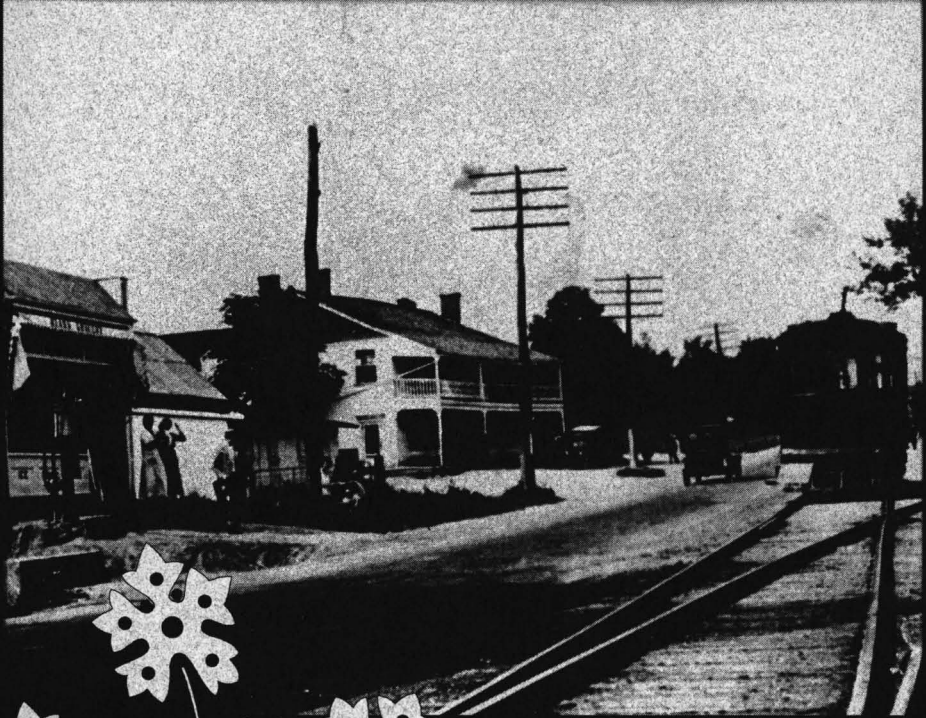


Memories of Scarborough:



A Bicentennial Celebration



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Cover Photos

Top: *Midland Avenue at Kingston Road, 1921,*
as photographed by Thomas Ryan,
contributor Patrick Ryan's father.

Bottom: *Thomas Ryan's shop, now 2486 Kingston Rd.*
According to Patrick Ryan, this photograph was
taken approximately 1923-24.

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Memories of Scarborough:
A Bicentennial Celebration



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Scarborough, Ontario

1997

*The Scarborough Public Library Board
wishes to thank all the staff who have participated
in the production of this book.*

Contents

FOREWARD	1
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH 1905-1939 <i>by Arnold Canning</i>	3
MY MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH <i>by Linda Carscadden</i>	11
SIX HOMES IN THE “BOONIES” <i>by Frank Facella</i>	17
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH 1949-1996 <i>by Olivia Gibbons</i>	21
WALKING DOWN MEMORY LANE <i>by Thomas Edward Hough</i>	27
A LIFETIME IN SCARBOROUGH 1918-1996 <i>by Olive N. Jones (née Graham)</i>	41
MY SCARBOROUGH YEARS <i>by Jocelyn Ladd</i>	47
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH <i>by Mary Florence Tredway Miller</i>	55
MY EARLY LIFE IN SCARBOROUGH <i>by Doris Libby</i>	59
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH <i>by The O'Preys: Phil, Mary, Theresa and Basil</i>	65

SCARBMEMORY - JUNE 3, 1996 <i>by Bruce and Elisabeth Plain</i>	69
REMEMBER WHEN (Part I) <i>by Stanley N. Riches</i>	75
REMEMBER WHEN (Part II) <i>by Stanley N. Riches</i>	101
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH, CANADA JUNE 1996 <i>by Mary Moore</i>	107
TO THE STAFF OF SCARBOROUGH PUBLIC LIBRARY <i>by Betty L. Coleman</i>	115
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH <i>by Isabel Adlam</i>	119
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH <i>by Mary R. McKeown</i>	121
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH <i>about Mrs. Mary Roberta Martin</i>	125
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH SEPTEMBER 30th, 1996 <i>by Partrick Ryan</i>	129
MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH CHESS <i>by Alex N. Knox</i>	133
IN MEMORIAM	139

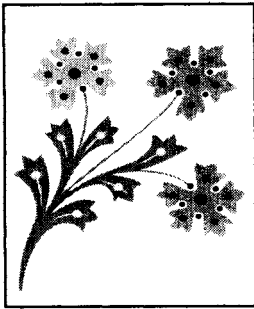
Foreword

The year 1996 was both the Bicentennial of the City of Scarborough and the 30th anniversary of Cedarbrae District Library. In celebration of these events, in the spring of 1996 the Cedarbrae Library put forth a “call for submissions” aimed mainly at long-time residents who either grew up in Scarborough or came here to live. It was not intended as a formal study, but simply a documentation of their most vivid memories, such as: what were the roads like? How did people travel? What stores and schools were around? What did you do in your leisure time?

As one might expect, the responses varied greatly in scope, opinion and length. However, each one is valuable in its own right. Together they provide a unique contribution toward recording local, first-hand history in Scarborough. All contributions are reproduced as submitted, except for minor corrections of obvious typographical errors.

The Scarborough Public Library Board sincerely thanks those who contributed their “memories” to the Scarborough Historical Collection.

Mr. Sandy Douglas
Chair, City of Scarborough Public Library Board



*MEMORIES OF
SCARBOROUGH 1905-1939*

By Arnold Canning

I was born in 1905, the second youngest child in a family of ten. My family was living on a rented farm near Scarborough Junction, part of the old Tabor property. John Tabor was an early settler in Scarborough and his family was very active in the military. The farm was on the east side of Brimley, south of Eglinton, close to an old Indian gravesite. My father's family was from Scarborough Township, and family folklore has it that my grandfather was an elder at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, but was dismissed because he raced with his horse and buggy on a Sunday.

We didn't live at that farm long after I was born. We moved just after harvest time when I was six months old, to the Thomson place near Ellesmere. There were lots of Thompsons in Scarborough, descendants of Mary and David Thompson, who were the first settlers in that area. There is a park and school named after them now.

I started to school when we lived at the Thompson place. My sister Lena took me and watched out for me at first and we walked barefoot in the summer to #5 Ellesmere. When I was seven we moved to a farm near Armadale and we went to #2 Scarborough. At Armadale we lived across from the Methodist church. My sister Gert liked to run up and ring the church bell and then run like hell.

Memories of Scarborough:

I spent a lot of time herding cows along the roadside when we lived at Armadale. Herding cows was not such a bad job for a kid, you could goof around a bit at the same time, and there was lots of time to think. Then we moved back to the Thompson place when I was ten. It was a familiar move, same house and school.

Old Charlie Daugherty was the teacher at #5 Ellesmere when we moved back. I remember one time Charlie grabbed my shoulder for something I did and he tore my shirt. We used to hand clothes down, so the material was pretty thin I guess. He looked kind of funny but he didn't say anything. I wondered how he felt about it after.

The farm provided most of our food, but we bought 100 pound bags of sugar and flour and rolled oats at the store in Agincourt. Mother and the girls baked all the bread, and preserved the food for winter. Other things such as shoes mother bought in the city. My mother killed and plucked ducks to sell at the market in Toronto. Someone would drive us to the end of the car lines at the Halfway House with the horse and wagon, and we would take the ducks on the street car down to the St. Lawrence Market where we sold them. We would have our own goose or duck for Christmas dinner. We went to church Christmas morning to St. Joseph's in Highland Creek in the big sleigh. Somebody always had to stay home to do chores.

Of course there was no TV or even radio back then, and very few telephones. The motor car had been invented, but we still travelled by horse and buggy in the country. We had no electricity, or indoor plumbing, but used coal oil lamps for light and a big cookstove to heat the house. Entertainment was mainly visiting with neighbours, sometimes playing cards. The upstairs was always cold in

A Bicentennial Celebration

the winter time and we might take a hot water bottle to bed, and sleep under a feather tic.

World events didn't seem too important to a nine year old kid on a farm in Ontario. But in 1914, when the First World War broke out in Europe, it had a profound effect on every Canadian family.

In 1915, my older brother Hugh enlisted in the Canadian Army to fight for home and freedom. I remember him coming home on leave, walking across the fields on the farm near Armadale. Then shipped out to France and Belgium. I wrote to him, telling him all the news from home. His job was with the horses, because he had worked with horses all his life, both at home on the farm and out on the prairies in Saskatchewan. They used teams of work horses to haul the big guns from one location to another and to move them into place.

One day, near the end of the war, Hugh got the order to retreat, with his team and the guns they were hauling. There was heavy artillery fire. Hugh got the one horse down but the other one spooked, rearing up, and Hugh couldn't get it down. The horse was hit by shrapnel and killed. Hugh took shrapnel in the side of the head and in the arm. He was in hospital over in England for about a year, and never went back to the front. Nearly the whole regiment Hugh was with was wiped out.

I remember there was another fellow from Agincourt over there by the name of Brown. He was killed the day after the armistice was signed. Such a waste! There was great celebration when the war ended, and the word spread quickly. As I walked home from school there were people

Memories of Scarborough:

driving madly around the roads in Scarborough Township, honking and cheering.

Then we moved again, in 1920 to a farm near Gormley. I went to Agincourt to high school for a few years, where I enjoyed the rugby and the baseball. My father died when I was sixteen, and I went to St. Michael's College School in Toronto for part of a year, but I got very sick, and had to drop out of school.

I tried some other work for a while, but farming was what I knew, and there I could be my own boss if I rented land. So I rented house and land from the Scott sisters in Scarborough. The Scott sisters were in their fifties at that time. They lived in the old stone house and I lived in the other one. They tell me the Old Scott house is a fancy restaurant now. I did the fall ploughing there in 1926 when I was twenty one years old. The Scarborough Civic Centre is on that land now. I used to drive the ladies to the end of the car lines at the Halfway House when they wanted to shop in the city.

I rented from them and did my own cooking and housekeeping for a few years. It was hard getting started in farming. I had no equipment, had to buy a team of horses and some farm equipment and livestock. My brother-in-law Bill McGrisken helped me when he could. My mother moved in to keep house for me after a while.

In the late twenties I started to go out with Marguerite, a teacher from Toronto. By that time there were a lot more automobiles on the road and I bought a Model A Ford, so it was easier to get into the city. I hoped we could be married before long, but then came the stock market crash of 1929 and that put everything on hold for a long time.

A Bicentennial Celebration

In 1929, Mother and I moved on to the Westney place, Lot 12 Concession 2 in Scarborough. Only people who lived through the dirty thirties can really understand how it was back then. Times were hard everywhere. Very few people had cash. Farmers at least had food, if they could get a crop in. A bushel of apples or potatoes could be used as barter for a haircut or some other service. I was struggling just to pay the rent on the farm.

Marguerite and I were finally married in 1933, between the hay and the harvest. We managed a trip to Quebec City and Ste. Anne de Beaupre before we settled down in the big old house on the Westney place. Marguerite was busy keeping the house and learning how to cook for gangs of men. There was no electricity or running water or bathroom of course, so it was quite a change for a girl from Toronto who was used to all the conveniences.

The summer of 1936 was the hottest summer in memory. We had two children by then, Doreen, two years, and Fred, a six month old baby. We stayed out on the verandah at night, and Marg kept bathing the kids to keep them cool. It was a hundred degrees and over for days and it didn't cool down much at night. We had to get the hay in so we worked in that heat. It was hard on the horses too. A lot of horses died. We worked all day and when I took the harness off the team, one of them just stood there with head hanging down. I thought she was a goner, but then she rolled in the grass, and I knew she would be okay.

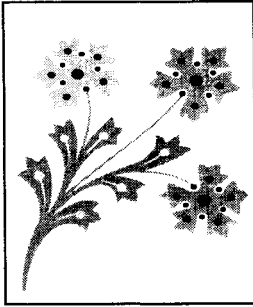
In the mid thirties there were still a lot of men wandering the roads looking for work. They only wanted a place to sleep and food in return for their labour, and the odd bit of money for tobacco. I hired them when I had work for them, and then they moved on. I remember one man that we

Memories of Scarborough:

hired disappeared one Sunday while we were visiting Marguerite's parents in Toronto. He left, and the only thing he took with him was a pair of my long underwear that was hanging on the clothes line. Guess he figured that he needed it worse than I did!

In 1939 we bought our own farm north of Toronto and moved away from the Scarborough region. Many of our family remained in that area and we came back to visit often. It is difficult to believe that the busy streets like Shepherd Avenue are the same ones where we drove our horse and buggies, or walked barefoot to school.

*Written by Barbara Canning Weiler
for Arnold Canning*



MY MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH

By Linda Carscadden

Some of my most cherished memories of Scarborough occurred before I actually lived in Scarborough, (the borough of Scarborough as it was called then).

The first time I recall hearing the name Scarborough was when my dad was asked if he wished to purchase some land at the present Golden Mile site for three hundred dollars. He refused, stating that the land was too far out in the sticks and wouldn't be of any use to anyone. The year was 1947.

By 1950 my friends and I used to enjoy riding on the streetcar along Danforth Ave. to Dawes Rd. where the Luttrell loop existed then. The end of the line for the streetcars, the beginning of the routes for the buses heading out into the farm country known as Scarborough. There was also lots of woods and trails and wild animals and wild flowers and numerous areas to explore on foot after you departed from the streetcar. We spent many weekends walking for miles into these woods.

Also in the late forties and early fifties two of my aunts and uncles decided to move to Scarborough. One couple opened a corner grocery store on Kennedy Rd. almost at Kingston Rd. which is still there today and still operating as a corner grocery store. The other couple decided to build their own home on Heale Street just south of where

Memories of Scarborough:

the GO station is now. This is where some of my fondest memories were made.

Many times we would board the Cliffside bus and travel out into the country through miles of rolling hills and fields of corn and rambling farm houses to Stop 14. My aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Runzer had built this beautiful house away out in the country. There was a tire swing hanging from a tree in the field which was their backyard. There was some children to play with as the area included five other houses some of which even had their own chicken coops. By 1952 there were a few more houses and paved roads and even sidewalks. One day my parents and relatives said to my cousin and my brother and I that there is a beautiful rainbow and at the end of it there is a pot of gold. So we walked for miles looking for it until we realized it didn't exist. In those days it was okay to walk anywhere, anytime. It was safe.

In 1955 my mom and dad decided to venture out to Scarborough also. They found a house just being built on Haileybury Drive. This house was like moving to another country. But move we did. The bus service ended at Danforth Road and Eglinton. There was a circle in an empty field where the bus turned and headed back to the Luttrell loop. To get to our house you had to walk for miles it seemed, especially in the winter time. Our street was not paved nor were any of the side streets in the area. I continued to go to Riverdale Collegiate. It took me one and a half hours to get to school. During my years at Riverdale I organized many skating parties at the end of our yard. There was a hydro field with a large creek running through trees and bushes all the way up to Lawrence Avenue. In the winter it froze over allowing us to skate under the stars for hours. The hot chocolate we had after was the greatest.

A Bicentennial Celebration

Eventually around 1956 to 1960 Scarborough seemed to grow in leaps and bounds. Our roads were all paved then. Scarborough General Hospital opened in 1956 and shortly after the prestigious Knob Hill Hotel was built where the bus turn used to be. There were gorgeous dining rooms and buffet lunches and live entertainment and beautiful rooms to rent. A wide winding staircase descended to the main floor. In 1960 I had my wedding reception there.

Since there were no apartments in Scarborough at the time we lived just outside Scarborough where we could rent one for eighty seven dollars a month enabling us to save for a house.

In 1964 we bought a home in the brand new subdivision of Seven Oaks. We had many corn roasts back then. Those were the days when you could still build fires on your own property. The next door neighbour dug a pit and hung a pot over it and cooked the corn and we sang all the old songs on Saturday evenings in the summer.

In the late fifties and early sixties I arranged horse back riding parties for my friends at the Bell Telephone. We rode at the Hilltop stables at Warden and St. Clair. There were lots of scenic trails to ride on then and signs on Warden stating caution horse crossing.

We all had a favourite place to have fun on a Saturday night. For most of the people we knew that place was Andrew's Restaurant on Kingston Road. The food was excellent. Ron Woods live entertainment was superb and on New Years eve for fifteen dollars a couple you could bring in the new year with dancing, live music, hat and noisemakers and a full course dinner.

Memories of Scarborough:

At Birchmount and Danforth Road there was a farmer's market where farmers from all over the area brought their fresh fruit and veggies to sell.

The Broom and Stone was a favourite spot for curlers and for wedding receptions and in later years for bingo. Now in it's place at Midland and Lawrence stands a condo apartment complex.

On Kennedy Road just south of Lawrence you could take in a movie at the drive in theatre. Now in it's place are hydro lines and a bingo hall.

In the sixties we took the children to Lionel's Pony Farm on Passmore. It was such a beautiful scenic drive out farther in the country and the children looked forward always to their time with the ponies.

In 1967 Scarborough Centenary Hospital opened. My mom May MacNeill nursed the first event patient there. She is an R.N.A. This year was the one hundredth anniversary of Canada also and lots of celebrations were planned. We decided to have a street dance and barbeque until the wee hours of the morning. We even lit our own fireworks.

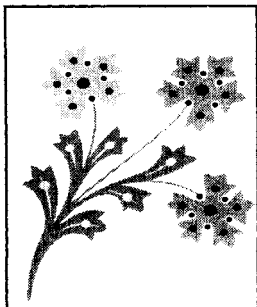
Somewhere in time Scarborough became what it is today, a city with huge apartment buildings, rambling subdivisions, indoor shopping malls, a multicultural society full of lots of new and interesting tastes and smells and sounds.

But also thanks to the many volunteers and government officials we have been lucky enough to have preserved some of our past heritage in thousands of acres of natural parkland which will always be there for our children, our

A Bicentennial Celebration

grandchildren and all future generations to come so that they may enjoy what we took for granted so many years ago. The heritage we are leaving behind is the Rouge Park.

Linda Carscadden



SIX HOMES IN THE "BOONIES"

by Frank Facella

During the summer of 1959 Herman Zanussi completed the construction of six homes on Malamute Crescent, a new street that extended west from Amethyst which was one block west of Birchmount. Each home backed onto Sheppard Avenue, a narrow two lane road.

The lots of these homes were 44 feet wide by 150 feet deep and looked out on a horse farm to the west of Holy Spirit Church, and an apple orchard to the east. In today's real estate market they would be called estate lots.

The area still had the feeling of being in the country. North of Sheppard, as far as the eye could see, was almost all farms. Agincourt was a Village composed of a small cluster of stores flanking Glen Watford Drive. A pharmacy, hardware, an A & P super market, and community swimming pool. The library was on Midland Avenue, a short walk above Sheppard, in a charming old house. Tam O'Shanter Golf and Curling Club was thriving.

Torontonians thought that Agincourt was the "boonies" but the six families who moved into Herman Zanussi's homes thought it was paradise.

Lynngate Public School had just been built and was only two blocks away. Across the street, on the south side of Malamute, more than a dozen families had already moved

Memories of Scarborough:

into homes built by Price. The Zanussi families had lots of company. The neighbourhood rang with the happy sounds of children. A community was born.

Scarborough was not yet a city, we didn't have a Mayor, we had a Reeve, the Golden Mile shopping strip on Eglinton Avenue was the envy of all other boroughs.

Crime was unheard of. Example: the families in Herman Zanussi's homes felt no need to lock their doors at night or if they were making a trip to get groceries. Example: a young girl rides her bike to a nearby convenience store, gets distracted, and walks home. The next day she is looking for her bike and the family finally finds it where she left it, outside the convenience store.

The six families had a sense of pride in their new homes. There was something special about them. They were built by a small builder who put craftsmanship ahead of profit. Who used solid oak for the trim, all the floors. Block and brick for all the walls.

Who were the Zanussi families? No one special. One family had come from Montreal. Another from England. One from Kingston. The others from Toronto. Middle class people looking for a comfortable place to live and raise their children.

But they were very much a part of Scarborough's history, of the growth and expansion of the Village of Agincourt. They knew the area when there was a Sunoco Service Station where Kentucky Fried Chicken is now. When a Dominion Store stood long before Shopper's Drug Mart arrived. When there was a store at the south west corner of Sheppard and Victoria Park that sold the most delicious ice

A Bicentennial Celebration

cream anywhere. When Johnny's Hamburgers on Victoria Park was the only fast food restaurant in the area.

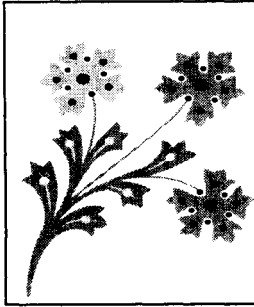
They saw apartment towers rise along the north side of Sheppard between Aragon and Birchmount. Saw Holy Spirit build a school. They were witness to the building of Pauline Johnson Elementary School, John Buchan Senior Public School and Steven Leacock Collegiate.

They saw their children grow into adulthood. Scarborough into cityhood. They were a small part of the history of our growing city. Five of the original families are long gone from the street. Some have passed away. Some moved away.

Herman Zanussi's six homes are still intact. Still solid looking. Still an attractive buy. But not for the original price of \$16,500 to \$18,500. After all, that was then and this is now. We're no longer in the "boonies".

If Herman Zanussi is looking down from that big construction site in the sky he should be smiling with pride because he made a bit of history in Scarborough, and brought a lot of happiness. I know because my wife and I still live in one of his homes.

Frank Facella



*MEMORIES OF
SCARBOROUGH 1949 - 1996*

by Olivia Gibbins

Every community undergoes a process of social change, although the velocity of the change may vary considerably.

In order to begin any discussion of the process of social change one must choose a place to start. The temporal boundaries are 1949 up to the present time. The community that I have resided in since 1949 and WATCHED CHANGE IS KNOWN AS THE CLIFFCREST community--spatial boundary Midland Avenue and Kingston Road (West); Scarborough Heights Blvd. and Kingston Rd. (East); Lake Ontario (South) and the C.P.R. Railway Tracks (north), an area of approximately 4 sq. miles. It was individual families that moved into this area (the majority returning Veterans from World War II), and as individual families everyone was different, and yet there seemed to develop a character or sameness in the initial stages, which has changed with the passing of time.

In the CLIFFCREST area there was a suburban development emerging, at its Western boundary there was a small business centre on the North side of Kingston Road which included a Post Office and a Public School. The children had to make their way to Public School on foot. On the south side of Kingston Road, there was a Golf Course and a Catholic Church. As we proceed East along Kingston Road, open fields appeared on the North and a Cemetery. On the south side there was a Seminary surrounded by open fields. The Seminary had an outdoor skating rink which the local residents were allowed to use.

Memories of Scarborough:

My neighbour helped teach me to skate here. Dotted scarcely, here and there, were a few single-dwelling homes until we reach the junction of Kingston Road and St. Clair Avenue East, which was the core point of the CLIFFCREST area at that time.

The chief landmark was the Scarboro Collegiate, built in 1922, to serve the needs of students from as far east as Dunbarton and west to Victoria Park. It was, at this point in time, the hub of the teenage life of this area. Proceeding east to McCowan Road and on to Scarborough Heights Blvd. where the area ended as such, builders had just begun to open up developments both north and south. A few people were building on their own, hence the CLIFFCREST area grew up, and to a degree in the initial stage, developed in a hap-hazard fashion. The majority of the homes were mainly detached homes, either brick, stucco or frame construction. The size of the average lot was 50'X140' with septic tanks as sewers and paved roads did not appear for a number of years. One section to the north was comprised of ½ acre lots being developed under the Veterans Land Act. To accommodate the higher density of population several public schools and a separate school were built.

Prior to the building developments a typical daily walk for me was that of wheeling your carriage/pushcart to McCowan Road, sitting under a large maple tree watching cattle graze in the open fields, a scene soon to disappear.

One of my most vivid memories was the neighbourliness of the community members. In 1949, individual telephones were very scarce, so in times of sickness or other emergency, your neighbour would make the necessary call if a family member was not available. As my immediate

A Bicentennial Celebration

neighbours were an older couple, I often did this and they became like grandparents to me and my family.

There was no postal delivery - this was handled by the people on the street taking turns at picking up their neighbour's mail at the Post Office at Midland Avenue and delivering it. There was a friendly spirit, free and easy visiting patterns, sharing of tools, advice and energies. Plants and bulbs were shared amongst fellow gardeners. Forty-five years later when tending my garden I look at a certain plant and memories come flooding back of that particular person at that time. Hairdressers were unavailable so a neighbour who was skilled in that area would come up during the evening and wash, set or perm my hair, this too evokes pleasant memories.

T.V. did not appear in the average home until the 1950s. Because of the lack of public/private transportation and other factors, such as the availability of baby sitters, much of the social life took place in each other's homes -- card games, weekly table tennis nights, Saturday night get togethers. Public transportation was relied upon by 50% of the residents. A popular way of going down town (a real event) was to get the Greyhound Bus at Stop 17.

As the business community started to develop, entrepreneurs opened stores to serve the area. As the larger supermarkets replaced the small local stores and as I could drive and had access to a car, I would always take a group of neighbours once a week to shop with me.

Recreational facilities began to develop in the area with organizations of every kind being formed - bowling leagues, baseball and hockey for the children, often being

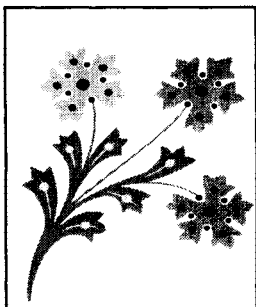
Memories of Scarborough:

sponsored by one of the local merchants. Chief amongst the recreational groups in the first ten years was an organization formed by CLIFFCREST community people called the CLIFFCREST JETS, a hockey league. My late husband was very involved with the Cliffcrest Jets, what started out as a primary group with one team mushroomed over the years into a league with twenty or so teams competing in different age groups. This led to many happy social events, both for the boys with the Banquets and the adults with dances, to help raise funds. Fun for all, with a real community spirit, happy memories.

As time went on the Cliffcrest Ratepayers' Association was formed, which was instrumental in shaping the development of the area in a very definite way. When the United Church came into being around 1950, it became one of the centre points of the Cliffcrest community. To this day, it has maintained this role for all age groups in the area.

In concluding, I would like to say that these years have very special memories for me and takes me back to the feeling experienced by me when serving in the Armed Services during World War II. Forty-seven years fosters many changes in a community, and this particular area is no exception.

Written by:
Olivia Gibbins



WALKING DOWN MEMORY LANE

by Thomas Edward Hough

I am a Scarborough Senior Citizen, but did not move to Scarborough until 1955. However, my father was born, Thomas Edward Hough, the youngest of 13 children, at Hough's Corners, SW corner of Birchmount and Eglinton, on May 1, 1879. He has left a huge stack of handwritten notes, parts of which will answer some of the questions poised in your newspaper article. But first I will list his Scarborough lineage:

Father: Henry Hough (1830-1895) Buried Bethel Pioneer Cemetery - born NW corner of Birchmount and Eglinton. He was a carriage builder. (Replica of carriage works in Thomson Park).

Mother: Mary Jane (Colbath) - (1837-1914) Buried Bethel Pioneer Cemetery - born USA. Parents took out patent for land on Leslie Street, north of Finch, on May 8th, 1830, but did not go through with purchase. 1886 edition of Public School History of England and Canada, page 174, speaks of the Alien Act to those tainted with Republicanism, and deprived of their political rights. There was a 'GO HOME YANKEE' attitude. Mary Jane's first cousin Jeremiah Jones Colbath, was for 11 years an indentured farmhand, and on his release changed his name to Henry Wilson. In New Hampshire, he began to manufacture shoes, and was called the Cobbler of Natick. A founder of the Republican Party, he served as Vice President of the USA under Ulysses S. Grant.

Memories of Scarborough:

Grandfather: Joseph Hough (1796-1877) Buried Bethel Pioneer Cemetery born USA. He was a Wheelwright who answered Muster on May 11th, 1814 with his father and three brothers, and served in Capt. Ridout's Company, 3rd Regiment of York Militia, and was wounded. His clay house was at the NW corner of Eglinton and Birchmount.

Grandmother: Elizabeth (Devenish) Hough (1804-1871) Buried Bethel Pioneer Cemetery born at 200 acre farm bounded by Eglinton, Victoria Park, St. Clair and Pharmacy.

Great grandfather: William Devenish - (1772-1856) Buried St. Andrew's Cemetery, Scarborough born in London, England and worked with David Thomson on construction of the Parliament Buildings. Built his first home on 200 acres now partly occupied by Eglinton Square shopping centre. His second house, built on the east side of Victoria Park, in 1856, the year he died, is now a dental clinic. He was the first Assessor, Tax Collector and Justice of the Peace of Scarborough, for 27 years before the Municipal laws came into force. He built the first frame barn in Scarborough, in 1807. He was Executor of David Thomson's will.

Great grandmother: Jane (Webster) Devenish - (1766-1849) married to Wm. Devenish by Parson Addison, well known divine of that time, in 1799. Buried at St. Andrew's Cemetery, Scarborough.

Great grandfather: John Hough - (1736-1826) Buried Cummer Cemetery, Yonge Street, Willowdale, born in USA. Yeoman. At age 78 answered Muster on May 11th, 1814, with his sons, John Jr., Joseph, William and Erastus. His 200 acre farm was at the NW corner of Leslie and Finch.

Great grandmother: Mary (Montgomery) Hough. (1755-1837) Born in the USA and married to John Hough. Buried at Cummer Cemetery, Yonge Street, Willowdale.

From THOMAS EDWARD HOUGH'S notes:

"At the corners where we lived, we had about an acre where all the vegetables except the potatoes were grown - red and black currants, gooseberries, carrots, onion, beets, lettuce, tomatoes, and a lovely orchard with pears, plums, cherries, snow apples, greenings, northern spies, russets, fall pepins, talman sweet, crab apples and choke cherries. On the east side of the house were lilacs, snowballs, bleeding hearts, sweet William and all of the old-time flowers, including roses. The rhubarb patch was the favourite place for one of the hens to lay her eggs. Wild canaries and thrushes were plentiful. Also plentiful were black bears, bobtails, foxes, wolves, crows, hawks, ducks and partridge.

I loved the bees and would put my ear against the hive, and listen to the Queen bee, and could tell when they were going to swarm. I had a long pole with a stick nailed across it. When I saw a bee come out of the hive I would put it up for the Queen to light upon, and then the bees would settle around her until it looked like a big round ball. I would also spend time chasing butterflies and trying to put salt on canary and thrush tails; running through mother's carrots, berry bushes and flower beds, playing with the chickens.

I only remember seeing one snake at the farm. My brothers took it out of the well by the barn, and it was 5 or 6 feet long.

Memories of Scarborough:

There was a little old hen and she would let me carry her any place and would even lay an egg in my hand. I used to enjoy looking through the hay for hen's nests. I loved the smell of the hay. It was always so nice and clean as the boys pitched the bales up and spread it. Father would throw some salt on it, and the hay seemed to keep fresh, and appetizing for the horses.

The only children I had to play with were Minnie Walton (Red Jack Walton's daughter) and my nephew, Watson Hough, who was 2 years younger than I.

When father (Henry) was small, there were times when people would not dare go out with the horse and sleigh, and horses would have chains or cans to make a noise to scare off the wolves, or they would jump right into the sleigh, or attack the horses. Bobcats would jump at you, going along the road or in the bush. They would run on the beaten path or in the open.

In the creek running south from Eglinton to St. Clair, there was good swimming and fishing, and we could see and hear the fireworks from the Toronto Exhibition. There was plenty of good firewood. If we were going to the St. Lawrence Market, we would get up at two or three a.m. The only passable way was down Birchmount Road to Kingston Road, then south to Queen Street; west to the Don River and west on King Street.

On one trip to Toronto, I accompanied father. He bought a shawl from Tom Woodhouse, who had a store on King Street near the Market. This was given to the Scarborough Historic Museum. I was 5 or 6 years old at the time, and this was just after he bought a team of horses from Joe White who had a flour and feed shop at the NE corner of

A Bicentennial Celebration

Queen and Hamilton Street, One was Jack, a light bay, and the other was Turk, a Cleveland bay.

Turk was a lovely, big, general purpose horse, and I used to drive mother wherever she wanted to go. Mother said that I knew more about horses and their harness than she did. Although I was only about seven years old and had to get up on a stool to put the Dutch collar over Turk's head, and I would walk under him to do up the belly band on his stomach. He would not move until he looked to make sure that I was not near his feet. He was very 'showie', but was perfectly broken to be driven by word as well as by line.

I can remember when father was very sick in the hospital, driving on the Danforth to Broadview, and the sand and mud was so deep that it took all of Turk's strength to get through it, pulling a light top carriage.

Father had three farms - 12 acres at Hough's corners; land on Kennedy, adjacent to Bethel cemetery, and a farm at Highland Creek, just east of Malvern.

It would take a whole day to go to Toronto and back, so father (Henry) did most of the shopping. He would buy only the best on the market -- only two kinds of soap - Shell brand Castile and Glycerin; only Christie-Brown biscuits; only the best woollen goods for clothing that he could judge the moment he put his hands on it. This same quality he demanded when choosing horses, cows and chickens.

Henry died (1895) before the advent of coaster brakes for bicycles, or before the automobile or airplanes, but he used to talk about horseless carriages and flying machines.

Memories of Scarborough:

When we first got wire nails, they would split any fine wood, so father would cut the round end off like a chisel, and then driving them cross grain, he could use them with the finest of wood. Regardless of the kind of work he was doing, he was never seen with dirty hands.

He had a nice voice and I remember him singing *Annie Laurie*, *Lilly of the Valley*, *Dare to be a Daniel*, *Who killed Cock Robin?* and *Auld Lang Syne*. He had a deep love of books, both prose and poetry. He was very active in his church, and knew the bible from cover to cover.

He was the conductor of the first string orchestra in Scarborough. His violin was a Strad school violin, and is now in the possession of his grandson, Douglas Hough. His brother, John Devenish Hough played the cello. This was given to Scarborough Historical Museum by Henry's grandson, Donald Hough. Henry's nephew (another Thomas), said that his uncle Henry taught him more in one lesson than any other teacher could teach him in a dozen years.

I think my mother and father built their home on a firm foundation, having a family altar, where we started the day with prayer. Grace was said before every meal. Father was the pure essence of kindness to man, birds and animals, and would not eat until all his animals were fed, and would not do any unnecessary work on Sunday. Every Saturday evening, he saw that there was bran mash with a little currie powder and flax seed on the stove for the horses meals, and any sick animal would be cared for.

Father operated his carriage shop and blacksmith shop for 28 years, until cancer forced him to turn it over to his eldest son, my brother, William, who lived at the SE corner of

A Bicentennial Celebration

Birchmount and Eglinton. Henry also specialized in fitting horses for racing, high-stepping and show purposes. He was the first importer and breeder of Blackhawk Morgan horses, and one of his horses took top prizes in the USA and Europe. Incidentally, Coulter Bros. (buyers of horses for the Canadian and USA government) rated the Blackhawk Morgan as the most serviceable and reliable, giving distinguished service in both world wars.

Rosie was the only Blackhawk Morgan I ever saw, and was the last of father's good horses, one of which he sold to Tom Grand, at Richmond and Sheppard Street, for \$3,000.00. Rosie had a nice colt. When I was about six years old, I went for a drive with Rosie, over ploughed fields, until I came to a ditch and a row of elm trees that blocked our way.

Father needed a team of horses, at that time, and he bought a team from Joe White, the flour and feed man.

Father had a strong community spirit, and excelled in competitions. He would compete mowing, wheat with a cradle, and would cut a swath of over 6 feet; doing more in one day than a team of horses. He invented, but never patented the first portable, collapsible hay rack, which was used by the best farmers, all over the world, until the hay binder came into use, and the hay then was cut and bound by the same machine.

For many years he was a trustee of the Hough school (NS of Eglinton, just east of Birchmount) and hired Alexander Muir, composer of the Maple Leaf Forever as teacher. Muir kept a shotgun in the school, and whenever he saw a flock of pigeons, he would go outside and get enough for a few meals. This school had the only 'teacherage' in

Memories of Scarborough:

Scarborough, next to the school, where the teacher lived, and in lieu of rent, performed the caretaking at the school.

Henry made his own tools (many of which are in the Hough Carriage Works in Thomson Park) his paint and varnish. The varnish was pliable and weatherproof. My brother, William saw a wagon that had been built forty years before, and the varnish was still in good condition. When father died, the formulae was lost. Henry built his stone blacksmith shop, with thick walls, because of fear of the Fenian raids, and carried on the business of shoeing horses, and fixing lame horses - removing corns, and making their shoes so as to spread the hoof and cure them of corns. He would shoe them for racing or high-stepping. As the stalls were not padded, the horses would often rub the hair off their legs, on the rough boards, and this would cause trouble due to the dust and dirt. Henry would blister them and make the hair grow back so that they could go back into the show ring.

At the peak of his business, he had a good blacksmith, Charlie Ireland, and my brothers, William, Hiram and Andrew were taught the trade. Hiram, being very strong, could pick up the foot of the meanest, kicking horses that would come into the shop, and would hit the bad ones with the handle of his hammer and say "now kick again, if you can."

The blacksmiths did all of the iron work for the wagons and carriages, and all of the tires were made of iron. They were put on hot, as there was no cold setting at that time. Brother Joe was the wagon and carriage painter, and could do a job as good as any piano finisher. He was also a top grainer. The carriage shop was a 2-storey frame building

A Bicentennial Celebration

just east of the blacksmith shop. A dirt ramp led to the second storey where the painting was done.

The soaps were hardly strong enough for some purposes, due to the use of soft coal in the blacksmith shop, and also the mud, so mother (Mary Jane) made her own soap to cope with these problems. She would slack a little lime; add some hardwood ashes and some beef dripping, and that made a soft soap that would take the dirt out of anything. Our home was always spotlessly clean. Mother also made the candles until good oil lamps were obtained.

There were usually one or two camp meetings held, during the summer, at Macklem's bush. The women used to lace their corsets tightly. One night the visiting minister was preaching against tight lacing, so a lot of the women went into the bush and took off their corsets, throwing them on the ground.

Every farmer had to do road maintenance work, or pay someone else to do it. All plumbing convenience were outside - winter and summer. We looked forward to having friends visit. If the children were good they were taken over to Bethel Pioneer Cemetery, on Sunday afternoons. There was good skating, sleighing and barn dancing. Women and children could make a little pocket money picking berries for one cent a box.

Henry's father, Joseph, had his farm at the NW corner of Birchmount and Eglinton. The house was very large and made of solid clay and straw. The only openings were the doors and windows, and there were no seams, and, therefore, without drafts and very warm.

Memories of Scarborough:

Henry's brother, Joseph, had a gold mine in California. Another brother, John Devenish Hough was a very wealthy lumberman in Hillsdale, Ontario. His brother, William, had the farm south of his, on the west side of Birchmount.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Kemp farmed the east side of Birchmount, north of Eglinton, Mrs. Kemp made my first dress, in 1879, after I was born. I still have her rocking chair and a chair with small wooden wheels, and some of her kitchen utensils. When widowed she later married George Frame, and their son became President of the Tamblyn Drug store chain.

Robert Loveless, a Scarborough farmer, was called 'Old man hatred' and 'Sleeping Sickness'. He was a good Christian man, but very stout, and would get very sleepy after a hard day's work, and thus the second nickname. He used to make his coffee out of roasted wheat.

When I was a little boy, people loved Queen Victoria. My mother looked like her; dressed in the same type of dress and bonnet. When she heard of a case where the doctor had given up on a person, she would go to the patient and start praying and applying mustard baths; rubbing or doing anything to ease the pain, until the patient was on his or her feet. She did oil paintings, and was an expert in setting up waxed flowers - dipping roses in hot wax. She wore silk dresses for good, and silk underwear instead of woollen.

My older brothers thought the circuit minister was coming to stay with us too often, and decided to do something about it, and so they put on a show. One climbed up the apple tree, where he couldn't be seen. Another took the

A Bicentennial Celebration

horse, Turk, and tied him to the gate on Birchmount, near the barn, and put some chickens in bags and tied the bags to Turk's back. Then they went to the chicken house and got the chickens squawking, and making all the noise they could. Another brother was waiting in the house and ran to open the kitchen door. The one in the tree shot off the gun, and the one in the house fell back as if he had been hit. After 2 or 3 shots, they decided to fire one through the top corner of the bedroom window where the minister was sleeping, so the bullet would hit the ceiling and fall on the bed. It was a real wild night, and the minister was telling everybody of his close call with chicken thieves. But the biggest joke of the evening was that my oldest brother, Willie, who lived at the SE corner, across the road, suddenly missed a lot of things that the chicken thieves had supposedly taken. I guess someone must have taken them before, or he misplaced them.

In a bush on the old Danforth Road called the Plains, there was a little man called Chicken Jones. People said that he was one of the people that raided Scarborough chicken houses. Sometime later, my brother, Isaac sued Wm. Harris, as his horse had knocked Isaac down, at the corner of King and Jarvis Streets. I was Isaac's witness, giving the court particulars of the road and how the accident happened. Chicken Jones was a witness for Harris. He had a hearing horn as he was very deaf, that he usually carried. The judge was not getting the right answers to his questions so he asked Jones if he didn't have a horn. Jones replied that he had two on the way in. When Harris was accused of whipping his horse while approaching King St., which was a stop street and a very busy intersection, he replied that he did not have a whip. Actually, he carried a long cane, similar to a cattle herders cane, and used it on the horse.

Memories of Scarborough:

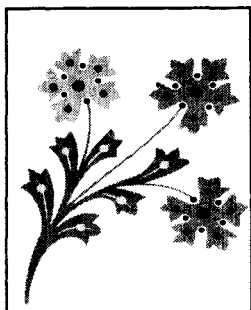
Father got hurt trying to save his youngest brother Andrew who was being beaten by a very big, powerful man. Father was pulling him off Andrew and the big fellow fell on top of him, crushing three ribs. He was so badly hurt that he never got over it, and although he lived another 10 years, he suffered all the time, and eventually died of cancer of the liver.

I was left to take care of my mother and father when father was on his deathbed. He could not take any solid food, and the only thing he wanted was fresh imported strawberries, and I was able to purchase them for 40 to 50 cents a box, for the last two weeks that he lived. Mother stayed at his bedside, and when the door would open, he would ask if Tommy had brought him any berries. The saddest time in my life was one night when I could not get any berries for him. Mother was with him when he died, at which time, she said, he was reciting the Lord's prayer. When he came to the words "Thine will be done", with outstretched arms, and a beautiful smile on his face, he passed on.

In the early 1880s in Scarborough, 'Billie Bye' had a little black mare and called her creeping Jennie. She had a broken hip. Apart from that, she looked healthy and strong. She carried him in a shaky buggy with very poor harness, going around Scarborough, selling pins, needles and all kinds of bindings for sewing."

Donald S. Hough

From the notes of Thomas Edward Hough



*A LIFETIME IN
SCARBOROUGH*

1918 - 1996

by Olive N. Jones (née Graham)

10,000 memories in 1,000 words? I will try.

Yes, I was born while my family was living on Kalmar Ave., in what is now called the "Village of Birchcliff", event taking place on the way to Toronto General Hospital. I've been told it was in an open taxi with my father walking to Beech Ave. to find one following a snow storm, Boxing Day, Dec. 26, 1918. Family being father Cliff Graham, mother Olive, and 3 older children -- Cliff 13, Jennie 12, and Ron 6. My mother's first child, Dad having been widowed when his first wife died childbirth of another little girl who died in the Toronto Infant's Home of diphtheria.

Dad was a painter and decorator, working for a Mr. Mitchell in this area, later a staff painter at Prince George Hotel on York Street in Toronto. Cliff and Jennie were in the first class of pupils at the new Birchcliff School with Mrs. Reece as principal.

My first memory of Scarborough was at age 3 ½ (1922) playing in a tent with baby brothers Bob 2, and Babe (Vincent almost 1). Dad and Cliff had erected it at the front of our new house on Hillcrest Drive (now 40 Cliffcrest Drive) while building this five room abode -- 2 small bedrooms, living and dining rooms and kitchen. It was supported on cedar posts, covered in tarpaper soon to be brown clapboard, with rear entrance. A row of kitchen

Memories of Scarborough:

windows faced south to a clear view of Lake Ontario. Later would be an expansion at the front, complete basement hand-dug by all the family, the house covered with red rug brick and tiled from vestibule. This area was once the Ashbridge family farm, their house still in existence at the foot of the Scarborough Crescent hill.

Our home was surrounded by empty fields, we could play Hide and Seek in the long grass, have baseball games with neighbours. There was a sturdy 2-seater outhouse at the back, invulnerable to Halloween pranks, later becoming a chicken shed, with an addition for pigeons and rabbits. The road was mud with a cinder path on the other side, hydro installed a month later, and water obtained from the Reesors living behind us on Scarborough Crescent who allowed us to use their well. Water was piped on our street the following year.

Joe Reesor, his wife and 3 young daughters were our first friends in the neighborhood. Mrs. Reesor was Mother's resource in times of childhood accidents. Mr. Reesor, plasterer by trade, had a horse "Nell" stabled in his yard to pull his dusty wagon with ladders, etc. We would sometimes hitch a ride and were fascinated to watch him chew tobacco and spit sideways.

A few houses in the neighborhood were built as summer cottages and since enlarged and renovated into modern homes. Dad used local businesses for supplies -- Comrie lumber or Williamson's at Scar. Junction, Ryan's tinsmithing, John Oley dug the septic tank and Brady's of Birchcliff did the plumbing. Coal was delivered from Snyder's on Kingston Road.

A Bicentennial Celebration

The Halfway House was our local landmark and where Ron first attended school before John A. Leslie School (S.S.10) was opened in 1923. It was also our first post office before being moved to Short's store to the west. Some grocery shopping was at Stinson's on the triangle of Midland, Scarb. Cres. and Kingston Rd., with a sign saying "English speaking Gentiles only". (Gypsies camped with colourful wagons at the top of the cliffs). Mother took radial and streetcar downtown to place a large order at Eaton's grocery department for delivery on Sat., including roast of beef.

I started school on Midland Avenue in January 1925 (age 6 in December). We all walked, in all weathers, from down near the cliffs and east to Stop 17. Mr. Allen Meyer was my grade 8 teacher and school principal. He celebrated his 100th birthday in this bicentennial year, still living at home on Kelsonia Avenue. Enrolling at Scarborough Collegiate Institute (R. H. King) in 1931 for a 3 year commercial course (Miss Carnaghan, are you checking the typing?) Pupils were then addressed as Mr. or Miss by the teachers. I once roller skated home down the Kingston Rd. with a friend who continued on to Blantyre Ave.

When the depression was severe in the 30s Dad had to apply for relief -- food, fuel, footwear -- and in return must work on local road repairs. Ron had to work on the Trans-Canada highway in Northern Ontario for his voucher. Men travelling the freight cars from other places knocked on our door for food and were never refused. I worked at factory jobs and as housemaid. Mother sewed for neighbours, and we had a vegetable garden. There were hard-time parties wearing shabbiest clothes, but still lots of laughter.

Memories of Scarborough:

World War II saw 3 of my brothers enlisting one by one in the R.C.A.F. Each were posted to stations overseas. I first worked at G.E.C.C. in Scarborough, then enlisted with R.C.A.F. W.D., fortunately being sent to stations from Summerside, P.E.I. to Patricia Bay, B.C. and meeting neighbours from Scarborough along the way, mother worked with the Red Cross, knitting etc., sent parcels to each of us, and managed on rations. Both parents would write letters and in the latter years there would be sad stories of local boys losing their lives.

My memories of Scarborough are mainly happy, with open fields for play, climbing the steep cliffs after walking thru' St. Augustine's Seminary grounds, dodging cow flaps, stealing the apples and swimming in cold Lake Ontario; walking everywhere -- Church at St. Crispin's with a short cut across Bolton's field (later Cliffside Golf Course) 3 times a days Sundays, to Birchcliff for errands, picking wild strawberries beside the railroad tracks, sleigh-riding on the Scar. Cres. hill, skating on a pond or at school, gathering flowers and ferns in Neilson's bush adjacent to the north of the present McDougall and Brown funeral home. We gathered firewood in the Chine Drive ravine, picked raspberries at farms on Lawrence and Markham Road, earning summer spending money; watched dancing in the pavilion at the top of the bluffs, buying ice cream cones for 10 cents. This area eroded with Hurricane Hazel in 1954.

Our parents created a home for us in the prettiest part of Scarborough, the Bluffs. The wedding tea for my first marriage was in the garden, My daughters, Donna and Diane Baker grew up in the Cedar Heights and Cedarbrae areas, enjoying visits to grandparents' house and climbing down our old path with me to the lake. It is now sealed

A Bicentennial Celebration

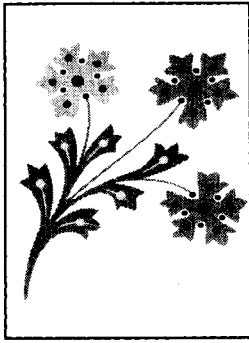
with a "Danger" sign and overlooks the new Bluffer's Park.

Olive N. Jones (née Graham)

Author's Footnote

Scarborough's Bicentennial year 1996

The family of present Mayor Frank Faubert lived for several years in the basement of the home his father built at the (then) foot of Midland Ave. We would trespass across the property to short-cut across the Cliffside Golf Course. (No problems)



MY SCARBOROUGH YEARS

by Jocelyn Ladd

My twin sister Alison and I were born on Queensbury Ave. in Birchcliff, a village in Scarborough on August 22, 1923. Aside from us, of course, was my father, Bernard Donson, my mother Ruby Donson, my two oldest sisters Joyce and Marcia, and my brother Bernie. (Barney). Our garden backed onto what was then the Toronto Hunt Club, on the north side of Kingston Road. I also live in two houses on Audrey Ave.; on East Road; on Lynn Road, Freeman Ave.; and Red Deer Ave. I left Birchcliff in 1943 when I got married. In 1953 we built a house on Warden Ave. and again spent many good years in Scarborough. Our daughter Kelley, was born there. Gale, Wendy and Heather, went to school there. Our daughter Sally and our son Landon were born in Etobicoke.

We had a very friendly neighbourhood and we knew most of the people. Our area went from Queenbury Ave. to Birchmount Road. There were only fields from Clonmore Drive and Warden Ave. then to the Bluffs overlooking Lake Ontario. The policeman walked his beat which comprised our neighborhood. He was a friend to the community and was loved by all the kids.

We walked everywhere except if we were going into the city of Toronto. We could take the trolley car that went from Birchmount Road to Victoria Park Avenue, which was the city limits. The trolley ride cost five cents, and then you had to pay for a car ticket to go into Toronto. The

Memories of Scarborough:

trolley cars had cane seats which you could reverse to face one another. The cars were heated with coal burning Pot Bellied Stoves.

There were no chain stores in Birchcliff.. The stores were family owned and run. Dolton's grocery store was on Queensbury Ave. It was a house with the store at the front and the owners lived in the back. Sigston's our other grocery store was also a large house. On Wednesday afternoon they closed, but you could always go to the side door.

At Kingston Road and Queensbury Ave. there was a confectionary store. On the southside of Kingston Road and Warden was a Hardware store; a flower shop and my Brother's Bake Shop called Hampton's Bakery. My mother served in it. The Butcher shop was at Kalmar Ave. and Kingston Road on. On the south side of Valhalla Drive was Bill's barber shop, which is still there. Across the street from Birchcliff School was Hall's Drug Store; my Father's Sign Shop and Willowby's Real Estate; a Dry Goods store and quite a few empty stores....a stark reminder of the depression. There was also a gas station; and a dairy store at the corner of Cornell Avenue.

SCHOOL

Everyone walked to Birchcliff School. It was the only school in the area. Our Principal was Mrs. Reese. She was very strict. If you were in the halls during lunch time and didn't have any excuse for being there, you would get the strap. Also some teachers would strap you if you couldn't read. And of course if you didn't behave you got strapped. There was never a disciplinary problem.

A Bicentennial Celebration

One of the happy times at school was in the spring when we would clean up the grounds. I loved this activity because we also used to weed the shrubs and flower beds. I had a feeling of pride in all this. Next to the school was an apple orchard. There were portables on it. Like the schools of today there weren't enough rooms in the main school house.

ROADS

Kingston Rd was just two lanes wide and it was oiled and sanded like the rest of the streets. It was an awful mess until it dried, because you would get it on your shoes and clothes. One section from Red Deer Ave. to Warden Ave. north to Clonmore Dr. and south to Dodge Rd. was paved and curbed. A builder was to put houses in this division but the depression struck! But what a great stroke of luck for me! On these paved streets I used to roller skate for hours, unconcerned with traffic...for there was none. It was like having a great outdoor arena to myself. I was as free as the breeze!

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

I can empathize with the unemployed of today. Like many people in the 1930s, my father couldn't get a job. However, being a sign painter, he did the lettering on the police cars, and fire engines for Scarborough Township. Therefore he was able to get relief. There were many humiliations you felt when you received welfare from the city. Such things as shoes. You would get a voucher with which you got the shoes. But all the shoes for girls were the same! Everyone who glanced at your feet knew you were on welfare. I can remember at ten years of age of going to the grocery store and told in front of all the customers that you couldn't have

Memories of Scarborough:

any groceries because you had no more credit. My sister Marcia and I also had our lunches given to us at school. Once in a while if I could save enough pennies to equal ten cents I would go to the Kingswood Theater at the city limits, just past Victoria Park.

THE WAR YEARS

And then came the war. More and more of the young men that I knew and went to school with were drafted into the forces and sent overseas. Sadly, many of them didn't return.

The essentials were strictly rationed. Most food, including sugar, jams, meats, butter, gasoline etc. were rationed and required coupons to purchase. It took some planning to stretch them for the month. Some wealthy and well placed never seemed to have a problem or go without. The black market was their's to exploit. Of course electrical appliances and new cars were out of the question because the steel was needed for armaments. Aside from wages being frozen, we had the war bonds and Canada Savings Certificates. The employer deducted from your paycheck for the compulsory portion of these. In many cases it provided a nice cushion for after the war for such things as buying a house or furniture!

The march of women into the factories and mills as well as the offices and stores began as a high proportion of female labour took the place of men who had gone into the services. The women's revolution had begun. It is still in full force.

A Bicentennial Celebration

THE BOOM YEARS

We moved to Scarborough in 1953. Our post office was in the village of Wexford. The 401 wasn't built yet. Nor was Warden Ave. north of Lawrence Ave. Our house was on the corner of what was to become Boem and Warden. To get the moving van to our place, we had to hire a tractor and pull the van through the fields of mud to our new home. When the housing division was built and Warden paved; the 401 opened; our street became the truck route to the marshaling yards to the south. The trucks shook the hell out of our houses! The township had built Warden Ave. on fill and much higher than the properties along it. We had to use a garden wheelbarrow to take over one hundred truck loads of fill to level our property. We surely were part of the boom years!

The Golden Mile became a reality with its Malls and industrial plants which were among the finest.

The community spirit built the Scarborough General Hospital, which gave truth to the booming, bustling growth of Scarborough.

MEMORIES

My memories of Birchcliff was of so much activity. As a small child and even in my teen years we went to Providence Bush for picnics. There were only farms around there and you felt a wonderful freedom. The Rouge Valley Inn was another place we walked to for picnics and to spend a day in the swimming pool. I used to go to the beach by way of the stairs on Lakeside Ave. The water was always too cold for swimming. I would build sand castles and still have a lot of fun.

Memories of Scarborough:

On Friday night I would go to the Baptist Church and see Lantern Slides. I would go to different functions at St. Nicholas church and also the United Church and enjoy their picnics on Centre Island. In the winter I skated on the school rink. There were also many school concerts and we all participated. During the summer I played baseball. In Birchcliff there was a real community spirit. We all seemed to belong to each other.

When my twin sister and I were very young we were afraid when the "Sheenyman" would come. He collected anything you wanted to discard -- bottles, rags and just about anything else. I guess someone told us if we weren't good he would take us away. My sister died when we were three and a half years old.

On Friday the fishman would come around with his horse and cart. Our dog would follow him until he had finished his route and the dog had her fill of fish. The vegetable man used to let me drive the horse and I would feed it grass. We also fed the horses of the milkman, baker, and the tea and spice man. But the most fun was feeding and grooming the horses at Lakeview Dairy on Lakeview Ave.

At Warden and Kingston Road there was a baseball diamond. Teams from the Kew Beach area, the teams of the Toronto Star and the Daily Telegram and many other groups would play ball. I always had my favourite team. Also every summer the Fairs would come to the field, with their merry-go-rounds, the fat lady, games and shows and floss candy. I would have a wonderful time.

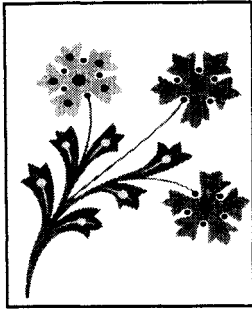
When the Toronto Hunt Club was on both sides of Kingston Road you could walk from Victoria Park to

A Bicentennial Celebration

Birchmount Road even at the dark of midnight and never fear of being molested. Unlike the environment of today, fear did not stalk our streets and people did not even lock their doors, day or night -- and the windows could be left open any time!

I now have two granddaughters that live in Birchcliff. Trish Lamour and my great grandson Robie who lives on Manderly Avenue just around the corner from where I lived on Freeman Avenue. My other granddaughter, Elizabeth Facciol and my great grandson, Michael live on Cornell Ave. off the East Road where I lived. Michael graduated from Birchcliff School this year. (1996).

Jocelyn Ladd



MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH

by Mary Florence Tredway Miller

I have lived all of my eighty-two years in Highland Creek, Scarborough; born and raised on a farm south side of Lawrence Avenue in the Centennial Road community. Six farms made up the area, plus Port Union Village to the east.

In early days, we travelled by horse and buggy on rough gravel roads. In winter months it was by horse and cutter, and there was a great deal more snow than we are having today. To go to Toronto, we either went by train from the Port Union Station or by radial line from West Hill. However in 1918 my father acquired a Model T Ford Touring Car, complete with side curtains.

There were two general stores that sold groceries, building supplies, hardware, cooking utensils, dry goods and boots and shoes. They provided the necessities not grown or made at home. One store had its own brand of cough remedy and liniment.

The Depression Years saw many hardships and shortages. Money was scarce and jobs very hard to find. Young men left home and rode the "rails" across the country trying to seek employment and to leave what food there was for the other members of their families. On the farm my family was more fortunate, as there was always plenty of food, wood for heating and as today things were reused, recycled and made do.

Memories of Scarborough:

Community life took many forms. There were skating, tobogganing and sleighing parties, baseball games, hockey, lacrosse, soccer and football. There were pot luck suppers, corn roasts, wiener roasts, as well as box socials. The neighbourhood farmers took turns with sleighing or hay ride parties. Teams of horses were hitched to the sleigh, with bales of straw and heavy robes to keep you warm. These were lots of fun, it was hard to avoid being pushed off into a snow bank, or sometimes the whole sleigh upset spilling everyone into the ditch. In good weather it was hay rides using a wagon. These usually ended up with a pot luck supper, the local ladies providing the food.

There were euchre and court whist parties, as well as square dances. Dances were held in Mammoth Hall, Malvern; Morrish (Tredway) Hall, Highland Creek; Clarke's Hall, West Hill; Dew Drop Inn, Dunbarton; in Frenchman's Bay Hall; and the New Moon, West Hill. Whenever there was a barn raising in the countryside it was usually christened with a giant barn dance.

Several train wrecks occurred during my early years. One an engine and several freight cars went down the bank into the farm marsh, which was situated east of the mouth of the Highland Creek. The cargo was large rolls of newsprint paper. People came from miles around to get some of these. For years this paper would turn up at picnics as table covers. There were many uses for the family crafts, art work and wrapping paper.

Another wreck a race horse was killed when part of the freight train derailed almost in front of Port Union Station. In still another derailment two carloads of Western cattle escaped around the community. Several were killed but

A Bicentennial Celebration

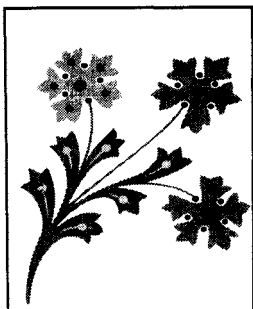
some others had to be destroyed on the spot. This was an exciting day.

During World War I farm help was very scarce. Most of the young unmarried men in our community enlisted in the army. On our farm, we grew sugar beets which were shipped by railway to a sugar refinery. World War II saw the advent of gasoline rationing, as well as meat and sugar. During this time women went to work in munitions and other war oriented industries. Able bodied men as well as women enlisted in army, navy and air force. The hardships of war were endured by all, and many young people paid the supreme sacrifice.

I attended a one-room school where total attendance was never more than forty pupils (Stone School SS #11). From here it was Scarborough High School (R. H. King Academy). It was a two mile walk to public school - rain, snow, sleet or shine. To high school it was walk to Kingston Road, Highland Creek, then ride the Gray Coach Bus.

The Highland Creek Branch of the Federated Women's Institutes of Ontario played an important role in the community. They assisted needy families, provided baby layettes, made dozens of quilts, helped with a community library and provided books in the local public schools and equipment for the playground. During the war years they sent care parcels to local enlisted neighbours and many of their quilts and clothing were sent overseas to bombed out areas. Churches also played an important role in community life.

Mary Florence Tredway Miller



MY EARLY LIFE IN SCARBOROUGH

By: Doris Libby (née Uprichard)

I was born in 1931 and have lived all my life in Scarborough growing up in the Warden Ave. - Danforth district on Butterworth Ave. We were a family of 4 and lived in a small 4 room bungalow across the road from Dewfort's Farm. The farm was bordered by Warden, Danforth Road and Danforth Ave. taking up the whole block. They had fruit trees and hot houses and my brother worked there during his summer holidays and on Saturdays. There were many open fields around us where we could play baseball in summer and sleigh ride in winter. Two ponds, one on Scotia Ave. and one on Warden were our skating rinks, where we played hockey with magazines stuffed in our socks for pads and 2 stones for goal posts.

People had very little money in our area and we were fortunate that my dad had a job in Ford's factory for at least 6 months a year. The factory was located at Danforth and Victoria Park Aves. (now Shopper's World) and the company allowed the workers to use vacant land around the plant for gardens, and father being Irish, grew potatoes! I don't remember ever going hungry or being in real need of material things i.e., clothes etc. Other's weren't so lucky. I remember one neighbour who had a large family coming to our door one winter night with a wagon and dad giving him a bag of coal, a bag of potatoes and some clothes. In those lean years neighbours helped each other, as work was scarce and wages very low. No unemployment cheques when you lost your job, you were on your own.

Memories of Scarborough:

Oakridge Public School was first located on Danforth Ave. at Robinson Ave, and that's where I began my education, starting in grade one. (No kindergartens at that time.) There were two brick buildings, one for primary grades and one for grades 4 to 8. We had no school library and once or twice a year the class walked to Main Street and Gerrard to the city library. From Oakridge P.S. I went on to Scarborough Collegiate (R.H. King Academy) and graduated with a Junior Matric. At that time the school was being renovated and we had to attend classes in shifts. Our shift was 8:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. and I had to catch the 7:30 a.m. Danforth bus. Danforth Bus Lines ran special buses to the school as their daily buses didn't go past Midland Ave and Kingston Rd. There were only two collegiate then, ours and Agincourt C.I. Pupils came in from Dunbarton and Pickering on Grey Coach buses. We wore uniforms three days a week for gym, consisting of a navy blue pleated tunic, a white cotton blouse, white socks and shoes and navy bloomers! When visiting other Toronto area schools for rugby games, we were called the "hicks from Scarborough"!

There were very few paved roads in the Township and our area was no exception. Therefore, every spring we suffered the messy "oiling of the roads". A large tank truck came down the street spreading a film of black oil over the road to "keep the dust down". No matter what precautions were taken, it invariably appeared on verandas, rugs, floors and clothes. One Easter I was the proud owner of a new yellow coat and, while crossing a sand path on the road, slipped and fell, ruining the coat!

Our leisure activities were of our own making. T.V. was not yet available. In summer we played baseball and board

A Bicentennial Celebration

games. Another pastime was packing a lunch and spending the day playing in Warden Woods. At that time Warden Ave. did not go through to St. Clair Ave. and the bush was a great place for all kinds of games, with a small stream where your soda bottle was placed to keep cool. In the winter we often walked to Dentonia Park, our nearest outdoor rink, for an evening of skating to music. Patterson's hill (Patterson Ave.) or Alba hill (Alba Ave.) were our favourite tobogganing runs after school and early evenings, or going skating on the pond at Bell's Farm (a dairy farm where Lily Cup now stands on Danforth Road). As I grew into my teens, Friday and Saturday nights were spent roller skating at Mutual Arena. Some of my most vivid memories of growing up in Scarborough are walking to school in winter with drifts so high you had to walk on the road, the open fields around our house which allowed great play areas; the Friday nights we walked to Woodbine Ave to shop in Kresge and Woolworth stores and walked home again, stopping for ice cream at the Maple Leaf Dairy; going to the Grover show on Saturday afternoon for 12 cents; going swimming in Lake Ontario after walking down 144 steps at Lakeside Ave, in Birchcliff; getting up at 6:30 a.m. to catch a ride on a stake truck to pick berries on a farm on Markham Road (just north of Ellesmere), for 5 cents a quart! On Sunday afternoons Mom and I would board the aerial car at Birchmount and Kingston Rds and ride out to Stop 27 (Scarborough Golf Club Rd) and walk south past the farms down to the lake for an afternoon in the country.

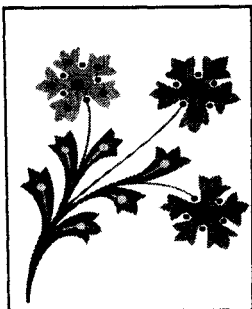
The War years (1939-45) brought change to our neighbourhood as brothers, sisters and fathers of my friends and neighbours went off to war. My father, being too old for the services, went to work in the shipyards at Collingwood, Ontario, plying his trade as a marine engineer. Food rationing began and we were issued stamp books to buy

Memories of Scarborough:

sugar, meat, butter and also gasoline. War bonds were sold at school and I purchased one, paying 25 cents a week for a \$50.00 bond. At the end of the war I cashed my bond and bought a new Raleigh bike. Air raid drills would be called at any time, mostly at night. Our local air raid warden walked the streets, making sure no lights appeared from any house. Street lights went out, it was pitch black, and no one was allowed outside until the All Clear sounded. However, we suffered little hardship and felt fortunate to be able to send food parcels to our relative in Northern Ireland. At the war's end, most of our service men returned home, able to re-enter civilian life.

I enjoyed my early years in Scarborough and feel fortunate to have grown up in an era where children had the freedom to play in open fields, to walk to a skating rink at night, to travel downtown without adult supervision, to use buses and streetcars without fear of being "swarmed". We've had some wonderful changes in Scarborough since my youth, but I'm glad I experienced the earlier Scarborough, when it was still essentially a farming community - a place of open spaces and childhood freedom!

By: Doris Libby (née Uprichard)



MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH

*By The O'Preys
Phil, Mary, Theresa and Basil*

Our parents immigrated from Ireland to Canada in 1927. They settled in Scarborough Bluffs (Kingston Road and Midland area) where they lived until their deaths (dad in 1972, mom in 1989). Phil was twenty months old when they came over by boat to Montreal, then by train to Toronto. Dad had a hard time finding a job, but was hired by St. Augustine's Seminary to work on the farm. Later he went to work on the farm at St. Joseph's on the Lake at Kingston Road and McCowan, the area now known as Cathedral Bluffs. We also went to school there from grade one to grade eight. It was a convent with only two classrooms, four grades in each one. We were taught by the nuns. It was about three miles from our home on Sharpe Street and we walked most of the time as there were six children in the family and there wasn't money for bus fare. There were several vacant lots with paths running through them so this cut off some of the distance.

There was no Catholic church nearby so we went to mass at St. Augustine's Seminary until Shrine of the Little Flower was built in 1933.

Dad rode a bicycle. He would bring home milk, eggs and vegetables in the carrier from the farm. We moved several times to rented houses. The last one they bought for \$1800.00 and paid it off at \$18.00 per month. Our next door neighbour was three blocks down the street. We had lots of fields to play baseball, football, etc and every time we

Memories of Scarborough:

moved Dad would bring home a wagon and two horses to move the furniture.

Dad belonged to the Civil Guard. During the war we practiced blackouts. A siren would go off to start. The guards had to patrol the streets to make sure there were no lights on, not even the flicker of a cigarette. The siren would sound again to end it.

We had a vegetable garden taking up the whole lot next door. Dad had everything planted there. We also had chickens. Our bread man and milk man came every day with horse and wagon. We only had ice boxes so the ice man would come with blocks of ice for twenty five cents. We would each the chips of ice which would break off and spill in the wagon.

We had two bus routes which we called Kingston Road and Danforth. The Kingston Road bus went from Scarborough Golf Club Road to Birchcliff, then we'd get a streetcar to go downtown. To go further east we would have to take the Oshawa bus. The Danforth bus went from Claremore and Mackintosh to Luttrell, east of Main.

The bus stops were Stop 12, 13, 13A and 14, now Cliffside, Sharpe, Sandown and Midland.

On Saturday afternoon we would go to the matinee at Manor or Scarborough on Kingston Road or Avalon or Grover on the Danforth. Bus fare was three cents each way. The show cost ten cents and after we'd get a box of chips at the fish and chip store for five cents.

We had no television so we would listen to the radio. On Sunday nights we would turn out the lights and listen to

A Bicentennial Celebration

the "Hermits Cave" and on Tuesdays, "The Shadow". On Kingston Road there was no Cliffside Plaza. On the south side was a golf course,. On the north side there was a Carload Groceteria, Rathburn's Dry Goods store, Lyons Meat Market and Hansen's Drug Store. The post office was at Sandown and Kingston, where we posted our letters and picked up the mail. The closest Loblaws was at Victoria Park and Kingston Road.

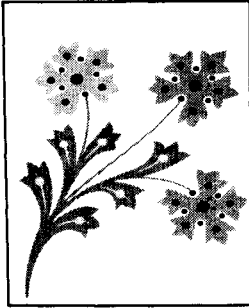
There were dances held at the Halfway House (Kingston Road and Midland) where the post office building is now. The whole family would go and Dad would call off square dancing. It was fun watching the adults dance. The Halfway House is now at Pioneer Village.

All six of us were born at home. Our doctor was at Kingston Road and Birchcliff so when Mom was in labour dad would ride his bicycle to get the doctor. Our neighbour delivered Basil as the doctor didn't arrive in time.

We had a brother, Bernard, killed by car when he was six in 1943 and another brother, Manny, passed away in 1990. The rest of us are still here in Scarborough.

The O'Preys

Phil, Mary, Theresa and Basil



SCARBMEMORY - June 3, 1996

by Bruce and Elisabeth Plain

The House on White Birch Road
in Birchcliff

In October 1942, on returning from our honeymoon - by train to Ottawa and Montreal - Bruce and I moved into a brand new 1 ½ storey house in the Birchcliff area of Scarborough. The price was \$5,200.00 and we were able to buy it with the help of a parental loan. Our address was 32 White Birch Road. Toronto 13. The telephone number was Oxford 1-9830.

Some special memories of living in the house and the neighbourhood come to mind:

The Victory Garden where we did our bit for the war effort by growing as many of our own vegetables as we could.

The coal furnace. When coal was delivered, sacks were emptied onto a chute that led to the basement coalbin. After such a delivery everything in the house was covered with black dust. Attached to the furnace was a jacket heater which heated water when the furnace was on. We also had a gas water heater that could be used when the furnace was not working.

The lights in the houses on our street and in a much larger area flickered. This was because they were powered by 25 cycle current. Eventually Hydro made the conversion from 25 to 60 cycles. It was a big deal with huge machines sitting around the street. We were pleased when the work

Memories of Scarborough:

was finished and we had nice steady light coming from all fixtures.

The Neighbourhood

White Birch was a new street. Some houses had been built: some were under construction; and there was much vacant land. A potato field extended from the north end of the street to Kingston Road. The offices of Garton and Hutchinson, the developers of the area, were situated at the northeast corner of the Warden and Kingston Road intersection.

By Streetcar and Bicycle to Work, to Shop, and to Have Fun

We went to work by streetcar. Yes, streetcars ran along Kingston Road as far as Birchmount, and I have never understood why the T.T.C. made us accept buses and transfers when earlier we could ride all the way downtown without changing vehicles. Nobody in the neighbourhood wanted it. (Today we are move activist: we would have lain on the tracks rather than allow to have them covered over with cement or asphalt.) The streetcars had a motorman and a conductor. The motorman operated the vehicle. The conductor had a place in the middle of the streetcar where he collected the fare. There was a little coal stove by the conductor, and on cold mornings when the stove had not yet heated the whole car, people huddled around the conductor and his stove. In rush hour the streetcar dragged a trailer for additional seating. Service ceased after midnight which was a great inconvenience for late-night revellers on New Year's Eve.

A Bicentennial Celebration

Shopping for groceries was done at Victoria Park Avenue (City Limits). We would walk there and take the streetcar back with our load of groceries. (Cars were scarce in wartime.) Walking along Kingston Road we could watch golf both on the south and north sides of the street. The golfers would pick up their balls and walk across Kingston Road to get from one green to the next. Archery was done near Fallingbrook and Kingston Road.

At one time we acquired bicycles, and then we did some of our shopping trips by bike. Warden Woods was another bicycling destination. The street had a dead end just north of Danforth Road, and was a wonderful place to explore. A sign: "No Hunting" greeted one at its approaches. The sign was peppered with bullet holes.

Warden Woods was also used for bridle paths. A riding school operated in a big barn located where Warden Woods mall now stands. Our children took riding lessons there and enjoyed horse-back rambles through woodsy trails.

Alas, Not a Library in Scarborough

There were no public libraries in Scarborough in the early days of our living there. The Beaches Library filled a need for our neighbours and us. Not only could one borrow books there, but one could attend the occasional concert given by amateur groups.

We got involved in Civic Affairs

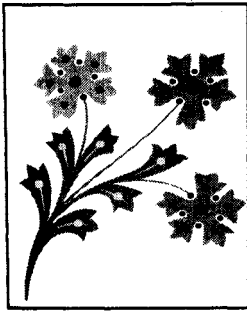
In the hope of improving our own municipal services, we became active in civic affairs, and I joined the Women Electors. Our group attended meetings of the municipal

Memories of Scarborough:

government (on the second floor of the Bank of Commerce at Kingston Road and Birchcliff Avenue - Mayor Crockford in the chair) and of the school board. Gradually Scarborough became more culturally aware and opened its own splendid library system. Bruce made a small contribution to this end when he served on an advisory committee planning the new Taylor Library.

The memories of our life in Scarborough are generally happy ones. We found the Birchcliff area a wonderful place to live and grow. Our best wishes to Scarborough on its 200th Anniversary.

Bruce and Elisabeth Plain



REMEMBER WHEN Part I

by Stanley N. Riches

Have you ever met someone, perhaps in a mall, whom you haven't seen for what seems ages, and after the usual greetings the question is asked, "remember when?" Or it may be that there has been a school reunion, and, as you talk with one another, for the first time since the last reunion, the question comes up "remember when?" Or it may even be that the family are together, which doesn't seem to happen very often these days, and during the conversation once again you hear, "remember when?". Well, let's gather around, and we'll have one of those "remember when parties", and I'll take the lead.

So I'll begin by asking - do you remember when Scarborough was a rural and not an urban community? When it was known as the Township of Scarborough, later to be called the Borough of Scarborough, but now the City of Scarborough? And what changes there have been, as we look back upon the 1930s, and I won't go back further than that, for I'm really not that old. We remember there were many fields, many farms, in the township. As far as size was concerned, physically, there would be very little difference now than then, although I believe one small area was annexed much later. But O, the change in the population, and the resulting change in our manner of life, how great.

Do you remember the communities we had in those days? We are to consider today the community of Birch Cliff

Memories of Scarborough:

Heights, where I was brought up, as typical of what was taking place in Scarborough in those days. There were these communities, and I remember Birch Cliff on the Kingston Road extending from Birchmount on the east to maybe Warden on the west and south of Danforth Avenue. But as you went north on Birchmount you crossed the Danforth on the plateau into Birch Cliff Heights, extending from the Danforth to the train tracks on the north to Kennedy Road on the east. Now crossing the tracks going north on Kennedy you found you were in Scarboro Jct., but on recrossing the tracks and going east to Midland Ave, we were in Scarborough Bluff. And we found that these three communities, B.C.H., Scarboro Jct., and Scarboro Bluffs, were known as far as the school system was concerned as S.S. 10, and competitions were held between the three schools, particularly in sports as I remember them, for I suppose that is where most of my interest was to be found.

Do you remember what it was like in the '30s? That was known as depression days, and things were very difficult. We think they are bad today, but do you remember what they were like when so many were out of work? Well, you say they are out of work today. Yes, they are, about 10% of the population according to statistics reported this week, but back then, about 25% of the people were out of work, and were on what was called relief. Do you remember that? Some called it "pogey", but we didn't particularly like that term. But we learned something of what that wise man Solomon wrote, and what was that? He tells us that there is nothing new under the sun. You ask what do I mean? Well, we found in those days, that folk on relief, were required to do a little work, in exchange for their relief. My father did it then. Have you ever heard of anything like that since then? What is it that is being introduced even now? Is it not called work fare for those on

A Bicentennial Celebration

welfare? Sounds very similar doesn't it? Only doing a little work in exchange for the relief received. And I particularly like that word "relief" rather than "welfare" as we have it today, for it seems to me that with the thought of relief, it was understood to be a temporary thing, to relieve one from the difficult conditions in which found at the time. But what did it mean to be on relief? Do you remember that? Well, I remember it, at least I remember it as a boy, my parents, of course, were the ones who had the problems. And I recall, and you may too, that we received what were called vouchers, which we took to the stores to exchange them for the food or supplies required. And when it came to clothing, as I recall it, we had them supplied, but how they went about it I don't remember, but generally speaking, all the children who were on relief, looked so much the same. Well, according to my memory it didn't bother us too much, although it may have at the time, but not so much as we look back at it. But it was provision that was being made for us because of the distress in which we were found. Of course, that business of the bouchers, passed away, and so did the clothing situation. Progress was being made, so that we were not so all standardized. But they were difficult days.

And let me ask you, do you remember when the baker, and the milkcan, came around, it would be in the early 30s, I think, in a horse and buggy? Yes, advancement was made and they changed that to motor vehicles, but they did deliver to the homes daily. I remember when Harry came, and I think it was Brown's Bread he worked for, and he always knew, of course, what mother always required with the size of our family, but he would bring in his basket anyway, and in it would not only be the bread, but some delicacies as well, cakes or buns, or something like that. And, naturally, we children liked that, but mother, who

Memories of Scarborough:

had to watch where the money was going, had to be more careful. Do you remember that, the horse and buggy days, with the delivery man? And then there was the man who went around in his horse and buggy collecting rags, etc. And do you remember when the papers were delivered also. I remember Harry Thomas, who built up a very good paper route, and I think it went all the way from the Bluffs to Birch Cliff Heights. And some of us used to make a few cents helping him a little bit. He was a very friendly individual, industrious and very quick. He would begin, maybe about 2:30 in the afternoon and he would have three hours or so of riding his bicycle delivering papers from door to door. Do you remember what the four papers which were printed then were, two in the morning and two in the afternoon? There was the Mail and Empire and the Globe in the morning, which later were combined into the Globe and Mail even as it is today. And there was the Star and the Telegram in the evening. The Star continues to this day, but the Telegram closed its doors, to be replaced by the Sun. But today they are all morning papers, no evening ones. That's progress I guess, but I fail to see it. They all seem to give the same news, but with different commentaries in them, and I think in those days politically motivated. And we must not forget the Star Weekly, the Saturday edition of the Star with its comics, and stories by such writers as Kimmy Frise and Gregory Clark.

And do you remember when we learned that the newspaper could be used for something other than reading. You say what do I mean? I recall there was a time when we didn't have indoor plumbing. O, yes, some folk had it, but not all of us, and certainly not in the rural area where there were no water mains. We had that old back-house, and we found that the newspapers came in handy there. And we also found, on those occasions, that it was

A Bicentennial Celebration

the place where we could look at the mail order catalogues which came from Eaton's and Simpson's. Do you remember, that as a rural community, we ordered from these two mail order companies, for their catalogues, and the goods were delivered to our homes? We ordered from the catalogue. Nowadays we have department stores right in our communities, and we drive out to them, but we couldn't in those days. To go downtown to Eaton's or Simpson's was a long excursion, and so we really looked forward to the coming of the mail order catalogues. They've gone their way, or course, as far as we are concerned anyway, although I saw the Fall and Winter Sear's catalogue in my daughter's home in Markham last evening. Simpson's mail order became Simpson-Sears as Sears Roebuck bought into it, and then became Sear's only as it is today. And Simpson's is no more, having been bought out by the Bay. But we received and enjoyed looking at the catalogues, frequently in the out house. That is, of course, if it wasn't winter, because it wasn't a place to sit around and read the newspapers, or look at the catalogue then. It was a place to get to, and to get back from, quickly. But it was also a place to be pushed over on Hallowe'en, when the bigger boys were out and came around and that was their delight apparently, to push over these outhouses. And sometimes they even carted them off, so that we had to bring them back again. O, yes, times have changed.

But there were fields to be found in all of the communities then, and let me ask you, as you journey around today and pass one of our playing fields, and see the little children, even under the age of ten, all decked out in their uniforms to play, do you wonder what it was like before that? Well, let's go back into the 30s and you'll find out. To me it seems that everything is so highly organized these days. Sports

Memories of Scarborough:

are organized by the older people, and from earliest days children are involved in these sports and outfitted for them. But you couldn't do that back then. We did have leagues, to be sure, for those who were in their upper teens and older. There was the Scarboro Intermediate Softball League, usually using the school yards, but below that age we had to make our own plans, and we were up to doing it. We formed our own teams and our own little leagues in our own communities. Do you remember where we played? In these empty fields, and there were many of them about. I remember on Kennedy Rd., just south of the tracks, there were fields which usually had water in them which made nice skating rinks, and places for hockey. Ah, yes, I remember playing there one day, and as boys always have been, I wound up in a fight from which I received a black eye. Being in high school then, I recall when one of my teachers the next day asked me where I got the shiner, and said he would like to see the other fellow. Well, I don't think he was showing it as badly as I was.

But we had the field for vacant lots, and we had our teams, and that was where we played, and learned to skate, and to play hockey. But now there are so many arenas, and the children go there. We weren't fitted out in uniforms. That was another reason for liking the catalogues and magazines which came around. We didn't have shin pads, so we used these in our stockings, and they did save many a bruise on the shins. Yes, we improvised, and we showed individuality in so doing. I think we have lost something there, for we have arrived at the stage where we seem to think everything has to be done for the children, and they have lost perhaps the ability to plan for themselves. We learned that there is that ability, and there were kids who could take the lead, natural leaders, we could call them, but it needs to be drawn out. Perhaps it is

A Bicentennial Celebration

one of the reasons it is said teens hang around street corners with nothing to do. They haven't been taught to plan for themselves. Yes, we did like to get out and play on these corner lots.

But the empty lots were used for something else besides that. Do you remember when we had gardens on them during the depression days? We needed them. On either side of our house, there were vacant lots, and my father, like many other fathers, planted a garden in our back yard and also used these lots. Of course it was required of us boys to do some work in those gardens. We grew our potatoes, beans, carrots, corn, even raspberry bushes, and I can even remember a cherry tree which the robins sure enjoyed in the summer. But I can also recall that my father, not too satisfied with our progress, would come out and show us how it should be done. He was quite quick, which I certainly wasn't. He was well known in the community, of course, Ben Riches. But not being satisfied with our rate of speed, would come out and demonstrate how it should be done, but before he was finished showing us, he would probably have it half done, which was alright with me, for it would be much faster than if we did it, and I was of a mind to be on the playing field on the corner lot. Ah yes, we learned many things very quickly then, as people learn even today. But those gardens were necessary things, and the produce grown on them sure came in handy.

And another thing which we did, particularly our mothers, was preserving from that which the gardens produced for the winter months. I can remember my mother doing that, and in the days when there was fruit abundantly, and it could be obtained reasonably, even for those days, you could put them all up in bottles as preserves. I don't think there is as much done these days as in those days, although

Memories of Scarborough:

I know my wife still does it, but, of course, she was brought up to see her mother do it. Ah yes, times have changed.

But do you remember what it was like in our schools? Do you remember what it was like to be in Senior 4th? Senior 4th? What's that? Oh, we didn't have this uniformity now seen in school, grades one to thirteen going right through school from public school, or elementary schools as they are now probably called, where you leave that school at grade eight, and go into a secondary school, a high school or collegiate, or whatever it may be, and it is to continue on as grade nine to thirteen. It wasn't so in our day. Do you remember that? Yes, when I went to B.C.H., what is now known as Grade 1 was then known as Junior 1st, and Grade 2 as Junior 2nd, with Grades eight and nine then being Junior 4th and Senior 4th. And when you graduated from there and entered a secondary school, as I did to Scarboro Collegiate Institute, you found you were in first form, and it went to fourth form or fifth form. And what a difference that was. We felt rather proud to be out of public school and to be going into first form of high school. And those who were in 4th or 5th form, were highly looked upon as seniors. Yes, well do I remember when I did go into first form of S.C.I., the Junior football team had an undefeated year in what was called T.D.I.A.A., (Toronto district Interschool athletic association, I think). And I can remember the crowd of students gathered around in the school playing field in the back of the school, and I remember Jock Carroll taking the kick-off and going from his own goal line down the field, going by me on the sideline, all the way for a touchdown. O, how grand it was to be part of that now. But it is all just Grade 1 to Grade 13 now. I think we have lost something there too. We are losing so much in organization, and we are losing so much in uniformity, and I think we have lost a great deal in

A Bicentennial Celebration

individuality. But that's just a personal opinion, and we all have those, you know.

But the education system do you remember that? We learned that there were three ways, at least, whereby one learned their lessons. We went to school so they could teach us reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history and such things to educate our minds, so that we might learn to think for ourselves. But then, boys being boys, we might find ourselves in difficulty because of fighting or not paying attention in class, and we were caught by the teacher, and we then received a different type of education. Out from the center drawer of the teacher's desk, was produced something about a foot long, and it was called a strap, and found that when we received that on the hands, we were educated that it was better to pay attention because it would be difficult holding a pen or pencil after that. And they were straight pens which we dipped into the ink, no ball point pens known then. And then when we arrived home we found that someone had snitched on us, for there were always those who would do that, and so what happened? Well we found that there was another part of the anatomy, usually used for sitting on, became the seat of learning as well, for our parents seemed to think that if we found ourselves worthy of receiving such punishment at school, we must have deserved it, and having deserved it there, and for some reason or other came to the conclusion we deserved another session at home. There was none of this business of parents running to the school, or reporting to the Board of Education, or laying charges against teachers. O, yes, I can remember Mr. Kay, who wore glasses and we seemed to think that he had some way of seeing what was going on in the classroom as he would be writing on the board. So when we saw him writing on the board with his back to us, and

Memories of Scarborough:

thought we could talk or do something, he would suddenly turn and with a piece of chalk in his hands, let it go, and was he ever accurate. But on one occasion the boy at whom it was thrown, ducked and it hit the girl behind. What happened on that particular occasion as far as the girl was concerned, I do not know, but I do know about the boy. He learned that he shouldn't have ducked, nor been misbehaving, because that leather strap went into action. Yes, discipline was there, and it was left in the hands of the school. I remember in high school, SCI, R. H. King was the principal, and on the way home some of the boys were caught smoking and they found themselves in deep trouble. Because in those days, do you remember that the student was under the care of the school until they arrived home, and smoking was strictly forbidden for anyone, boys or girls? Not many, if any of the girls smoked, but some boys did, as far as I remember. So they got caught, and punishment was carried out accordingly. Of course punishment is no deterrent, or so we are told in these days. But strange to say, though, with the discipline meted out then, but considered as not suitable today, we seemed to all turn out alright.

The education of the children was very important at SCI and particularly with R.H. King. It was originally known as Scarboro High School, and then was known as Scarboro Collegiate, the only collegiate in the township of Scarboro. Then it was changed to R. H. King Collegiate, in honour of its original principal, who became the first director of education for Scarborough. And now it is R. H. King Academy, with everyone wearing uniforms. And it has a very high scholastic standing, so much so that it has been said that the lineup of parents seeking to enroll their sons and daughters in that school begins at 5:00 a.m. But it was always that way, for I can recall that when I was taking an

A Bicentennial Celebration

extra year at the school to complete the secretarial course of the commercial department, having already completed the accounting course, I was skipping classes for a few days, and they caught me. I was playing on the school basketball team, but that didn't prevent me from having to serve a detention before playing a game one day. I was a little late in starting and it was a bad day for me, I can assure you. But the school system and the education was considered to be very important then. I think it is important now, but perhaps the parents aren't as concerned about the education of their children, and the behaviour of their children in school, as they were that day. O, they may speak up more than they did then, and perhaps they complain more now, but they don't take the same interest. But again, that is just another personal judgement.

And I remember that these school yards were the places where sports activity was to be seen. There was still softball league, as I have said, in the township, and usually they played in the school yards. But I took a drive through BCH last week in view of this little session we are having together today. I looked for fields or empty lots in which they could play, but there just weren't any. Everything is built up solid there now. And I went into the school itself, to see if I could get some information as to when the expansion of the school took place, for it is far larger now than it was in my day, and really I couldn't obtain any. The only information I obtained when I went in there, was that there was an archives for the Board of Education I could phone, and they gave me the phone number. I haven't phoned of course. But I also met the principal, and I began to wish that she had been the principal when I was twelve years of age, rather than Mr. Kay, although I don't believe that principals teach now. Ah yes, times have changed.

Memories of Scarborough:

But as I came out of there, what I saw was that between the School and Kennedy Road, was a large playing field, Highview Park it is called, which was only a large field in the 30s There may have been gardens in it, and I think there probably was, but I'm not sure. It was at the bottom of Preston St. where I lived. Yes, it is a beautiful park now with all the facilities for sports which were held in the school yards in our day. I am happy for them and for these playing fields and parks so that people can come and watch, or come and play, if they so desire. Oh, yes, we have our many parks today in Scarborough which we didn't have in those days, but we did have our open fields and our schools and we did use them to advantage. I wonder what they use the school yards for nowadays, other than in school hours? When I was in the school yard, I noticed that they continue to have the soccer field and the ball diamonds even as they have them in Highview Park. But it, of course, is far better, and probably part of the Parks Department.

I want to ask you now, do you remember when there was only one fire hall in the township, and only one police station as well in all of Scarborough. And where was it found? In BCH of course, at the corner of Highview Avenue and Birchmount Road. And it served the community from Victoria Park where the township began, out to about the SCI area, I believe, after which it was mainly farm areas, without water mains. Only one fire department, and yet it served well and it served in more ways than in just fire protection. For example, I had a younger sister, who being under six, didn't go to school. And so one day, she decided to follow them, and toddled off down the street after them. However, by the time she reached the bottom, where the others had disappeared around the corner on their way to the school, they had all

A Bicentennial Celebration

gone into school and she didn't see them. So she just kept on toddling along past the school, and along Highview Avenue. When our parents finally found her where do you think it was? In the fire hall, of course, having a great time as they were showing her the firetrucks and having a good time with her. Yes, they served us well, and still do, as they are called out to pull folk up from the cliffs over which they have fallen, or rush to assist someone who has had an accident or heart attack. There are many ways in which they serve the community.

They, of course, also served us well in fire protection too. In those days, in our homes we had coal furnaces, no gas, or oil, or electric heating then, and we had to learn how to bank them at night, and how to adjust the draught and the check. And if perchance someone went out and the draught was left open my mistake, as it did, well we needed the fire department, and we were so thankful for them. Yes, we had coal furnaces and we had to learn how to operate them properly.

So one fire department and one police station, in the same building. And that police station is where Harold Adamson began his service and that may have been way back in '38 or thereabouts, and he rose to the position of chief of police for all Metro Toronto. It is good to remember some of our native sons did rise to high positions.

But we also remember that there were scout troops and cub packs, along with brownies and girl guides. And we think of the leaders of some of them, men who helped us. The sixth Toronto troop, to which I belonged, still is found in Birch Cliff Heights United Church, and I remember the scout leaders in those days, when I was in my teens, one of them counselling me, about some things and they helped

Memories of Scarborough:

us greatly. But I also know that there are still men who remain active in them, and I spoke to one of them just last week, a friend whom I knew and played with in sports, and went to school with, and he has been active in that same troop for over fifty years. He must have a great many friends, a great many who appreciate the years in which he has served in this way. Ah, it is well to have these remembrances.

A few days ago, in anticipation of this, "do you remember party" I took a drive out Kingston Road from Warden Avenue, and over the areas we used to know so well, and where we had some of our activities, to view the changes which have been made, and let my thoughts go down memory lane. My, how it is changed in the name of progress, and most of what I saw would indeed be progressive. But it doesn't take away from us the memories of what was in the good old days. Or were they good old days? Certainly we wouldn't want to turn the clock back and repeat them, would we, except in our minds? But I hope you will stay with us as we take that journey together.

Before we do commence our journey out along Kingston Road, visiting some of those sites, let me ask you another question. Remember when, if you wanted to get from Toronto to your home in Scarboro by public transport, how you would do it? Remember when, if you went along the Danforth, it had to be by the Danforth bus, which was a Scarborough company serving Scarboro? In my memory they were rather old buses, but served the purpose. But if you went by Kingston Rd then you will remember, perhaps, street cars, which made their way from downtown Toronto along Queen St. and out Kingston Rd to Birchmount Rd, where they looped and returned

A Bicentennial Celebration

downtown. Remember those cars with the driver and the conductor? I can still hear the driver say "step right up, please", and the conductor saying "come right through, please". Courteous, weren't they? The conductor was in the middle of the car, and you had to pass him to get out. The driver operated by using his hands, not his feet, and I can still see him with his right hand operating the power, and with his left the brake, and if anyone got in his way, he stamped on a gong in the floor. But they got us there and back didn't they?

And remember when we reached the Birchmount loop, and had to get off to take a radial car if we wanted to go out further. There was a waiting room at the loop, for service wasn't as fast for going further. But in the late 30s it changed to buses, as the rails were taken up with the widening of the road. Do you remember when each of the stops had numbers. Where Stop 1 was, I do not know, but I suspect it was Victoria Park, for Birchmount was Stop 8 and the foot of the hill leading up to the Cenotaph (probably Fishleigh Dr. now) No. 10, and the junction of Danforth and Kingston, No. 12 Midland Avenue was known as Stop 14, Halfway House, Scarboro Collegiate at Stop 17, Markham Road as Stop 24, and Eglinton as Stop 27. Galloway Road, I remember as Stop 31. The rest you can tell me, although I think I remember most of them.

But let us commence our journey, and let me say we began my trip last week from Warden Avenue, although the township, or city as it is now know, began at Victoria Park and then moved eastward from there. But I didn't know much about the Victoria Park area, so I began at Warden. But as I drove down Warden from Danforth, the foot of it, I saw what took my mind back to the late 30s For on my left was a subdivision, which had originally been, I think, a

Memories of Scarborough:

field or an orchard, but they decided to build a subdivision there, which they did. And they are all small bungalows, of a size not built since then, so that if you see such a community of these small homes in the city, then you know that is approximately when they were built. For after the war houses were built much bigger. Everything must be big these days. But these little homes still remain there, and we know some who lived in them then, and still do. I think we would find them rather small and confining now, we who have lived in larger houses.

But when we cross south of Kingston Road we find another subdivision which had also been a field. If we had gone east on Kingston Road, we would have found that the old street car barns were on that field. Now there is an ambulance station there. But all of that field are now homes or apartments. And as we journey we shall see the vast number of large apartments now found in the City of Scarborough, housing a great number of people. They seem to rise high up into the heavens, even as they did in the city of Babel. God wasn't pleased with it then, and I sometimes wonder what He thinks now. But He must know that with the population explosion the necessity of it. But I still think they lose much of what we had, with our gardens, and empty lots, with space to move in. But I have no doubt that those who live in them do so by choice and find it to be exactly what they want. But it is certainly a great change in our manner of life. As we went down to the foot of Warden, I believe we could have in earlier days had a view overlooking the lake front, but it is all built up now. But you can now drive along the top of the cliff to Birchmount, on the new road which has been built.

But we go back to Kingston Road and proceed east and we come to Birchmount. And let me ask you, as we do so, do

A Bicentennial Celebration

you remember where the township office was located in Birch Cliff. I think it was over the bank across Birch Cliff Road and, by the way, that was the bank where they offered me a position at \$6 or \$7 a week on graduation from high school with my commercial diploma. But all things are relative aren't they? Or the township office may have been over one of the stores there. But do you remember when they were located on at Warden and Eglinton, on what had been GEICO properly. General Electric Company had built a munitions plant there during the war, after which it was turned into low rental apartments, where some of us went to work with the children one night a week. But new township offices were also built on that property too. But now, we are a city, with offices in the City Square, which would rival anything in Canada, I suppose. For that area includes a Government of Canada building, and the Scarborough Shopping Centre, with the Bay, Eaton's and Sears all included in the large shopping area. Who needs to go downtown to Eaton's and Simpson's nowadays.

Now when we continue our journey from Birchmount it is on a four lane road, but do you remember when it was only a two lane road, both this and Danforth Ave. all the way out to the eastern limits of the township? And actually it continued like that all the way to Kingston and then Montreal. But up to the 30s that is all it would have been, when it was widened to four lanes, and later from the junction of Danforth and Kingston Road to six, it was all that was needed then, I suppose, for the population was small and cars not as plentiful. Take a walk around your block some evening and see how many driveways have two or more cars in them. But today each of the roads, St. Clair, Eglinton, Lawrence, etc., are all four or six lanes, leading to Kingston Road. And then there is the twelve

Memories of Scarborough:

lane 401 highway through the city. Of course it isn't only needed for Scarborough residents, though..

On our left as we move east from Birchmount we see Birchmount Park, a large area with an arena for hockey and lacrosse; a stadium for football, soccer, and track and field; softball diamonds; tennis courts; and on the top of the plateau Birchmount Collegiate. It is a giant sports area, which in the 30s was undeveloped lands, the Russell Estate, which would have extended from Danforth to Kingston Road, and from Birchmount to the Cenotaph. Danforth Avenue was originally built on Russell property, I believe. I remember the Russell home when it was hidden in the middle of a bush on the plateau just below Danforth, and I also remember being invited to that home by Miss Russell, our Sunday School teacher in the Anglican Church, when she had the class in for dinner. Boy, that was something being in that home. Also on Russell property is Variety Village, the large place for handicapped children. And that is a wonderful place, something not known of in our day, but marvellous in our eyes, a great improvement.

But we come to Stop 10, Fishleigh Drive, and where we are to turn off and go south east along Fishleigh Drive to go along the lake top. On the corner at the highway will be the Rosetta MacLane Gardens, a beautiful place new since our day. It's a lovely place for taking wedding pictures and such. About five years ago we went there with our daughters and their families to have pictures taken of our 50th wedding anniversary. It is a lovely place to go and sit quietly and relax in the shade in the summer months and just enjoy the quietness. It's quite a large place, and on journeying to the eastern end of it I would like to ask you another question. What did you do when school was out for the summer months? And during the summer months?

A Bicentennial Celebration

Well, one of the things which we did was to go swimming in Lake Ontario, but where did we go swimming in the Lake? This is where we went, at Stop 10, walking along a patch just below what is now the White Castle Inn, but then a large white home with orchards. The apples were lovely as most of the boys could tell you, for we didn't seem to understand what the sign "no trespassing" meant. At that point from the top of the cliffs down a ravine to the bottom were wooden steps, where Scarboro Water Works had a pump house.

There was a sandy beach there, which a great many people used, with a lifeguard on duty, and when there was a heavy undertow, he would up out a red warning flag, and we were not supposed to go in the water then. But often in those days, as it would be today, folk thought that was for others, but not for good swimmers like they were. So I recall the day when they carried three people out of the waters, all drowned. And one of them was a very strong swimmer, a well-known girl athlete. But they were not a match for the undertow. Yes, that is where we went swimming as often as we could, and where many of us learned to swim. I wonder now how many places there are where folk can swim in the lake? There certainly was another walkway down from the foot of Fallingbrook but the cliffs weren't so steep there, and other places we climbed down the cliffs. And while the beaches weren't big we could walk along them from point to point to Midland Avenue. But you can't do that now, for they are building a road along what was the beach, which is part of the water front development.

But the pumping station is history now, and the stairs are not there. But there is a road down now so that trucks can take their fill down for the roadway. But at the top is now

Memories of Scarborough:

a large Scarborough pump house with a big park around it. And how lovely it was to see it. On that site they used to play cricket, which seemed to die out, but is now coming back again. What has been, is, and shall yet be. There is nothing new under the sun. But what is encouraging is that these areas along the top of the cliff are being preserved as green spaces for people to picnic or gather. Otherwise I am sure that developers would snatch them up.

But we must move along, for I see that the clock is not going to show us any mercy. And so returning to Kingston Road we journey east to Stop 12, that is where the Danforth and Kingston Road meet, where it is all built up on the north side. But on the south, from there to Stop 14, Midland Avenue, was a golf course all the way to the lake. At the foot of Midland Avenue was a bush leading down to a pavilion, and do you remember the boys finding golf balls in that bush, and sometimes before they arrived there, I'm afraid? But boys will be boys, they say. However, as I say, there was a pavilion on the lake top, with a dance hall and a ball field in our day, where I played for the Scarboro Bluffs ball team. That has long since disappeared as the cliffs have eroded, a problem which we encountered all along the lake top. As a matter of fact I tried to find where the pavilion was without success, so great has been the erosion. But at the top of the cliffs is another large public area, which was nice to see, and some enjoying it even as I was visiting the area. Nevertheless, in the 30s when we went swimming down in those parts, there was a cricket field, for they played cricket then which seemed to pass away, but is returning nowadays. The wheel keeps turning to bring us back where we were.

But we move on from Midland Avenue, Stop 14, half-way house, towards the east and passing Chine Drive, see on

A Bicentennial Celebration

the north of cemetery, and on the south St. Augustine's Seminary, both of which have been there as long as I can remember, and both covering the area from Chine Drive to Thatcher, stop 15 to 16. I understand the Seminary is on a tract of land of 100 acres donated to the Roman Catholic church, on which was also built what we knew as the China Mission, but now the Scarborough Foreign Mission of the Catholic Church. It was small in our day, but much larger now. But one of the biggest developments has been at the foot of Thatcher, where Bluffer's Park is now found, a large picnic area with facilities for sailing. And from there to both the east and west they are building along the shoreline a roadway, part of the waterfront development plan I understand, and they are about a quarter mile from each end of the park now, or so it seems to me. At the present time it extends to the east to the foot of Morningside Avenue, where I live now, and I expect it will go further east. On a nice weekend in the summer all parking spaces in the park are full to capacity and there is necessity of parking elsewhere and walking down. But that park was built on land fill over a number of years, something we never visualized happening.

But the next historical landmark, at least to my mind, would be Scarborough Collegiate Institute, now R. H. King Academy, which is so large as compared with when we walked its hallways, at Stop 17 on public transportation. And one thing I enjoy thinking about as I consider it, is how it broadened our experience, not particularly educationally wise, but people wise. For we came to know young people from all over the township, from Highland Creek and West Hill, on the east, to Blantyre, Courcellette and Fallingbrook, on the west. We were so localized before that, but now we even visited other secondary schools in suburban Toronto even out in the west end. Yes, as I have said, education was

Memories of Scarborough:

important, and the main reason for the schools, but there certainly was education beyond that which was taught in books. It was the only collegiate in Scarborough, but how many we have today, bearing the names of important international people, but also of individuals important to the community in which we live, such as R. H. King and W. A. Porter, both part of the original High School. I think one of the largest funerals I've ever attended was that of W. A. Porter, Vice-Principal of S.C.I. in my day, and a personal friend who helped me a great deal in those days. He was a well respected elder in the Gospel Hall in which I fellowshiped.

There are so many memories, but as we move east from S.C.I., they seem to change somewhat, for the rural aspect of the township becomes much more apparent, as farms are found from there on to the east, and also to the north although I know little about that history. We will pass by what is now the Cliffcrest Shopping Plaza, remembering that all that area was orchards and farms, but now all quite large homes. And we move on to Stop 24, Markham Road, but also Highway 48 leading to the north country. Markham seemed so far away back then, a place where my older brother went to work on a farm, that of Ira Reesor, I believe, and a fate which my father threatened me with if my marks didn't improve in S.C.I. I guess that threat had its effect for it never did come to pass, much to my happiness. But it provokes further answers to a question previously asked, what did we do when school was out for the summer. It was out here to Markham Road, and even further on to West Hill, Galloway road, we went to pick strawberries and raspberries, and even cherries. Above Kingston Road all was farms, or so it seems to me, while south of Kingston Road was orchards, particularly on the flats south of Hill Crescent. And I have been told by one

A Bicentennial Celebration

who has been in real estate for many years, that the homes on Hill Crescent have a higher value than any other property in the city now.

So we picked berries north of the highway, and I have tried to visualize the location, since all is built up now, but can't do it. I can also remember camping somewhere up there, but can't pinpoint it either. Cedarbrae Collegiate is there now, and also various shopping malls with no empty lots, although I seem to see more and more empty stores in the malls. However, I also seem to remember a place which we called Little Switzerland, where we skated in the winter, but don't know exactly where it was either, although it was in a valley on the east side, probably across from the Collegiate. But down on the flats we picked cherries. For berry picking we earned two or three cents a box, depending on whether pints or quarts, and we might make up to 50 cents for the day in the hot sun. And what did we do with our hard earned money? Well on Saturday we could go to the Avalon Theatre on the Danforth just inside the city of Toronto, or the Grover, a couple of blocks further on. And between these two was the Maple Leaf Ice Cream store where we got a double dipper, for five whole cents. I don't know about the quality of the ice cream, but it was certainly good enough for us. But I can still hear the cries of the kids at the matinee in the Avalon as Tom Mix came riding over the hill, or Rin-Tin-Tin came to the rescue. I can't remember the name of Tom Mix's horse, shame on me, and it seems to me that Rin-Tin-Tin was a German Shepherd, but some of you could probably correct me on that. I suppose that wouldn't particularly appeal to kids today.

Moving east from Markham Road, we come to Stop 27, Eglinton Avenue, which I believe was called Scarboro

Memories of Scarborough:

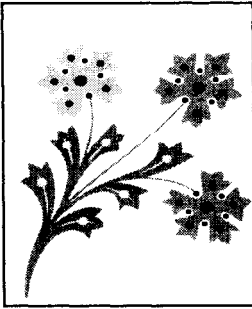
Village, and was the end of the radial service at one time. Earlier it went all the way to Stop 35, out at West Hill, or Highland Creek. As we passing from Stop 27, we come to the Guildwood Gates, leading down to Guildwood Village, and the Guild of All Arts. Originally the village was planned to be the Rosedale of Scarborough, or something like that, but it really didn't turn out to be as grand as hoped, although there are beautiful homes there. The Guild itself, didn't become the drawing card expected either, some think due to the retaining of the old nature of the buildings, which really can't compete with newer, modern places. But it is a lovely community, which I had better believe, since we moved to Grey Abbey Trail at the end of the parkway overlooking the lake. The sales agent in his sales talk, suggested that if we wanted to impress anyone we should drive down through the Gates and along the parkway to our home, but if not, drive down Morningside Avenue, past the low rental apartments, to the bottom, for Greyabbey went to the east from there and the parkway to the west.

But time and tide wait for no man they used to say, and I see that we are running out of time. But before I sign off, I just want to say that when I agreed to undertake this little memory game, I wondered how much I would recall. Could I remember sufficient to fulfil it? And could I make it interesting enough for any who listened or read this? Well, as far as the quantity of material is concerned, we have run out of time before we have run out of material. It reminds me of when I undertook the responsibility of a radio program in Antigua, and I spoke to the director of the station to tell him I had a problem. What is it? he asked, and so I told him it was the problem of the long-winded preacher, I usually run out of time before I run out of material. But he said that was no problem, do not shorten

A Bicentennial Celebration

it but rather lengthen it, and make two messages out of one. That was right down my alley, I can assure you. But I can't do that now, so we'll just have to leave the rest of the questions "remember when" to your imagination. Sufficient to say, though that after being asked to do this, I lay awake during the night, when I should have been sleeping, and let my mind run away with me. I finally decided that if I was to lie awake and think of it, then I might as well stay up and do it. And I am sure that you would get as much pleasure of your recollections as I have done, if you try it. Thank you though, for this opportunity of sharing with you these few thoughts. May the Lord bless each of you, is our prayer.

Stanley N. Riches



REMEMBER WHEN Part II

by Stanley N. Riches

October 24th, 1920, a son was born to Joseph Benjamin Riches (commonly known as Ben), and to Florence Elizabeth Riches, the fifth child of what was to be a family of eight children, four boys and four girls. I can take no credit for that, for didn't have anything to do with it, but, nevertheless, was born with all the individuality of every child born into this world. There is one thing of which we can be assured though, which is that with each one born into this world, God breaks the mould, which becomes very apparent as we are seen making our choices as we move through life.

Individuality, but not independence, was manifested at the age of fifteen as with the encouragement of others, when Sunday School in the Anglican Church which I attended changed from the afternoon to the morning for the summer months, I voluntarily went in the afternoon to Birch Cliff Gospel Hall for their Sunday School, and it was there that I was converted and baptized, and have been active with those who meet in Gospel Halls, commonly known as Plymouth Brethren, from that day to this. It would also be there that I would, as seemed to happen so frequently in those days, meet the one who was to become my wife later. It seemed to be the natural thing to do then, couples meeting in the churches to which they belonged and eventually marrying.

When World War II broke out in '39, I obtained employment with the RCAF as a clerk, which, quite

Memories of Scarborough:

naturally enough I would think, resulted in my enlisting in that service the following year as a clerk administrative, being promptly send back to the same unit. All of my service was fulfilled in Canada, although my three brothers all went overseas in the army, all returning safely.

In 1942 I married Elma Bowbrick, who for the first eight years of her life lived on Galloway Road in West Hill, but whose parents moved to east Toronto then, where they remained until one month after our marriage, at which time they returned to Galloway Road. Until 1965 we made our home in Toronto in the east end, but then moved ourselves to our present home in West Hill on Greyabbey Trail, overlooking Lake Ontario. Two daughters were born to us, and they later brought into this world two granddaughters and two grandsons.

After the war ceased, and I was discharged from the RCAF, I was active during the summer months in gospel activity, using a tent or a portable building in Scarboro with two other men in particular. After such activity in a portable hall in West Hill in 1947, a permanent testimony was established on Galloway Road as West Hill Gospel Hall came into being. I use the term permanent loosely, for although the testimony remains until today, the place of its location has changed with Scarborough Board of Education expropriating the property for a school. It is now located on Morningside Avenue. But an event took place in '60, which was to change our lives significantly.

A missionary from Antigua in the West Indies, was passing through Toronto on his way with his wife and family to Great Britain on furlough, but those who were to entertain them here, moved back to Wales before they arrived, and so we, as often happened, entertained them. That began a

A Bicentennial Celebration

warm friendship, which resulted in our visiting them, and Trinidad, where we had other missionary friends, in '67, for our 25th wedding anniversary, courtesy of our daughters who agreed to pay our fare anywhere we desired to go, so we chose these Islands. So from '69 to '73, we arranged to take our vacation in Antigua, and on two occasions, Trinidad as well. Since all four of our parents had died, and since our two daughters had been married, in '74 I resigned from Lever Brothers, with whom I had been employed for 25 years, to make our home on the Island of Antigua as missionaries.

We were there for three years, when in '77 we returned to our home in Canada for personal reasons, and returned to the Lever organization. In Scripture, in the Old Testament we learn that God can turn the clock back, but it is on rare occasions only that He does so, and we found this to be true. So in '83 we packed up again and moved on home to Antigua. I might say that it wasn't for the beauty of the Island physically, for I do not think one can improve on the physical beauty of Canada. They have nothing that can compare with the changing colours of the trees in the fall, nor of the truth of resurrection demonstrated after winter when Spring arrives. Canada is hard to beat physically, but it was the people of Antigua that captured our hearts.

We read that a man's life may be three score years and ten, and, as someone told me, after that each day is a bonus. So on reaching that plateau we set our pathway again for Canada in '91, for health and personal reasons. We do return to Antigua for visits as the way opens up for us to do so, as we did in '92 and '93, but that is only if there appears to be a special reason for doing so. Our activities on the Island had been in view of the Gospel Halls already established by former missionaries, but something else

Memories of Scarborough:

happened in '75. A radio station was established by the Baptist Church, and we were encouraged to get into that work, which I did, as a by-product of our regular activities. What I did not realize was that God was opening up the way for what was to be what I consider my greatest work.

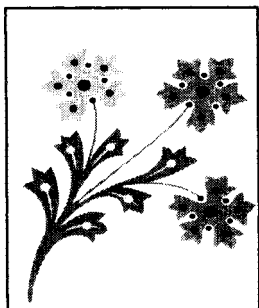
That ministry through radio continues to this day, only interrupted by maybe three years when we were home in Canada in the early 80s. In the day we live in, attending church is not common place, although it may be more so in places like Antigua, but they also feel the effect of Sunday sports, and other activities, so that the audiences to which we speak, and the influence we have on individuals, is not what it once was. It is also becoming more difficult for foreign missionaries to be accepted on various islands, even though we did not experience problems in Antigua. But the radio can change some of that. The station has an excellent listening area for probably a 500 miles radius, and it is certain that we have a listening audience regularly which far exceeds anything we have ever known. What is important to remember is that people can shut you off by a simple turning of a dial, but on the other hand, we remember that they listen by choice, voluntarily.

So the program we have is half an hour each evening at the close of the day just before bed time, so that there are no distracting events taking place after we sign off. Of course, they may go to sleep quickly, but we believe that we fulfil a unique service in bringing to the people of the Islands the Word of God, which changes lives. Is there much response? Not that we hear of, but the radio station do hear from many from whom we do not hear, and they have encouraged us to continue when thoughts of stopping have come to our minds. We believe that God has said that His Word shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent. It can be difficult speaking to a

A Bicentennial Celebration

machine and seeing no one, but I have learned that the secret to that is to see someone, or someones, whom you know as you are speaking, visualizing them in their particular situation. I know some, who have ability far exceeding mine, who can't do this, but it appears the Lord has given me that ability, which, I trust, we shall continue to use for His glory, and the blessing of individuals. As we may be speaking of elderly people, we can visualize friends whom we know who are elderly, or in a home for the aged. Or if we were speaking of the two on the road to Emmaus, we can visualize friends whom we know walking down the street with a small radio in their hands. And one thing we don't see, is anyone going to sleep on us, but we can visualize that as well, if necessary. It is a unique, and an encouraging ministry God has been pleased to give to me.

Stanley N. Riches



MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH, CANADA

June 1996

by Mary Moore

I wasn't born in Canada, but I came to live here in 1952, with my husband and two sons. We came from just outside London, England.

We came to Canada because he had two friends who had emigrated in 1948 and had settled in Scarborough.

Both my husband, Ron and I had spent childhood holidays in Scarborough on the East coast of England and had happy memories of the lovely North Sea and sandy beaches.

We were leaving in England in April and had been told it could still be quite cold at that time in Canada. We travelled on the Holland-America Line ship "Ryndham" and arrived in Halifax and thence to Toronto on the 1st of May a temperature of 81 degrees.

We stayed in a hotel for a few days, bought a small 1949 Austin car and then went out to Scarborough to look for accommodation. Our friends had found us some furnished rooms. Nearly everyone we met said we should settle in Scarborough. It was a growing town, the schools were good, and the boys would be able to walk to school from wherever we located.

We found a very nice apartment; we had to learn not to call it a 'flat', located on Cliff side Drive overlooking the Water

Memories of Scarborough:

Works, but with a delightful view of Lake Ontario, which we thought was like the Sea.

We registered our boys in their new schools, the youngest in Chine Drive School and the eldest in R. H. King School, as it was known then.

During that first hectic few weeks we toured round Scarborough in our little car and realized we had arrived in 'heaven',

The weather was very warm and the principal (Headmaster we called him) of R. H. King had suggested we rig the boys out in jeans and thin shirts and much thinner underwear. Both the boys were delighted to walk out of Eatons dressed as Canadians. Later we would outfit them for a Canadian winter.

We spent another whole day buying furniture, we had brought very little with us, and it now had to be delivered to our new home.

The blossoms and trees were in bud and the weather continued to be summery.

My husband already had a position as an accountant which he took up after we had been in Scarborough a couple of weeks. I applied for a job as a school secretary. However, I eventually got a position as secretary to the Sales Manager of Dorothy Gray Cosmetics. Both of our jobs were out of Scarborough so we had the interesting experience of taking first a bus and then a streetcar down town. My husband had to leave home by 7 a.m., so we were early risers. However the compensation was that we could see the sun rise over Lake Ontario.

A Bicentennial Celebration

Over that first summer we learnt a lot about life in Canada, but especially were we glad we had settled in Canada and the town of Scarborough.

The boys had their first experience of camp life at Camp Breboul in Guelph and later we spent two weeks in Braeside Lodge in Minden.

My husband and I joined the "Bluffers" Tennis Club at the bottom of Midland Avenue, where it is still. We made many friends and the friendships have grown and lasted and become meaningful.

Our sons never played much tennis, but they both spent time investigating the Scarborough Bluffs both above and below where possible, extending from east of the Beaches area to as far as Ajax and other places where it was accessible to walk along or climb down to the bases of the Bluffs.

They were pleased and excited when they received bicycles for Christmas in 1953.

If I remember correctly the winter of 1952/53 was not considered too severe, to us it was an enormous staggering experience.

We all had to be rigged out in winter wear all of which was a new and exciting experience.

When November came we all learnt to ice skate and toboggan in Cedarbrae Park. Was it ever fun, a long slide downhill and an outdoor skating rink where a vendor served hot chocolate. Another new experience, Canadian and in Scarborough.

Memories of Scarborough:

We made more friends, one family lived in the little village of Stouffville and our sons were very thrilled when they had an invitation to go and skate in this friend's garden, where they had made their own skating rink and lit a great big bonfire to keep us warm.

There was nearly always a big bonfire in Cedarbrae Park so we have happy memories of exchange visits between Stouffville and Scarborough.

Our little car stood up to the tests of winter and we were able to go for rides and see more of Scarborough as it grew first to Township size to later to City proportions.

Every Sunday we would make a picnic lunch and go for a ride after church and a game of tennis at the 'Bluffers'. We wouldn't go far but we found the actual Bluffs more than interesting and exciting. They are exciting and interesting today even though worn away by time, but in those days, nearly a half a century ago they were exciting and new to us. There was always a feeling of space as one looked east and west and outward to the Lake. Again it was hard not to think of it as the "sea". We found many places where with a little care and daring we could get down to the beaches and these again were great adventures for ourselves and our children,

Then our little world around where we lived began to grow. Some older houses at the bottom of Midland Avenue near the Bluffs were pulled down and the green grassland was extended and made into lovely parkland.

I remember one whole street of houses behind the tennis courts were being pulled down and the tennis Club asked

A Bicentennial Celebration

the Township if they could save one and let the Club have the use of it as a clubhouse. This was agreed upon and believe it or not this house has made the Bluffs Tennis Club one of the most envied Clubs because of its beautiful location and also having the advantage of such a lovely and useful Clubhouse.

Scarborough grew and grew over the years and instead of being known as "that place out east at the end of the car line" or as being "out in the sticks", became known as the Township of Scarborough under the capable leadership of men such as Albert Campbell. It spread north and east as developers came along. Houses sprung up like mushrooms. Business developments came in, which made it thrive and grow more and more.

The TTC opened up more bus routes, then the "GO" train with many new stations, and using the main line tracks already in use to Windsor, Ottawa and Montreal. This brought in many new citizens. It really became even more pleasant to live in Scarborough and commute to work by the "GO" train.

This of course helped the growth of Scarborough and very soon out town was designated the City of Scarborough with its first Mayor.

We ourselves, moved first to a new home on Banmoor Blvd., just off Markham Road, and later, as we got older, to an apartment and once more to our present location in Guildwood Village, one of the loveliest places in Scarborough. Again we have the near proximity of Lake Ontario, making it a little cooler in the summer and perhaps a littler colder in the winter, but tucked away below Kingston Road, it is very accessible by bus and train.

Memories of Scarborough:

Our two sons are also proud and happy of being part of this delightful City and have many happy memories. They finished their schooling here, graduating from R. H. King Collegiate and Cedarbrae Collegiate. As my husband and I always said they will never be Prime Ministers, but they are good sound Citizens and we, as parents are thankful we came to Canada and reared and had them educated in the precincts of Scarborough.

Thank you Mayor Frank Faubert and all your Councillors for keeping our City the beautiful spot it is today.

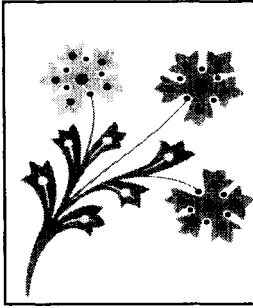
We have beside us the old and beautiful Guild Inn, where you can walk through the woods beside Lake Ontario, walk down the road to the road below the Bluffs and have a lovely meal at the Guild. We, personally have had friends and family stay at the Guild, from as far away as Australia and they all want to visit again.

My husband died a few years ago, and my sons live in Ottawa and London and although they would very much like me to move to one or other of them, I want to stay here in Guildwood Village in the City of Scarborough, where we have grown to love it as our home.

I am a Canadian citizen now and while I visit my homeland often I return to Scarborough because I love it and it is my home.

Written with the deepest sincerity,

Mary Moore
June 20th, 1996



TO: THE STAFF OF SCARBOROUGH
PUBLIC LIBRARY

by Betty L. Coleman

Just a few sketchy details of my memories of the last seventy-three plus, years in Scarborough.

I lived in a bungalow on Blantyre Avenue for a few years after I was born. March 28th, 1916 (at 4 Kingswood Road).

My back yard was a woods from our house down to Queen Street. Out of which I picked poison ivy berries, and ate them!

We had an outdoor Biffy - down which I dropped our flash light!

The "streets" were all sand! The "sidewalk, was a path along the top, close to the houses, on the west side.

Victoria Park, was quite wild. Except for the Fresh Air Forest School, for children of T.B. parents. They studied at desks, and had afternoon naps on cots under the trees.

T. Eaton had a boys club and a swimming pool to the east of the school.

After living at Balmy Beach for a few years we moved to the 'Chateau des quatres Vents', at 3025 Queen Street East where our family stayed for 14 years.

Memories of Scarborough:

The Beach was our playground, and we hiked east along it, at all times of the year.

My Dad found a 'body' at the foot of the "100 steps" one morning. You could see it from the top of the cliff. A suicide was the verdict of the police.

Bob Clements had a pavilion and boathouse at the foot of the 100 steps. Wednesday night was square dancing only.

We were there when residents in the new homes in Fallingbrook Woods, had a link fence installed to keep the beach in front of their property PRIVATE! It didn't prove very successful.

I also remember vividly the 'falling brook' it was a creek that wended its way through the woods - from a spring farther north, and, eventually fell over the cliff to the sandy beach, just east of the 100 steps.

The old boiler from the wreck of a steamer that sank, just off the shore south of the Hunt Club. We used to have breakfast hikes down there on Sundays with our S.S. Teacher - Doris McCarthy.

During violent rain storms, I have seen tall trees simply sink to the beach at 'The Chateau'.

In 1947 my parents bought the "Birch Cliff Cottage", on Springbank Avenue for \$6,000.00. It was a magical place - we lived with them in our own self contained apartment for seven years. Our two daughters were born while we lived there.

A Bicentennial Celebration

We saw hundreds of feet of our property slide into the lake - also - huge old trees. My dad and other male neighbours on Springbank, spent one summer putting in 'groins' to save The Cliff! They were washed away by the waves in less time that it took to build them.

The Smith family were descendants of the Stark Family, who built three summer cottages - of which ours was one. Every summer they travelled by horse and buggy, with their cow tied behind their buggy. Fresh milk all summer!

My husband, 2 daughters and I moved to Agincourt in 1954 - where we have resided ever since.

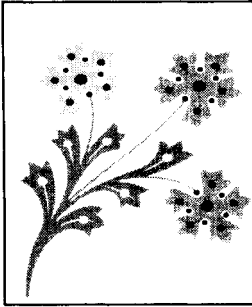
We sold The Birch cliff Cottage in '76 when my mother died - Dad died in '73.

I guess I could write a book about our years in Agincourt - but, you did say 1,000 words or less!!

Oh yes, we travelled by radial car from Victoria and Kingston Rd - to West Hill and, a part of St. Joseph's on the lake Convent for S.S. picnics - oh There's much more.

Hope you can use this - hope you can read it.

Betty L. Coleman



*MEMORIES OF
SCARBOROUGH*

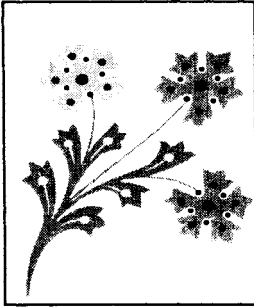
by Isabel Adlam

On January 15th, 1955, my husband and I moved in a storm, to 43 Kootenay Cres., where we are still residing. There were no libraries around at the time, so later in the year we had a Bookmobile Library come to the corner of Gage and Kootenay, where the Knob Hill United Church now stands, and once a week we would browse through the books. Later a small white church was taken to that corner and remained there till the big one was built.

We also had to walk to Eglinton and Brimley to catch a bus to the Golden Mile Plaza to shop. The Scarborough General Hospital was not finished being built till the end of 1956, and until then there was no Brimley bus. When the nurses needed to get to the hospital, they had the Brimley line put in, I think in 1957.

Yours truly,

Isabel Adlam



MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH

by Mary R. McKeown

All my life since 1921, I have lived in the area of Scarborough known to its "natives" as Birchcliff. The house at 84 Kildonan Drive was built in 1919 and was designed by my father who had lived in Toronto for many years in the area known as the "Ward". My mother was born in Toronto on Sword Street (first west of River running north from Gerrard) but we had lived in "Cabbagetown" for many years until she (and her family) moved to 4 Cedar Avenue at the "Beach" in 1914.

(That house was bought by the four daughters and registered in their mother's name.) My parents met on a "blind date" and married in 1918. At that time there were "Radial Cars" (trolleys they had but ran on tracks similar to railway tracks) to West Hill, Richmond Hill, and Long Branch. In 1927 in this area they were replaced by street cars roughly similar to those of today. Since then the tracks were covered and replaced by buses.

The automobile owned by my father was purchased in 1930. It was a luxury - not usually used for "going to work" and we usually used the streetcar (or walked). When I was in my teens, the fare was 12 stops for 5 cents. (Victoria Park to Washington Church - where Eglinton joins Kingston Road, was 26 stops. To Scarborough Collegiate - where St. Clair joins Kingston Road - it was 17 stops.

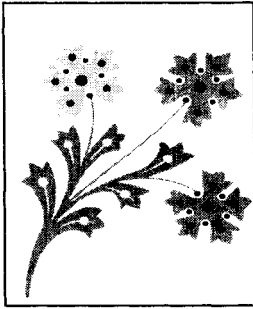
Memories of Scarborough:

The depression meant to me that I learned to use a typewriter at Earl Grey School in Toronto where my mother knew the Principal. The course was two years after elementary school (leaving age was extended from 14 to 16 at one stage and so-called "Fifth Book" added to certain schools. (Books were free!)

Then I attended Scarborough Collegiate (the nearest Secondary School, 3 miles away) repeating the second year, in the so-called ACADEMIC programme. This led to my attendance at Victoria College, University of Toronto. During my course I was employed by the Registrar of that College and later by the University Registrar for 3 years. When he retired I was hired as a "secretary" by the Institute of Child Study, and after 9 years of that, I attended the College of Education at U of T for one year. This 17 year attachment to U of T was followed by 22 years of teaching, mainly in Shelburne, Ontario.

In 1979 I retired and since then have pursued such hobbies as reading, travel, music, and drama. In the summer of 1996 I have attended the seminar run by McMaster University at Stratford, Ontario. In September I am hoping to go on a vessel called the "Delta Queen" which runs on the Mississippi River. In the past 11-12 years, I have made 10 - 11 trips similar to this. My trip will be from St. Louis, Missouri to Nashville, Tennessee and my land travel will be by Greyhound Bus. Since 1927 I have been able to play the piano and since 1925 I have been able to read and hope to continue these activities as long as possible.

Mary R. McKeown



MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH

about Mrs. Mary Roberta Martin

Mary Roberta Buchanan Martin was born on July 13, 1906, the second child of Robert Dunn Buchanan and Mary Minnetta Gooderham. Mary has lived all her life in this area that was the community of rural Wexford, Scarborough. She is a lifetime member of Zion-Wexford United Church.

In this 200th anniversary year of the City of Scarborough, it is interesting to note that Mary's maternal grandmother was Isabella Walton Gooderham, the daughter of Mary Thomson Walton, the tenth child of David and Mary Thomson, the first white settlers in Scarborough.

Mary's siblings are an older sister, the late Belle Rutherford, a younger sister, Jean Milne and brother Robert Buchanan. The Buchanan kids received their education from Mr. McQuarrie at S.S.8 (Hough School), a long walk from the Warden & Lawrence farm to Eglinton Ave (east of present 41 Division Police Station) & Birchmount Rd. The Martin kids living on the farm at Birchmount & Lawrence made their way to the same school.

After leaving public school, Mary worked on the farm doing all the necessary chores such as milking cows, helping her mother make butter and preparing eggs for their customers. All this experience prepared Mary well for being a farmer's wife when she married David Martin

Memories of Scarborough:

and moved a ½ mile east to the Martin homestead. Dave and Mary raised four children, Mary (Cook), John, Peter and Bill. She has 11 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren.

As part of the beginning of rapid development of Scarborough in the late 40s the Martin farm was sold. A lovely new white ranch style bungalow was built located 1/4 mile to the east, directly across from Winston Churchill Collegiate. It was a tough move to pull up from the lovely old 1854 Martin farm house. With subdued excitement, the family moved into the new house at Thanksgiving (1952). They were only there a few days when Dave broke his ankle in the yard.

The family watched the collegiate being built and Peter started in the first Grade 9 class when the school opened in September 1954. Within a few days of Peter starting high school, the family was devastated when Dave died from failing health and a heart attack at age 53.

Widowed at age 48, Mary found solace in her church work, raising her two younger sons, Peter and Bill and putting them through the University of Western Ontario. She was kept busy following the football careers of both boys at high school and university. This continued when Peter played professionally with Toronto Argos for 8 years.

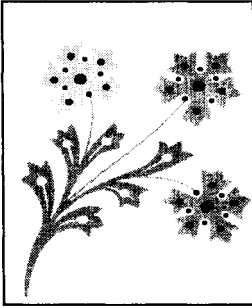
Mary and the boys, including John and his family, lived in the new house for nearly 12 years, when further development of apartment buildings in the same area made another move necessary. This time the family moved a 1/4 mile south to her present home at 41 McGregor Road in the spring of 1964.

A Bicentennial Celebration

Mary took an active part in the Wexford Womens' Institute, the Womens' Missionary Society and Woman's Association at Zion-Wexford. She is still very active in the Grace Unit of United Church of Women. She has always loved to sing and celebrated 60 years of service in Zion Choir before she retired in 1982.

Mary has always been an avid reader and in the early days the only library in Scarborough was in the little brick building next to St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Bendale. A trip by horse and buggy was made to the library. If the letters "NG" were found at the front of a book, no doubt Grandfather Buchanan didn't like what he had read! Now a bag of books is delivered regularly to the house by a library volunteer.

Mrs. Mary Roberta Martin



MEMORIES OF
SCARBOROUGH
SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1996

by Patrick Ryan

I first saw the light of day in Scarborough on March 17th, 1921.

My name is Patrick Ryan and my parents operated both a general store and a tinsmithing shop next door to the Half-Way House which was located at the N.W. corner of Midland Ave. and Kingston Rd. A second store was built eventually and both still stand today at 2484 and 2486 Kingston Rd.

My father and mother had eight children and I was the oldest. Most of us attended St. Josephs- on the Lake convent school which was located down near Lake Ontario at Stop 19 Kingston Rd. (opp McCowan Rd). The road down to the convent is now called Cathedral Bluffs, but at that time it was just a gravel driveway that wandered through fields of wheat for perhaps 1/4 mile to the large convent building.

The weather and the economy decided how we travelled to school, but most of the time we walked. In extreme weather we took the trolley car that ran from Birch Cliff to West Hill and were picked up after school by my father in his Model "T" truck.

The barter system flourished in the 1930s My father did a lot of metal work for farmers and others throughout the township and often accepted payment in barrels of apples, sacks of potatoes, carrots and onions, farm butchered

Memories of Scarborough:

meats, and many kinds of equipment. Our school tuition fees were handled to a great extent by work he performed for the school.

By standards of the 1930s I am sure many people thought that we were well off operating a store and sheet metal shop, but that was far from true. Both businesses gave a lot of credit and few people could afford to pay. In our family, clothes were patched and repatched then handed over to younger siblings. Kids Christmas presents were few and were often refurbished toys that were rotated between families. There were more than a few days that I went to school with a smile on my face and two cardboard inserts in my shoes but somehow we managed through the great depression without going on welfare.

I have many memories as a very young boy of buggy rides with Mr. Crew who operated the Halfway House. There were many Saturday trips over the gravel roads of a very sparsely populated Scarborough Township. Mr. Crew as I remember was a former stage coach driver and he knew how to handle horses. At times his horse "Ned" would be allowed to run full out along the dusty roads but most of the time we just ambled along with pleasant stops for lunch and fishing in streams while Ned grazed patiently nearby.

As teenagers, usually as a group, we often walked to the Danforth to see a movie at the Grover or Avalon (The Fleapit) theatres. The walks were often as pleasant as the movie and there would often be several stops on the road to buy butter tarts and cream buns to impress your favourite girl.

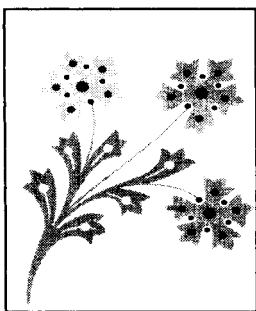
Other popular entertainment was square-dances held in the extended "ball room" in the rear of the Halfway House

A Bicentennial Celebration

to music provided by Arnold Middleton and Barney Hopkins. Epiphany hall in Scarborough Junction was also a popular place when dances were held, and I spent many a Saturday evening "watching" George Wade and his Cornhuskers through the open windows of the pavilion at Scarborough Bluffs park. Watching was a favourite pastime of those who were just a little bit young, or shy, or perhaps didn't have the price of admission.

We moved from Scarborough in 1939 but I still have a memory of hundreds of people I knew. Perhaps it would be best to state that at the time of this writing Pat Ryan is still around and in fair condition despite the wear and tear of the years and W.W.2.

Patrick Ryan



MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH CHESS

by Alex N. Knox

Organized chess has existed in Scarborough for at least the past thirty-six years at the club level. Prior to 1960 I don't doubt it was played in schools, churches, community halls, homes, etc. In the 1950s teenagers Bill Christian and Bill Albin used to play chess at the Christian home on Birch Cliff Avenue, (Kingston Road / Birchmount area) which led to Mrs. Christian obtaining a permanent site for chess at 11 Macey Avenue, (Macey Hall, Danforth / E. Of Victoria Park). Borough of Scarborough Councillor Barker was instrumental in acquiring the hall which was managed by a very tough but wise English lady called Mrs. Stewart. At Christmas the club would present a nice bottle of cheer to Mrs. Stewart for allowing us to make coffee on Tuesday evenings when we played. Thus the Scarborough Chess Club was formed officially in 1960. John Kohlfurst and Alex Knox shared being first Presidents with Ethel Edwards as Treasurer, and we had fifteen members. Harry Sawchuk was a regular player, (he ran the Danforth restaurant, on the north side just east of Victoria Park), as was Howard Ridout, (a stalwart human being in all things). Co-founder Bill Christian went on to higher education in his life, and Bill Albin supported the club for many years through providing refreshments and food snacks on a regular basis. Evolution has moved the Scarborough Chess club to Porter CI on Fairfax Crescent, (Warden / St. Clair area) and enjoys a membership around the two hundred mark with many Presidents and Club Managers having passed through its ranks. Finally, this

club has the distinction of being one of the largest in Canada, and is an affiliate of the Chess Federation of Canada, the Ontario Chess Association, and the Greater Toronto Chess League.

The West Hill Chess Club was founded on October 17, 1980 by Richard O. Buchan and John W. Puusa at Charlottetown Junior Public School, (Lawrence/Port Union Road area). Just a couple of school buddy teenagers matching wits by pushing chess pieces at each other that eventually blossomed into a solid club serving a proud West Hill community. In 1982 the club moved south a short distance to Sir Oliver Mowat CI where it conducts slow-play and active tournaments on a regular basis Tuesday and Thursday evenings. In addition, a summer programme operates at the Port Union Recreation Centre. The club is affiliated with the Chess Federation of Canada which provides it's rating system for players and tournaments. A mainstay and tireless worker over the years has been long time area resident, Ernie Mucignat, also a respected City of Scarborough employee. Seniors active in the club are West Hill resident Aleksander Kitenbergs, and Uno Wesingi of Pickering. On average, the club has a membership of twenty-five plus each year, and caters to people of all ages, and is also affiliated with the Ontario Chess Association and the Greater Toronto Chess League.

The Agincourt Chess Club was founded in the fall of 1990 by Alexander N. Knox, a retired thirty-one year veteran of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Force. The concept was to provide a chess facility to service the needs of residents in the north area of Scarborough. Although a permit allowed the club to start playing September 10, 1990 in a basement room in Agincourt CI on Midland Avenue, (north of Sheppard), it wasn't until the 15th of October that play

started. The irony here is that this date is exactly ten years (shy two days) of the founding of the West Hill CC. Another irony is the fact that School Principal Mr. William (Bill) Oliver of Agincourt CI was the previous Principal of Porter CI, (home of the Scarborough CC), and strange at it may seem, the three chess clubs were founded in the years of 1960, 1980 and 1990 respectively. Agincourt CC graduated to the ESL room on the 1st floor in September of 1991, and in October of 1992 to the cafeteria. On September 6, 1994 the club started it's 5th year at L'Amoreaux Community Recreation Complex, (McNicoll/Kennedy Rd.). The club caters to people of all ages, and sticks to casual recreational chess. In a peak year it had eighty plus members but as of 1996 and relocation it is at twenty-five plus. The club has been an affiliate of Chess Federation of Canada, the Ontario Chess Association and the Greater Toronto Chess League.

Postscript:

Chess clubs in the City of Scarborough have always righteously adhered to the permit regulations as set down by the Board of Education, and the Recreation, Parks and Cultural Department, where applicable. Thus, over the years, the many elected executive officers of the clubs have amassed an enviable record of providing sound governing policy, such as, fairness, complete objectivity and non-discriminatory practice, all on a volunteer basis. From this pool of experience comes individuals who are; Governors of the Chess Federation of Canada, Executive Officers of the Chess Federation of Canada, Executive Officers of the Ontario Chess Association and the Greater Toronto Chess League, Tournament Directors at the three levels in Canada, Organizers of local, provincial and national tournaments, Indianapolis/Scarborough Peace Games

Memories of Scarborough:

workers, and Directors of the Metro Toronto Chess Building Fund. Of the many local, provincial and national chess tournaments organized and run by residents of the City of Scarborough, three Canadian Opens will stand out historically, namely, 1964/1988/1992. Much more can and should be said about the great work done by chess organizers who have served the general public of the City of Scarborough well.

Alex N. Knox

In Memoriam

At the ceremony held on October 10, 1996, celebrating the Scarborough Bicentennial, the thirtieth anniversary of the Cedarbrae District Library, and in recognition of those who submitted their memories, a cake was donated in honour of Helen Isabel Robinson Slocombe (née Paterson, 1913-1996) in the spirit of the "Memories of Scarborough" endeavour.

Helen was born in the small village of Agincourt, living on the Paterson farm. She was a descendant of one of Scarborough's first settlers. As a child she went with her aunt Emily Elliott, the librarian at the Agincourt Library to buy books for the library. The library was always a part of Helen's life. When she retired from a nursing career she became an active member of the Agincourt bookclub, and she was one of the ribbon cutters at the opening of the Agincourt District Library. Helen's love for people and her generous nature were central to everything she did.

