

We saw the Leaning Tower of Pisa, but were far more fascinated by the beautiful church beside it. The sculptures and murals are wonderful, and we found in all Italy, that all the churches, even in the poorest districts had these paintings on the walls. Sometimes outside, and sometimes inside. Also there were many little wayside shrines, and a figure of Christ with a posy of flowers beneath it. We spent three days in Rome, not long enough of course to see everything, but we did enjoy the old Roman Forum and the many many sculptures. - also of course excellent spaghetti. The Italians eat spaghetti as an appetizer but we found it a meal in itself. In fact we found that the farther south we travelled the more beautiful the churches became, and also the tastier the spaghetti. That these two conclusions have any connection is a matter of conjecture.

We left Rome and crossed to the Adriatic Coast where the sea is warm and that wonderful translucent green. We went to see the famous mosaics. They are everywhere, walls ceilings and floors. Next, Venice which needs no introduction but I won't say anything about the aroma of fish and the other unpleasant smells which assail the nostrils. However by the time we were ready to leave we had become more or less accustomed to it. Then we went across Northern Italy, crossing the frontier to France at Grenoble. We had to hurry home as funds were getting low and for this reason were unable to stop in Paris.

My son, Edward John, was born in 1953 and when he was one year old we left him with my mother and took another trip to the Continent. This time we had a newer model Vincent Comet motor cycle. We had a side-car in it for taking baby Edward but for the trip we removed this as the side car would be on the inside of the road on the Continent and I felt safer on the pillion anyway. We had a better tent and a little more money this trip. We travelled across France, through Luxemburg, where we followed the river Rhine up to Cologne. The old chateaux on the Rhine, surrounded by vineyards, are a beautiful sight, as was also the Schwartzwald (Black Forest) and the mountains of Austria. We were unfortunate in having a very wet summer for this trip, but we were lucky in that we could spend a few of the worst nights in hotels. We crossed from Austria to Italy through those rocky peaks of pointing fingers, not yet having had time to be weathered into a more graceful shape. We spent a few days here and returned home across the mountains between France and Italy. Again a mad dash home, this time because I missed my son and couldn't bear to be away from him any longer. Needless to say Edward was far too young to miss his mother, as long as his personal wants were attended to.

The place I enjoyed most on all our travels was Italy, particularly the southern regions.

My daughter, Joanna Mary, was born in 1955. During these years since our marriage, my husband, George, had been studying Engineering under a scholarship grant from the exiled Polish Government. These grants were available to Poles who had served in the Polish forces during the war. After George obtained his Degree in Engineering he worked in a local firm of engineering consultants. At this time the Suez Canal crisis was much in the news and petrol (gas) was rationed and very costly. George and I began to fear for the future of England and for our children, and our concern led us to the conclusion that we should consider moving. We decided on Canada and came here in July 1957 to spend a week in Montreal where for the first time in three years my French was a great help to us. I am very surprised that French is not taught in the schools here at an early age, as I had always thought that Canadians were bi-lingual. We came on to Toronto as the prospects of work were not as good in Montreal. We had wanted to go to Schefferville but they were not hiring men at that time.

In Toronto we lived in an apartment for one year, and George had work with a firm on Dundas St. West. During the latter part of this year we came to the conclusion that city life was not for us, and we started looking for a home on land within commuting distance of the city. It is hard to imagine the derelict and dilapidated condition of some of the dwellings and barns we inspected. However we eventually managed to find the farm where we now live and are remodelling the old farmhouse in slow stages. We intend to keep a few animals to amuse the children and as a hobby. We have already found this too expensive a pastime and ended by building a new barn and at the time of writing I manage a herd of twenty sows while my husband works at his job in Toronto.



My family in England were very sceptical when we became interested in a farm, as an uncle of mine had done exactly the same thing in Canada away back in the 1920s and had lost his shirt, as the saying goes. Now we feel it is up to us to prove that every individual is different in himself and owes this part to others in order that we shall not all be cast in the same mould.

Our children are now attending the Schomberg School and it is my dearest wish that we may be able to live in this district for many more years to come. I joined the Women's Institute in 1958 and so am only a short term member, but I am grateful to all for making this part of the world such a good place to live in and for providing so much of what is worthwhile in life, measured in richness of soul.

Karen M. Thomas. March, 1963.



MRS. HAROLD (RUTH) THOMPSON



Mrs. Thompson when she was eighty-five years old. She is now over ninety and has still a wonderful personality. We are proud of our pioneer members.

Mrs. Thompson was born in the year 1868 in Albion Township, County of Peel. She was the eldest daughter of Sarah and George Hall who came from England. She attended Mt. Wolfe public school and became a member of the 12th line King Methodist Church.

Ruth Hall (at that time) married Ira Webb Dodds in 1893 and had six girls, five of whom are still living - Louise (Mrs. Blake Skinner); Eva (Mrs. John Rainey); Hazel (Mrs. George Leonard); Elma (Mrs. Douglas Rae) and Della (Mrs. James O'Neill). She came as a bride to her husband's farm, lot 25, concession 11, where his father, John Dodds settled and cleared the farm and built the substantial brick house that has been standing well over one hundred years, and now serves the fifth generation as their home. Mrs. Thompson knows what it was to share the arduous tasks of pioneer farming, and the experience of raising a family without the conveniences and comforts of present day living.

Her husband died in 1912 and she lived in Schomberg until 1930 when she married Harold Thompson and lived on his farm, lot 28, concession 10. He died in 1939.

Mrs. Thompson is now living in her house in Schomberg which she purchased in 1915. She is a member of the United Church and celebrated her 90th birthday on January 3rd.

She has been a member of the Women's Institute almost since its inception and did excellent work through the war years, and scanning the old minute books her name appears wherever there was work to be done. She was very generous also in opening her home for meetings and many happy times are recorded both at her farm home and in town.

Unfortunately, her health will not permit her to get out to the meetings nor to her Church, but she is wonderfully alert and able to care for herself in her own home which she now shares with her daughter, Mrs. Rainey.

Time passes on, and since this story has been written Mrs. Thompson passed peacefully to her reward on the morning of December 10th, 1958 and was laid to rest in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Bolton, Ontario on December 12th. She was bright and cheerful throughout her long life and will be remembered for having left this Community a better place for having lived here.



MRS. GEORGE (JENNIE) TAYLOR



Mr. and Mrs. Taylor in front of their home in Schomberg just a short time before Mr. Taylor passed on in 1954.

I was born in the township of Tecumseth in the year 1873. My father, Thomas William Williamson, was a carpenter and with his wife Sarah Palmer, lived in a small house on the corner of what is now Edison Hasting's farm. There were three boys and three girls in our family and we later moved to a farm on the townline between King and Albion. On November 30th, 1898 I was married to George Taylor, son of Jeremiah Taylor and Jane Stuart, and we made our home on the fifth concession of Albion where we farmed for four years. We then purchased a farm at Mount Wolfe on the tenth concession of Albion where we lived happily and busily with our family of four sons and one daughter for twenty-eight years. We attended the Anglican Church at Palgrave where my husband was a warden and a devout servant of the Church. I was very busy and interested in the welfare of the church also and was a member of the W.A. there. My husband was also a member of Albion Township Council for eleven years and was very interested in all community affairs.

On April 1st, 1931 we gave up farming; our son taking over the farm; and we bought a house in the village of Schomberg on Church Street, between the Rectory and the Anglican Church. We wanted to have a home near the church so we could attend the services regularly as we had been accustomed to do. I joined the W.A. when we came here and was Treasurer of our Church for many years. I also joined the Women's Institute for I always thought it was such a worth while organization and gave all denominations an opportunity to work together which is a good thing in any community. The W.I. was quite in its infancy at that time and the meetings were held in the homes of those who had houses large enough to accommodate them. Then as the membership grew the meetings were held in the rooms over the Imperial Bank, where we also worked for the Red Cross and later we took over rooms in the Town Hall where it is still going forward. The meetings were always interesting and instructive and I felt there was always something to gain by attending them.

We were very happy in Schomberg until my husband passed away in 1954 and since my health was not so good I went to live with my daughter, Mrs. Raymond Woods, on the farm and later came with them to Tottenham to make my home.

I have a warm feeling for the friends I made in Schomberg and return at every opportunity to visit with them where I am always warmly welcomed.