

LOIS (BARTLETT) SHOULTS



I was born in the city of Hamilton, Ontario, the only child of Lavera Brown and Irvine Franklin Bartlett. I received my education at Hamilton public schools and Collegiate Institute and later graduated from Toronto Normal School. I also received a good musical education,

After teaching for two years on the Toronto staff, I was married to George Owen Shoults, and we went to Quebec Province where we lived for five years in a mining town. My husband was Lubrication Engineer with the Johns Mansville Company there.

After spending two more years in Cornwall, Ontario, we returned to Schomberg district where we have lived for the past twenty-eight years.

In religion, we are members of the United Church, being originally Methodist.

I have always been keenly interested in Institute work - in fact, it might be described as my "hobby". I have been a member of Schomberg Womens' Institute for twenty-five years, during which period I have held the offices of District Director and President, and have been President of Centre York District for a three year period from 1956-1959.

I have also been active in the work of Schomberg Library board for over twenty years, holding the offices of Director and President.

We raised two children, a son and a daughter. Our daughter, Beverley, is now married and living at Clarkson, and we have one granddaughter, Lynda. Our son, David, has finished his education and now works in Toronto.

I hope that I may be spared for many more years to work for my family, community and Institute.

The home that we now occupy is over one hundred years old. We purchased the property in 1938 from Mrs. Wm. Ferguson, and have resided here for a period of twenty-four years. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ferguson and family owned the property for eighteen years, and they had purchased it in 1920 from Mr. and Mrs. Fred Strangway.



Mrs. Louise (Dodds) Skinner



I, Myrtle Louise Skinner, eldest daughter of Ira Dodds and Ruth Hall was born in King Township on lot 25, concession eleven, the farm my grandfather had hewn out of virgin forest, and on it built a solid brick house which is still in good condition although well over one hundred years old. It is now owned and occupied by my nephew Reg. Rainey, a great grandson of the original owner. The farm has never been out of the family connection and his children are the fifth generation to live in the old home to which my mother came as a bride.

Our family consisted of five daughters- Eva (Mrs. John Rainey); Hazel (Mrs. Geo. Leonard) now deceased; Elma (Mrs. R. Rae); Della (Mrs. J. O'Neill) and myself. I married Blake Skinner, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Skinner of Schomberg in 1915 and settled on the farm just west of the village, now owned and occupied by Wilfred Aitchison. We lived here for seven years and in 1922 we sold out to Mr. Smith Dixon of Beeton and moved to our present home on King St. in Schomberg, when my husband went into partnership with his father in the butcher business. Here he continued after his father's death until 1950 when he sold the business to Pat Ryan. Since that time he has driven a school bus transporting high school students, first to Aurora District High School and now to King Composite School at King City. The house we now live in was built of bricks taken from an old hotel in Lloydstown, which was a thriving town in the last century. Our family consists of two sons, Donald and Jack, Both are married, live in Toronto, and are employed by the Bell Telephone Company.

My out-of-the-home interests lie in my Church, The United Church, to which I have always been a member, and in the past held the office of President of the W.M.S. and W.A. for nearly twenty years. I am also a member of the Horticultural Society and am keenly interested in the Public Library. I have been a member of the Women's Institute almost since its organization in our village in 1911, but not having attended the organization meeting I am not a charter member.

Submitted by - Louise Skinner.

Modesty forbids Mrs. Skinner to reveal her whole story, but I have her permission to record some of the things I know to be facts from scanning the minute books I have in my possession. Mrs. Skinner has been, and indeed still is, an outstanding member in her exemplification of the Creed of the Women's Institute. Her continued interest and participation in work of our branch has been an inspiration to many and her contribution in service can not be estimated- suffice it to say, I have never known her to refuse co-operation and assistance in any worth while cause.

I have read the minute books of the past forty years (Unfortunately the records of the first ten years were destroyed) and they tell a story of continued interest and service. Her home seemed always open for meetings. She held the office of Sec'y Treas. in 1923-24, and of President in 1940. When standing committees were introduced in 1933 she accepted the office of Home Economics convener. Two years later she changed to Community Activities and held this office for several years. From then on her name appears on nearly every slate of officers as either a Director or a convener. When war came, and the Institute affiliated with the Red Cross for greater service Mrs. Skinner represented the Institute on the Services committee and worked tirelessly in the strenuous tasks allotted to her. Time and space does not permit to tell of all the activities that have been accomplished through her co-operation but if every member of the Women's Institute contributed as much effort, we would have a tremendous force for good in both Home and Country.

O.H.M.

Mrs. (Cora) Roy Stephens



I was born on February, 26th, 1912 .on the eighth concession of King Township ;on the farm now owned by Hugh Hamilton. I am the oldest of the family of five born to Leonard Baguley and his wife, the former Edna Courtney, When I was Three years old I moved with my parents to a farm east of Dunkerron in West Guillimbury Township where we lived for three years before moving to another farm six miles south of Schomberg, near Nobleton I attended Nobleton Public School and Nobleton United Church.

On May the 22nd I married Roy Stephenson, son of Joseph Stephenson and Jane Whitmore of Kettleby Ont. and lived on a farm east of Woodbridge for three years where our first son, Leonard Joseph was born on July 9th 1938. On April 19 th 1939 we sold our farm and purchased our present home at the north end of Main St. known as the Frizzel property. Since coming here we have had three more children- Annie Esther born Jan. 16 ,1940 Douglas Henry, born March 18th, 1941 and Mary Carol born Dec. 18th, 1946. My husband is employed with the Burnel Graham Lumber Co.

I have always had a keen interest in the Women's Institute and have been a member over twenty years . I have been Pianist for a great many years and convener of many of the standing Committees. I enjoy working with all denominations in one organization and feel that the Women's Institute does a great deal to further good citizenship.

From searching the history of our home, we find it is probably around one hundred years old. The first owner we know of was Mr. Frank Brown who sold it to the Misses Margaret and Matilda Cain who in turn sold it to Mr. Jos. Fizzell from whom we purchased it in 1939.



Mrs. Ira (Mary Ellen) Shaw

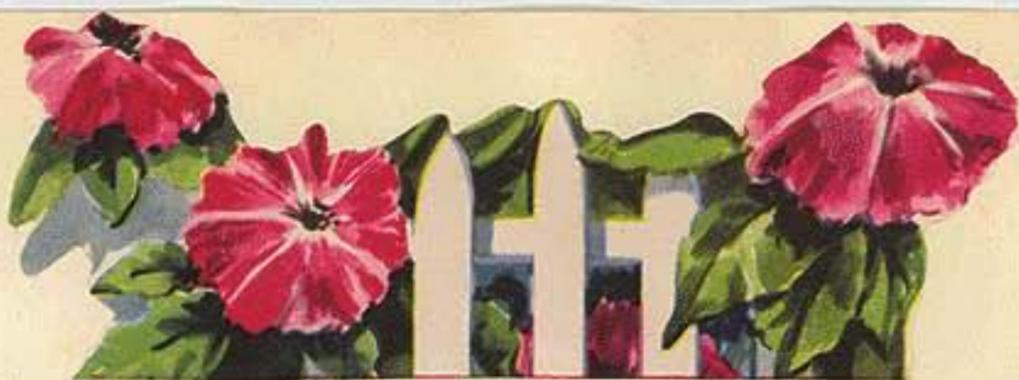


Mary Ellen Spring was born on June 25th 1860. She was the fourth child of William Spring and Martha Edwards Spring. Her father had a wheelwright shop in Schomberg but later sold it and moved to a farm on the fifth concession of King Township. Following this he moved his family to a farm at Allenwood, later retiring to Toronto where he died at the age of 86. His wife survived him and lived to the grand old age of 92 years in spite of the strenuous life of pioneer farming.

Mary married Ira Shaw on Feb. 22nd 1882 and came to live on lot 26 of the 8th. concession of King where they farmed until Mr. Shaw's death in 1916. He had the unique experience of owning and operating one of the first threshing machines in the community. Combining and even summer field threshing were unknown in those days. It was a full season's work to cut the grain with a horse drawn binder, then stook the sheaves in long rows to be later hauled into the barn, with horses and wagons and stored away in the spacious mows. When the harvest had been gathered and the other fall work completed Mr. Shaw would go from farm to farm with his steam propelled engine, threshing machine and water tank, and with the help of about a dozen neighbors, one by one of the farmers saw their bins filled with golden grain, an enormous pile of yellow chaff for winter feed and a huge straw stack in the barnyard for sweet clean bedding for all his livestock. Now the farmer could heave a sigh of relief for his harvest was finished and he could see the return for his months of labor. Mr. Shaw's threshing machine was not one of the efficient kind that some of this generation may still remember; everything was still done the hard way. The sheaves were thrown from the mows by an organized row of men passing them from one to another until they landed on the table of the machine where another man stood and cut the band of the sheaf, and still another fed it carefully into the machine. When the flow of golden grain poured out the side of the machine it was caught in hampers and carried by hand to the waiting bins. This was called "carrying the boxes". There was something fine about those threshing bees, something that can never be replaced in the pursuit of farming—Friendship, Co-operation, and a feeling of achievement with often a little devilry to "liven things up" which saw neighborliness and good will at its best. And the women were a vital part of it all, for as soon as they the machine approaching their neighborhood they knew their turn would soon be coming and by the time it turned in at their particular gate and the water tank was hauled to the well or creek for filling, the pantry shelves were filled with rows of pies, bowls of fruit and pickles and other good things and the old kitchen table stretched to full length, for all those hungry, cold and dainty men were served with the most nourishing food for both dinner and supper wherever they worked and no-one ever knew of an eight hour day or a forty hour week.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw raised four children; William, Ethel, Clare and Olive and lived on the farm until Mr. Shaw's death when Mrs. Shaw came to make her home with her daughter Ethel—Mrs. Harvey Leonard, until her death on Feb. 18th. 1938 at the age of 78 years.

Mrs. Shaw was very interested in Community activities and was a Charter Member of the Women's Institute and a most energetic President for two years following our first President Mrs. Jas. Pearson. Unfortunately little importance was placed on preserving the old minute books and the one containing the first ten years of our activity has been destroyed. This is very unfortunate because the records of some of our most illustrious Presidents has been lost forever. However we have the record of Mrs. Shaw's good work for "Home and Country" as she again served the branch as President in 1936-37.



It was during this time that a great interest was created to have music taught in the schools and through Mrs. Shaw's untiring efforts this was made possible for both Schomberg and Lloydtown schools. Much of the money raised for the work of the branch in those days was raised by catering to suppers, and it is interesting to note in this year the ladies catered to two banquets; charging 30¢ per plate to the Veterans and 35¢ per plate to the Masonic Order, because they wanted "A few extra frills"- so the minutes read. Christmas baskets for the needy were the responsibility of the Institute then and twelve were packed that year. A complete layette was made by the members to be held in the care of the Institute and be at the disposal of either Doctor to be used by any needy mother until further assistance could be arranged for the family. Financial assistance was given, as well as a new book case to the Library, and cash grants to both the School Fair and the Agricultural Society. The highlight of that year was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the branch. Many distinguished guests were entertained and a delightful program prepared to celebrate the quarter century of service to the community. These are just a few of the things undertaken and accomplished during Mrs. Shaw's presidency. Her contribution to the community through the medium of the Women's Institute untiring as well as inspiring and her mild and kindly personality made it a delight to associate with her.

There could be no more appropriate place for these old pictures which depict harvesting operations in the early part of the century than with this family whose life was so closely associated with with this type of harvest.

No 1- The field of neatly stoked grain

No 2- Loading the wagon with sheaves

No 3- On the way to the barn

No 4- The straw stacked in the barnyard after the threshing.



Mrs. J.L. (Karen Mary Mackenzie) Thomas



I, the former Karen Mary Mackenzie Sutton, was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne in March 1930. I am the only child of my ship-owner father, who has since retired from business and is living in Scotland. This north-eastern corner of England is noted for its mining and shipping industries and the biting winds blowing from the North Sea which penetrates the most solid of houses, but play a considerable part in developing the hardy and tenacious character of the people.

I went to a co-educational boarding school at the age of 8 years, a school just a few miles from St. Albans, an ancient Roman town where there are still relics of those great people who laid their straight roads the length and breadth of England. I spent 10 years at this school, although during the war, the younger children, with myself were evacuated to a country house in Devon where we all had to use pencils for fear of desecrating the beautiful Adam mantle-pieces in every downstairs room. During these years I had my first taste of farming, as, due to the shortage of labor the children were allowed to go to help the local farmers two afternoons a week. These experiences were looked forward to with great anticipation and I never again expect to derive so much pleasure from an afternoon spent scrambling in the dirt for an unending number of potatoes, which were showered over us by a vicious machine. I can also remember vying for the chance of doing the daily 250 hand pumps required to fill the upstairs cisterns which supplied running water to the farmhouse. Haying time is the same the world over, with the exception of the Devonshire man who is never far from his bottle of home-made apple cider hidden in the hedgegows, frequently sampled by self. I remember the dreadful day I found someone had put cold tea in his bottle; Ugh; I spent many a happy holiday on a nearby farm, and also on the Devonshire Coast where we swam every day during the summer and lived in a little thatched cottage with no indoor plumbing. I was very fortunate to be in an area where there was very little bombing, and when the war ended in 1945 and 15 years old I was only just becoming aware of the disastrous period we had all survived.

When I left school at 17 I went to Lansauve in Switzerland for a year where I suffered from extreme homesickness and was very thankful to return home. Even my magnificent view from my window at Lake Geneva and Mount Blanc in the distance, and the amount of French I had learned did not seem to me, at that time, to compensate for the anguish of being so far from home and family. I have never suffered from homesickness since that time so I think I must be immune. On my return home I lived in London with my mother and worked for six months for a man who made gloves in fabric. These gloves were often made to match a hat or gown and were of the most beautiful fabrics I have ever seen—Chinese silks and thick springy satins, gold brocade and gossamer lace. We even made a pair of net gloves for a film star. I did not stay long at this job as I found I required a more active occupation than sitting all day. I worked for a large department store in the paper pattern department later moving to fabrics which was quite disastrous, as I love to sew and spent all my spare money on lengths of cloth. I enjoyed this work as you meet so many interesting people every day.

During this time I met my husband and we were married on a cold sunshiney December day in 1951. As this was an unseasonable time of year for a honeymoon we saved our trip until the summer. We travelled 3500 miles on the European Continent on a 1937 model motor cycle. Oh, those unforgettable days on the pillion. We had plenty of repairs to make on the way but people everywhere are so kind and fascinating. One young mechanic in Italy had his workshop in a beautiful cave in the mountain side, around which the road was winding, but we had plenty of time and no commitments so an extra day or two spent in one place didn't matter. We packed camping and were away 3½ weeks, having £ 75 to spend, which is \$225, although actually worth more in value of goods. An excellent meal in France in an unpretentious inn cost us \$3 each. We travelled through France to the Riviera and along the winding road slung between mountain and sea to Italy.