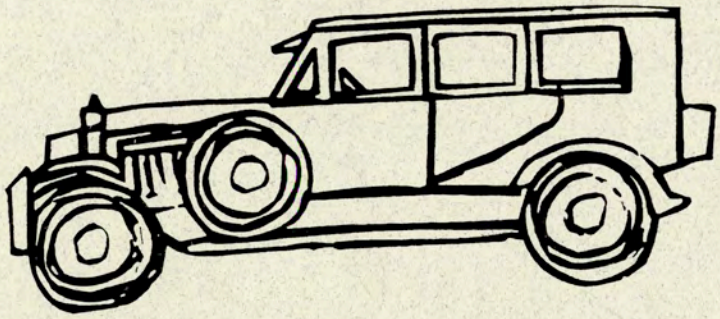

A Yorkshireman In Canada

Reminiscences In Prose and Poetry

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

He was always a gardener

Farming In The Thirties

A Remembrance

Fred B. Ingle

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 several years in 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

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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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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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.

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.

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.

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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.

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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.

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 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.

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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.

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.

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.

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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.

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.

Poems And Songs

Fred B. Ingle

and

Ruth A. Ingle

Afterword

I sent the first copy of the preceding material to Dad as a gift. I think I printed out a half dozen or so copies of it for him. He was pleased that what had started out as correspondence between us had grown into a small booklet of memories that he could share with a few of his friends.

In expanding the book to its present size I left the format for the first section exactly as we did it two years ago. Some things you just don't change. I assumed that in opening the book you'd note the information about the previous publication of that section on the copyright page or at least see the **IN MEMORIAM** and realize that you were reading an introduction that did not reflect the current reality of things.

Dad died of bladder cancer in the Plummer Hospital in the Sault this summer. He'd been fighting it on and off for 14 years, more recently along with kidney and prostate cancer as well. In the last few years he experienced extended periods of extreme illness in hospital alternating with periods of fully active life, particularly for a man in his eighties.

Dad didn't surrender to anything, including illness. He fought back ferociously. He kept up his garden and his community service work, carpet bowled every week and visited his many friends in the country. He also wrote periodic letters to the editor for *The Sault Star*. He battled in particular against government unfairness to seniors.

Early this summer Dad had planned a motor trip to Ottawa to share a strawberry social with Anglican Church friends, followed by visits to other friends in Oxford Mills and Winchester and then to members of Mother's family who live just north of Toronto in Markham and Uxbridge. After that he planned on coming over to visit me here in Waterloo and would probably have gone home via the Tobermorry ferry and Manitoulin Island.

And that was only for starters. Dad planned to spend the summer delivering meals on wheels to shut-in seniors in the country. Dad lived every second of his life right to the end.

I'm glad this edition of his book can include the two new sections that follow. I know he would have been pleased that he could share those aspects of his life with others. Sharing was his way of life.

Ken Ingle
Waterloo, Ontario
September 1998

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 many 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 before 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 -- for both my parents -- and they 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

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

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

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.

Fred B. Ingle
Shingwauk School
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.

Ruth A. Ingle
Shingwauk School
March, 1940

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

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)

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

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.

"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

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

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.

Fred B. Ingle
(Published in *The Sault Daily Star* in 1940)

THINGS I LOVE

I love to see the sunshine cause it makes the flowers grow
I love to watch the raindrops as they pitter patter go
I love to hear the birds singing in the trees, but best of all
I love to answer yes when I hear my Saviour call!

Ruth A. Ingle

DO IT NOW

It isn't the prayer that you oft repeat
Or the way that you sing the hymn,
Not even the organ so soft and sweet
Will help you to go out and win.

It isn't because you think you should
Or because you only begin,
Or because you would if you only could
It's because you do it you win.

Ruth A. Ingle

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

The above poem and the one on the preceding page were found among the Ingle poetry manuscripts in Ruth's handwriting.

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.

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.

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 hand
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]

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.

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

UNTITLED

If you were only here with me
Just for a little while
If I could hear your voice again
And see your tender smile
If I could hold you in my arms
And kiss your lips again
I'd count it all worthwile my dear
And this would not be in vain.

Ruth A. Ingle
October 26, 1943

Respectfully Dedicated to My Wife

THE ONE I LOVE

I left her with a tender kiss
A smile upon my face
And now I'm far away I miss
Her sweetness and her grace.

I feel her arms around me now
Her lips pressed close to mine
No other one can be somehow
So tender, true, and fine.

She is the one who shared my joy
My sorrows and my tears
And now she's waiting with my boy
For me, though it be years.

So when at last this strife is o'er
And this great battle won
She'll meet and greet me at the door
And say, "My dear, well done."

She knows I'm thinking of her too
And that she's all my life
She knows that I'll always be true
She knows, cause she's my wife.

She's mine to have, to hold, to love
I'm sure a lucky guy
And now I swear, by God above
I'll love her till I die.

This isn't much of a poem darling but the thoughts come straight from my heart and I hope you like it. I love you sweet and always will so get well quick darling and that will make me happy.

Lovingly yours, Fred
In England 1944

should want to part and find new partners for their lives.

Marriage is a partnership and we each have to sacrifice in order to make the other partner happy. Unless people are willing and really want to do this then they should never marry as the thing that makes a happy marriage is the sharing together of everything: poverty, happiness, success and sorrow. We have had a tough time darling since we were married and you are still having a tough time without me there to love and comfort you but one of these days things will be different sweet and we will be able to look back on this period and it will be like a bad dream. I once told you darling that I didn't find true happiness until I married you and I meant every word of it and still do.

Your love and devotion have made me a better man and I honestly believe I would have strayed from the straight and narrow path over here if I hadn't been thinking of you so much. I couldn't do anything to hurt you darling, even if I am 4,000 miles away from you so you see darling your love and devotion makes me able to hold up my head knowing that I am still the same loving husband who left you last year and I will still be the same when I return; if I was anything else I could never come back sweet for you would be better off without me.

I wish some of these boys could see all this the way I do and until all people think and feel this way we will never have peace in the world.

Well darling, I haven't actually told you much news, have I, but I wanted you to know the way I feel. Sometimes I don't write much to you but I'm still thinking of you the way I do now and longing so much to be with you darling. The time goes by so slow over here and I get so fed up with all this useless life. I miss your love and care; I miss seeing you and talking things over with you in the evening; I miss helping you around the house, fixing things that get broken and planning things we can do together; I miss wee Ken running around and chattering away to himself all the time and there are so many things I miss that I am going to have a wonderful time when I come home as I won't miss them any more: they will be all there for the rest of my life.

All the boys miss these things from their own lives and that's why some of them get so fed up that they just don't care and they decide they can't do without some of those things. That's why there were 52,000 illegitimate children born in this country in one year since the war began.

To me, that means there are that many innocent children who can't take the name of their fathers and those poor children will suffer all their lives because their parents had no morals and no faith in God.

That's enough for now sweet but always remember no matter what happens, I will come back to you the same as I left you, loving you as much as ever. All my love to you darling.

Lovingly your
Fred

x x x x x Ruth x x x x x Ken

#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

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.

Fred B. Ingle

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.

Fred B. Ingle

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

"Broken Promises"

WALTZ SONG

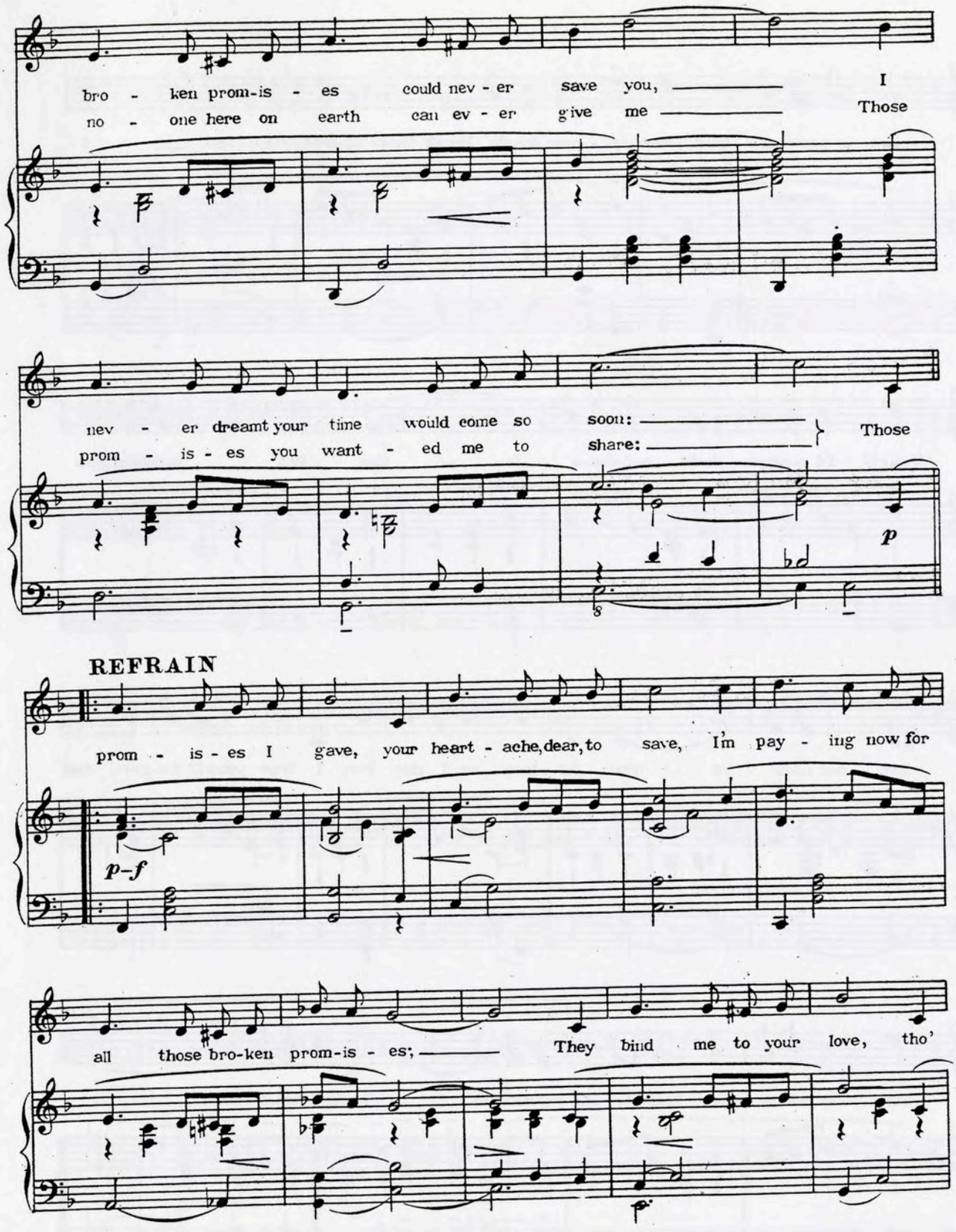
WORDS BY
F. B. INGLE

MUSIC BY
JULIAN WRIGHT

PRICE
6D
NET.

Julian Wright

PARAMOUNT MUSIC Co. LTd
9, DENMARK STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2.


bro - ken prom-is - es could nev - er save you, I
no - one here on earth can ev - er give me Those
nev - er dreamt your time would come so soon: Those
prom - is - es you want - ed me to share:
p
REFRAIN
prom - is - es I gave, your heart - ache, dear, to save, I'm pay - ing now for
p-f
all those bro-ken prom-is - es; They bind me to your love, tho'

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.

Sept. 16, 1954

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.

WHY?

Why should I love you, you're breaking my heart,
Why should I miss you when we are apart,
I keep on crying, but you're never near,
No use denying, I love you my dear.
I keep on praying and hoping some day
You'll stop your straying and come back my way,
Why did you leave me, oh why did we part,
Why should I love you, you're breaking my heart.

Why should I love you, you're breaking my heart,
Why should I want you when we're far apart,
You made me lonely, so lonely and blue,
I love you only, but you never knew.
You left me sighing and crying in vain,
Why can't you love me and come back again,
Why do you haunt me, Oh why did we part,
Why do I love you, you're breaking my heart.

Nobody loves me and nobody cares,
Now that you've said goodbye,
You never answer my earnest prayers,
Darling, I wonder why?

Things I Have Done So Far

Fred. B. Ingle

UNTITLED

My darling now you've found me, put you arms around me,
Hold me close and you will see,
My love will keep on growing, and forever showing,
That's how happy I will be.

When down the aisle we're walking, and the folks are talking,
And the bells ring out with glee,
I'll say I do my darling, I'll be true my darling,
That's how happy I will be,
That's how happy I will be.

My darling, my darling I love you,
I could say it many times more,
My darling, my darling, I love you,
Has been said so often before.

In March 1930 I, as a seventeen year old, along with a lot of other people from the United Kingdom, sailed into the harbour at St. John, New Brunswick, to begin what we all hoped would be a new and prosperous life in our adopted country, CANADA.

There were no bands playing, no government MPs to welcome us, from now on we were on our own and little did we realize what we would encounter over the coming years. The first thing that surprised me was the amount of snow on the ground. Out in the country you could just see the tops of the fence posts. I had never seen so much snow in my life and began to wonder just what kind of a country I had come to. What I didn't know was that I had landed in the middle of a depression. Millions of people were out of work, thousands of men were riding the rails from one town to another looking for jobs which did not exist.

Being a stranger in a strange land, speaking with a definite British accent and not knowing what to expect from one day to the next put me at a distinct disadvantage. When my money ran out I did what a lot of other men were doing, I rode the rails and lived the best way I could until I could find a job of some kind; right then I did not care what it was.

I met another fellow from England who was in the same situation as me and we decided to travel together and help each other.

I found out later that he was fed up and wanted to go to Montreal and try to get a job on a cattle boat and so get back to England. In those days live cattle were shipped to England by boat and it was sometimes possible to get a job on the boat looking after the cattle and so get back to England and get paid at the same time.

We went to Montreal but found out there would be no cattle boats going for a long time so we came back to Ontario. In order to eat we used to knock on doors and ask the people if they had any work we could do for them in exchange for a meal. If they had any work we would do it no matter what it was and sometimes even if they had no work they would feed us just because we were willing to work.

We had a very scary time in a small town in Quebec, before we got back into Ontario. We knocked on the back door of a house and when the lady came I asked her if she had any work we could do. She did not answer me but made a motion for us to wait while she went back into the kitchen. The next thing we knew a police car came rushing up to the house and two policemen got out and, with

In His Own Words

Dad used to tell such great stories about his life in Canada, I often thought I should get him to write them down. However, it wasn't until last year that I finally got around to suggesting to him that he ought to do so.

In *Farming In The Thirties* Dad had explored life on the farm during the Depression but he hadn't talked very much about himself. That's what I now wanted him to put down on paper. Dad didn't say anything when I suggested he should write a bit of an autobiography and then I didn't think any more about it myself. Sadly, Dad took sick in late May of this year and was gone within only a few weeks. After his death I simply accepted that his stories about his past would have to live on in the memories of those of us he'd shared them with.

I should have known better.

I found my parents' poems in the preceding section of this book in bits and pieces in various places among their personal papers as I sorted through them during the late summer. The story that follows turned up in one of many brown envelopes I went through as I rediscovered my past. However, the contents of this particular envelope took my breath away.

Dad had written out his life story by hand and then begun a light editing of it as he typed it out for me. He'd only gotten about halfway through the typing and his original manuscript does end a bit abruptly (I've filled that in for him at the end) but what is here is just as I remember him telling us all. And there's so much more.

On March 19, 1930, on board the S.S. Duchess of Atholl, Dad was presented with a brown-covered copy of the Holy Bible by Lord Eustace Percy, MP. The inscription from Bernard Turner, Lieutenant-Commissioner (Director of Migration) reads: "Presented to Fred Ingle on leaving the Old Land for Overseas. The Staff of the Migration and Settlement Department wish you every success in your 'Adventure'."

Now, please turn the page and read what happened after the ship docked.

Ken Ingle
Waterloo, Ontario
September 1998

exhibition games at some of the picnics they had in the country villages at that time.

I remember driving out to one of those picnics in an old Grey Dort car which had a canvas top and side curtains on it. In those days all the roads were gravel and sometimes very rough and bumpy. We had our coach with us and we hit a big hole in the road which caused the coach to jump up and hit his head on one of the wooden ribs on the canvas top. It knocked him out. We had to stop on the roadside, get him out of the car and bring him round before we could go on to the ball game. Fortunately, all he ended up with was a bad headache.

In the winter we built a skating rink and begged, borrowed but did not steal enough material to build a rink shack. We wanted people of the village to have somewhere to skate, something they had never had before and we needed a rink to play hockey. There were no government handouts then; if you wanted something you got it any way you could which often meant making it yourself. Not many people had any money and bartering was a way of life. The farmers took their eggs and home made butter etc., to the village store and traded them for flour, tea etc., the staples of life.

There was a story about a farmer who smoked a pipe and his wife who objected to his smoking. He used to get his pipe tobacco and tell the store keeper to put it down on the bill as nails. One day his wife came to him for some nails since she needed some and couldn't find any. The farmer couldn't find any either so his wife went into the house and came out with a handful of bills from the store and said "according to these bills you should have over fifty pounds of nails somewhere around here." I don't think she ever let him forget that for the rest of his life. So you see, it pays to be honest, especially with your wife.

It was early summer when I first went to Oxford Mills and one Sunday afternoon some of the young people asked me if I would like to go swimming in the river that ran through the village. They had built a dock down by one farmer's field and when we got there I discovered none of them could swim. They used to play around in the shallow part of the river and they told me they couldn't swim because no one had ever shown them how to. I had been taught to swim in England, had obtained three certificates and one for life saving so I decided to start giving lessons. I eventually got them all swimming, even the five and six year olds, and from then on they had a good time in the water.

Having done a lot of work with young people I decided to see if I could get a position as a staff member in one of the Indian schools. Our minister recommended me and I was finally told to report to the Rev. C.F. Hives at the Shingwauk Indian Residential School in Sault Ste. Marie. I arrived in the fall of 1939 and was introduced to the other staff members, ten or twelve ladies and

revolvers drawn, began to yell at us in French. When I told them we could not speak French they switched to English and told us we were under arrest for trespassing. It seems the lady had been afraid and had called the police. They took us to the station, took all our possessions from us and put us in a cell. A few hours later a detective came in to interrogate us. He told us they were looking for two escaped convicts but we did not fit the description and he told us we would probably be released in the morning. The police chief's son brought us our supper and we had quite a chat with him as he was a teenager like us. He told us his dad had said he would release us after breakfast the next day as we had done nothing wrong and he could not hold us for more than twenty-four hours.

We came back into Ontario and my friend said he wanted to go out west so we parted company as I wanted to stay in Ontario and I am glad I did. To this day I do not know what happened to my friend as I never heard from him again. In eastern Ontario I met up with an English family and they invited me to stay with them until I could find a job. They lived in a small village named Oxford Mills which is about forty-five miles southeast of Ottawa. I finally got a job working in the village bakery and was there for over four years and learned the baking trade. Eventually the owner took sick and decided to sell the bakery to a farmer who had two sons who did not want to work on the farm. After working in the bakery for a short time they both decided the farm was the best place for them and went back to it. The next owner did not know anything about baking so he had to hire another baker as I could not do all the work myself. This new man had a lot of new ideas and wanted to start changing all the recipes and the new owner was willing to let him. So I made up my mind if they wanted to run the bakery down the drain that was not for me and I quit and went looking for another job.

The peoples' warden at the village church was a local farmer and he asked me if I would like to come and work for him. I was a member of the Anglican church and was at that time Sunday School Superintendent, President of the A.Y.P.A [Anglican Young Peoples Association] and also sang in the church choir.

Life on the farm was a lot of hard work but was a healthy life and being young and very active I enjoyed the outdoor life. As I was a machinist by trade [my grandfather, who was a machinist, had gotten Dad a job working in a machine shop when he was only 14] and an amateur carpenter I did all the repair work on the farm and was able to make new parts for the old machinery we had. Most of the work was done by hand and with horses and we had some old horse-drawn machinery there.

The farmer was very happy to have a hired man who could fix almost anything and even make new parts when needed. I was treated like one of the family and could always get time off when necessary as I played on the village soft ball team and we used to play

the cook and housekeeper and I would be the handy man and look after the grounds and the furnace in the winter.

We talked it over for a long time and finally decided we would take a chance and take the job; we figured that no matter what happened we would be together. We were married on Jan. 18, 1941, in the Bishop Fauquier Memorial Chapel which was the church on the school grounds. The staff and the children attended the wedding and Louis Barge, a good friend of ours who was Superintendent of Bellvue Park, supplied all the flowers and decorated the chapel for the occasion. [Mother's wedding bouquet consisted of calla lilies and orange blossoms complete with a miniature orange; Louis had the flowers growing in the park greenhouses at the time.] The school supplied everything else, including the wedding cake. We didn't have a honeymoon as we had to be at Bishophurst, the bishop's official residence the next day. [Actually, Dad borrowed $5 to spend one night in the Sault's major hotel, the Windsor, before they began working in their new positions.]

We were to get x number of dollars per month plus our room and board, and believe me we earned it. The Bishop has to travel quite a lot and sometimes he took his wife with him. The first time this happened Mrs. Kingston said "while we are away you will have to buy your own food" to which I said "no way," we were hired to do this work for x number of dollars per month plus our room and board and it shouldn't make any difference whether you are home or away. This was the first of many arguments I had with Mrs. Kingston until I finally got fed up and Ruth and I decided to quit the job. When I told Mrs. Kingston we were giving notice she told me we couldn't quit but I told her we had made up our minds as we couldn't work under her conditions.

By this time Ruth was pregnant and I had found a job driving for the Golden Grain bakery in the Sault. I covered a lot of the east end of the city and began collecting delinquent accounts that previous drivers had let go. I received a ten percent commission on all accounts I collected and I also brought in a lot more customers at the same time.

I finally got the chance to work at my trade at the Northern Foundry and Machine Company. [Dad served his apprenticeship there for his papers as a machinist in Canada.]

We were living in an apartment on Albert Street and that is where we met Jack and Anne McIntosh [my godparents]. They had the back apartment and we had the front one and we were friends from that time on. [Anne died early in the nineties and Jack has since remarried. He and his wife live in New Jersey.] This place was a house where the owner had made the top floor into two apartments while he and his family lived on the bottom floor. That was a hot summer and one day Ruth and Anne (she was also pregnant with her first baby) [Joanne is three days older than me] were sitting on

only two or three men. There were roughly one hundred and fifty Indian children of all ages, from five or six years old to teenagers attending either technical or high school.

When I first saw all the children together they all looked alike but after a few months I could notice the difference.

And so I entered a new life style. We were on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week if necessary, with one half day off per week. [They were supposed to receive one full day off a month if they didn't have to fill in for someone.] We were expected to obey orders without question and also set a good example for the children. I was classified as a General Assistant which meant I could be called upon to take the place of any staff member (except the teachers) when they were ill or away for any reason. I had various duties of my own and one time we were quarantined for a few weeks when the children got the measles. We all helped out as much as possible, carrying meal trays up to the infirmary where most of the sick children were and helping other staff members when they needed it. The engineer took sick at this time and I had to take over his job as well as my own and still help out with the children. Being quarantined we could not bring any help in from outside so we had to do the best we could until all the children recovered. We staff members used to meet in the staff living room in the evening to talk about out troubles and that is how I got to know my future wife.

Miss Ruth Cox was the Laundry Supervisor and one evening I told her just as soon as this nightmare was over I would take her to supper and a movie at the Algoma Theatre in the Sault. I did this and from then on we were a twosome and got together whenever possible. You have to remember we were in an institution and had to follow rules and regulations and were not free to do as we pleased, even when we were off duty. We had to remember at all times to call each other Miss, Mr. or Mrs. so that the children would do the same thing and not use first names for staff members. Ruth and I decided we would like to get married, after I had done a lot of talking and persuading. When I first asked her to marry me she said no and when I asked why she said she was too old for me (she was seven years older than me) but I told her that age was just a number and the only thing that counted was if we loved each other enough to live together as man and wife. We were happily married for over fifty-two years until she passed away on Palm Sunday, 1993, so this proves that age does not matter when two people love each other. We talked to Rev. C.F. Hives and he told us that when we got married we would have to leave the school as there were no married quarters in the school. Rev. Hives called us into his office one day and said he had the solution to our problem and asked us what we thought about it. He told us the couple who worked for Bishop and Mrs. Kingston at Bishophurst, the bishop's official residence, were leaving and we could have the job if we wanted it. Ruth would be

trades pay the army was paying me. He said if that was what I wanted he would put me on the next draft and he did.

A group of us were called out on the parade square one morning and told we had two hours to pack our kits and be ready to move out. We were on the first leg of our journey overseas. We went by train to New Jersey, by ferry across to New York where the boats were waiting for us and so was the American Red Cross Army Band. They gave us fruit, coffee and donuts, and the American Army gave us razors and soap and sewing kits which we figured they supplied to their own troops. A few days after setting sail we landed in Scotland and went by train down to Camp Aldershot in southern England.

Because I was 32 years old and wore glasses I was not allowed to go to the front lines despite the fact I kept putting my name down on every draft that was posted for France. [Dad was also deaf in one ear.] I served my whole time in England and came home in 1946 after having spent almost all of the last year as a machine shop instructor working with a portable machine shop on the back of a big truck.

Ruth and I decided we should have more children but we found out Ruth was getting past the child bearing age and she could not carry the babies to term. She lost two babies [Ruth Elizabeth Alice had been lost in a six-month miscarriage in 1942 and Thomas Ralph lived only three hours after being born at six months in 1947] so we decided that was enough as I was afraid I might lose her the next time. We talked about adopting but Ruth didn't think much of the idea so we didn't even try to find out about it.

I went back to my old job at the Northern Foundry (the government made sure the company you worked for before the war gave you your old job back.) But the Foundry was eventually sold out and then I went into the Post Office as a clerk. I took the Civil Service examination (I came in second out of all who tried) and became a mail clerk in the old post office at Queen and East Streets [now the Sault Ste. Marie Museum]. By this time we had bought our first house at 1603 Queen Street East and we were paying a mortgage and trying to make ends meet the best way we could. However, the post office wages at that time were very small and when I found out they needed an Industrial Arts teacher at Shingwauk I applied for the job. In the meantime Ruth had gone back to help out in the kitchen so everything seemed to be working out alright. However, the other teachers decided I should take some of their duties in the school and they persuaded the Principal, Rev. Roy Phillips, to tell me. I objected because I was not a resident teacher like they were (I lived at home and they all lived in the school). I could not change the Principal's mind so I quit and went looking for another job.

the front verandah getting a breath of fresh air when the landlord came home from work and told them they could not sit there as they were paying rent for the apartments, not the front verandah. When I came home and Ruth told me what had happened I went down and told the landlord just what I thought of him and said as soon as I could find somewhere else to live we would be moving.

Apartment rents were relatively cheap in those days, but so were wages. I think I was earning 40 or 50 cents an hour, working 9 hours a day plus 5 hours on Saturday mornings for straight time, no overtime paid at that time. We belonged to a union but it didn't seem to be able to do any good for the members. The President was in Ottawa and we very seldom saw any of the officers. It was only when we joined the U.S.W.A. (United Steelworkers of America) that we began to get any benefits.

We eventually moved to a house on March Street opposite the old Y.M.C.A. Russ Ramsey [later manager of the local CJIC television station] and his school chums used to take a short cut through our property to go to the Y as Russ lived behind us on Spring Street. They used to play ball games in the back alley between March and Spring streets and one day (while I was in the army) they broke one of the garage windows. Ruth told me Russ came over that evening and told her what they had done and said he had gotten the glass and he then proceeded to put the new pane in the garage window.

I had joined the Sault Ste. Marie and Sudbury Regiment in 1940 when the armories were on Brock Street. In 1941 our son Ken was born in the General Hospital and shortly after I transferred from the Regiment to active service and went to C.M.H.Q. in Toronto. Because I had military experience I was put on guard duty at Stanley Barrack. Ruth came down to Toronto with Ken and stayed with her parents for a while until I was sent to Brantford. From there I was sent to Camp Borden and finally to Debert in Nova Scotia for advanced training. After advanced training was finished I was sent to Chebucto Barracks in Halifax and from there to Kingston, Ontario.

A number of us who were tradesmen had been sent to the Royal Military College in Kingston and I was put in the machine shop doing machine work for outside companies and helping trade test new machinists who had been trained by the army to become machinists in six months which is impossible. The weeks went by and the army showed no signs of sending me overseas so I asked the sergeant major one day if I could see the commanding officer and find out why my name was being taken off the overseas drafts. When I was paraded into the C.O.'s office, the first thing he asked me was why did I want to go overseas. He said I could stay at R.M.C. for the duration of the war but I told him I would rather be sent home where I could earn a decent wage, not the $1.40 a day plus 25 cents

In 1958, when I was not quite 17, I had a breakdown and our family doctor, Dr. Heath, suggested that it might be good for me if we could move to the country. Dad had always longed to get back to living on a farm and when he spotted an advertisement in the paper relating to an 80-acre farm for sale about 25 miles east of the city he decided to check it out.

Bill Johnstone, a local real estate agent who was also a family friend, was handling the sale and drove us out to look around. The house was really only a one-bedroom summer cottage with no running water and a space heater in the living room that didn't even have a blower on it. However, Mother and Dad agreed to buy and Dad also arranged to purchase the first car he had ever owned. He continued to work at the tube mill, giving up his dream to raise chickens when he learned about the quota system and that he would have trouble trying to raise them as free range the way he wanted to.

The first winter I slept in what would later become the bathroom, shovelled snow to a point with a hand pump on it in the field west of the house and hauled water in a pair of pails to two galvanized wash tubs on the front porch. The water had a lot of clay silt in it and had to be allowed to settle. We got only a few pails of water each day from the pump. I guess Mother, who was born and raised in Toronto, must have felt like she was back up north where, at her first mission school at Fort George on the Quebec side of James Bay, she had worked as the cook and had had to deal with a world that did not include indoor plumbing.

We had an outhouse and used diaper pails in place of bedroom commodes to survive that first frigid winter. Dad eventually got the farmer next door to dig us a proper well beside the house in exchange for letting his cattle graze on our land. Dad put full indoor plumbing in for Mother and a new space heater with a blower which we used until he had the house moved back a bit from the highway and put on a basement.

I went to work when I was 18. A couple of years later my parents paid for me to fly up from Toronto to Ottawa so that I could attend the seventieth wedding anniversary of Sam and Mary Francis, the farm couple Dad had worked for in the Ottawa valley. Now retired, the couple was living in a small cottage in Oxford Mills. When he met me, Joe Postlethwaite, one of Dad's friends who now ran the general store in the small community, took one look at me and said "you look just like your father when he was your age."

Sam was in his nineties but still planting a small garden each spring. Mary was in her late eighties and in a wheelchair following a fall in which she had broken her hip but she was still doing some of her own housework including preparing meals. The little cottage had no running water but this marvellous old farm couple was still

I went to work for Eaton's in charge of shipping and receiving and did very well. One day I met one of the supervisors from the post office and he told me there was a job as a mailman if I wanted it so, because it was outside work which I liked, I decided to take it. I covered parts of the city centre in the morning and a lot of the west end in the afternoon, and I got along great with most of the people I met.

One day at the A.C.R. (Algoma Central Railway) yards and just on the off chance there may be an opening in their machine shop I asked to see the Superintendent. We talked for a while and he said I could have a job as a machinist but due to my age he could not put me on the pension list. That was O.K. by me as I wanted a job at my trade and wasn't worried about pensions. Shortly after going to work for the A.C.R., Mannesmann [a huge German industrial corporation] decided to build a new tube mill on Algoma Steel Corporation property. This was to be the first automated tube mill in the world and it took a lot of hard work to get it started and running the way it was supposed to run, all by push buttons.

As the mill would need machinists I decided to put my name in for one of the jobs. When the mill was almost completed I got a call from Mannesmann to go for an interview with their General Manager, Mr. Staudenmeyer. We talked and he asked me to go into the machine shop and see if I could run the machines as they were all in metric. I told him it did not make any difference as long as we had metric tools to work with and if not we would have to convert metric to inches at that time. After the first year the company decided to convert the machinery to inches which made things a lot easier for us. They finally decided to make the four senior men group leaders so I became a group leader machinist. We worked shift work, 7 am to 3 pm, 3 pm to 11 pm, and 11 pm to 7 am.

After I passed my 60th birthday I asked the company if I could be taken off the night shift as I couldn't take it, but they told me we all had to take the three shifts. [By this time Mother and Dad were living 25 miles east of the city on a farm they had purchased and Dad was having to drive back and forth to work.] I offered to revert back to a machinist but to no avail, so when I became 62 and had enough time in to retire, that's just what I did. Three of us retired at the same time and the Superintendent didn't like it because he was losing a lot of experienced men who had been with the company right from the start.

I'd worked for the tube mill for 17 1/2 years when I retired on July 1, 1974. After retiring Ruth and I travelled from coast to coast in Canada. Ruth died suddenly in the General Hospital on April 4, 1993, and I miss her more than anyone will ever know.

This is where Dad's text ended. As you can see, I added a few comments along the way in brackets but have left what he wrote as he wrote it.

Mother left Dad quite a bit of memorabilia from her days as a missionary including Indian artifacts such as a model canoe, beaded hat, gloves and moccasins and her snowshoes from Fort George. There were also her photographs from both Fort George and Shingwauk along with a variety of documentation and her correspondence file from the North. Last year Dad gave all this to Algoma University College which is now housed on the Shingwauk site and he and Mother were honored on the college's annual founder's day.

Dad and I were working on stage two of Mother's bequeathal this year when he died. I proceeded with it and gave the college more items including Mother's big missionary trunk, a three-shelf bookcase that hung on her bedroom wall in the two schools, made for her by her brother Ken in Grade VIII, and many of her early books, both religious and secular, that for all my life she had kept on a handsome wooden bookcase in the living room. (The bookcase is now here in my living room.)

I decided to go further. I established the ***Ruth A. and Fred B. Ingle Memorial Shingwauk Heritage Fund*** *to allow for research into the history of the Shingwauk Indian Residential School (the first Anglican school in Canada), acquirement and preservation of artifacts including photographs and publication of relevant material. I have pledged an initial $2,500 endowment from my parents' estate, much of which, hopefully, will be raised on Oct. 24 which will be celebrated at the college to honor both my parents and the missionary spirit which they represented. The day will begin with a noonhour service in the chapel where Mother and Dad were married, and then move into the old mission building (now called Shingwauk Hall in honor of Chief Shingwauk [Ojibway for pine] who started the school in the last century) for an old-fashioned tea featuring both native and non-native foods including several of Mother's recipes. Some of the people from the past from both Fort George and Shingwauk will be there to share their memories. Finally, there will be a silent auction and treasure table sale of many of the personal possessions of my parents. Since the Ingle family is ending with me and I, too, am seriously ill with cancer, I have willed my estate to the fund.*

Shortly before his death, Dad arranged to sell the farm to the neighbors who lived immediately behind him. He was very fond of Scott and Nancy Hendriks. Nancy runs a small bedding plant and perennial plant nursery. I completed the sale in August.

I arranged for Scott and Nancy to send down some of my parents plants, including big pink-plumed Queen of the Prairie (sometimes called Prince of Wales feather) and variegated white and blue monkshood to friends of mine in Cambridge. Dennis and Petronella Read purchased a beautiful old Victorian-style house last year and Dennis has been busy this year renovating a large overgrown perennial and rock garden bed. My parents' plants will find a fine new home there.

managing to have a life of their own with help from family and friends. They lived for several more years.

This had been Mother's first contact with Dad's friends from the years before he met her. My parents made return trips to Oxford Mills and Mother became a part of that world, too. To the end, Dad stayed close to some of the people from this part of his past.

In the country, both Mother and Dad became involved in various types of public service work. Mother joined the Women's Institute and served as president of her local group. After retiring Dad got involved with the Royal Canadian Legion branch on neighboring St. Joseph Island and remained active through this spring, helping to sell tickets for a draw at their annual maple syrup pancake and sausage weekend.

Mother and Dad also joined their local seniors' group and worked very hard to help build it up, assisting through it in the renovation and improvement of the MacLennan Hall. They also served for several years as delegates to the regional seniors' group in the Sault.

When Highway 17 East, which runs in front of the farm, was widened to four lanes, Dad had the house moved back a fair distance and had a new driveway put in from the sideroad. (Access to the house had previously been directly off the highway.) Early on I came home on holidays and helped to renovate the main floor of the house. Dad eventually built a rec room into the newest basement as a place for family and friends to stay.

Mother and Dad had always gardened, right from the time we lived in the northern half of the duplex at 130 March Street. Mother loved flowers, particularly her peonies in the spring and gladioli which we often got as free offers for buying our vegetable and flower seeds from the Dominion Seed House in Georgetown, Ontario. Mother grew lots of perennials and also such wild flowers as jack-in-the-pulpit, blood root and purple and white violets. Dad grew a wide range of vegetables and always included scarlet runner beans which he raised from his own seed. He also grew strawberries, raspberries, red and black currants, and gooseberries. We found our own wild blueberries, blackberries and pin or choke cherries on the farm and used them, too.

As Mother entered her eighties, she began to suffer from hardening of the arteries of the brain and slowly became more and more dependent on Dad. With help from a home care worker and VON nurses, he continued to care for her until she passed away in her eighty-eighth year. After that Dad grew flowers each summer and took them down to place in large jars of water that he set into the grave each spring. I sent him some variegated red and white parrot tulips, a favorite of Mother's, to plant on their plot.

Mother and Dad are still together. Today they rest beneath a brown and gray stone that Dad had made for their plot in a little country cemetery only a few miles from where they owned their farm for forty years. I'm hoping that, maybe next year, Nancy will be able to move some cuttings from Mother's beloved peonies to the gravesite. They will be home again.

Ken Ingle
Waterloo, Ontario
September, 1998