the fish or meat is prepared. In the Winter it is always frozen and must be thawed out first. The fish sometimes have to be scaled, and white birds or ptarmigan to be feathered. As soon as the meat or fish is ready it is put on in a twenty-quart stew pot to be cooked, or in roasting pans to be baked. Sometimes there is no meat or fish, and then we have beans or tinned meat. Then the supper is put on; it is generally barley, rice or macaroni pudding with dried fruit or raisins, or soup of some kind or Eskimo biscuits with cooked dried fruits such as prunes, apples, apricots, or sometimes cranberries or canned blueberries.

A batch of bread baked by the girls under Ruth's supervision. The cupboards held flour, oats, sugar, etc., in bins.

Everything is weighed out, so in spare moments while I am directing the girls I weigh out tea, cocoa, sugar, oatmeal, etc. The bread girl in her spare time prepares staff vegetables when we have any. This year has been an exceptional one and we have been able to have potatoes every day, and another vegetable nearly every day. The rest of the staff menu is prepared for the day and the

Sundays they get all dressed up in their brightly-coloured shawls and dresses, and the men in their suits.

No deaths were reported for the Winter among the Inlanders. Several babies were born, and twins even to one family. There was a scarcity of partridges this year Inland, as well as on the Coast, and only a few deer were killed by those who went farthest inland. One Indian visited Fort Mackenzie, which is seven hundred miles or more North, so you can judge how far these Inland families go. All they take with them is their canoe, ammunition, nets, traps, clothes and medicine. They cache their snowshoes and sleds, etc., somewhere inland. They live entirely on country food. They eat all the flesh of the animals they trap and kill, such as: otters, foxes, lynx, squirrels, mink, muskrats, weasels, beaver, bear, etc., and fish and fowl such as: loons, partridges, small birds, etc. They look well and always seem happy. This year their fur hunt must have been a splendid one, for they are all outfitted beautifully in new clothing from head to foot. The men have new suits with caps to match breeches, shirts, and waterproof footwear; and the women have new bright-coloured shawls, print dresses and long black and brown leather boots; these, of course, are their Sunday and best clothing. Every day they wear their old ones to cut wood and brush for their tents, and their footwear is generally husky or sealskin boots or moccasins.

On June 15, school closing took place. It was not a bit exciting this year because only six children went home that day. Doctor Tyrer asked that school be reopened two weeks sooner in the Summer so that the children would be here to be examined when he comes on his yearly visit. Earlier opening means earlier closing, and the people cannot get here until the ice has gone from the Bay, the lakes and the river. The children have been going by ones and twos until now there are but twenty of the fifty-six left. My! how eager and excited they get when they learn that some member of their family has come to take them away. However, very few have left the Island. We have open Sunday School in the Summer holidays; in Church for the Cree-speaking children, and in the schoolroom for those who understand English. I took the class in the schoolroom this morning and I had fifty-two. Mr. Jones and Sam Iserhoff, our interpreter, take the Cree Sunday School.

Yesterday morning Moses Cheskomash and Sam House, the fathers of two of our school boys, came in, bringing word that Mrs. Matthew's body had been found on an Island at the mouth of the river, which is just three miles from the Mission. Though the family were drowned in September, her body is not decomposed. I suppose the cold water, with freeze-up coming so soon after the accident, preserved the body. It must have been washed out with the ice. They have made a coffin and she is to be brought to the Post to be buried in our cemetery. The island where she was found is rock, and there is no way to bury her there. The body floated or was carried over fifty miles down the river to where it was found. I wonder if the bodies of Richard and his two little girls, Sarah and Maudie, have gone out to sea, or if they, too, will be found on

the islands close by? It must be a shock to suddenly come upon the drowned form of someone you have known and loved.

Two very dear people left us this Spring to go home to be with God. Last year, on April 5, old Matthew Esquinimow passed away. He was Richard Matthew's father and the friend of old John Englishshoes who has been a cripple from paralysis for a number of years. A month and a year later, on May 5, old John passed away. All the lower half of his body gradually became paralysed, until finally he was choked and his breath and heart failed. We miss him a great deal. He and I were real friends, and I loved his wife, Sarah, the moment I saw her. She had such a sweet face, full of patience and happiness. She is our Charlotte Thoms' aunt who is also one of my special friends.

John and Sarah Englishshoes

On June 4 Chrissie Matthew died of tuberculosis in the R.C. Mission Hospital. Miss Rundle had treated her for three months in our Hospital, and when she left us to make room for David House, and Box, she was quite stout and well. Shortly after she went home a swelling appeared on her left leg near the hip and grew into an enormous lump. Miss Rundle treated her, and finally it broke. I was with Miss Rundle when it did and I have never seen anything so terrible; the pus simply poured from it and there must have been nearly two quarts of it. Chrissie had the T.B. germ and the sore was where it had formed and grown. Gradually the sore got better,

though not completely, then her family went off up the North Coast, taking her with them. She seemed to fail and finally they brought her back and put her in the R.C. Hospital. Mrs. Jones took her sister, Juliet, down to see her just a short time before she died, and she said we would never know her, she had failed so. Chrissie had been a cripple, too, for several years. Miss Rundle had brought her to our Hospital to try to help her to walk, by making her strong and well, and massaging her crippled legs. We need a nurse outside the school nurse, and a well-equipped hospital to compete with the R.C. Mission. They have ten little wards and a full-time nurse, and as soon as the people feel they need attention they go there and are taken in. Sometimes, of course, it is not necessary, but it pleases the people when they get the care they want, which is perhaps a bed and three meals a day. Often a patient who is receiving treatment goes off down there and is taken in, quite unknown to us.

The Roman Catholic Mission at Fort George housed a school and a ten-ward hospital. It was staffed by a priest, four brothers and four nuns.

July 12, 1936.

The glorious twelfth! Toronto will not be having the Orangemen's parade today because it is Sunday, or does she? I even forgot what happens when the twelfth falls on a Sunday. I'd love to see the parade and hear the bands, but I'm afraid I shouldn't like the crowds or the heat. We had a temperature of 83 degrees in the shade on Friday, July 10. That is the hottest it has been since Mr. Jones has been here, and keeping the weather instruments for the government. We can always tell when bad or good weather is due; how much the sun has shone, or how little; how much rain or snow has fallen. When bad weather befalls us we always put the blame on our Fort George "weather man."

Mr. Birge, a millionaire interested in surveying and developing the country, and who owns two mines, arrived here on the

children's closing and sports day by plane. He brought two mining engineers with him. They were Mr. Bayes, of Toronto, and Mr. Bidgood, who has been in Toronto recently. Later he took these men and three others to Great Whale River and other likely mining spots. They all returned saying there is nothing there but rocks and polar bears.

On June 26 he flew Mrs. Watt and Billy for a holiday, and Mrs. Jones out to Moosonee by plane to have her teeth and eyes attended to. It was fun the night they left. They were told about one hour before because of unsettled weather conditions to be ready to leave at a quarter to five. We were all there to see them off. Mr. Birge got into the plane and taxied it away from the shore into deeper water, but the tide kept washing it in, and the mechanic, Mr. Watt, Mr. Jones and a few Indians had all they could do to keep it from drifting into the shoals. All of a sudden Mr. Birge yelled, "Tell the women to come on!" There was no time to say "good-bye," for Mrs. Watt and Mrs. Jones made one dive for the river with little Billy looking bewildered as to how they were to get out to the plane, which by now was about twelve feet out from shore. Mr. Watt and Mr. Jones each took their own wives on their backs and waded out to the plane. They were hip deep in water and got soaking wet. Sammy Linklighter got hold of Billy and everyone got safely on board. We were laughing so hard the Indian people who were lined up along the bank, as they always are when anything unusual happens, must have thought us very queer. No hand-shaking, fond farewells or tears, just a wave of the hand as they gradually soared higher and higher into the air. Welcomes and farewells are a real ceremony with our people.

July 29, 1936.

This Summer is simply flying by! The Churchill was sighted about two p.m. on Wednesday, July 15, while a funeral service for a wee baby was being conducted by Mr. Jones in the cemetery. The cry went up, "Chiman enano," pronounced "chee-man ee-nan-o", and meaning, "they say the ship is coming." We all got into our specially laundered uniforms and for two hours kept running back and forth looking through all the windows to see if we could see her. At last, about 3:15 p.m., I saw her looming up on the horizon, and even after two other ship times my heart skipped a beat at the first sight of her after the long Winter without much news. More mail went out this past Winter than came in. We had had no news at all of what the ship might be bringing us. She surely brought a great many surprises.

Mrs. Watt and Billy came home and it was grand to have them back with us once more. Mrs. Watt brought me a begonia plant by request, and the skipper teased me about them having to care for it as if it were a baby. They met a great deal of ice on the way, but otherwise they had a calm trip with sunshine and a smooth sea. They met rough water when they got into the mouth of our river.

Mr. Michaelson, the anthropologist from Washington, D.C., came again on a visit and stayed to interview the natives until the ship left us at five a.m. on Friday, July 17.

Miss Irene Wallace, of Hamilton, has come to join our staff. She is to be girls' supervisor and laundry matron. She is a very nice girl: sincere, kindly, and full of fun, and already she seems to be at home with us.

Colonel Mermagen, of the Indian Residential School Commission, brought us much merriment and happiness for one and a half short days, as well as much good news. We hope he will come again in the near future. Last year we had such a happy visit from Bishop Fleming and Dr. Westgate, and now this year we have had the Colonel.

Miss Nesbitt and I, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Jones, are due for furlough next Summer. It is nice to know we are going home again, and this year, I am sure, will fly rapidly away. I shall feel very lonely to leave Fort George and our people. They have crept into my heart, and so has Fort George, quite unconsciously, until now I cannot tell which I want most--to go home to see loved ones and old familiar places, or to remain here. Colonel Mermagen says we may return here if that is our desire. I feel I want to if it is God's will for me, and if nothing unforeseen happens so that I may not.

St. Philip's Church being reassembled after being moved to safer ground. The native men did much of the work.

Our Church is being moved to a safer place, and nearer to the cemetery. Each year part of the river bank is carried away, and since it was moved we have discovered the foundation has rotted almost completely. Tom Moore, of Moose Factory, is in charge of the work and he has such an inspiring crowd of helpers. Our Indian men are very enthusiastic, even getting up and being on the job before Tom is. The Church is now in four parts: the steeple is half way to its destination and the nave of the Church is on the foundation. They started work on the Monday following the Churchill's arrival

and the Church has been moved about four hundred feet. The native offerings this year have been the best for four years. At our W.A. Sale of Work we realized the sum of $125.00, and we hope to buy a new furnace for the Church and to dedicate it to the memory of Richard Matthew and his family. Richard's son, David, went inland today with David Pishu and his wife, who have no children of their own. They will teach him how to make his own way in the bush; how to hunt, to trap, and to fish. We had him come to us for his meals. Mrs. Watt, of the H.B.C., supplied him with necessary clothing, and he stayed at our interpreter's home since he came from Kanaapscow, when we sent for Box's wife to come down in the Winter time. He is such a nice boy. Box seems to be alright now and is away with his wife's family. David House is completely recovered, and we are very thankful.

David Matthew and his adopted parents the Pishus.

The R.C. Mission sent us a gift of veal last Friday when they killed a two months old calf. It tasted very good indeed, and we appreciate their kindness very much.

Revillon Frères have sold out to the H.B.C., and now we have but the one Company in Fort George and also in Canada, as you have probably learned through the newspapers. We shall miss having Revillon's post to visit. Mr. Forrest is leaving us at the end of August, but in the meantime he comes up after supper a good deal to play tennis. He has been with the R.F.C. for thirteen years. So many men will be like him, going back to cities and towns after having thought they had found the work they wanted to do here in our fascinating North country. Mr. Douglas has been asked to take a position on our Mission Staff for at least a year, and perhaps longer. A new bakery is to be added to the kitchen, and he is starting work tomorrow to remove the back wall of the kitchen.

Our tennis court is just packed sand and earth, with willow poles halved, and laid with the flat side up in the earth for tapes. Some old chicken wire was given to us by Mr. Watt, of the H.B.C., and Mr. Douglas and Mr. Jones built backstops to keep the

balls from going into the bush and into the river. One ball got lost the other night and our Noah's Maggie searched diligently until she found it. We each have our own racquets and the net is Mr. and Mrs. Jones's. We are not any of us very good players, but we are learning and having many an evening of fun and pleasure when work is over for the day.

A week ago tonight we had an evening of Hymn singing, with a bun and a cup of tea for our Indian friends in the Mission grounds. The Church organ was brought out and Miss Nesbitt played for us--with all of us gathered in a circle around her. The natives chose their own hymns and sang in Cree, while we sang in English. They did so love it! Just in the midst of the singing, Mr. Reed, a teacher of the Danforth Technical School, of Toronto, arrived with two other teachers, a Mr. Mackenzie and a Mr. Clilcott, by canoe with an outboard motor, bringing a letter for me from the Rev. W.G. Walton, who, with his wife, were the missionaries here in Fort George for thirty-two years. It seemed a fitting time to read his letter to these people for whom he had laboured so long, and whom he loves so well. The result is that many of them have written to him.

Mr Reed, with Mr. Mackenzie, is very much interested in the H.B.C. and the work our Church is doing in the North among these people. He is a member of the United Church, but admires and commends the work our Church is doing for God's people of the North. He took many moving pictures, some of them in colour, of the settlement of Fort George, our people, and the life of our community. He and Mr. Mackenzie hope to lecture on the material they have collected and to show the pictures in churches and elsewhere in Toronto and other places. I hope if you have the opportunity of seeing his pictures and of attending the lecture, you will try to do so. They will be most interesting, I am sure.

Yours faithfully,
Ruth A. Cox

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

NUMBER 1

Anglican Indian Residential School,
Fort George, via Moosonee,
Ontario, September 25, 1936.

Dear Friends:

It is but a week ago to-day that the Churchill came on her last visit of the summer. Already it seems ages since she left on Sunday morning. Tom Moore left us to go back to Moose Factory after having done a splendid piece of work removing, and restoring the Church.

A combined service of Thanksgiving was held on Sunday, September 13 for Harvest Festival, and the Restoration of the Church. All day Saturday the people came bringing gifts of leaves, flowers, and berries for the Church. Great, big men came with tiny bouquets of red dogwood berries set in nests of white reindeer moss tied up in handkerchiefs; little children came, too, with their offering of low-bush and high-bush cranberries, jack-o-lantern berries, and brake; and the women came with wild, mauve and white asters, ferns, and pails of goose berries, blueberries, raspberries, and cranberries. Charlotte Thoms, who was a helper here on the Staff the first year we were here, brought a beautifully arranged box of white reindeer moss with red dogwood berries, their green leaves daintily placed among it for the font. Her aunt, Sarah Englishshoes, brought a bouquet of grass, ferns and wild asters stuck in a bottle of blueberry jam, I suppose to make it look like a coloured vase. They all stayed to help decorate the pews, windows, font, desks, etc., and the Church looked very lovely, and truly reminded of God's goodness to us through His gifts of food, beauty, and best of all simple, loving people to give Him praise, and thanksgiving from faithful hearts.

The Church is more like a Church inside than ever before. What was once an annex to the Church for the overflow of worshippers in the busy seasons of the year is now the chancel. We never had one before, just a sanctuary. The chancel contains the organ; two choir stalls, one on either side; a stove behind the pulpit; two reading desks, one on either side; and the lectern. We have a choir of eleven, of which Miss Nesbitt and I are the leaders. Up to the present they are just girls. We sang an anthem; I, the verses, and the girls the refrain. It was the first time I ever sang alone in a church before, and I was very nervous.

Ruth A. Cox

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

NUMBER 2

(undated)

Greetings from Fort George:

"Days and weeks quickly flying," and how true that is of Life in the North. Four years ago when I started out on my great adventure as a missionary in Fort George, the year 1937 seemed a long, long time ahead, but, how quickly those years have gone.

A new life, in a new school, among people who spoke a strange language, and a new work of training children how to live. A fearful, wonderful experience, but with Jesus there to guide and direct, to come forth and strengthen such a happy, satisfactory experience.

The terrifying joy of moulding the lives and characters of children, it keeps one on tip-toe to be truly a follower of Jesus Christ, and an example of the way He would have us live.

It was my privilege and happiness to teach the girls, and occasionally the boys, who knew very little of cleanliness, or how to keep house, how to cook and keep house. Have you ever had the joy of teaching a child who knows nothing of how to do things, and of watching the result of your handiwork, and of knowing you couldn't have done it so well without the help of the Heavenly Friend?

It is not an easy life working in an Indian School, but it is such a soul-satisfying one. I thought while still at Fort George of how nice it would be to come home on holiday, but I am longing to go back to my work for Jesus and the people of the Northland. I do not know where I shall be sent next, but I do know I shall be happy to go where He sends me in His service.

Ruth A. Cox

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

NUMBER 3

On Board the Fort Churchill, at Charlton Island, James Bay, July 28, 1937.

Dear Mrs. Watt (Bella):

(On furlough on the way home.)

Realization has not yet come that I am really on my way home after four years. It still seems as if I'll be popping in to see you as soon as the trip is over!

We have had a lovely trip up to date, but a wind is blowing up out of the west. We arrived at the Twin Islands at six o'clock last night, and anchored on the Moosonee side so as to be past the shoals, ready to sail again at midnight. The Skipper has been spoiling me a very great deal. He lets me do so many things I wanted to do coming up and didn't know he would allow. I stayed up with him while he was wheeling, and then got onto the bridge until we left the land behind. I watched until there was no sign of the H.B.C. flag, and also Monkey Hill.

At Jack's Point the whole of David Louttit's family were waiting to wave "Good-bye" to us. Wasn't that thoughtful of them to get there, so as to be close to the boat?

We went to bed at ten o'clock last night, but I did not sleep, and when the engine started at twelve o'clock I was very wide awake. At one I came out to the door to get a breath of fresh air, and met the Skipper there. I went back to bed, and lay there until half-past three thinking of everyone in Fort George, and then decided that was foolish, so I got up and got dressed. I went out on deck at four, and one of the sailors told Mr. Cadney I was out. He came and got me a cup of coffee in the galley, and kidded me about an evil conscience. When he went back to the engine room I got the mattress off the mail box, blanket and cushions, and went up forwards and lay there until half-past five looking at the moonlight on the Bay, the stars shining through the masts, and the dawn coming up. My conscience did bother me then for having the mattress, out and the dew getting it wet, so in I went and put it back, and lay down in the cabin. I must have finally fallen asleep for the Skipper woke me at six o'clock by tickling my nose with the end of the fly swatter, thereby getting his own back for waking him up on Tuesday afternoon by ticking him under the chin with a crochet hook. He very nearly got caught by starting to call me a name. He got as far as "My!" when he opened his eyes and saw it was me!

We are all well sun-burned, and Miss Nesbitt has not been sick at all. The Skipper is amused to think she worried for four years about the trip out, and sea-sickness, all for nothing. Responsibility has slipped away, and we are all enjoying the rest and sea air.

The Skipper took me out on deck after waking me up, and pointed out the Islands in the distance. We could see Weston, Tiger, and Charlton Islands at six o'clock. At seven-thirty we all had breakfast with the Skipper. Mr. Cowan and Mr. Cadney had their's later. Bobby came in to ask us how many eggs we would have, and when they came in, lo and behold, I had one of those fake eggs which Mr. Douglas and I gave the Staff, and Bobby said it was an Easter egg. What a fine laugh we had, and would I like to know who played that trick on me? Be sure your sins will find you out, but I think Mr. Douglas ought to have something happen to him, too. Also, Mrs. Jones, Miss Nesbitt, and I found a bottle of Cod Liver oil in each of our bunks. However, that joke was discovered soon after we left the river. Mrs. Jones found her's, and I immediately sensed there would be one in Miss Nesbitt's, and my bunks. I gave mine to the Skipper for a pick-me-up! and he accepted it with thanks.

The letter ends here at the bottom of the first page. If it was re-drafted and more was written it would have been of a personal nature between two friends. Ruth remained a faithful friend to all the Watts throughout her life. Bella and Bill have both passed away. Billy (now Bill) grew up to become a miner. Now grandparents, Bill and Elsie Watt are retired in Elliot Lake. I continue to visit them there.

Fred B. Ingle

Saying good-bye to friends at Fort George.

AFTERWORD

Each December, when I was a child, Mother would open up the big trunk she took north with her in the thirties and begin to make magic.

Out would come glowing glass tree ornaments -- red, green, gold and silver balls, cones, bells and icicles and figures, including a plump, capped, green-suited boy and a ribbed, blue and pink fish. I always marvelled at how heavy the little lantern was with its round, red tin shade, tiny red, green and pink candies showing through the facetted clear glass. Then there was the miniature white cardboard house, fine glitter covering its walls, roof and tiny hand-painted windows and door. Throughout her life, Mother hung these decorations on the tree with much care.

Before Christmas outgrew it, the trunk also yielded Dad's reflectors and lights with which he, too, wove magic. Each year he cut and hauled home a ceiling-height spruce tree and then carefully combined just the right light with the right reflector, thoroughly mixing the colors from top to bottom. How he used to hate it when the old strands went dark if a single bulb burnt out but I remember the rich deep blues and greens of those early pointed lights.

Out of the trunk, too, would come a red plastic Santa on green skiis, his backpack designed to hold candy canes or other Christmas candies. There were the flat red and green plastic pine trees with brown bases, white picket fencing to assemble, a box of tiny trinkets (all unbreakable) for me to hang on the bottom of the tree, a set of miniature, multi-colored metal bells that actually jingled and a box of white pine cones that had been dipped in different-colored paints, a decoration used on the trees of the mission schools I have since been told. And there was always a mix of various Christmas flowers and greenery that went into a tall, circular, fluted-topped glass vase that graced our livingroom during the festive season.

Red wool was kept in the trunk for stringing the many cards we received and, in my childhood years, garlands to put up in my bedroom made of interlocking loops of brightly-colored paper strips, something Dad said they had used in his home in England when he was a child. I could also read every year my copy of *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* which we had obtained from a U.S. department store after a ferry ride one winter across the St. Mary's River to the American Sault. It came complete with the customizing crayon scrawls of the small and eager child I had been when I first received it. The trunk also yielded some brightly-colored, Christmas cracker hats, richly trimmed with gold. I suspect I know where they may have come from.

We were not a well-to-do family during those early Christmases; I learned later that sometimes Santa Claus left presents only for me. But that big blue trunk made us rich. I still celebrate Christmas with the wonder Mother wove from the tissue paper-wrapped treasures she took from her trunk.

The trunk contained memories of earlier Christmases at Fort George although I didn't know it at the time. I didn't understand the significance of the rolls of red and green crepe paper until I read the letters you've just read. And I didn't know Dad's stocking was the tartan one Mr. Forrest and Mr. Douglas crept into the mission house to hang on the coat hooks more than 60 years ago. Today it hangs in my home each December.

Before suggesting this book to Dad I knew about Mother's days in the north mainly through her two albums of photographs. I was aware of her clipping file of letters that had been published but I must admit I hadn't read them. It was an experience doing so.

This book's been some time in preparation. Dad and I have worked on it while we each waged our own private battles with cancer. While doing research on the book's contents I've spent months corresponding with two very kind and gracious women who work for the Anglican Church of Canada. They both deserve praise for their assistance in helping me complete the work.

May I offer my sincere thanks to Mrs. Shirley Bacon, the secretary at St. John's Norway, for all her work in checking the publication dates of Mother's letters in *The St. John's Parish Monthly*. Additionally my thanks go to Mrs. Mary-Anne Nicholls, the archivist in the synod offices in Toronto, for her assistance in tracking the publication dates of letters published in *The Living Message* and in locating the biographical data relating to Mother's attendance at the Deaconess House prior to going north.

The Parish Monthly published material about events happening in the parish involving a variety of church activities. As can be seen from the earliest entries in this book it kept track of its parishioners. In a piece not recorded earlier it noted that Mother's youngest sister Verna had carried off "the gold medal in the Night School Class at Jesse Ketchum School with a standing of 92% in the High School entrance class... Ivy Cox, her sister is one of the few women who hold the rank of 'Certified General Accountant.' Ruth Cox, another sister, is our Missionary at the Indian Residential School, Fort George." Today, *The Monthly* continues to be published as *THE COURIER* from the church offices.

The Living Message was published by the Women's Auxiliary (now part of the Anglican Church Women) and had a particular interest in missions. Now discontinued, it survived for more than 90 years and, at one time, was read in more than 10,000 Anglican homes.

Mother loved Canada's native people. She was a loving person by nature and the people of the north touched a wellspring inside her that never ceased to flow. Her letters show how she moved from innocence to acceptance of a culture she did not always understand but whose people she came to respect. In her view of humanity they mattered just as much as her family and friends in Toronto and later the Sault and the countryside east of it.

A year after Mother's death I began putting together in her old cedar chest the memorabilia from the two mission schools that Dad is presenting to Algoma University College in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, in trust for the native people. The college occupies some of the land and the main building of the Shingwuak mission school where my parents met and were married.

There are still a replica birch bark canoe, beaded hat and ankle-height moose hide moccasins (originally knee height but later cut down) made for Mother by the people of Fort George. Also, there are the snowshoes John and Sarah Englishshoes crafted for her from willow and deerskin, trimmed with red and blue wool and woven with oil lamp wick used to tie them on over the moccasins.

For many years Mother continued to use the bellows Kodak camera she photographed the north with and for more than a decade I used the old manual typewriter on which she wrote her letters from Chapleau and Fort George. Working as a reporter in the sixties and early seventies, I wrote letters home with it as I moved through several cities in Ontario and then on to Regina and finally to *The Free Press* in Winnipeg. In the 1990s the camera and typewriter both remained in my parents' country home.

Among the Fort George memories I also found a large, rectangular cardboard box tied in string and wrapped in brown paper. It was addressed to Mother's family home on Belhaven Road in Toronto. Inside, tied together, was a large bunch of dried wildflowers. Mother had picked them and sent them to herself when she left the north. Seeing them now, nearly 60 years later, was breathtaking.

In her last letter written in Fort George Mother said that it was "my privilege and happiness" to teach the children of the north. She retained that sense of service and her belief in her God to the end. After her death, Dad gave her clothing to native people in northern Ontario. I know she would have been pleased that one last time she had able to help the people she loved so much.

Ken Ingle
Waterloo, Ontario
December, 1996

MEMORIES OF FORT GEORGE

Snowshoes, moccasins and a hat.

A people and their place.
1936

ADDENDUM

ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY AUGUST 1938

THE LIVING MESSAGE SEPTEMBER 1938

Shingwauk Indian Residential School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario,
June 24th, 1938.

Dear Canon Reed, Miss Shotter, and Friends of St. John's Norway:

Some of you I know will be wondering why, when I am so close to home and where we get mail every day, it is taking me so long to write; and others will be surprised to know I am away. I received my appointment here as Laundry Supervisor on May 26th. I left Toronto on May 30th, at 11:05 standard time, and arrived here on May 31st at 1:10 p.m. standard time. There was no one to meet me at the station, my telegram having been interpreted wrongly when it was telephoned to the School; but when I telephoned the School it took them only about ten minutes to come and fetch me.

The Rev. C.F. Hives was away on a trip, taking some boys and girls to a sanitarium in Quebec, but Miss Hehn, the Head matron, welcomed me and introduced me to the Staff. There are fifteen all told. They are:

Rev. C.F. Hives, Principal; Mr. A.B. Hives, Farmer (brothers); Mrs. A.B. Hives, Kitchen Matron and Mr. A.B.'s wife; Miss G. Otway, Assistant Kitchen Matron; Miss L. Hehn, Nurse-Matron; Miss Spinney, Girls' Supervisor; Miss A. Bonspiel, Assistant Girls' Supervisor and a graduate of this School with a year's training as a nurse; Miss K. Mitchell, Boys' Supervisor; Miss D. Thompson, Sewing Teacher; Miss B. Fuller, Junior Teacher; Miss M. Loukes, Intermediate Teacher; Mr. Garber, Senior Teacher; Mr. Wilson, General Assistant; Mr. Hayes, Engineer; and Me, Laundry Supervisor.

Miss Fuller has been here twenty-nine years, and is the daughter of a former principal who is working on Manitoulin Island. Mr. Hayes has been here for years, and Mr. Wilson helps with the farming, the care of the chickens and cows, the milking, and the supervising of the intermediate and senior boys.

The School is about fifteen miles from the city limits, and two miles from the Post Office and shopping district on Queen St. E. There is a postal delivery in the city, but someone has to go in for our mail every afternoon after the Toronto train comes in, and also the train from the West. They bring the boys and girls home--those who go to the High School or Technical School. The city has a population of 23,000, so it is not very large. It is long and narrow. I like it except that dandelions seem to be the prominent flower growth on lawns and in vacant lots. However, there are some very lovely gardens. There is room for expansion, but the biggest industry is the steel mill. There is a chromium plant, too. There is a street car line on Queen St., and also a bus service. Neither can compare with the T.T.C. [Toronto Transit Commission].

The School was built in 1934, but the original School was built in 1874. It is quite large and houses eighty girls and fifty-five boys, as well as a Staff of fourteen. The grounds surrounding it are very large and lovely. It faces the St. Mary's River but is about two good blocks away from it. They tell me that four years ago there was all forest around about, but it is rapidly becoming cleared out and built up. There is a golf club a mile further East from the School, and some of the bigger boys earn money caddying.

The School is built with two wings and an assembly hall at the back of the centre hall leading directly from the front door. There is another centre hall which crosses the first. On the South-East side of the building is the double reception and living room and a class room. On the North-East side opposite is the sewing room and the girls' clothing room, the girls' stairway, Miss Loukes', Miss Thompson's and my rooms, with my room next to the centre hall.

There is a lovely view of the grounds, the Principal's residence and garden, from the top floor dormitories. A monument made of the stone from the old school building--this one is of brick--was dedicated on June 8th by the Bishop of Algoma, Rt.-Rev. Rocksborough-Smith, in memory of the old school and its founder, the Rev. E.F. Wilson. There is a beautiful little stone Chapel at the entrance to the School grounds where we all go for worship on Sundays, and for Holy Communion once a month. Communion is held for the staff on the other Sundays at 7:30 a.m. in their Chapel in the School.

The name "Shingwauk" means "Pine," and the School is named after the old Chief Shingwauk who wanted a "teaching wigwam" for his people. He would have been very proud had he been here on June 23rd to see five children receive an Entrance Diploma without even having to try their entrance examinations for their year's work; and two of them, a boy and a girl, to receive each a silver cup donated by the staff, and the first ever to be presented in the Shingwauk. The boy's was for general proficiency, and the girl's was for the highest marks for the year. However, perhaps he does know where he is now. He helped the Rev. Mr. Wilson to found the School, and a brother of Chief Shingwauk helped to raise the money to build it. Paintings of each hang on either side of the assembly hall as one enters the door. A tablet in memory of the Chief hangs in the hall leading to the above-mentioned room. Some of the brother's descendants still live on the Garden River Reserve which is about nine miles east of Sault Ste. Marie. I have been in the school car with others to look for a run-away boy there. It is a beautiful valley surrounded by high hills. The people live in houses, some nice, some poor and ill-kept. The Indians work for a living but I haven't discovered just what they do yet.

The School has quite a lot of farm land and pasture land, some owned and some leased. The boys help to do the farming. Potatoes, vegetables and flowers are grown. There are cows and chickens, and we have plenty of milk, butter, cream and eggs, and best of all--beef!

Events since I came here have been a luncheon for the clergy who attended the Synod of Algoma, a reception at the Bishop's home

the same night, and an afternoon tea for the Women's Institute of Korah. Korah is just West of Sault Ste. Marie.

Mrs. A.B. Hives and Miss Otway prepared the luncheon and all the staff helped to get things ready. My part was to help set the tables, cut strawberry shortcake and wash the dishes afterward. I never saw so many dishes to be washed at one time before. All the staff were helping and a great many girls. The china and glassware was borrowed from the Kresge store in town and not one piece was broken. The luncheon was in the assembly hall which was beautifully decorated with lilacs and plants from the School and rectory greenhouse. The senior girls served and did it very nicely, earning themselves the praise of the Synod visitors. The menu was: chicken patties, potato cakes, cabbage salad, celery, pickles, olives, rolls and butter, strawberry shortcake and coffee.

All the staff were invited to the Bishop's reception, and two of the girls helped Mrs. Rocksborough-Smith with the serving there. Mr. C.F. Hives bought them pretty dresses for the occasion. All of us who could go were there, and I was one. We had a delightful evening. The Rev. Mr. Dixon of the M.S.C.C. [Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada] was there for the Thursday evening missionary meeting snd he came out to the School.

When the Women's Institute came to see the School we gave them afternoon tea, but it wasn't such a tremendous thing as the luncheon. They sent a gift of ice cream for all the children and for the staff. There are always people coming to visit the School so we have to be ever-ready to show them around. Hardly a day passes but there is someone here, and a great many are old pupils of the School--some old men and women.

The wild Spring flowers are very lovely. There has been a succession of them. First, the largest blue violets I have ever seen; then the periwinkles, iris, and buttercups nearly as large as a fifty-cent piece; the red pitcher plant flower, and now the daisy and the wild rose. I am revelling in all their beauty and wish I might send some of them up to Fort George by the old Fort Churchill. I am happy to find that the bunchberry plant grows here, too. The flower is white and in the Autumn there is a cluster of scarlet berries on it. We used to use the berries and leaves amongst the white reindeer moss in Fort George to decorate the Church on Harvest Sunday.

There is the prettiest park not far from here named "Belleview." I think it is the prettiest I have ever seen. The St. Mary's River winds around half of it. There are nice flower beds, a greenhouse and lovely trees, but the loveliest of all are the elms. They are so dainty and beautiful. There are roads winding in and out and around the water's edge, pavilions, picnic tables, benches, swings and see-saws. There are also a black bear, a fawn, four red foxes, two wolves and their five cubs, a porcupine, two racoons, and two pheasants in cages, and wild ducks in the river. Everyone feeds the bear and the fawn. The fawn likes apple blossoms. The children just love to have us take them to the park.

I like the School and my new work very much. The staff are most congenial. In a way it is pleasant to be here with the city so

close, the work not quite so strenuous and with such a number of people. I am missing the life around Fort George. We have just the children, and they are completely separated from their homes, and from their former life. Some come from Oka Reserve near Montreal; some from Walpole Island near Detroit; some from New York, Chapleau, Muncie Reserve in Ontario, Manitoulin Island and other places. So you see, we do not know their lives as intimately as we did those of the Fort George children, and we do not meet their families.

There are no Sunday School classes, but the Rev. Mr. Hives conducts evening prayer at 2:30 p.m. on Sundays, and he gives them a really fine lesson then. We on the staff benefit by it too. I think it is really a better way because every child receives the same teaching.

The Bishop of Algoma confirmed thirty girls and eighteen boys, prepared by Mr. Hives, and presented by him on Wednesday, June 15th. The girls all wore white middies, navy blue skirts and white confirmation veils made by Miss Thompson., and the boys wore blue suits and white shirts. They all looked very nice. Canon Colloton of St. Luke's Pro-Cathedral of Sault Ste. Marie, assisted with the service. The Cathedral is High Church and I like the service there. Mrs. C.F. Hives and Jean and Arthur, her son and daughter, sing in the choir there. The children received their first Communion on Sunday, June 26th, at 7:30 a.m., in the School Chapel. It was an especially-beautiful service with so many earnest young people worshipping. The Chapel has been having some alterations taking place within the last week. A new altar has been put in. It is to be dedicated to the memory of the former Matron for many years, Miss Bottrel.

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, is right across the river from us and I love to watch the lights along the channel in the river winking on and off at night. We see the ships passing by, mostly great freighters, but some passenger boats. I've yet to have the pleasure of seeing one go through the locks. I have seen the Canadian locks, but haven't been across to the American side so far. They tell me the locks over there are nicer to see, and more of them. There is a ferry crosses from either side.

God has been very good sending me here and I am so thankful to be doing again the work to which He has called me. I do pray that He will give me health and strength and grace to go on doing this work for Him for many years to come. We need your thoughts and prayers. God be with you one and all. If at any time any one of you should be travelling this way, I hope you will not fail to come to visit this place--this "teaching wigwam" of which an Indian Chief once dreamed, and to see for yourself the work you are supporting by your prayers and work for these children of His.

Yours faithfully,
Ruth A. Cox

This was the last letter published.

Shingwauk School and the Staff of 1940.
Front: Benna Fuller, Laura Hehn, Mrs. C.F. (Jeanie) Hives, Rev. C.F. Hives, Grace Marter, junior girls' supervisor. Second Row: Kay Mitchell, Ruth Cox, Peg Loukes, Jennie Muirhead, sewing teacher. Third Row: Virginia Parsons, senior teacher; Mrs. A.B. (Maidie) Hives, Bessie Spinney. Rear: A.B. Hives, Fred Ingle, general assistant; Pop (Seymour) Hayes.

The Ingles at Shingwauk. Kenny and Fred, on leave from the army, in 1944 and Ruth and Kenny with the front flower garden in 1945.

A TREASURY OF GOOD FOOD
FROM RUTH INGLE'S KITCHEN

I grew up in a world of great food. Mother was not only trained to be a professional cook, she loved cooking. From Fort George to our home, her love of good food only continued to grow.

Much has happened since this book was first printed. Dad made Mother's bequeathal donation to Algoma University College and the two of them were honored on the College's annual Founder's Day. I wrote a cook book filled with Mother's and my favorite recipes, including some personal commentary relating to each of them.

Dad and I discussed what to do with Mother's book and we decided to make it part of the bequeathal to the college. It is our hope that it can become one of many historical publications produced by the college as part of its program to preserve its origins as a school which its founder Chief Shingwauk hoped would become a "Teaching Wigwam" for his people.

In preparing to pass on what was originally just a private publication for a few people (Dad had 25 copies printed) I've decided to add a new section. Mother will always be remembered both for her kindness and for her cooking. It seems appropriate to preserve in this book of her missionary memories, the best of the recipes she shared with others.

In his introduction, Bill Watt fondly recalled the "cookies and goodies" Mother made at Fort George and served to him as a little boy. She was always ready "to put the kettle on" and share her food with others. Continuing the tradition begun in the North, Mother offered good food and friendship for many years to all the members of the staff at Shingwauk who came to visit us. Our door was always open to them. Over the years, the occasional graduate of the school also came to call.

From the nearly 100 recipes I recorded in **'TIS THE SEASON AND OTHER MEMORIES -- FAVORITE FOODS OF A LIFETIME**, I have selected thirty-six of the oldest and best of Mother's recipes. They come from friends, family and a fabulous old cook book she took north with her and from which she drew many of my favorite childhood recipes. I've also redesigned the commentary for each recipe to focus as closely as possible on our ties with people and events relating to our missionary past. Please try some of these recipes. Many of them are unusual and they are all excellent.

Ken Ingle
Waterloo, Ontario
February, 1998

TEA TIME

In the Anglican Church community of my childhood the twelve days of Christmas -- Boxing Day to Epiphany on January 6 -- people visited back and forth in each other's homes, sharing in the sweet delicacies of the season. Refreshments always included a cup of tea -- it was the English way. The first group of recipes that follows is from that season of the year. Mother had a wide range of her own favorite recipes and it seemed like everyone else's, too. When Mother wove magic in the Christmas season, it had to include the food.

SCOTCH SHORT BREAD

I believe this is the only recipe of Bella Watt's that Mother ever had. If, in fact, it was, it more than made up for being all by itself. I think Mother's Christmas baking always began with this recipe and I can never remember a year that she didn't make lots of it. I particularly remember the cookies she cut with a metal holly-shaped cutter. I'm sure this "Scottish" short bread was a favorite among the many members of the Shingwauk staff who used to come over each Christmas for an evening of conversation, charades, singing and feasting on Mother's wide range of seasonal goodies, all of course served up with a cup of tea.

2 5/8 cups unbleached flour
1 cup butter
3/4 cup light [or golden] brown sugar

Cream butter and sugar well. Then add flour and mix thoroughly with your hands. Roll not too thick on a floured surface and cut into small-sized cakes with a fork or with a cookie cutter. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F / 160 degrees C) until lightly browned.

Overmixing can make this dough tough. Also, if you find the dough seems to be a bit too dry to try to roll out and cut, I'd suggest you try using 2 1/2 cups of the flour for the dough and the last 1/8 cup for rolling it on. I use unbleached all purpose flour as a personal preference; please use the flour you are most comfortable with. Since all Mother's recipes are from older sources you may find you need to reduce the temperature a bit in some of the newer ovens that maintain a more constant temperature (they go on more often during the cooking period). About 25 degrees Fahrenheit seems to work well for my oven. Comparative reduction on the Celsius scale varies from 5 to 20 degrees depending on the specific temperature.

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CHEESE FINGERS

Seymour Hayes (shown at the back right in the photograph at the top of page 60) ran the boilers at Shingwauk. He and his wife Nellie, ("Pop" and "Mom" as everyone called them), became my parents' best friends at the school. Mother and Dad were married on the Hayes' wedding anniversary on January 18, 1941, with their daughter Marg and her fiance Wilf McLean acting as bridesmaid and best man. The two couples (and me following my birth on October 9, 1941) celebrated their anniversaries together every year until Pop died in the 1950s. Mom Hayes' recipe for cheese fingers is as much a part of an Ingle Christmas as is Bella Watt's short bread. I doubt anyone has ever been able to make just one lot of it.

Combine 1 cup of grated cheese [I use extra old cheddar, the recipe works well with medium], 1 cup sifted unbleached flour, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon paprika [I've sometimes omitted this or substituted dry mustard], 1/3 cup shortening and 3 tablespoons cold water. Mix with fingertips the cheese, flour, baking powder, salt and paprika [sifted together] and shortening until mix is crumbly. Add water slowly, blending with a fork. [Try not to blend the cheese in *completely*.] Roll into a rectangle 1/8-inch thick. Cut into strips 3 inches by 3/4 inches. Bake in 400 degree F / 200 degree C oven 8 to 10 minutes. Serve warm and crisp. Can be re-heated in foil. [These freeze well, too.]

***

MINCEMEAT SQUARES

Mother never served mincemeat tarts at Christmas, it was always mincemeat squares. They were delicious and I'm quite sure that more than one person came back for seconds. However, Mother never wrote down the recipe for preparing her squares and, as a result, I had to try to reconstruct it and asked Dad, who's a former baker, for help.

Roll out pastry to about 1/8-inch thickness on a floured surface and fit onto a cookie sheet. Spread mincemeat thinly over the pastry. Top with a second layer of pastry. Use one of those perforated pastry markers (or a fork) to mark the top layer of pastry into squares and lightly seal down the sections. Don't cut through the bottom layer of pastry (Dad says). Cut decorative vents with a fork in the tops of the squares. Bake in moderate oven until lightly browned. Break apart squares and store in tins. Will reheat well in foil.

I remember Mother used to add a little maraschino cherry juice to her mincemeat in order to sweeten it a bit. It was something Mom Hayes had taught her to do.

***

SWEDISH TEA RINGS

This is Mrs. Hayes' original fingerprint cookie recipe. She coated these cookies with walnuts or maybe pecans that would have been hand chopped in her own kitchen. We had a small manual grinder where you cranked a handle and metal teeth did the work.

Cream 1/2 cup butter; add 1/2 cup brown sugar. Beat 1 egg yolk lightly and add to creamed butter and sugar. Add 1 cup [unbleached] flour, blending thoroughly. Shape into small balls, then dip in egg white which has been slightly beaten. Roll in finely chopped nuts.

Put on greased baking pans and press hollow in center of each. Bake in a slow oven [250 to 300 degrees F / 130 to 150 degrees C] for 5 minutes. Remove from oven and press again in center. Return to oven for about 15 minutes. While they are still warm fill centers with jam or jelly.

When I was young all our jams and jellies were homemade. Mom Hayes and Mother used to pick local wild fruit to make jam. I will never forget the taste of those jams made from wild raspberries, tiny, sweet strawberries, blueberries and gooseberries. The red and green jellies Mom Hayes used in her tea rings would have been her own homemade red currant and mint or lime varieties.

***

NANAIMO BARS

This recipe comes from Marg McLean, Mother's bridesmaid. I grew up with the Hayeses standing in as substitute grandparents and calling Marg and Wilf my aunt and uncle. We always visited them at Christmas and for several years marvelled at Marg's tree of handmade multicolor felt poinsettias. You'll remember that Mother knew the Bird's custard powder used in this refrigerator slice from up north -- she served it on Christmas Day 1933 to the Indian children, along with jelly and oatmeal cookies.

1/2 cup butter
1/4 cup white sugar
1 egg
5 tablespoons cocoa
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine and cook over hot water or in a double boiler until smooth. Remove from heat and add 2 cups graham cracker crumbs, 1 cup coconut and 1/2 cup chopped walnuts. Pack in 8-inch cake pan.

Cream together 1/4 cup butter, 2 tablespoons Bird's custard powder and 3 tablespoons milk. Blend in 2 cups icing sugar. Spread on chocolate mixture in pan and let stand for 1 hour.

Melt 3 squares bitter (unsweetened) chocolate with 1 teaspoon butter in double boiler. Spread this on top of the contents of the pan. Keep in the refrigerator. Cut in small squares or bars to serve.

***

CHOCOLATE BALLS

This is another of Marg's recipes. I remember always being amazed at how small she managed to make these. They're rich enough to think of virtually as chocolates, but they're actually refrigerator cookies and you do have to keep them cool.

1 cup peanut butter
2 tablespoons margarine
1 cup icing sugar

Mix well, then add:

1/2 cup chopped dates
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1/2 cup diced candied green and red cherries

Roll into balls. Melt four squares semi-sweet chocolate and add 2 tablespoons paraffin wax in double boiler and dip balls in it. Drain on wax paper and, when set, refrigerate.

***

MOM HAYES' RICE CAKES

Despite the name, these are really tiny tarts and Mom Hayes made them every year in miniature tart tins. The topping is unique and much better with ground rice than rice flour if you can still find it. These tarts were as unique as the old lead foil and pressed metal light reflectors I inherited from the Hayes' tree.

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoon fruit or white sugar
4 tablespoons ground rice or rice flour
1 egg well beaten
1 to 1 1/2 teaspoons almond flavoring

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and flavoring, then mix in ground rice or rice flour. Line patty tins (small) with pastry and a little [raspberry] jam or marmalade, then the creamed mixture.

Bake in moderate oven [325 to 350 degrees F / 160 to 180 degrees C] 15 minutes.

***

BUTTER RUM DROPS

Here's a different flavor in a refrigerator cookie for Christmas and one you just might want to experiment with. However, you're on your own in terms of quantity if you decide to use the real stuff. I suspect these could become pretty potent in the right hands, a bit like those Christmas cakes that are regularly "topped up" for several months before serving season finally arrives.

2/3 cup butter or margarine
3/4 cup white sugar
3 tablespoons cocoa
1 tablespoon water
1 tablespoon rum flavoring
2 cups rolled oats

Cream butter, add sugar and cream till smooth. Add cocoa, water, rum flavoring, then oats. Shape into balls about 1 inch after chilling in refrigerator. Roll in icing sugar. Return to refrigerator and keep chilled until needed.

***

DATE STICKS

Mother went to work when she was 14 to help support a family that consisted of two parents (Grandpa was a carpenter who didn't always find work, Grandma a homemaker who often spent days in bed with crippling arthritis) and five younger sisters and brothers. (The seventh and youngest sibling, a brother, had died on his first birthday.) On her way to becoming a missionary Mother met two YWCA secretaries in Toronto who encouraged her to follow her dreams. The three women corresponded for the rest of their lives. This recipe is from one of the two ladies, Miss J.M. Norton.

2 eggs beaten well
1 cup powdered (icing) sugar
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup chopped dates
2 tablespoons unbleached flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt

Beat eggs together and add them last after mixing other ingredients together.

Put in large cookie pan or cake pan [an 8- or 9-inch square pan works well] on greased paper. Use butter or margarine on paper. Cook in moderate oven [325 to 350 degrees F / 160 to 180 degrees C] and when done cut into strips and roll in powdered sugar.

***

STRAWBERRIES

The man who baptised and confirmed me, Rev. W.L. Wright, eventually became the Anglican archbishop of Algoma. Dad had known his family in the Ottawa valley and our two families knew each other since the bishop was responsible for Shingwauk. Each year an open house was held on New Year's Day at Bishophurst, the bishop's official residence. This is one of Mrs. Wright's refrigerator cookies and so unusual that I'm including it even though it does use raw egg white. Some people prefer to avoid using raw eggs nowadays due to the possibility of salmonella contamination.

1/2 pound candied cherries
1/2 pound flaked coconut
1/4 pound blanched ground almonds
1 egg white

Grind together almonds, cherries and coconut. Add egg white. Shape like strawberries. Roll in strawberry gelatine. Top with thin piece of green citron for stem. Store in the refrigerator.

***

GRANDMA'S DATE SQUARES

My maternal grandmother was named Alice Victoria Pember and my grandfather Albert Edward Cox -- their English born parents had named them after the ruling British queen and her consort. Mother vividly remembered the candles on her childhood Christmas trees and she always made her mother's date square for the festive season. At Christmas the fragrances of Mother's baking mixed with the evergreen aroma of our fresh cut spruce tree which stood just beside our dining room table in the livingroom. Both were sensory centrepieces.

Filling:
1/2 pound dates cut fine
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook dates, sugar and water until soft and thick. Add vanilla when cooked and coolish.

2 cups rolled oats

Sift together:
1 1/2 cups unbleached flour
1 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt

Using a fork combine sifted mixture with the oats. Pour in 1 cup melted butter and mix. Spread half this mixture on the bottom of a well-greased 11-inch pan. Pour on cooled date filling and spread to cover. Top with the rest of the flour-oat mixture, sprinkling it on with your fingers. Bake in a 375 degree F / 190 degree C oven until brown.

***

PINEAPPLE CHEESE COOKIES

The British do like cheese and fruit. Dad always had apple pie with cheddar cheese and I imagine he enjoyed these cookies that Mom Hayes made each Christmas since they combined cheese and his favorite toast topper, marmalade. I seem to recall Mrs. Hayes made these with a serrated-edged round cutter and cut a circle out of the top piece to let the marmalade show through.

1 cup butter
3/4 cup grated cheddar cheese
2 cups unbleached flour

Cream butter and cheese well. Work in flour. Roll out dough and cut cookie rounds. Put marmalade between two rounds and seal edges. Bake at 350 degrees F / 180 degrees C.

***

UNBAKED BROWNIES

This was Mother's Christmas refrigerator cookie of choice. The recipe came from an Eagle Brand booklet and the pure chocolate in these slices makes them very rich. Mother's plates of Christmas goodies always included sweet and non-sweet, baked and refrigerated seasonal treats. Dad hand decorated the Christmas cake using wax paper rolls and homemade icing he mixed in different colors. Mother really hated to cut the intricate icing designs he created for her.

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cups Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk
2 cups vanilla wafer or graham cracker crumbs
1 cup finely-chopped walnuts

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add condensed milk, stirring over boiling water 5 minutes until the mixture thickens. Add 2 cups wafer or cracker crumbs and 1/2 cup of the chopped nuts. Butter a shallow cake pan and sprinkle with 1/4 cup nut meats. Place chocolate mixture over nuts, smooth with knife dipped in hot water. Sprinkle top with remaining 1/4 cup chopped nuts. Place in refrigerator several hours or overnight. Cut in squares to serve.

***

STUFFED CELERY

Christmas wasn't just about baking when I was a boy. Mother always served stuffed celery with Christmas dinner. It was just something a little different that we didn't normally have. Again I don't have a recipe so this is a reconstruction.

Crumble cheddar cheese or grate it through a fine grater and press it into the center of 1 1/2- to 2-inch long pieces of celery. Use stalks with enough of a center to stuff. Then top the cheese with chopped walnuts.

***

PINEAPPLE AND CARROT JELLIED SALAD

Mom Hayes blessed us with this recipe and the Ingles had it as part of our Christmas dinner for years. Some people might consider this a dessert salad because of the pineapple in it but we always had it along with the main course of turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, peas, roast potatoes and, of course, the stuffed celery.

Mix pineapple gelatine [orange will work or maybe even plain] with 1 cup boiling water. Add 3/4 cup cold water or pineapple juice drained from 1 19-ounce tin of crushed pineapple and water to make 3/4 cup liquid. Refrigerate. Shred 2 cups of carrots which should have been soaked in cold water first to crisp them. Chop about 8 maraschino cherries and add a bit of the juice. When the gelatine mixture begins to set, add the crushed, drained pineapple, the shredded carrot and the cherries and juice. Set in a bowl, a fancy mold or individual molds. If desired, use a little vegetable oil before adding the gelatine to allow you to release the molded material onto a plate later for display before eating.

***

MOTHER'S BROWN GRAVY

Mother's classic recipe for gravy is both simple and delicious. I don't think it ever failed to please anyone she ever made it for. She used it for both roast beef and pork as well as roast chicken and of course our Christmas turkey.

After removing roast or fowl and fat from roasting pan, pour in hot water and cook a few minutes to mix with brown bits and liquid in the pan. Pour through a strainer. Mix 3 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a pinch of black pepper with enough cold water to make it smooth. You should have 1 cup of liquid from the pan. [Make more thickening paste if you have more liquid.] Stir a little hot liquid into the flour mixture until they combine. Then add this to the remainder of the brown liquid, stirring to keep it

smooth, in a pot on the stove. I find this the easiest way to make gravy.

***

MUSHROOM ROLLS

While everyone else was serving small sandwiches during Christmas afternoon teas, Mom Hayes served hot mushroom rolls. The Ingles and the staff from Shingwauk all found them irresistible. They were also unforgettable. This is another attempt at reconstructing a recipe that was never written down.

Fry regular bacon until cooked but not crisp. Cut crusts off slices of white bread (you can try other types) and slice into two strips lengthwise. The bread was probably then buttered. Spread on a thin layer of undiluted cream of mushroom soup. (Look for soup without monosodium glutamate -- MSG.) Roll and top with a strip (or maybe a half) of bacon, everything held in place with a regular toothpick. Heat on (greased ?) cookie sheet in oven until lightly toasted, perhaps for a *short* time under the broiler.

***

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Later in my cook book I looked at the food we ate throughout the rest of the year. Mother had a wealth of good recipes and several of them came from a priceless old cook book she took north with her to Fort George. Although she left several of her cook books behind at the mission school, the Ingles were immensely lucky that she chose to bring her copy of the Canadian Cook Book *back with her. Put together by Nellie Lyle Patterson, director of domestic science at the Central Technical School in Toronto, Mother's seventh edition was published by Ryerson Press in 1932. Dad is making it part of Mother's bequeathal to Algoma University. Several of the recipes that I've selected for this section come from it.*

CREAMY EGG

If there is any recipe I truly associate with my childhood it's this one. Mother made creamy egg for me countless times for lunch and I loved it, particular spiced up with a bit of ketchup. (Today I use a little worcestershire sauce.) This is much like an unsweetened custard that you cook in a double boiler. I've never found this recipe in another cook book so I'm glad that I can include it here. It's far too good to simply be allowed to fade into the past.

3 eggs
3 teaspoons butter [or margarine]
3/4 teaspoon salt
f.g. [few grains] pepper
2/3 cup milk
Toast

1. Beat eggs slightly; add butter, seasonings, and milk.
2. Cook over hot water.
3. As the mixture coagulates around the sides and bottom, draw it away with spoon. Continue until all of the mixture is cooked.
4. Serve on toast; garnish with parsley.

Note: When properly cooked, this mixture should have the appearance of a firm custard, broken up. It should not be stirred continuously nor cooked too long.

***

CREAM OF POTATO SOUP

When I was nine we moved from half of a rented duplex in the heart of the Sault to a new suburban bungalow we'd bought just a block east of Shingwauk. For a while, Mother and Dad would both work in the school again after the machine shop Dad had apprenticed in closed. I suspect this recipe may have come from a recipe booklet put out by one of the companies that made soup cubes. I do know hot potato soup was sure welcome for lunch after walking more than a mile home from school on a frigid January day, particularly since school had previously been only two blocks away.

1 1/2 cups mashed potatoes (leftovers can be used)
4 cups milk (or milk and water)
1 small onion chopped fine
1 chicken flavored cube [or 1 cup of chicken stock in place of 1 cup of the liquid above]

Scald milk with onion and slowly add to the potatoes. Then put in chicken cube [or stock]. Cook in a double boiler. Keep a little milk to mix the following:

2 tablespoons flour
1 1/4 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon celery salt
1/8 teaspoon white pepper
Pinch between thumb and finger of cayenne red pepper
1 teaspoon chopped fresh parsley or 1/2 teaspoon dried

Mix with cold milk till smooth, then add a little of the hot potato mixture. Add a bit more and then put in with the rest in the double boiler. Cook about half an hour, stirring while cooking. Strain and serve.

MOCK DUCK

This is an old name for stuffed steak; the recipe comes from Mother's old cook book. It was one of her favorites when I was a child. Back at Shingwauk, Dad taught industrial arts and Mother helped in the kitchen. Money was tight. Mother made mock duck from inexpensive flank steak. I still remember her pounding the steak on a wooden board with a metal meat tenderizer with a long handle that Dad had made for her.

1 1/2 pounds [0.75 kilograms] round or flank steak
1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
1 teaspoon chopped parsley [1/2 teaspoon dried]
1 teaspoon summer savory or thyme
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1/2 tablespoon chopped onion
1 1/2 tablespoons melted butter [or margarine]

1. Trim bone and superfluous fat from meat.
2. Wipe meat with damp cloth; spread on board.
3. Mix crumbs and seasonings; add melted butter.
4. Spread crumbs over meat, roll up, tie in shape.
5. Place in roasting pan; pour around meat 2 tablespoons drippings [or butter or margarine] melted in 1 cup boiling water.
6. Cover. Cook in a moderate oven [325 to 350 degrees F / 160 to 180 degrees C] 1 1/2 to 2 hours, the last 1/2 hour uncovered.
7. Serve with brown gravy.

Note: Meat may be made more tender by pounding before cooking; use wooden potato-masher or edge of a heavy plate.

***

SALMON CAKES

Mother and Dad both loved fish. Dad still goes out regularly for whitefish dinners; they're immensely popular in many restaurants in Algoma. This recipe from my childhood was taken from a small, very old Clover Leaf booklet I found among Mother's collection of various food company recipe books. She had lots of them. This booklet contained recipes for preparing Sockeye, Cohoe and pink salmon as well as pilchards, herring, clams and oysters. I do remember these salmon cakes from my childhood and, although I didn't share my parents' love of fish, I truly did enjoy these whenever Mother served them.

Flake 1 tall can [16 ounces -- 2 current 7 1/2 ounce tins] Clover Leaf salmon and mix with 3/4 cup cracker crumbs and a slightly beaten egg. Saute a sliced onion in 1 tablespoon butter and add to the salmon mixture. Season. Shape into 6 thin salmon cakes and brown quickly in 1 tablespoon butter. (These can be

served as "salmonburgers", the original name for this recipe, in split hamburger buns, accompanied by dill pickles.)

***

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Mother came from a large family with little money; they ate a lot of potatoes. In our home she had a wide range of recipes for preparing potatoes which were our favorite vegetable for dinner. We regularly had them boiled, baked, mashed, roasted, creamed and oven fried in a bit of oil. Mother also fried potato cakes in a crusty coating. Family and friends all particularly looked forward to her scalloped potatoes.

4 cups thinly sliced potatoes
1 cup thinly sliced onions
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon white pepper

Heat milk and butter or margarine in a double boiler. Place alternating layers of potatoes and onions in greased casserole. Sprinkle each layer of potatoes with a bit of flour mixed with the salt and white pepper. Cook covered at 400 degrees F / 200 degrees C for an hour or until the potatoes test tender with a fork.

***

CARROT AND CELERY CASSEROLE

Mother enjoyed cooking vegetables in a wide variety of ways and I imagine this recipe from The Star Weekly, *an old Canadian newsmagazine, probably caught her eye for the way it combined its ingredients. She liked all of them and this must have seemed like an ideal winter vegetable casserole.*

6 carrots
6 outer stalks of celery

Scrub carrots and peel. Wash celery. Cut carrots in slices [try slicing them at an angle], celery in small pieces. Add 1 cup boiling water and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Cover and cook for 7 minutes or until tender. Do not drain.

Add;
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1/2 cup milk (mix with soup until smooth)
1 tablespoon chopped onion

Mix and heat thoroughly. Pour into greased casserole. Combine 1 cup cracker crumbs with 2 tablespoons melted butter. Sprinkle over top of vegetables in casserole. Bake at 350 degrees F / 180 degrees C for 20 minutes.

***

PICKLED BEETS

This was Mother's most treasured pickle recipe. It still exists in Mrs. Hayes' spidery handwriting just as she recorded it for Mother decades ago. Originally in pencil, Mother carefully traced over it in pen as the script began to fade. Mother often gave homemade jam, jelly and pickles as Christmas gifts. The Hayes/Ingle pickled beets by far topped the list as the gift most hoped for. We ate gallons and gallons of them ourselves throughout the years and Dad was still making them in his eighties. I was told a few years ago by a woman who makes lots of pickles that it's the cider vinegar that gives the beets their unique flavor.

1 gallon (8 pints) small beets [or cut up larger ones]
4 cups white sugar
3 1/2 cups cider vinegar
1 1/2 cups water
4 tablespoons mixed whole spice tied in a bag. (Some thin white material.)

Add sugar to vinegar and water and the bag of spices. Simmer 15 minutes, then add beets. Boil 5 minutes and pack in jars. First fill jars with boiling water but put spoons in them so they won't break. Next, dump out the water and put the beets in. Finally, fill the jars with syrup and seal them. Any vacuum bottle (jam, etc.) is good. You can use canned beets from the store; each contains about a pint. Also, use the beet water from the can instead of tap water as it will give a lively color. If you're using fresh beets you have to cook them till they're tender and then skin them.

***

MINT SAUCE

Dad helped write the commentary for some of the later recipes in my cook book. In introducing this recipe he said that "I have been making this as long as I can remember, starting when I was a boy in England. You have to learn to make it to suit your own taste. Some people cut the center vein out of the leaves but I prefer to chop up the whole leaf. This was used primarily with fresh garden peas but can be used with fish or any kind of meat."

Pick mint fresh from the garden. Wash thoroughly, dry, remove leaves from the stems. Chop into small pieces with a large knife.

Place in a bowl and blend in white sugar and white vinegar to taste. Put in pickle jar and refrigerate; it will keep for months.

***

JELLIED BEET SALAD

If you wonder how jellied salads were made before the days of sweetened gelatine, this recipe will tell you. It was a particular favorite of Mother's during my childhood and is yet another fine recipe from her old cook book.

1 tablespoon gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
3/4 cup beet liquid or cold water
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup granulated sugar
1/4 cup vinegar
1 1/2 cups finely diced canned or cooked beets
3/4 cup finely diced celery
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon horseradish

Soak gelatine in cold water. Heat beet liquid [or water] until boiling; then add salt, sugar, and vinegar. Stir until dissolved. Add softened gelatine and dissolve. Cool until mixture is the consistency of syrup. Fold in vegetables and horseradish. Pour into moistened ring mold or individual molds for 6 servings.

This salad is delicious served with a generous round of cottage cheese flavored with chives.

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GRANDMA COX'S LAYER OR ONE PAN CAKE

This was Mother's favorite cake recipe. She made it all the time with her own orange icing (next recipe) and most particularly for all our birthdays. Again, I can find no one-egg cake recipes in my cook books so I'm glad I can pass on my grandmother's here. Anyone who ever had a slice of Mother's cake will probably thank me for doing so and there's a special treat waiting for all those people who have yet to taste it.

1 3/4 cups flour (sifted four times)
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt

If you use a bread flour take out 3 level tablespoons flour before adding baking powder and salt.

3/4 cup sugar, sifted
1 inch slice butter, Crisco, or margarine

Cream butter, then cream in sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg, and cream with sugar and butter. Add 3/4 cup milk gradually with flour mix to sugar, butter, and egg. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, vanilla or other flavoring as you like.

Bake in a greased 9-inch square cake pan or 2 layer cake pans or in muffin pans filled 2/3 full. Bake at 375 degrees F / 190 degrees C.

***

RUTH INGLE'S PURE ORANGE ICING

Mother listed this recipe as her own. It was Dad's favorite and I think everyone else's as well. Having put a good coating of raspberry jam between two layers of grandma's lemon-flavored cake, (birthday cakes were always layered), Mother would coat it generously with her icing. Boy did I love to lick the bowl. The orange peel in the icing is a killer.

2 cups sifted icing sugar
Butter the size of a big walnut

Cream together. Grate orange peel from an orange and add enough of the juice to make icing creamy to spread on cake.

***

CRUMB CAKE

This was my favorite cake as a child. Mother made it frequently from a recipe she found in a Five Roses flour cook book. Whether you use soured milk or not this is truly a cake for savoring both taste and texture. It's an excellent combination of sweetness, spices and dried fruits.

2 cups unbleached flour
3/4 cup butter or margarine
1 cup white sugar

Rub flour, butter and sugar to crumbs with your hands. Take out 1 cup crumbs for top of cake. Mix the remainder of the crumbs with:

1 egg
1 cup sour milk mixed with 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 cup raisins
1 cup currants

You can sour milk by adding a little vinegar or lemon juice to it. Combining the milk and soda keeps the cake from tasting of soda. The raisins and currants should be washed and drained on a paper towel.

Put batter in well-greased cake pan, cover with crumbs and bake at 350 to 375 degrees F / 180 to 190 degrees C until done.

***

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Mother made good pastry and she loved to make pies, all sorts of fruit pies and cream ones as well. There was one pie Mother made that was special -- she always made it for "my Freddie." Lemon meringue pie was my father's favorite and Mother made a great one. This is another recipe from her old cook book.

3 tablespoons cornstarch or 6 tablespoons flour
2/3 cup sugar
1 cup boiling water
2 yolks of eggs
1 teaspoon butter [or margarine]
4 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

1. Mix cornstarch or flour and sugar.
2. Add boiling water; stir and cook until there is no taste of raw starch.
3. Beat yolks of eggs; add to hot mixture, first adding a little cornstarch mixture to the eggs.
4. Cook over low heat until egg thickens; remove from heat.
5. Add butter, lemon juice and rind.
6. Cool a little; pour into baked shell.
7. Cover with meringue; bake in slow oven, 275 degrees F / 140 degrees C, until meringue is cooked and lightly browned.

MERINGUE:
2 whites of eggs
3 tablespoons fruit, icing or fine granulated sugar

1. Beat whites until stiff, using a wire beater.
2. Add sugar gradually.

***

FRED'S RHUBARB AND APPLE PIE

Dad recreated his original recipe of this pie for my cook book. He particularly likes pie and he wrote about this recipe that "I like a pie with a different flavor and this one mixes the tastes of the rhubarb and the apples very well."

2 cups sliced apples
2 cups cleaned and diced rhubarb
1 to 1 1/2 cups sugar (increase for greener/tarter fruits)
2 tablespoons unbleached flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Prepare pastry for two-crust pie (see recipe Page 3). Roll out half the pastry and line a 9-inch pie plate. Mix flour, sugar, salt and cinnamon and toss with the sliced apples and diced rhubarb. Fill the pastry-lined pie plate with the fruit and dot it with the butter or margarine. Roll out the remaining pastry, cut small slits or vents in center and place over fruit. Seal and flute the edges Bake in a hot 450 degree F / 230 degree C oven for 10 minutes. Then reduce heat to 350 degrees F / 180 degrees C and bake 35 to 40 minutes or until the crust is brown.

Dad was born in Leeds, in Yorkshire, on May 18, 1912, and came to Canada when he was 17. After arriving on the east coast he ended up riding the rails for a while during the Depression before finally finding work as a farm hand in the Ottawa valley. He later trained to be a baker in the bakery at Oxford Mills. Although cooking runs in the family (Dad's mother was a hotel cook before marrying) Dad made sure that Mother was the only cook in her kitchen. As an afterward to this recipe Dad wrote: "This will be a good pie but you may need to experiment with the sugar. Original recipes are an old practice since many women used to make up things from what ingredients they had on hand at the time. When I was in the bakery I started making round loaves with a small round loaf on the top and people seemed to like them and asked for them after I stopped making them. With some imagination you can do wonders."

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OATMEAL DATE COOKIES

Mother occasionally made this very old variety of oatmeal cookie and I liked them. I remember her using both round and rectangular, serrated-edged cookie cutters for these. Perhaps this may have been one of the "goodies" she made up north since she would have had access to all the ingredients, at least if she'd used shortening. I remember her telling me that each year the ship brought them shortening in large tins with tight lids.

1 cup butter, margarine, lard, or shortening
1 cup brown sugar
2 cups rolled oats or oatmeal
1/2 cup milk
1 3/4 cups unbleached flour
3 tablespoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt

1. Cream the butter; add sugar.
2. Add milk and rolled oats.
3. Add flour, sifted with baking powder and salt.
4. The dough should be very soft, chill thoroughly to stiffen the mixture.
5. Roll thin; cut with cookie cutter and place two cookies together, with the following date filling between; or cut with medium-sized round cutter, place filling on one-half of each, fold as a turn-over and press the edges down.
6. Bake in a moderate oven, 325 to 350 degrees F / 160 to 180 degrees C, about 15 minutes.

Note: If using [old fashioned] oats, then cookies are improved by putting rolling oats through meat chopper.

DATE FILLING:

1/2 pound dates
1 cup water
1/2 cup white or brown sugar

1. Wash and stone dates; add water and sugar.
2. Cook until mixture is thick; cool.

***

BAKED APPLES

Mother used apples in many ways for dessert. As a child I was particularly fond of her baked apples served piping hot on a cold winter day (you can top them with cream or custard sauce). This recipe is from her old cook book.

1. Wipe, core and score apples; place in baking dish.
2. Fill each center with sugar; add 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice or use cinnamon mixed with sugar (1 teaspoon cinnamon to 1 cup sugar); place a small piece of butter on each.
3. Pour water around [not over] apples, 2/3 cup water to 6 apples.
4. Bake in a moderate oven until soft, 30 to 45 minutes; baste every 10 minutes.
5. Lift out to serving dish; pour the juice over the apples.
6. Serve hot or cold.

***

BAKED RICE CUSTARD PUDDING

Mother's old cook book yielded what I consider to be the best recipe for rice pudding in the world. She made this all the time for me when I was a child and I continue to make it regularly all these many years later. By the way, I prefer the nutmeg.

1 1/2 cups white rice
1/2 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
2 or 3 eggs
3 cups milk (scalded in double boiler)
3/4 cup raisins
1 teaspoon vanilla
Sprinkle of nutmeg or cinnamon

1. Wash rice and drain. Place in pot with 3 cups cold water and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil, turn heat to lowest temperature, cover pot, and let cook 15 minutes or until rice absorbs water.
2. Wash raisins and drain.
3. Combine all ingredients in a greased casserole or baking dish.
4. Place dish in oven in a larger dish with warm water in it.
5. Bake at 350 degrees F / 180 degrees C till set.

[Note: Depending on the particular rice you are using, vary cooking instructions as listed on package.]

***

LEMON PUDDING

Dad remembered this recipe. This was one of Mother's truly great desserts. I'm sure you've realized by now Mother had a special fondness for dessert. Our lives were rich with all the sweetened treats she served us through the years. Just as the grated rind in Mother's orange icing gives it an intensely enjoyable taste, so, too, does the lemon rind in this pudding.

2 eggs, separated
1 cup milk
1 cup white sugar
1 tablespoon unbleached flour
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon
1/4 teaspoon salt

Mix egg yolks, flour, salt, sugar, milk and lemon. Add beaten egg whites to above mixture. Put in buttered dish. Put dish in oven in tin half-filled with warm water. Bake half an hour in moderate [325 to 350 degree F / 160 to 180 degree C] oven. This has the effect of cake on top and custard underneath.

This was the last recipe I used in my cook book. I noted that Mother made good food a mainstay of our lives. I concluded: "She loved through the cooking she shared with her family and friends. Let that sense of love continue to live on in each recipe fondly remembered in these pages."

***

LOVE AND GENEROSITY

As you can see from the pages of this book, Ruth (Cox) Ingle's life was always shaped by generosity and a love for others. Throughout her life she continued to share her home, her food and her love with her friends and family. Fred and Ken were both beneficiaries of the kindness of her nature.

Along with those cups of tea, sandwiches and baking which Ruth always offered to visitors there would often be discussions about the earlier times in the mission schools. Prior to her marriage they were the major events of Ruth's life. She wrote endless letters to former staff members and was always glad to see former students when they came to visit.

While the Ingles lived in town our door was always open to the staff from Shingwauk and they were welcome to join in whatever we might be doing. You might get handed a hoe if Fred was in the garden; everyone had a good time. For many years Ruth also participated in the annual Women's Auxiliary bazaar and tea which was held in the auditorium of the school. She made things for sale, baked and took over her china cups and embroidered tablecloths to help set the tables for tea. We went to church in the Bishop Fauquier Chapel and Ken studied for confirmation with the native children. Bishop Wright confirmed everyone together in the chapel on May 20, 1954.

In later years Ruth and Fred attended Algoma University College's homecomings, meeting old friends and sharing good memories. Slowly, over time, Ruth, the Hayeses, the McLeans and the Wrights have all passed on but Shingwauk Hall and the chapel still speak to their memory.

Fred's continuing involvement with Algoma University College is simply carrying on the work that so much shaped his and Ruth's lives. We, Fred and Ken, are both glad that we can be part of the College's effort to reshape itself into Shingwauk University which will be an independent First Nations/Canadian cross-cultural university committed to serving both native and non-native communities. We wish them every success.

Ken and Fred B. Ingle
Waterloo and Desbarats, Ontario
February, 1998

FAMILIES

Farming In The Thirties

A Remembrance

Fred B. Ingle

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IN MEMORIAM

Fred B. Ingle

May 18, 1912

to

July 11, 1998

From an allotment in Yorkshire

To his home in MacLennan

Dad was always a gardener

Introduction

When my father arrived in Canada early in the Great Depression, he was a seventeen-year-old immigrant from a poor home in Leeds, Yorkshire, England. For much of the thirties he worked as a hired hand on farms near Oxford Mills in the Ottawa valley. What follows is his personal remembrance of life in those times. It grew out of a series of letters we wrote back and forth to each other in the late 1980s while I was a mature student at the University of Waterloo. I was working on a degree in independent study and developing my own learning program focusing on alternate agriculture and horticulture. Farming in the thirties was more than relevant.

My father is a retired machinist but he's lived on his own farm east of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, for more than thirty years. A widower for the last three years, he still grows his own fresh vegetables as well as strawberries, raspberries and gooseberries. He tends to the perennials my mother loved so much and raises a few annuals to go with them. In a small greenhouse he built himself, he starts his own flowers and vegetables from seed. Indoors, he grows a variety of houseplants and is particularly fond of geraniums.

Now in his mid-eighties, Dad lets neighbours plant the big garden he used to tend. But he has a kitchen garden beside the house and our Sunday phone calls are full of details about it. This year the strawberries were good but the radishes were all tops. The coons got the corn again -- somehow they always know a day before Dad when it's ready. But, despite a cold, wet growing season in the north, lots of tomatoes still managed to ripen on the plants he raised from seed.

For Dad, a summer without fresh food from his garden just wouldn't be a summer at all. The lessons of the thirties linger long.

Ken Ingle
Waterloo, Ontario,
September 1996.

1

The Farm

The typical farm in the Ottawa valley in the late 1930s contained between one hundred and two hundred acres and could grow enough produce to feed the farm family plus ten other people, or so we were told at that time.

A mixed farm would have ten to twelve milking cows, one hundred or so hens, two breeding sows, four working horses and one driving horse, and probably a few turkeys. The farmers would grow oats, barley, buckwheat, timothy hay, red or white clover, alfalfa and lots of corn.

2

On The Land

Most farmers grew grain every year, either oats or barley or both. Most of the time we used our own seed but had to take it to the grist mill to be cleaned of any weed seeds that might be in it.

The bulk of the work in the fields was done by hand or with horse power. The farmer would have a one-furrow walking plough, a Massey Harris binder, a one-horse rake, a set of spring tooth harrows, a set of drag harrows and maybe a set of single discs.

Money was hard to come by in those days so sometimes two or three farmers would go together to buy a seeder and mower between them and would help each other at seeding and haying times. Farm machines were just beginning to come into use and they were not that good so lots of farmers were sceptical about them and preferred the old ways of doing things.

The old farmers believed in fall ploughing and spring planting except for fall wheat which was planted in the fall and began to grow as soon as the snow went. Only a few farmers grew wheat in our area and only the fall-seeded kinds.

The farmers used two depths when they were ploughing. The normal depth was between four and six inches but sometimes they ploughed from six to ten inches deep, depending on the type of soil and what they were ploughing. If the land was light and sandy, you ploughed shallow so that you did not bring up the sandy subsoil. But if you were ploughing corn stubble, you would plough much deeper in order to cover it with sufficient soil.

You could have three or four different kinds of soil in different fields or even in one field. So, when you were ploughing, you had to be sure you kept the top soil on top. Ploughing with a one-furrow walking plough was like riding a bicycle -- you had to keep the team going straight and, at the same time, keep the plough at the right width and depth. Once you got the first furrow ploughed, one horse would walk in that furrow and that helped a lot to keep the furrows even as you went along.

As soon as we could get on the land in the spring, the manure would be spread. We used wide manure forks to load up the wagon, drove it out to the field and then spread the manure by hand.

The land was worked up using the disc harrows or the spring tooth harrows and finished with the drag harrows to smooth out the

soil and make it ready for planting. If a field had a lot of weeds the farmer would sow it in buckwheat because it grows quite thick and smothers most weeds.

A lot of farmers believed in leaving each field, in turn, fallow once every seven years. They would plough and work it and leave it until the next year. It would give the field a rest and the following year the crop would usually be good. Once in a while a crop of alfalfa or clover was grown and ploughed under to make what was called green manure.

When a grain crop was sown, grass seed was sown with it and, after the grain was harvested, the field was kept for hay the following year and maybe a few years afterward. Some fields were kept for pasture for the cows and, as the grass began to run out, those fields were ploughed up and grain and grass grown on them and then they could be used for hay or pasture again.

When corn was grown for silage, the corn stubble was ploughed under after the corn was harvested and the farmer would probably grow potatoes or some other crop on that field the next year and corn on the field where the potatoes had been grown the year before.

During the time the hay and grain were growing we used to walk through the fields and pick out any weeds, especially mustard. Mustard is like twitch grass, it spreads very fast and crowds out other crops.

We also went through the potato patch and knocked the potato bugs off the leaves into a can containing coal oil. Potatoes were grown in a different location every year and every few years seed potatoes would be traded with another farmer a few miles away. This kept the seed from running out and each farmer had new seed.

The farmer had to make sure he had enough land for pasture and enough land for hay each year to feed the number of cattle he had and also enough land to grow the other crops he needed. Depending on the acreage and the size of the fields, he had to figure out how to do this. So, he not only had to know how to farm, he had to be a mathematician as well because, if he made a mistake or the weather was against him the next year, he could be in big trouble.

3

Haying

The hay was cut and raked into windrows, then made into big coils and left to dry for a while. A team of horses and a wagon with a large, homemade hay rack on it were used to bring in the hay.

You would drive into the hay field up to the first coil of hay and stop while a man on the ground pitched on the coil. The driver would spread it around the hay rack and then drive up to the next coil. However, if the coils were close together, the man on the ground could pitch on two or three coils before you moved again. It was quite an art to be able to build a big load of hay so that it was even all the way around and wouldn't fall apart before you got to the barn.

The hay was brought to the barn, the team unhitched and hitched on to a rope that was used to pull the hay up on a big hay fork. One man (or the farmer's wife or one of the children) would drive the team while the other man was spreading the hay in the haymow and sprinkling coarse salt on every load. This was to stop internal combustion, as many barns full of hay burned down when salt had not been used.

One year we had a surplus of hay so we built a stack in the middle of the barnyard and, all winter long, when the cows were let out to drink at the trough, they would eat some of the hay. By springtime the stack was gone; what the cows hadn't eaten, they had trampled underfoot and we had some extra manure to spread that year. We didn't use any commercial fertilizer so this extra manure was a big help.

Making Silage

We grew enough corn to fill the silo after the corn was cut up. The silage would be fed to the cattle from the bottom of the silo inside the cow stable.

After the corn ripened it was usually cut by hand with a sickle, tied and stooked in the field. Later it was brought to the silo where it was chopped up by machine and blown inside where two men would tramp it down. There was a big, flexible pipe hanging down inside the silo and attached to the machine outside. One of the men would move the pipe around so that the silage would evenly cover all the inside of the silo. In those days we never heard of anyone being gassed in a silo while filling it.

Not all farmers grew corn as there were not as many silos then as there are now. To feed corn from the stooks was wasteful as the cows would leave all the hard stalks and some of the dried leaves whereas they would eat all the silage.

The Harvest

If the farmer had a binder he would drive into the grain field and cut one row all the way around the fence, going the wrong way so that he could cut the grain as close to the fence as possible. He would then go the other way and continue until he had the whole field cut. The machine would throw out the sheaves already tied as he went around. His wife, or one or more of the children, would stook up the grain as he was cutting, eight to ten sheaves to a stook. These were left for a day or two to dry out and then brought in on a hay wagon and put in the barn.

If a farmer did not have a binder he would probably cut the grain with the mower and bring it in loose like hay, or make a deal with a farmer who had a binder to cut the grain for him. You can lose a lot of grain when you cut it with a mower, you have to handle it too many times before it is threshed.

One day our binder broke down so we finished cutting the grain using the old cradle, bound it by hand and stooked it in the field. A cradle is like a big grass scythe only it has a slatted part fastened to it that catches the grain as you hand cut it. You had to learn how to use a cradle and it took a long time before you became proficient.

If the local thresher and his machine were ready to do threshing, the machine would be set up and the grain would be threshed with some of the neighbours helping and their wives doing the cooking for the men. The thresher was a local farmer who did this to earn some extra money. He was sometimes paid in grain and sold it to get his money.

The harvest meals were mostly meat and potato meals with one or two vegetables and pie for dessert. Everything was homemade -- no additives in those meals.

The grain would be bagged in 100-pound bags and stored in the granary; the straw would either be made into a stack outside or put in a haymow in the barn. Straw from grain did not have to be salted as, when grain is ripe and ready to cut, the stalks are very dry.

We had a dry spring one year and the hay crop was scarce but we had a good supply of straw from the previous year so once in a while we fed the cows a meal of straw on which we sprinkled molasses mixed with water. The cows seemed to like it and we were able to get through the winter without trouble.

Feeding The Animals

We had barley and oats ground at the grist mill for feed. Cows were fed a little ground oats and barley along with clover and alfalfa. The horses were fed whole oats and barley, and timothy hay. Ground buckwheat made a good pig feed. Wheat, oats, barley and buckwheat were fed to the poultry without being ground.

Most farmers had a dog or dogs and also cats but they weren't pets. The dog was trained to handle the cows and the cats were kept to keep the mice down. They usually slept in the cow stable as it was nice and warm in there, but in the summer they stayed out of doors.

They were fed lots of milk and table scraps but we never bought special food for them. They were well looked after as they were contributing to the success of the farm. Everybody, including the animals, was there for a purpose, otherwise they would not have been there.

7

Feeding The Family

Every farm had a kitchen garden which was the sole domain of the housewife. It was for things like onions, radishes, tomatoes, etc., that the farm wife could easily get for a meal. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbages, etc., were grown in the field and stored in the basement for the winter. We grew beans and dried them but not peas; we grew peas but ate them as fast as we grew them.

Some of the older farmers believed in growing certain crops together because they believed some things complemented each other. They used to grow various herbs in the vegetable garden to keep some of the bugs, etc., away from the vegetables.

Some farms had a small apple orchard which produced enough for the family plus some to give away or trade at the village store along with eggs and homemade butter. We traded for tea, sugar, etc. We sold pigs, cows, calves, steers and stove wood. All the houses were heated with wood stoves then and some farms did not have woodlots.

We bought white flour for baking but sometimes we had buckwheat ground so that we could make buckwheat pancakes.

Wild berries were picked by the basketful. Some were made into jam and pies and the rest were preserved. We bought peaches and pears and the farmers' wives put down all kinds of fruits and berries, mostly by cooking and bottling them. There were usually shelves full of preserved fruit in every basement.

The farmer had his own meat, beef and pork, as well as poultry. It was almost always smoked or cured with salt and brown sugar, although some women did cook and bottle some. We had no electricity and therefore no refrigeration so you couldn't keep meat for very long, that's why we cured and bottled it. The odd farmer would have an ice house but that meant a lot of extra work, cutting ice on the river in the wintertime. The meat only kept a certain length of time anyhow so most farmers wouldn't be bothered; they had enough work to do, both summer and winter.

Poultry was kept all year round and a fowl dinner could be had at any time, all you had to do was to go out to the hen house and select a chicken or turkey. Once in a while one of the farmers would kill a steer and we would be able to buy a quarter of beef and have fresh beef for a change.

14

Learning From The Past

The farm family was rich in property in those days but poor financially. However, this never stopped them from having a good life. I believe people were happier and healthier then and they never missed the things they couldn't afford.

They worked hard and often for long hours but they had lots of good plain food which was pure and not adulterated like most of the food we eat today. Medical science has advanced tremendously over the past sixty years but we now have diseases that we never had before so modern man is no better off than the farmer of the thirties.

I think we are slowly killing ourselves and our world by disregarding nature. We have to stop polluting the atmosphere and also the food we eat. Our hospitals are full to overflowing and people today take millions of pills for all their ailments.

I believe if we could get back to eating the good plain food our ancestors used to eat, stopped smoking and worked a little harder or exercised more, we would be a lot happier and healthier.

13

Socializing And Sharing

It wasn't all work in those days. In the summer people would travel for miles sometimes to pick wild berries, two or three families together. They would have picnics and people would come from miles around and spend the whole day having races and ball games and eating fabulous meals supplied by the farmers' wives. There were no barbecues in those days and I don't remember having mayonnaise, they did not go in for salads. However, there were lots of pies, all different, as each lady would bring her own special ones. You could have a piece of half a dozen different pies if you could eat that much.

In the wintertime there were musicals, card parties, school plays and lots of dances. We used to dance all night until three or four in the morning and then drive home in time to change clothes and start the day's chores.

We had fail fairs, school fairs, ploughing matches and turkey suppers. There could be church teas and socials any time.

Most farmers were too busy to go visiting each other but they helped each other at all times. If a farmer took sick and couldn't put his crop in he didn't have to worry as his neighbours would get together one day and his crop would be put in for him, no charge; this is the way people were in those days. Most farmers went to church every Sunday and they went by the golden rule: if a farmer needed help you helped him, no questions asked and no reward looked for.

One or two farmers would keep a bull or a boar to service the cows and pigs in the district and you had to take your cow or sow to his farm for service when they were in heat. I do not know what they charged but it would not have been much as money was scarce. They could even have made a trade somehow as there was a lot of trading in those days. You do something for me and I will do something else for you, no money changing hands.

12

Taxes, Roadwork And Cars

Each farmer had to put in so many days of road work every year and this would reduce his property tax. The ditches were cleaned out and the country roads built up with fresh gravel. Property taxes in those days were very low but so were wages -- about twenty or twenty-five cents an hour. A man and a team of horses working a ten-hour day would probably be credited with about five dollars for every day worked.

Farming communities in those days were pretty well sufficient unto themselves. They had everything they needed in the village store or stores. Most villages had a carpenter and a blacksmith shop and one store would usually sell gasoline, white gas and coal oil. The gasoline had be pumped by hand into a large glass container on top of the pump and then gravity fed into the Model T Ford, etc.

We had buggies for summer driving and cutters for the winter and we often used them instead of the car. Most farmers had an old car of some kind but they were used sparingly. If they went thirty or forty miles, that was considered a day's journey. The roads were not built for speed and neither were the cars. The tires had tubes in them and they were of very poor quality so you were always having flat tires and had to learn how to patch a tube so that it wouldn't leak again. The farmers were used to this as they did all the repairs on the farm and often had to make a part by hand in order to carry on.

Also, once in a while a farmer would invent something for a specific job and he would be the only one to have that article. Some of these one-of-a-kind items might now be in agricultural museums along with other interesting articles from earlier times.

11

Farm Medicine

A lot of farmers used to make their own medicines for various ailments from bark from certain trees, leaves and roots which they would crush or boil and drink the liquid. I wish now that I had kept a written record of the things they used, it would be quite interesting.

I once got my head split open playing hockey on an open air rink which we made ourselves. I didn't go to a doctor so Mrs. Francis (the farmer's wife) put sheep tallow on the cut until it healed. It was never stitched and you can hardly see the scar on my forehead.

We didn't go to doctors much in those days. First of all, we couldn't afford the cost and, secondly, we had a lot of home remedies that worked and we got to depend on them. Living on the farm, eating good wholesome food and working hard kept us pretty healthy and, unless we had an accident, we didn't need a doctor. We were out in all kinds of weather, summer and winter, but rarely got a cold and, if we did, it didn't last long.

For a chest cold we used olive oil and turpentine mixed together. I can't remember just what the proportions were but it worked. For a sore throat we gargled with salt water and took a little pure honey four or five times a day. There was a homemade cough medicine. I don't remember all the ingredients but they included slices of turnip and brown sugar. They were cooked in the oven and turned into a thick syrup and it also worked.

We did buy a few things from the drug store but only a few as they didn't have all the drugs they have now. The druggist in those days knew about as much as a doctor and we often got information from him on what to use for various ailments.

They also used to use camphor and camphorated oil quite a lot in those days. Sulphur and molasses were taken in spring to clean the blood.

The usual wage was $10 per month plus room and board, including laundry. Sometimes the room and board was substandard and some hired hands were treated like slaves. I was lucky, I always seemed to choose the good places; if I hadn't, I wouldn't have stayed long.

The children got as much schooling as they could absorb. That is why the farmers had hired hands, so their children could get an education. You will find a lot of prominent people today who were born and raised on a farm. If they had had to stay home and do the work the hired hands did, they would not have been able to get the education they got.

10

Chores

Most farmers got up between 4:30 and 5:00 a.m., fed the cows and horses and did the milking by hand -- no milking machines in those days. In the summer the whole milk was put into large cans and taken to the local cheese factory by horse and cart. After the milk was emptied at the factory, the cans were filled with whey and brought back to the farm to be fed to the pigs. Whey is a residue of cheese making. It is a brown liquid and you could make butter out of it; I've eaten whey butter. In the winter the cream was separated and either taken to the creamery once a week or used to make homemade butter in the old-fashioned churn.

After milking came breakfast which could be any or a lot of the following: oatmeal porridge, bacon, eggs (mostly fried), ham, fried potatoes, pancakes, toast and coffee. Bear in mind the farmer had done half a day's work before breakfast and he was hungry. All meals were heavy food, nothing fancy but good nourishing meals.

I don't remember us eating before going to bed. Getting up so early, we were usually in bed by 9:00 to 9:30 p.m. There was no TV then but most people had a radio run by a battery.

Everyone, including the farm wives, worked at anything that had to be done on the farm. As already mentioned, in addition to keeping the homes and caring for their children, the women tended the kitchen gardens and helped their husbands with many of their farm duties as needed.

Children grew up fast on the farm in the old days; they had chores to do both before and after school. They fed the hens and collected the eggs, helped with the milking when they were old enough and helped in the kitchen garden along with other farm work.

The girls helped in the house and learned to cook and sew while the boys learned to plough and look after the horses and farm stock. By the time a boy was twelve or thirteen he would be able to do almost anything on the farm except the really heavy work.

Almost every farm had a hired hand and most of the time they were treated as one of the family. Once in a while they were treated badly and not paid their wages and some farmers made them pay for anything that was broken, regardless of whether they broke it or not.

A farmer would buy a whole cheese from the cheese factory and store it in the basement. This cheese would weigh anywhere from fifty to one hundred pounds and would last just about all winter. I believe it was cheddar. It was a hard cheese, not like the soft cheese you get now. It would be stored in the cheese box it came in.

Apples were kept in a barrel in the basement. We grew our own apples and most were good keepers. Root crops such as potatoes were kept in the basement in slotted bins. Cabbage, cauliflower and any greens were hard to keep for any length of time so they were used up quickly. Some farmers made sauerkraut if they had a lot of cabbage but not many cared for it.

Most farm basements were full of good things to eat which kept very well as the basements were unheated.

8

Drawing On The Woodlot

Many farms had a woodlot or bush as we knew it. Each year we would walk through the bush and mark any trees that were dead or dying. In the winter we would cut them down and see how many cords we had. Then we would cut other trees to make up what we needed. We used to cut about fifty to sixty cords of wood each winter but we had lots of bush at that time so we never worried if we cut a few extra.

We cut in log lengths which were brought on double sleighs and piled behind the house. They were cut with a two-man crosscut saw and the limbs trimmed with an axe. This was heavy work and kept the farmer busy most of the winter because he still had his milking to do and stock to look after.

Sometime during the late winter or early spring the sawyer would come around with his big circular saw and machine and we would get the neighbours to help saw the logs and stack them in cords. One cord was eight feet long by four feet wide by four feet high in those days and that's what we delivered when we sold a cord. Like the thresher, the sawyer was a farmer who sawed logs to make some extra money.

We also cut logs to be made into rough lumber which we used to repair the farm buildings as we did all our own repairs and made spare parts for the farm wagons, etc. We had a buggy, cutter, milk wagon, hay wagon, double set of sleighs and a stone boat, all of which needed wood when they had to be repaired. The big water trough in the barnyard which the stock drank from was also made of wood and had to be repaired and sometimes replaced.

The Farmhouse

The wood for the stoves was always cut one year ahead of time to give it time to dry out. Most farm houses were heated with wood stoves. The main stove was in the kitchen; it was a big kitchen range with a large oven and a warming oven on the top. There was a reservoir on the side where water was heated.

Water was piped in to the hand pump on the kitchen sink. The toilet, which was an outhouse, was out in the backyard.

Coal oil lamps were used for lighting and it was the daily chore of the farm wife, or one of the children, to clean the globes and fill the lamps with oil. White gas was used in gas lanterns which some people used instead of coal oil as they gave a whiter light. They had a mantle in them and you had to pump air into the gas container. Most farmers considered them dangerous.

Chimneys were built only part way down and the stove pipes used to go up through the first floor to the second floor and then into the chimney. Bedrooms were not heated and on a cold winter morning it was good to get into the cow stable which was always nice and warm.