

# **DO YOU MIND THE TIME, WHEN...**

**REMEMBRANCES AND TALES  
OF SOME OF THE DESCENDANTS  
OF JOSEPH HENRY DAVIS  
AND SARAH BOLTON**



**Editor: Garvin H Boyle  
Date: 13<sup>th</sup> August, 2011  
Event: 40<sup>th</sup> Davis Reunion  
Version: 1**

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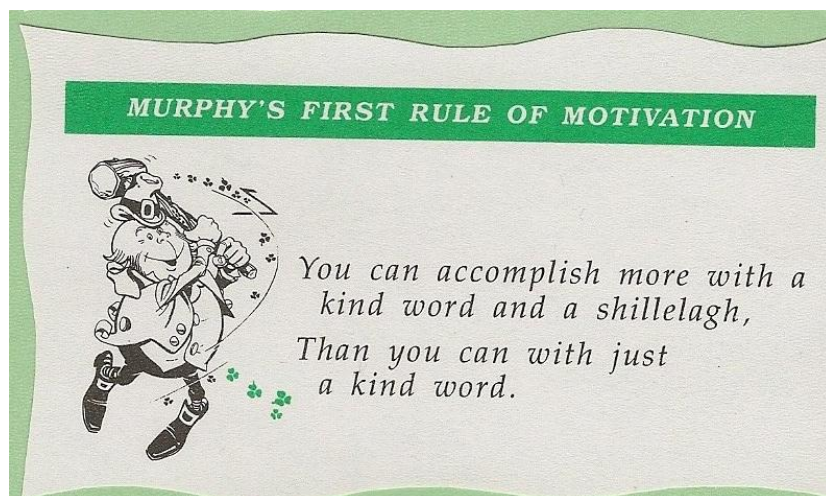


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# PROUD TO BE PART OF THE DAVIS REUNION



# PROUD TO BE IRISH-CANADIAN



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## Dedication, Mary (Taylor) Boyle {FA(S)}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

This little booklet of Davis tales is dedicated to Mary (Taylor) Boyle (1893-1974), my mentor in things genealogical, and my grandmother. From an early age, Mary had an interest in collecting family history. When looking through the notes, files and artefacts that were passed to me by my father, Edgar, I find evidence that Mary started her collection in 1909 at the age of 16. By 1930 at the age of 37 she had married Henry Laurie Boyle {FA} of Centreville, had two children, been widowed, and settled the remnants of her family in the village of Sand Point on the banks of Lac Des Chats on the Ottawa river. At that time she started a program of writing correspondence soliciting family information and building family trees. She was widely recognized as the unofficial expert in family history for the Taylor, Forest and Stringer families of Eastern Ontario, and also collected and constructed smaller family trees for the McAllister, Boyle and Davis families. She was a fixture at Forest and Taylor family reunions, collecting names, births, deaths, addresses, and promises of information to come.

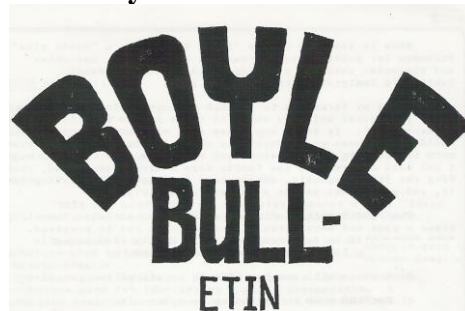
**Henry L Boyle {FA} and  
Mary (Taylor) Boyle {FA(S)}**



During my teenaged years, she got me interested in family history and family lore. Her many tales of pioneer life, and my visits with her to see her youngest brother, the pioneer lore-master Henry Taylor of Bancroft, taught me that there is great value in remembering and recording the past, and making it available to the younger generations. She issued a hand-written family tree (in ten hand-written copies) at some date prior to 1948. It addressed the four branches of her family's ancestors that she had been developing at that time. In 1948 she issued her first set of typed family trees, this time including her husband's ancestors, the Boyles and Davises. By 1964 her family trees had grown in size and now filled four binders. I remember her working late into the evening every night as she wrote letters, and fed carbon paper into her typewriter, pounding hard on every key to make sure that she got ten good copies from her efforts. I recall helping her to package the typed material and address it and mail it. I recall her great satisfaction when the 1964 issue of typed family trees was mailed out, and I also recall how, at the age of 71, she then redoubled her efforts to expand the trees and, with a new focus, capture the memories of her remaining brothers and sisters before they passed away.

I, of course, asked her to show me the tree related to my own surname, Boyle, and she confessed that she had not found the time to do more than establish an outline of the Boyle and

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Davis family trees based on family lore passed to her by members of the previous generation, and that she had not as yet filled them out. So, I set for myself the task of completing the Davis and Boyle family trees myself. With significant help from F Clyde Lendrum, I published the "Boyle Bulletin" in the 1980s. While collecting stories for the Boyle Bulletin, I happened to come to the Davis reunion and met Margaret (Davis) Musclow, who displayed her remarkably extensive Davis family tree on a massive chart. On turning my mind back to the Davis family tree recently, I discovered that Margaret (now Margaret Young) and David Kelley (a Combermere historian, and the curator of the Mission House Museum) were working on an immense new publishable version, relieving me of my self-appointed task. I am delighted to say that Margaret and David have produced a monumental work. The Davis clan is indeed lucky to have such an outstanding family document available to them.

So, I would like to dedicate this book of Davis remembrances and tales to the memory of Mary (Taylor) Boyle, a woman who, in spite of a very difficult life, turned an interest into a passion, and preserved for future generations a record of the past.

## Acknowledgements

Collecting and recording family history is, by its very nature, an intrusive activity. You are asking distant relatives, most of whom don't know you, to send you personal information about their family and their past. Many people object to the incursion into their privacy and do not respond. Others have little or no interest in family history and do not respond. In the meantime, people are getting married, having children, and dying at an ever-increasing rate as the family grows. So the activity of collecting and compiling such information is very much like swimming upstream in a fast-moving creek. My experience is, however, that, once the information is compiled, all members of the family greatly appreciate the opportunity to explore and understand their own family roots.

I think each future generation should be able to look into a book such as this and see what life was like for their ancestors, what defining characteristics or traits gave those ancestors the ability to survive and succeed, and how their lives shaped the lives of those that followed. Amongst the members of the Davis clan to which we belong, it seems there are a large number of like-minded people, some of whom played a direct role in the preparation of this book.

I would like to thank the following people for their VERY significant input to this present volume:

- Margaret (Davis, Musclow) Young {DEE}
- Sarah Ethel (Boyle) Ryan {FCA}
- George Erie Davis {AIA}
- Erica Mayhew {AHCAA}
- Donna (McFarlane) Wright {DDAC}

## Apologies

While I have been working on family trees for many years, it is only recently that I have started to focus on the Davis tree and the Davis family origins. I realise that many readers of this book, published in a bit of a hurry on the occasion of the 40<sup>th</sup> Davis Reunion, have been immersed in a study of the Davis family for at least 40 years. Most of you, I am sure, know the history far

better than I do. I apologize for, and take full responsibility for any errors, inaccuracies or omissions that may be found in this volume, and I encourage you to send all your corrections, comments, or additions to me. If I reprint this volume, all such changes will be reviewed for inclusion in such a future reprint.

### **My contact coördinates**

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### **About Alphabetic IDentifiers and d'Aboville Numbers**

When you are working with a family tree, it is often the case, especially when working with the generations of people born before 1950, that many cousins will have the same names. The practice was to name children after Royal personages, people in the Bible, or grandparents, parents, aunts and uncles. So, in a large family tree, it was common to have several people with very similar or identical names.

This is a serious problem when you are writing family stories. It becomes necessary to identify clearly who you mean by "Aunt Mary" when almost every Mary is an aunt to someone. For example, in the Davis family tree, prepared by Margaret (Davis, Musclow) Young {DEE}, there are seven people with the name "John Davis", six with the name "Joseph Davis", five with the name "Sarah Davis", and four with the name "Margaret Davis". If we are to write a story about any of these people, and if it is to be easily decipherable by those who are untutored in the intricate relations between them, we must find a unique identifier for each.

Modern genealogical software solves this problem by assigning a unique code to each person.

The code is usually of this form:

- The founding father (or mother) is assigned a root code;
- The code of any child of the founding father contains the code of their father on the left, but has a serial code appended to the right of it. The serial code is determined by birth order, or by alphabetic order if birth dates are missing.
- The code of any grandchild of the founding father, and all of their descendants, has the code of the parent on the left, but has a serial code appended to the right.

In this publication I use alphabetic identifiers (AIDs) enclosed in curly brackets like this {ABB}. I indicate the spouse of a person using a bracketed (S), or, if there is more than one spouse, an (S) with a serial identifier. The first spouse would be (S1) and the second spouse (S2), etc. The AID of the second spouse of the above example would be {ABB(S2)}.

Genealogical software will generate such unique identifiers for your family tree each time you print a report. I have requested that David Kelley, the Combermere historian who is producing the Davis family tree, start including d'Aboville numbers (a type of unique identifier) with all newly printed family trees. However, there is a problem. If you add or delete a person changing the birth order, or insert a missing birth date, or if you pick a different "founding father" for your report, many or all of the unique identifiers change. Such numbers are very ephemeral. If David Kelley learns about a child that did not live to adulthood, and inserts that child into his data base, and then prints a new family tree for someone, all of the d'Aboville numbers will change.



My approach is this. I manually assign stable AIDs, which are not computer generated and are unchanging, to each person, up to the fifth generation. I use software to generate the associated d'Aboville number for each person. I provide a cross-reference listing of AIDs and d'Aboville numbers, but only for the first five generations. A new cross-reference can then be generated at need, if and when the d'Aboville numbers change.

Here are some examples of AIDs and d'Aboville numbers to show you how they work. Note that there is a little messing around in the early generations. In the following table, <nil> means no number is assigned. In general, the computer does not assign numbers to the spouses who marry into a family. I do assign an AID.

Person's Name	Alphabetic Identifier (AID)	d'Aboville Number
Joseph Davis	<nil>	1
Catherine Bell	<nil>	<nil>
Joseph Henry Davis	{Davis-} or just { }	1.6
Sarah Bolton	{Davis-(S)} or just {(S)}	<nil>
George Davis	{Davis-A} or just {A}	1.6.1
Eliza Davis	{Davis-A(S)} or just {A(S)}	<nil>
Harry R Davis	{AA}	1.6.1.1
Joseph B Davis	{AB}	1.6.1.2
Margaret Davis	{DEE}	1.6.4.5.5
Alf Musclow	{DEE(S1)}	<nil>
Art young	{DEE(S2)}	<nil>

Note that, in both systems of numbers, the commonly used terms of relatedness can be deciphered in the codes.

Relationship	AIDs	d'Aboville Numbers	Explanation
Siblings	{ABAD} {ABAE}	1.2.1.4 1.2.1.5	In same generation (same number of codes), and the parent's code is the same.
Cousins	{ABAD} {ABCA}	1.2.1.4 1.2.3.1	Parents are siblings, and the children are cousins.
Parent	{ABA} {ABAD}	1.2.1 1.2.1.4	Different generations, parent's code is embedded in child's code.
Grandparent	{AB} {ABAD}	1.2 1.2.1.4	Different generations, ancestor's code is embedded in child's code.
Uncle/aunt Nephew/niece	{ABA} {ABCA}	1.2.1 1.2.3.1	Different generations, parent of one is a sibling of the other.
Second cousin, twice removed	{ABA} {CABDC}	1.2.1 3.1.2.4.3	{A} and {C} are siblings. {AB} and {CA} are first cousins. {ABA} and {CAB} are second cousins. {CABDC} is a second cousin of {ABA}, removed by two generations.



Note that every “founding father” generates a different set of AIDs and d’Aboville numbers. My fully prefixed AID in the Joseph Henry Davis tree is {Davis-FAAD}, but in the William Boyle tree is {Boyle-BGAAD}. The rightmost letters are the same starting with the third from the left. My grandfather was equally Davis and Boyle.

The following cross-reference table was generated as follows:

- I obtained a copy of the Davis family tree from David Kelley;
- I assigned birth ordered AIDs manually to the children of Joseph Henry Davis and Sarah Bolton, and for two additional generations.
- I generated a listing containing both AIDs and the ephemeral d’Aboville numbers.
- I deleted those persons for whom no d’Aboville number was generated (i.e. spouses)
- I deleted all people of following generations

I then ensured that all documents submitted for inclusion in this book associated an AID with each relative mentioned. A reader can then determine relationships between people using the above guidelines. If a reader wishes to look up a person in the Davis family tree, check this cross-reference for the appropriate d’Aboville number, and use that to index into the family tree.

I know. It’s complicated. But it’s the best I can do.

## Cross Reference – AIDs and d’Aboville Numbers – for Joseph H Davis

```

-----
1-Joseph Davis
|-----1.1-William Davis
|-----1.2-George Davis
|-----1.3-Doratha Davis
|-----1.4-Sally Davis
|-----1.5-Margaret Davis
|-----1.6-Joseph Henry Davis{D-}
|       |-----1.6.1-George Davis{A}
|       |       |-----1.6.1.1-Henry R. (Harry, Hennie) Davis{AA}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.1.1-Mabel Davis{AAA}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.1.2-Carolyn Ella Davis{AAB}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.1.3-Mary Edna Davis{AAC}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.1.4-Florence Malinda (Minnie) Davis{AAD}
|       |       |-----1.6.1.2-Joseph B. Davis{AB}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.2.1-Etta Davis{ABA}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.2.2-George Davis{ABB}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.2.3-Viola Davis{ABC}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.2.4-John Davis{ABD}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.2.5-Theressa Davis{ABE}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.2.6-Allan Davis{ABF}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.2.7-Herbert Davis{ABG}
|       |       |-----1.6.1.3-Debbie Ann Davis{AC}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.3.1-Pearl Grace Bowes{ACA}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.3.2-John Walter Bowes{ACB}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.3.3-Eliza Jane Bowes{ACC}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.3.4-Alex Bowes{ACD}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.3.5-George Bowes{ACE}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.3.6-Jenneth (Jennie) Bowes{ACF}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.3.7-Isabell Bowes{ACG}
|       |       |       |-----1.6.1.3.8-Joseph Bowes{ACH}

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```

|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.3.9-Teenie Bowes{ACI}
|         |         |-----1.6.1.4-George Bruce Davis{AD}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.4.1-Delbert Davis{ADA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.4.2-Katharine (Kate) Davis{ADB}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.4.3-Olive May Davis{ADC}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.4.4-Harry Davis{ADD}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.4.5-Elizabeth (Lizzie) Davis{ADE}
|         |         |-----1.6.1.5-Bella Davis{AE}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.5.1-Charles Briscoe{AEA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.5.2-Barbara Agnes Briscoe{AEB}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.5.3-Elizabeth (Lizzie) Briscoe{AEC}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.5.4-Margaret (Maggie) Briscoe{AED}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.5.5-Bruce Briscoe{AEE}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.5.6-James B. Briscoe{AEF}
|         |         |-----1.6.1.6-Edward (Ned) Davis{AF}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.6.1-Shirley Eileen Davis{AFA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.6.2-Neville Roy Davis{AFB}
|         |         |-----1.6.1.7-Eliza Jane Davis{AG}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.7.1-Elizabeth Meryl Briscoe{AGA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.7.2-William Clayton Briscoe{AGB}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.7.3-Georgina Briscoe{AGC}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.7.4-James Gerald Arnold Briscoe{AGD}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.7.5-Iva Beryl Briscoe{AGE}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.7.6-Verlie Enid Briscoe{AGF}
|         |         |-----1.6.1.8-Tena (Teenie) Alice Davis{AH}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.8.1-Stanley Eric Mayhew{AHA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.8.2-Clinton Harvey Mayhew{AHB}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.8.3-William Vern Mayhew{AHC}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.8.4-Lloyd George Mayhew{AHD}
|         |         |-----1.6.1.9-William (Willie) Stanley Davis{AI}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.1-George Erie Davis{AIA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.2-Stanley Gifford Davis{AIB}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.3-Gary Wayne Davis{AIC}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.4-Burford Davis{AID}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.5-Tracey Harold Davis{AIE}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.6-Arlene Davis{AIF}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.7-Karl Bruce Davis{AIG}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.8-David Murray Davis{AIH}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.9-Bernard (Bun) Craig Davis{AII}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.10-Dean William Davis{AIJ}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.11-Janice Lorraine Davis{AIK}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.1.9.12-Danny Guy Davis{AIL}
|         |-----1.6.2-Sarah Jane Davis{B}
|         |-----1.6.3-Joseph Henry Davis{C}
|         |         |-----1.6.3.1-Charles Elijah Davis{CA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.1.1-Peter Charles Davis{CAA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.1.2-Not named Davis{CAB}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.1.3-Emma Delila Olive Davis{CAC}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.1.4-Grace Mearle Davis{CAD}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.1.5-Joseph Elmer Davis{CAE}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.1.6-Arnold Davis{CAF}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.1.7-Charles Patrick Gordon Goodwin Davis{CAG}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.1.8-John (Jack) McArthur Davis{CAH}
|         |         |-----1.6.3.2-Sara Jane Davis{CB}
|         |         |-----1.6.3.3-Joseph John Davis{CC}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.3.1-Basil Davis{CCA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.3.3.2-Ross Davis{CCB}

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|         |-----1.6.3.4-Robert (Bob) George Davis{CD}
|         |-----1.6.3.5-William Amos (Ame) Davis{CE}
|         |         |-----1.6.3.5.1-Marvin Davis{CEA}
|         |         |-----1.6.3.5.2-Weldon Davis{CEB}
|         |-----1.6.3.6-Eliza Margaret Davis{CF}
|         |-----1.6.3.7-Benjamin Lincoln Davis{CG}
|         |         |-----1.6.3.7.1-Benjamin Davis{CGA}
|         |-----1.6.3.8-Goodwin Davis{CH}
|         |-----1.6.3.9-Mary Olive Davis{CI}
|         |         |-----1.6.3.9.1-Malcolm (Mack) Van Allen{CIA}
|         |         |-----1.6.3.9.2-William Goodwin Van Allen{CIB}
|         |-----1.6.3.10-Thomas Henry Davis{CJ}
|-----1.6.4-Robert Davis{D}
|         |-----1.6.4.1-Jessie Laura Davis{DA}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.1-Peter Aben Russett{DAA}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.2-May Russett{DAB}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.3-Florence Russett{DAC}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.4-Robert Russett{DAD}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.5-Harvey Russett{DAE}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.6-Thomas Russett{DAF}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.7-Sarah (Sadie) Winnifred Russett{DAG}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.8-Melvin Russett{DAH}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.9-Jessie Agnes Russett{DAI}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.1.10-Kenneth Benjamin Russett{DAJ}
|         |-----1.6.4.2-Sarah (Sadie) Agnes Davis{DB}
|         |-----1.6.4.3-Aben Bolton Davis{DC}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.3.1-Howard Robert Davis{DCA}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.3.2-Gaynoll Margaret Kelly Davis{DCB}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.3.3-Eileen Marie Davis{DCC}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.3.4-Jean Agnes Davis{DCD}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.3.5-Murray Barrington Davis{DCE}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.3.6-Floyd Davis{DCF}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.3.7-Mable Davis{DCG}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.3.8-Eric Davis{DCH}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.3.9-Greg Davis{DCI}
|         |-----1.6.4.4-James Reuben Davis{DD}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.4.1-Janet Isabel Davis{DDA}
|         |-----1.6.4.5-Joseph Henry Davis{DE}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.5.1-Gordon Davis{DEA}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.5.2-Stillborn Davis{DEB}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.5.3-Merritt Davis{DEC}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.5.4-Sadie Davis{DED}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.5.5-Margaret Davis{DEE}
|         |-----1.6.4.6-Thomas McLean Davis{DF}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.6.1-Gloria Davis{DFA}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.6.2-Joyce Davis{DFB}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.6.3-Audrey Davis{DFC}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.6.4-Robert Davis{DFD}
|         |-----1.6.4.7-William John Davis{DG}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.7.1-Eunice Davis{DGA}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.7.2-Royden Davis{DGB}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.7.3-Trevor Davis{DGC}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.7.4-Bessie Davis{DGD}
|         |         |-----1.6.4.7.5-Norma Davis{DGE}
|-----1.6.5-Deborah (Debbie) Ann Davis{E}
|-----1.6.6-Sarah Jane Davis{F}
|         |-----1.6.6.1-Henry Laurie Boyle{FA}

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|         |         |         |-----1.6.6.1.1-Edgar John Taylor Boyle{FAA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.6.1.2-Phyllis Edna Sarah Boyle{FAB}
|         |         |-----1.6.6.2-Joseph Aaron Boyle{FB}
|         |         |-----1.6.6.3-George Wesley Davis Boyle{FC}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.6.3.1-Sarah Ethel Boyle{FCA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.6.3.2-John (Jack) Wellington Boyle{FCB}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.6.3.3-Vera Kathleen Boyle{FCC}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.6.3.4-Denis David Boyle{FCD}
|         |         |-----1.6.6.4-Charles Wallace (Wellington) Boyle{FD}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.6.4.1-Marion Joyce Boyle{FDA}
|         |         |         |-----1.6.6.4.2-Craig Lee Maynard Boyle{FDB}
|         |         |-----1.6.6.5-Gwendolyn Boyle{EDE}
|-----1.6.7-Agnes Davis{G}
|         |-----1.6.7.1-Jim Childerhose{GA}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.1.1-Ruby Childerhose{GAA}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.1.2-Percy Childerhose{GAB}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.1.3-Lorne Childerhose{GAC}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.1.4-Ann Childerhose{GAD}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.1.5-Carson Childerhose{GAE}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.1.6-Harvey Childerhose{GAF}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.1.7-Stewart Childerhose{GAG}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.1.8-Iva Childerhose{GAH}
|         |-----1.6.7.2-Tom William Childerhose{GB}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.2.1-Edith Childerhose{GBA}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.2.2-Elmer Childerhose{GBB}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.2.3-Raymond Childerhose{GBC}
|         |-----1.6.7.3-Lena Childerhose{GC}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.3.1-Harold Douglas{GCA}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.3.2-Gladys Douglas{GCB}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.3.3-Lloyd Douglas{GCC}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.3.4-Eleen Douglas{GCD}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.3.5-Neville Douglas{GCE}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.3.6-Joyce Douglas{GCF}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.3.7-Hellen Douglas{GCG}
|         |         |-----1.6.7.3.8-William Douglas{GCH}
|         |-----1.6.7.4-Joe Childerhose{GD}
|         |-----1.6.7.5-Arthur Childerhose{GE}
|-----1.6.8-Eliza Davis{H}
|         |-----1.6.8.1-Laura McLean{HA}
|         |-----1.6.8.2-Sarah McLean{HB}
|         |         |-----1.6.8.2.1-Audrey McLean{HBA}
|         |-----1.6.8.3-Ervine McLean{HC}
|         |-----1.6.8.4-Joseph McLean{HD}
|         |-----1.6.8.5-Leslie McLean{HE}
|         |-----1.6.8.6-Archie McLean{HF}
|         |-----1.6.8.7-Bruce McLean{HG}
|         |-----1.6.8.8-Margaret McLean{HH}
|         |         |-----1.6.8.8.1-Roland Small{HHA}
|         |         |-----1.6.8.8.2-Edith Small{HHB}
|         |         |-----1.6.8.8.3-Harold Small{HHC}
|         |         |-----1.6.8.8.4-Eunice Small{HHD}
|-----1.6.9-William Davis{I}
|         |-----1.6.9.1-Harold Davis{IA}
|         |         |-----1.6.9.1.1-Donna Davis{IAA}
|         |         |-----1.6.9.1.2-Allen Davis{IAB}
|         |         |-----1.6.9.1.3-Elizabeth Davis{IAC}
|         |-----1.6.9.2-Muriel Davis{IB}

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|      |      |-----1.6.9.3-Una Davis{IC}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.3.1-Zona Tharen Cascadden{ICA}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.3.2-Guy Manson Cascadden{ICB}
|      |      |-----1.6.9.4-Roy Davis{ID}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.4.1-Joan Marilyn Davis{IDA}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.4.2-William Nelles Roy Davis{IDB}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.4.3-Margaret Matilda Davis{IDC}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.4.4-James Murray Davis{IDD}
|      |      |-----1.6.9.5-Arvilla Davis{IE}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.5.1-Murray Rexford McKnight{IEA}
|      |      |-----1.6.9.6-Lloyd Davis{IF}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.6.1-Ronald Davis{IFA}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.6.2-Donald Davis{IFB}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.6.3-Donna Davis{IFC}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.6.4-Myrtle Davis{IFD}
|      |      |-----1.6.9.7-Murray Davis{IG}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.7.1-Richard Davis{IGA}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.7.2-Tim Davis{IGB}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.7.3-Christine Davis{IGC}
|      |      |-----1.6.9.8-Doreen Davis{IH}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.8.1-Glen William Kralka{IHA}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.8.2-Robert Andrew Kralka{IHB}
|      |      |      |-----1.6.9.8.3-Diane Susan Kralka{IHC}
|      |-----1.6.10-Not named Davis{J}
|-----1.7-Mary Davis
|-----1.8-John Davis
|-----1.9-Jane Davis
|-----1.10-Henry Davis
|-----1.11-Catherine Davis
|-----1.12-Edward James Davis

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## Do You Mind the Time, Magical Memories

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

Garvin Harley Boyle {FAAD} was born on July the 24<sup>th</sup> of 1950 in the Arnprior Hospital to Edgar John Taylor Boyle {FAA} and Marjorie Alice Perdue as the fourth of six children.

There were six children born into this family. The first three came in rapid succession: Brian Kent Boyle {FAAA} in 1946, Beverley Ann Boyle {FAAB} in 1947 and David Henry Boyle {FAAC} in 1948. Three babies were in diapers at the same time. And these were cotton cloth diapers, not pampers. That's a lot of laundry each day. I came a decent two years after David, in 1950. Then, eleven months later came my younger sister Kathleen Erin Boyle {FAAE} in 1951. Then my youngest brother, Norman Andrew Boyle {FAAF} arrived in 1956 to complete the picture.

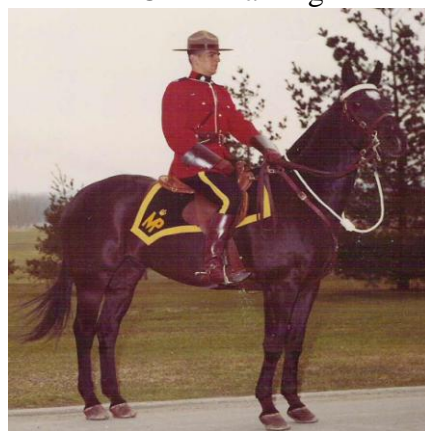
I like to think that the purpose of this book of Davis tales is to record a slice of pioneer life as experienced by my Davis relatives. Now, I know that my family was in no way a "pioneering family". Nevertheless, because we were a poor family living in a small rural village, I think some of our experiences from our early life are appropriate to purpose.

My grandfather, Henry Laurie Boyle {FA} passed away in 1928 when my father was only six years old. My father was often seriously ill when young, and received much of his early education at home at the hands of my grandmother Mary (Taylor) Boyle. Once widowed, she moved her family to Sand Point, a village on the banks of the Ottawa River about seven miles west of Arnprior.

After the Second World War when my father got out of the Canadian Armed Forces, he tried his hand at two businesses before taking a job in the federal government, where he worked for 33 years. The first business was running a sawmill, with his cousin Sandy Campbell. The second business, from 1948 to 1952, was running a general store in Sand Point.

This is where I come in. My earliest memory is of my mother, Marjorie, placing me into a red wagon, telling Brian to be careful not to let me fall out, and making the long trip (only about ½ km, but it seemed long at the time) along a gravel road from our house to the general store where Dad was working. I remember being helped up the front steps of the store. I remember being offered a dill pickle, if I could reach it. I stood on a stool, put my arm up and bent at the elbow over the top of a large barrel filled with brine, and

Brian Kent Boyle {FAAA} and Nero, on Graduation from RCMP Training



Barbara Ann Joyce (Hunt) Boyle {FAAA(S)}



swishing my hand around in the brine blindly trying to find a pickle. Eventually I got one. I remember looking at the shelves and shelves of clothes, food, and other strange things. I must have been two years old at that time, because Dad closed the store and took the job in the government in 1952.

My next earliest memory is my first day in kindergarten. We attended the Arnprior Public School, seven miles away, and had to take an hour bus ride each morning and each evening. My most outstanding memory is the toys at school. We were poor, and the only toys we had at home were those we made ourselves. In the kindergarten class there were brightly coloured trains, cars, dolls, balls, tops and more. I was overwhelmed by the bounty. Kindergarten was a half-day program, but, because we came by bus, all of the country and village kids had to stay all day. I recall, each day, bringing home two identical pieces of my artwork – one from the morning, and one from the afternoon. My first experience of being in a “clique” or “gang” was when we bussed kids, who were in kindergarten all day, huddled together against the half-day townies. It was us versus them.

Beverley Anne Boyle  
{FAAB} on graduation  
from Nurse's Training



As I say, we were poor, and had to make our own toys. I don't recall particularly what toys my brothers and sisters made for themselves, but powered toys fascinated me. I made a battery-powered motor boat, a wind-driven sailboat with remote controls (by strings), a boomerang, a kite, an elastic-powered aeroplane, a gun-powder powered pipe rocket with a fuse and launching pad, and other things. One year, when I was ten or eleven, my parents bought each of us a toy for Christmas, and they got me a cool battery-operated tank, which moved with flashing lights and gun-like noises. My brother David asked if he could play with it Christmas afternoon, sat on it, and broke the wheels and axles. I have almost forgiven him for that.

The house was a wood-frame farmhouse, but the farm had long since been abandoned and sold in parts to a golf course, and to others. It was built in the late 1800s, and was probably a fancy home for its day. It had an earthen basement, blasted out of the limestone bedrock, with a mortared wall containing a cistern in one corner. A hand-pump raised collected rainwater to the kitchen for washing. In the early years we had no other running water, but we did have electricity for lights. The house was heated by a large cook stove in the kitchen that burned wood. Drinking water came from a steel hand pump out back. The washroom was an outhouse in the far corner of the property away from the house.

In the winters, Mom heated an iron on the wood stove and then ironed the bed sheets to get the frost out before we went to bed. The youngest children were allowed to use a bed potty (a white porcelain pot with a handle), which was kept under each bed, but each had to clean their own potty in the morning. The older children were expected to make the trek to the outhouse should nature call during the night. I remember when I graduated out of the potty pack. I would wait in desperation in the middle of the night until one of my older siblings made the trek, clearing a path through the snow, and then a short time later I would follow. I quickly learned to avoid



such need, if possible. But, there was one day when I had to clear the path myself. I recall it was a blowing blizzard, and the snow was up past my waist. It took me at least a half-hour to shovel a trail to the outhouse in the dark. When I was done and returned, I noted that a couple of siblings availed themselves of the benefits of my work.

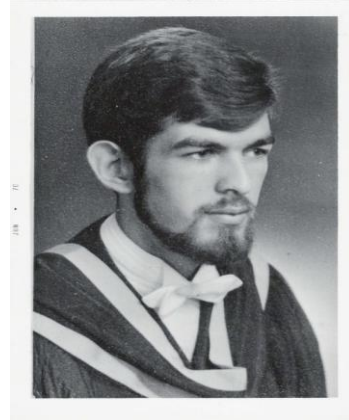
In those days, door-to-door sales men were a necessity for us. Since we did not have transportation of our own, we could not get out of the village. The iceman came every two weeks to replace the block of ice in our icebox. The icebox was a fridge-like appliance, but without electricity. A block of ice is placed in the top portion and milk and eggs are placed in the bottom portion, where they stay cool. The egg man came once a week to sell us fresh eggs. The milkman came daily to sell us a few bottles of fresh milk. The ironmonger came annually to collect scrap metal. The scissors sharpener came annually to sharpen shovels, hoes, rakes, knives, and, of course, scissors. These men all arrived in horse-drawn wagons. The Raleigh's salesman came every six months or so to sell us ointments and medications. The Fuller brush man sold us toothbrushes and combs and hairbrushes with a big "F" on the handle. The Avon lady sold things to my mother that I, apparently, didn't pay too much attention to, because I can't recall what she sold. We knew all these people by name and gave them a heartfelt welcome each time they arrived.

I recall the first and only time I received a spanking from my mother, a normally gentle woman. I think I must have been four at the time. What had I done? A railroad track passed close to the front of our house, separated from the house by a page-wire fence. On hearing an approaching train, and curious to see one up close, I climbed through the fence, stood close to the tracks, and tried to touch it as it swished past. On seeing me reaching up to touch the bottom of the boxcars, unable to reach that high, she flew over the fence, grabbed me unceremoniously, returned to the house, and applied the brush.

She used a hairbrush, probably sold to her by the Fuller Brush salesman, and I can still remember the size and shape of that brush, and the fancy big "F" on the handle. It is burned into my memory.

In the winter, Saturday night was wash night in the Boyle household. Mom would fill the wash tub with hot soapy water and "put the kids through it". She supervised the washing of the youngest, but anyone over age seven was expected to bathe himself/herself. Each person, in turn, went into the kitchen, stripped, bathed, towelled, redressed, then announce "Next!", and turned the dirty soapy water over to the next. There was no door to the kitchen, so we were all

David Henry Boyle {FAAC}  
on Graduation from Queen's  
University



Christine Ann (Proznick)  
Boyle {FAAC(S3)}



honour-bound not to peek. To my knowledge, no one ever did. In the summer, we were simply handed a bar of soap and told “Head for the river.”

Clothes were washed weekly, using a wash board and the wash tub. We never had fleas, ticks or bedbugs in our house. Nevertheless, all clothes, and the bed sheets, were boiled once a year, on top of the regular washing, and all of the blankets were carried down to the river each spring, sprinkled liberally with soap flakes, and pounded on with rocks. Rinsing the blankets, to remove the soap, was done by us kids dragging them through the water, with a lot of laughing, jumping, whooping and hollering, under Mom’s supervision. I recall the day we got our first electric washing machine, a “wringer washer”, and put away the wash board. The wash board hung in the back shed for ten years before it finally disappeared. The wringer washer was a marvel of engineering with a built-in safety switch that stopped it from operating if something the size of a person’s arm was drawn into it. We kids tested that feature at least three times.

Garvin Harley Boyle  
{FAAD}



My father earned less than \$2,000 per year, so we had very little money. To feed such a family, we had a large vegetable garden and fruit grove, the largest in the village, and every weekend during the summer months was spent tending the garden. The potatoes, carrots, beets and rutabagas were stored in the root cellar for winter use. The beans, peas, corn, cabbage, lettuce, radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers and a variety of other perishable produce were eaten fresh in the summer. Cucumbers, beans, tomatoes, pears, apples, green gages, strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, and purple plums were preserved for winter use. There was also a profusion of wild fruit in the woods around the village, including wild strawberries, red and black raspberries, chokecherries, apples and wild grapes. We would pick a wash tub (yes, the same wash tub) full of each kind of fruit, in season, and preserve it for the winter. We also had several hives of tame bees, and summer chores included cleaning the hives, taking honey, and feeding the hives in the fall. Meat and cheese were expensive, and we had no way to store it for the winter, so we learned to love hamburger in all its forms. Biweekly shopping trips to Arnprior, seven miles distant, were principally to purchase hamburger, bologna and bread. Dominus Providebit!

Annie Marie  
Elizabeth  
(Lampinen) Boyle  
{FAAD(S2)}



Food was plentiful, but money was scarce. We, the Boyle children, received no “allowance”, so we all did odd jobs around the village to bring in cash. The Boyle children cut grass, trimmed hedges, emptied septic tanks and cesspools, tilled gardens, hoed potatoes, picked and shucked corn, washed cars and boats, and did almost anything else that people would pay to have done. When we got older we worked on nearby farms, seeding, haying, or helping with the animals. I think I was about eight years old when I started carrying pails of water from the community pump behind the school to the homes of elderly people, for 10¢ a pail. The next year, I shovelled coal for a pleasant lady who had a coal-burning furnace, for 25¢ an hour.

10¢ seemed like a lot then. You could buy a bottle of pop for 7¢, and when you were done, you could get the 2¢ deposit back. A penny bought a handful of candies. A loaf of bread cost 12¢. I recall when my piggy bank hit the \$100 mark. I thought I was rich beyond measure.

Mom made all of our clothes. Grandma (Mary (Taylor) Boyle {FA(S)}) knit all of our socks, hats, mitts and sweaters. Mom purchased bolts of cloth and made the rest with a Singer sewing machine. Almost all of my clothes were hand-me-downs from my older two brothers. I remember one year when Mom made the special effort to see that everybody in the family had their own new unused article of clothing. Kathy was delighted when she was given a little spring dress for church. For me, it was a grey and black felt spring jacket. I wore that proudly for years, and she made sure it was not handed down to anyone. It eventually became part of a heavy winter blanket that I took with me to university.

But, though money was scarce, Dad and Mom always put a priority on educational experiences. We had no TV, no car, no indoor plumbing. But we had a piano, a radio, and a record player, with a small collection of classical records. Newspapers, books and magazines were always coming into the house. We spent many an evening around the piano singing while Bev or David played the piano and Mom played the violin. Other evenings, we would play card games or board games. When Brian was old enough to do school projects, Dad and Mom purchased a set of Funk and Wagnall's Canadian Book of Knowledge, a 20-volume encyclopaedia. Even though we were poor, we were one of the few families who had their own encyclopaedia.

The Jehovah's Witnesses (colloquially, and perhaps not nicely, called the JW's, pronounced "the Jay Dubs") were regular visitors to our house. Dad did not think we should work on Sundays, so, after church, and a family walk in the outdoors, Sunday afternoons were spent studying the Bible. The JW's seemed to know that, on a Sunday afternoon, they could expect a welcome and a two-to-three hour argument over interpretations of verses of the Bible. They never converted anybody in our house, but word got back to us via the grapevine; they said there was no better place for a JW to sharpen their tools for the conversion of others. While he disagreed with their theology, he had great respect for their sincerity and gumption.

The early morning routine, of a winter's morning, went like this:

- About 6:30, Mom gets up and puts toast in the toaster;
- She then wakes Brian and sends him to light the stove in the kitchen, and put on a pot of water;
- She then wakes David, and sends him to "break the ice" on the drinking water bucket kept in the kitchen. It froze over every night with about 2 inches of ice. The ice had to be broken and removed so the rest of us could use the drinking water.

Kathleen Erin  
(Boyle) Marshall  
{FAAE}



John Robert Marshall  
{FAAE(S)}



- By this time Bev and/or Mom are ready to make rolled oats “porridge”, the staple breakfast for the family.
- By now, the rest of us would smell the toast burning, and raise the alarm, as Mom would rush to rescue the toast she had once again forgotten.
- The school bus arrives at 7:30, and we all grab our books and lunch bags and head out the door.

The house had settled on its foundation (actually, it had no foundation, just resting on the rough edges of the square hole blasted out of the limestone bedrock) in such a way that there was a seventeen degree grade from the front door to the back. We made a skate board and set up an L-shaped slalom course through the living room, around the stove, past the piano, and to the right into the kitchen. The neighbour kids thought this was cool. Mom did not.

I recall the endless battle with rats and mice. Near the village was the township dump, which was a smorgasbord of delights for a rat. In the summer, the rats multiplied like crazy in the dump. In the winter, they all moved into the houses of the villagers of Sand Point. Rats and mice are natural enemies. In the summer, the rats moved out and the mice moved in. In the winter, the mice moved out and the rats moved in. All houses in the village suffered the same annual cycle. We poisoned them, trapped them, shot them and said bad words at them, but all was to little avail. They chewed holes in the walls to get around better. We filled those holes with woods chips, with plaster, with fibreglass, and with steel wool. We nailed flattened tin cans over the holes. Eventually, the dump was closed and the problem went away.

I recall the adventure of being sent to fetch vegetables from the unlit root cellar in the winter. The vague light, the scurrying sound of rats, the gurgling of the cistern, and the earthy smell of vegetables all combined to inflame the imagination. In these adventurous episodes I would carry a pointy stick for defence, walking carefully around the unsprung rat traps, gingerly digging out the required vegetables, and then quickly retreating up the basement stairs, relieved that I had survived another excursion. You would not believe the nightmares I had about that basement.

Eventually a freezer replaced the icebox. Now we could store frozen meat. Dad ordered a crate of whitefish, which came on a train from Winnipeg, frozen solid. The rather large fish had to be cut up, so Edgar moved his table saw into the kitchen and we started cutting and packaging. Unfortunately, nobody looked up until the job was done. The cast-off from the whirling saw blade had formed a four-inch line of fish sawdust on the ceiling of the kitchen. When you followed the trail with your eyes, you could see it climbed down over the kitchen doorpost, and restarted on the living room ceiling, and down the far wall, and laying a strip halfway down the piano. By the time the flying fish dust travelled the distance to the piano, it laid a strip about two feet wide.

Norman Andrew  
Boyle {FAAF}



Lynn (Lussier) Boyle  
{FAAF(S)}



Once we had a freezer, we started breeding and raising “New Zealand White” rabbits, for meat. At the height, we had eight breeding does and one hundred and twenty-six young ones to be slaughtered for meat. I was designated the rabbit husbandman, and it was my job to clean the cages, feed and water the animals, and help Dad with the slaughter in the fall. We fed them rabbit pellets, but to save money, regularly fed them grass, dandelions and cedar branches. It was a significant daily chore to gather enough fodder to feed that lot. One day on returning from church, the family saw an amazing sight – little white rabbits everywhere. Jail break! They had dug a five-foot tunnel under the buried wire mesh fence of their pen and escaped. We recovered one hundred and fifteen rabbits by chasing them with fishing nets. The other eleven showed up as piles of fur as the local varmints caught them and ate them.

One little rabbit broke its leg one summer, and I had to nurse it back to health, applying a splint to the leg, and making sure it had special access to food and water. I was somewhat regretful when I had to slaughter it in October. I still remember being served rabbit cooked in honey for a special Christmas dinner, and finding the mended bones on my plate.

We did not have a car, so we learned to run. Brian had control of my father’s old bicycle, so he biked around the countryside and David ran behind him. By the time David got to high school, he was an excellent runner. I was too young to ‘hang out’ with them, so I learned to run through the woods, chasing imaginary foes. Many of my school chums lived three or four kilometres from our house, so I would run over to their places for an evening visit. My friends and I built forts and organised excursions deep into the woods, paddled huge logs far up and down the shoreline of the river (none of us could afford a boat or canoe) in search of interesting things, explored caves, collected fossils of strange ancient animals, marvelled at the ways of the animals, birds, and bugs around us, and played tag with our slingshots.

Christmas Eve was special. We kids would plan a show with a comedian and a skit. The skit was written a week in advance, and neighbourhood friends were invited to play a part. The theme was usually silly, and the past year’s events were woven into the tale. For example, one year Mom made a loaf of bread, put it into a drawer, and forgot about it for a month. On finding it, she discovered it was as hard as a rock. She threw it out, but we retrieved it, and it became a significant prop in that year’s skit. We used it to hammer a very large nail through a pre-drilled hole in a board. The neighbour ladies found this quite amusing, at Mom’s expense.










Sometimes, in spite of poverty, life was magical. I remember one winter when freezing rain formed a two-inch layer of ice over a recent significant snowfall. You could skate anywhere; up and down hills, over roads, along the railroad tracks. I think I skated for six hours that day, until the sun finally started to break it up, and I walked home on my skates. Another year, the Ottawa River froze solid and no snow fell. We did not have to clear a rink for skating. Lac Des Chats (the name of the part of the river where we were) was two miles wide and twenty miles long. If you held your jacket out, you could sail along at high speed for twenty miles. Of course, the skate back up-wind was a toughie, as I discovered.

In those days I often slept outside under the stars on a clear summer night. I would lay on the grass on the lawn and pull a blanket over me. I recall the melancholy sound of the whippoorwill in the evening; the brief aerial acrobatic dance of the bats and bugs accompanied by the strangely



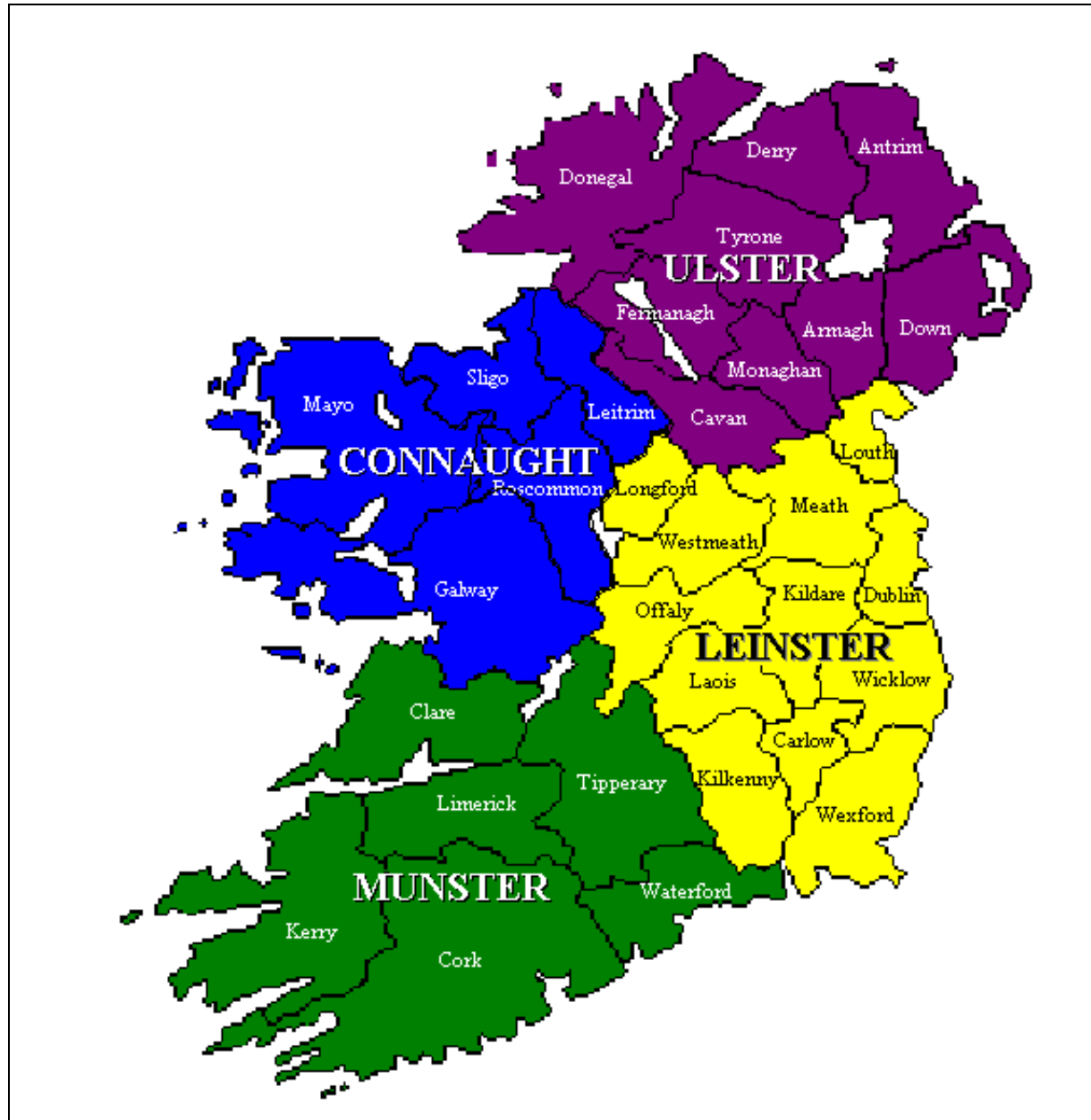
alien vibrations of the nightjar's wings as dusk fell; the gradual cessation of the cacophony of crickets; the grumbling mumbling speech of a passing porcupine talking to himself on his way to who knows where; the screeching hissing fights of coons on the prowl; the shooting stars streaking across the star-studded sky; the rustling sound of the corn growing in the hot humid weather; the feel of the dew on the grass and on my face, hair and eyelashes in the early morning; the twittering calls of the swallows, lined up on the hydro lines, as the sun arose; the eerie quiet of a village still asleep as I rolled up my blankets and started the day. Magical memories!

Eventually, Dad plumbed the house, installed a bath tub, installed a septic tank, changed the icebox for a freezer, changed the wash board for that wringer washer, installed an oil-fired space heater to heat the house, and installed a gas-fired kitchen stove for cooking. We got our first TV in the mid 1960s when I was 12 or 13. We got a car. We got store-bought toys and clothes. The modern world had arrived in the Boyle household of Sand Point.

Janice Boyle {FAAAA} 	Phillip Boyle {FAABA} 	Keith Boyle {FAABB} and Theresa 	Michael Boyle {FAABC} and Meaghan 
David Boyle {FAADA} 	Karen Boyle {FAADB} 	Charles Marshall {FAAEA} 	Alex Marshall {FAAEB} 
Stephen Boyle {FAAFA} 			

## Origins of the Surname “Davis”

In many ancient cultures, people had only a single name. I suppose there were more than enough names to go around in a small community, and a single name was all that was needed. As the need to distinguish between several people arose a variety of techniques became common. We can easily imagine how names such as “David the smithy”, or “Fred of Ross Common”, or “Jane from the Hill”, might have arisen. People often related to geographic features like hills or lakes, or political divisions like towns or villages, and those practices appeared in the British Isles starting around 1200.





Surnames in the British Isles now have a variety of sources:

- Names such as Smith (blacksmith) or Stringer (horse stringer) or Cooper (barrel maker) or Hunter (someone who hunts) are based on occupation.
- Names such as Hill, Ford, or Rivers come from associations with geographic features.
- Names such as Peterson means “Peter’s son”, or Davison means David’s son, or O’Malley means Malley’s son, and McDonald means Donald’s son. These names are called patronymic, and the names derive from the father’s line. Opposite to that, in some cultures in which the men don’t often live for very long, metronymic names (based on the mother’s line) are common.
- Surnames based on colors are also common, such as Black, White, Green, or Brown.

Davis is a patronymic name from England. It means “Son of David”, in the same way that McDonald means ‘son of Donald’ in Scotland, O’Malley means ‘son of Malley’ in Ireland. The original name was Davidson, and I understand there is a large Davidson clan in Scotland, in addition to a MacDavis clan. However, over time, many variations have arisen. Davis is a common variation in England, and Davies is a very common surname in Wales. The sixth century bishop St David became the patron saint of Wales, and this popularized the name David, as well as the surname Davies, in that country. In France, the corresponding surname is said to be Devis.

Our branch of the Davis family came from County Wexford in Ireland. Davis is a common surname in Ireland, but obviously does not conform to the standard Irish patronymic forms of the surname O’Daid or O’Daibhaid. It is believed therefore that at some time in the past a branch of the Davis clan of Wales, ultimately derived from Norman roots, moved into Ireland and established itself, principally in Leinster (the county in which Wexford is located) and Ulster. The name David, the root of the surname, may be Jewish or Gaelic in origin, as there is good ancient evidence for both, but I am unsure how that worked into the Norman tradition.

At some point in one’s life, one might ponder ‘Just how common is my surname?’ I managed to find ranked lists of the most common names in North America. The following list shows the ranked order:

	<b>Canada</b>	<b>Mexico</b>	<b>USA</b>
1	Li	Hernandez	Smith
2	Smith	Garcia	Johnson
3	Lam	Martinez	Williams
4	Martin	Gonzales	Brown
5	Brown	Lopez	Jones
6	Row	Rodriguez	Miller
7	Tremblay	Perez	Davis
8	Lee	Sanchez	Garcia
9	Gagnon	Ramirez	Rodriguez
10	Wilson	Flores	Wilson

This data comes from the URL:

[http://wiki.ask.com/List\\_of\\_most\\_common\\_surnames\\_in\\_North\\_America](http://wiki.ask.com/List_of_most_common_surnames_in_North_America)

The data for Canada came from a compilation of phone books. The data for the USA and Mexico came from census data. The name Davis is absent not only from the top ten, it does not appear in the top 20 ranked names in Canada. However, it is very common in the States.

I have not found good data for Canada, but can show interesting data for the UK and the USA based on recent census data. Some data for some surnames of interest is shown below. The data for the year 2006 was found online at URL: <http://www.britishsurnames.co.uk/surnames/> If you do not find your surname in the following list, I encourage you to visit this site and look it up.

**Ranked Lists of Surnames; showing total number of persons, rank in list, and number of persons per million**

United Kingdom				United States			
Name	Total	Rank	# / Million	Name	Total	Rank	# / Million
Brown	247,515	4	5,389	Brown	1,380,145	4	5,116
Wilson	182,727	7	3,979	Davis	1,072,335	7	3,975
Wright	125,574	13	2,734	Wilson	783,051	10	2,903
Robinson	125,437	15	2,731	Martin	672,711	17	2,494
Martin	107,178	21	2,334	Robinson	503,028	27	1,865
Davis	71,435	52	1,555	Wright	440,367	34	1,632
Bennett	70,854	53	1,543	Bennett	239,055	78	886
Simpson	67,287	58	1,465	Simpson	158,241	145	587
Ryan	27,439	186	597	Ryan	139,335	177	516
Douglas	23,695	223	516	Douglas	96,425	286	357
McLean	18,731	294	408	Bruce	52,004	583	193
Boyle	18,230	301	308	McLean	40,871	768	152
Bruce	17,216	325	375	Boyle	39,141	802	145
McMillan	11,175	536	243	McMillan	38,896	810	144
Bowes	4,389	1,433	96	Briscoe	13,030	2,549	48
Mayhew	3,599	1,741	78	Mayhew	8,754	3,718	32
Briscoe	2,572	2,397	56	Bowes	4,847	6,460	18
Yuill	942	5,525	21	Keely	1,642	16,184	6
Keely	249	14,372	5	Parcher	686	31,817	2
Trolley	182	17,407	4	Yuill	469	43,377	2
Lampinen	3	34,088	-	Russett	425	47,026	2
Parcher	-	-	-	Lampinen	383	51,119	1
Raycroft	-	-	-	Raycroft	141	114,852	-
Russett	-	-	-	Trolley	105	144,908	-

I understand that there are over 20 coats of arms associated with the Davis surname. So, again, the question might be asked, "Are there any coats of arms associated with the Davis surname in the Leinster province of Ireland, from whence we came?"

There are coats of arms for the Davis family from France, Scotland, England, Wales and Ireland. A heraldic symbol for a family often has two forms: the crest or shield, and the coat of arms which includes the crest plus a variety of other items. The Irish shield has three clover leaves (or possibly shamrocks, but they look like clover).



Such heraldic devices are not assigned for use by a family, but rather, for use by a person. While these devices are clearly associated with a Davis family of Ireland, I was unable to discover which member of which family was granted the rights to the particular arms shown. So I CANNOT BE CERTAIN THAT THESE ARMS BELONG TO ANY RELATIVE OF OURS. Nevertheless, they are cool! They are Irish! I suggest you display them proudly.

I did find this note of caution on the internet - Disclaimer Regarding Coats Of Arms. "...there is no such thing as a "family coat-of-arms" or a "family crest"; even in the event that one can trace his or her lineage to a family that was granted such an honor. To use arms one must officially apply for its use only after the correct "differencing" has taken place. There may be an exception when it can be proved that the applicant is a direct male descendant of the original armiger. The mere coincidence of one's surname being the same as a person who was granted arms is no indication of family relationship, nor does it indicate any right to arms. In the United States it is no crime to display arms and related insignia if one wishes. However, it should be understood that such a display is purely decorative." From the book by James C. Neagles "The Library of Congress: A Guide to Historical & Genealogical Resources"

For more insight into the possible role of the Davis family in Ireland, keeping in mind that they were adherents of the Church of England, and had Norman (i.e. feudal) roots in Wales, see the articles on the "Origins of the Surname Boyle" and "The Great Boyle Secret".

## Joseph Henry Davis {Davis-} or just {}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

The purpose of this article is to document all we can about the Joseph Henry Davis who we believe to be the founding father of our clan of Davises here in Ontario. There are those among us who believe that Joseph Henry Davis first settled in Elizabethtown near Brockville before moving to Hastings County. While I understand there are those that have studied the records carefully and come to the conclusion that the Davis family of Elizabethtown is the family of our ancestor, I am unconvinced. This theory is inconsistent with family lore received from my great-grandmother, Sarah Jane Davis {F}, through at least two independent channels. So, in this article and a couple of others, I examine the evidence around our origins.

### 1851 - Elizabethtown - Leeds

36	Joseph Davis	School Teacher	Ireland	Ch. England	X	32	1	
37	Sarah Davis	"	Ireland	Ch. England	X	21	1	
38	George Davis	"	Ch. England	"	✓	3	1	
39	Sarah J. Davis	"	Ch. England	"	✓	1	1	

Here we have a record of a Joseph Davis and his wife Sarah Davis in Elizabethtown. Joseph is listed as a school teacher, aged 32 in 1851 (putting his birth date at approximately 1819). Under occupation, Sarah and both of her children are noted as (ditto – ” ) and I suspect this is an error by a careless census taker. The mother’s age of 21 puts her birth date at 1830, and both are listed as being members of the Church of England. They have two children George (aged 3; born about 1848) and Sarah J (aged 1; born about 1850). This Sarah J Davis cannot be my great grandmother Sarah Jane Davis {F}, because she is born too early. My great grandmother was married to John Henry Boyle in 1894 and had their first child in 1896. Sarah J from the above record would have been aged 46 at the time of giving birth to her first child. This is not likely.

I am not aware of any independent family lore that mentions that Joseph was a school teacher, either in Elizabethtown or in Hastings, so this occupation is a little surprising to me.

*Is this a record of our ancestors Joseph Davis and Sarah (Bolton) Davis?* Possibly, but we would have to explain why Sarah J is born almost 20 years too early.

There was no census taken in 1861.

The census of 1871 has been indexed for the heads of households only, but the original census documents have not all, to my knowledge, been photographed yet. A search of the index provides the following information: Name – Joseph Davis; Age – 50; Estimated birth year – about 1821; Gender – Male; Birth Place – Ireland; Residence District – Hastings North; Residence Location – Bangor, Herschel, McClure, Monteagle, Wicklow; Ethnic Origin – Irish; Religion – Church of England, Anglican; Occupation – Farmer; Division – 2; Microfilm Roll – C-9995; Page – 12; Comment – This person is listed as a head of household.

This record is taken in the part of Ontario, Hastings County, where we know Joseph Henry Davis, our ancestor, eventually came to reside. Is this a record of our ancestor? Possibly, but the information is a little too skimpy to tell us much. We see here that the Joseph Davis in this record is not (or no longer) a teacher, but is now farming.

The census of 1881 has been searched without success so far for any record of Joseph Henry Davis and his family, although I am certain it is there. Many census records are almost indecipherable, and the names have been poorly transcribed into searchable tags for the computer. So, I need to look for all possible badly spelt variations on Joseph Davis, such as Jaser Duvu. I will continue the search, as I think the 1881 census could provide some interesting clues to our early history, but, so far, no luck.

The census record from 1891 is interesting for a couple of reasons. I am reasonably certain that this record is that of our ancestor, and the founding father of this Davis clan, Joseph Henry Davis { }. We see that he is widowed (by the W in the sixth column) and living with his youngest surviving son William Davis {I}, born about 1875. According to the Davis family tree, an unnamed child was born to Joseph and Sarah in 1879, but it died shortly after birth. Sarah (Bolton) Davis {(S)} died in 1886, and so does not appear in this census record. Joseph's estimated birth date in 1825. I note that both of Joseph's parents are marked as born in Ireland, and, more to the point, both of William's parents are marked as born in Ireland, which is consistent with our belief the family came to Canada from Wexford County, Ireland. William himself is born in Ontario. I also note (not shown in this cut-out) that Joseph is "Church of England" by religion. Why does an immigrant from Catholic Ireland belong to the hated Church of England?

Now, we know that the Davis name is of Norman origin. In my mind, the trail looks like this. Norsemen conquered Normandy on the west side of France during the Dark Ages. The Normans conquered England in 1066, bringing Norman names and the Norman feudal system to England, Scotland and Wales. The Anglican Davis clan of Wales moved to Wexford in Ireland, possibly as part of the cleansing of Catholics from their base of power in Ireland in the early 1600s. Two hundred and fifty years later, they flee the horrific effects of the potato famine, and come to Canada. JUST A THEORY!

Above the record for Joseph and William, we see the census record for Joseph Davis {C} and Delilah (Burlanyette) Davis, and their family. Below the record for Joseph and William we see the census record for Robert Davis {D} and Margaret Scott (McLean) Davis and their family.

1891 census record for Joseph Henry Davis {} and members of his family.

W $\frac{1}{2}$ 70	Davis Joseph H	m	37	m	—	0	—	Ireland	Ireland
"	Delila	f	33	m	w	0	—	Quebec	0
"	Charles	m	10	—	s	0	—	0	0
"	John	m	6	—	s	0	—	0	0
"	Robert G	m	4	—	s	0	—	0	0
"	William	m	2	—	s	0	—	0	0
"	Sarah Jane	f	8	—	s	0	—	0	0
W $\frac{1}{2}$ 71	Davis Joseph	m	66	w.	—	Ireland	—	Ireland	Ireland
"	William	m	16	—	s	0	—	"	"
W $\frac{1}{2}$ 72	Davis Robert	m	35	m	—	0	—	"	"
"	Maggie	f	34	m	w.	0	—	0	0
"	Abner	m	5	—	s	0	—	0	0
"	James	m	3	—	s	0	—	0	0
"	Joseph	m	1	—	s	0	—	0	0
"	Jessie	f	10	—	s	0	—	0	0
"	Sarah	f	8	—	s	0	—	0	0

Moving forward another ten years in time, we have the 1901 census record for Robert Davis {D} and his wife Margaret Scott (McLean) Davis and their family, and it appears that Joseph Henry Davis {} is now living with his son Robert.

5			- James L.	M	"	"	S	4 Jan'y	1844	24	Ont - n		
✓ 6	50	51	Davis Robert	M	"	Head	M	31 May	1856	74	Ont - n		
7			" Maggie	F	"	Wife	M	5 Jan'y	1857	44	Ont - n		
8			" Sarah	F	"	Daughter	S	8 Feb'y	1883	18	Ont - n		
9			" Aben	M	"	Son	S	22 Nov	1886	14	Ont - n		
10			" James	M	"	"	S	1 Dec	1888	12	Ont - n		
11			" Joseph	M	"	"	S	20 Jan'y	1891	18	Ont - n		
12			" Thomas	M	"	"	S	24 July	1892	8	Ont - n		
13			" William	M	"	"	S	10 March	1896	5	Ont - n		
✓ 14			Davis Joseph	M	"	Father	W	12 July	1824	76	Inland	1848	

We have two significant new pieces of information here. The birth date of Joseph Henry Davis { } is given as the 12<sup>th</sup> of July, 1824. It also shows that he came to Canada in the year 1848 (last column shown on the right).

What can we say, in summary, based on a review of these primary documents:

- The Joseph Davis found in Elizabethtown may be our ancestor,
- but there is a problem with his birth date (or age),
- there is a slight surprise in his occupation (teacher vs. farmer),
- and his daughter Sarah is born from ten to twenty years too soon.

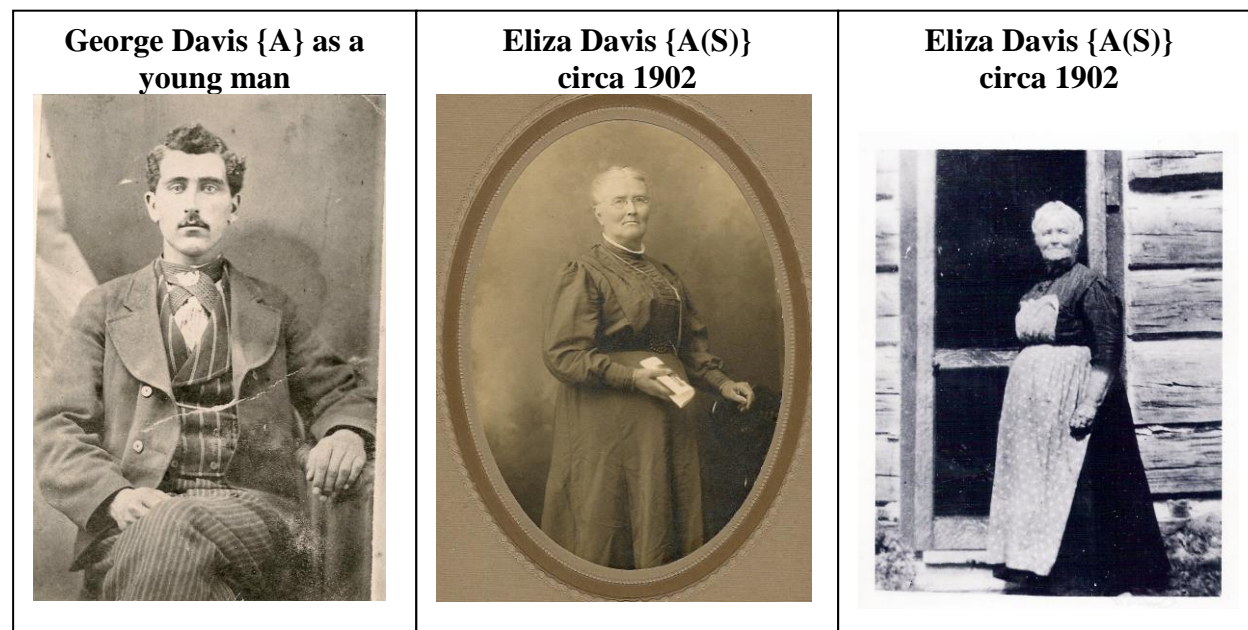
It appears the family came to Canada in 1848, was located in Hastings County by 1871, and spread its roots there.



## George Davis {A}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}  
and Erie Davis {AI}

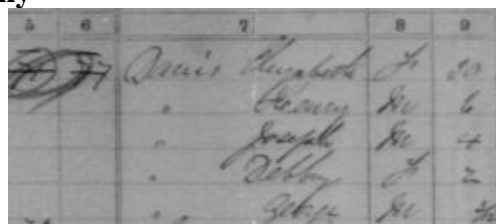
George Davis {A} (1848-1901) was the eldest of the family of ten children raised by Joseph Henry Davis {Davis-}, the founding father of our Davis clan centred here in Ontario. He married Elizabeth Boyle {A(S)}, commonly known as Eliza Davis.



Eliza was the daughter of Henry Boyle (Jr) who was born and raised on “Boyle’s Hill” on the Germanicus road just north of Eganville. His father, Henry Boyle, (sometimes called “Old Henry”) had come to Canada in 1826 as part of the Peter Robinson settlement scheme. His older brother, Thomas, had soiled the family name by marrying the coachman’s daughter, and, having lost favour with his father, signed on to come to Canada. Henry, apparently without his father’s permission, also signed on to come to Canada with his brother. They settled first in Pakenham on top of the mountain. Then they moved to Panmure, near Carp Ontario. When Henry’s first wife died, he moved his family to Boyle’s Hill. Henry Jr moved from Germanicus to Centreview, at that time called Riley’s Settlement, and married Mary Riley, Eliza’s mother.

We were able to find some census records for this family. In the 1881 census for Wicklow township we find Eliza at home with four children (Henry, Joseph, Debby and George) but George {A} is not recorded. I expect he was working away from home at the time of the census.

### 1881 census record for Eliza (Boyle) Davis and family



Then, in the 1891 census we find a more complete record of the family. Both George and Eliza are at home, and all of the children are listed, boys first, then girls. Note that Debby Ann's name is hard to decipher, but it is there as the 11 year-old girl.

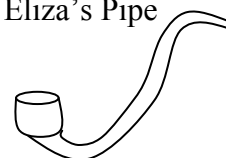
**1891 census record for George Davis {A} and family**

Davis George	M	41	M	—	0	—	Ireland	Ireland
" Eliza	F	38	M	W <sup>o</sup>	0	—	"	"
" Henry	M	16	—	S	0	—	0	0
" Joseph	M	13	—	S	0	—	0	0
" George B.	M	10	—	S	0	—	0	0
" Edward	M	7	—	S	0	—	0	0
" Debby Ann	F	11	—	S	0	—	0	0
	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Davis Bella	F	9	—	S	0			
" Eliza Jane	F	5	—	S	0			
" Lena	F	2	—	S	0			

Note that George says that both parents (i.e. Joseph Henry Davis and Sarah Bolton) were born in Ireland. This is useful information, BUT, I know that both of Eliza's parents (I.e. Henry Boyle Jr and Mary Riley) were born in Ontario. So, the census taker was careless in this instance. It does illustrate the danger of error in the census records.

Apparently William Davis {AI} often talked about his parents, George and Eliza Davis, and passed along stories and words of wisdom from the older generation to his own children. Eliza Davis was a bit of a character. She complained about having a sore itchy throat, and her solution was to smoke a soothing pipe of tobacco at need. She carried a long S-shaped pipe, a plug of tobacco, and a jack-knife. She would often, of an evening, sit in a rocker, pull out her pipe, and lean back in a peaceful cloud of smoke. Eliza's pipe and jack-knife are probably still in the hands of one of her grandchildren or their offspring.

**Rough Drawing of Eliza's Pipe**



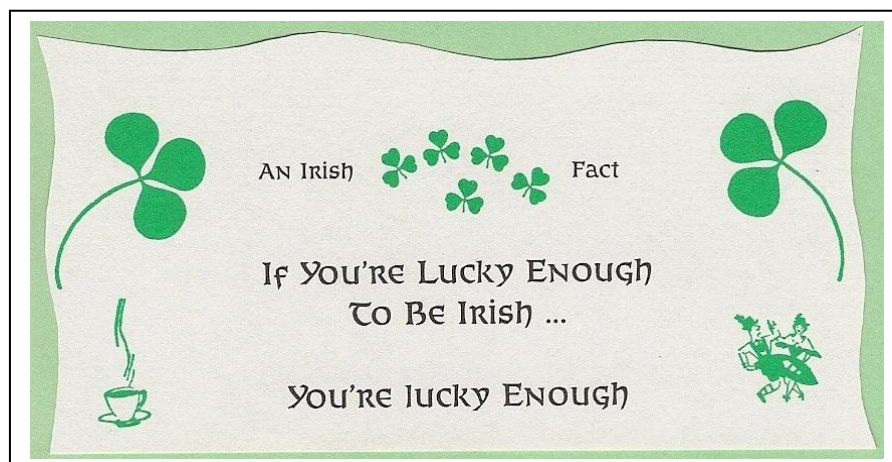
George Davis passed away when his youngest child, William S Davis {AI}, was only eight years old. Eliza and the children lost the use of their farm, and had to move in with her daughter, Bella (Davis) Briscoe {AE}, then living in Admaston Township. Over the years, Eliza stayed also with Teenie {AH} and Ned Mayhew, or Annie {AC} and Walter Bowes. Eventually she went to live with Willie Davis {AI}, where she remained until her death.

Pioneer life in those early days was very difficult. A favourite saying of Eliza was "I've never done so much, and had so little!"

**Family of Eliza (Boyle) Davis {A(S)}**

Eliza is third from the left. If anyone can tell me who the rest are, please let me know. I think they are Mayhews.

Erie Davis {AIA} has a silver dollar dated 1880 that was given to him by his grandmother Eliza. He says it is the first dollar he ever received, and he has it still. There may be other family mementoes from this family. I have heard of a chopping block used by Eliza Boyle that is about four inches thick, and is now shaped like a salad bowl from years of use. If we could find that, it would be something to see.

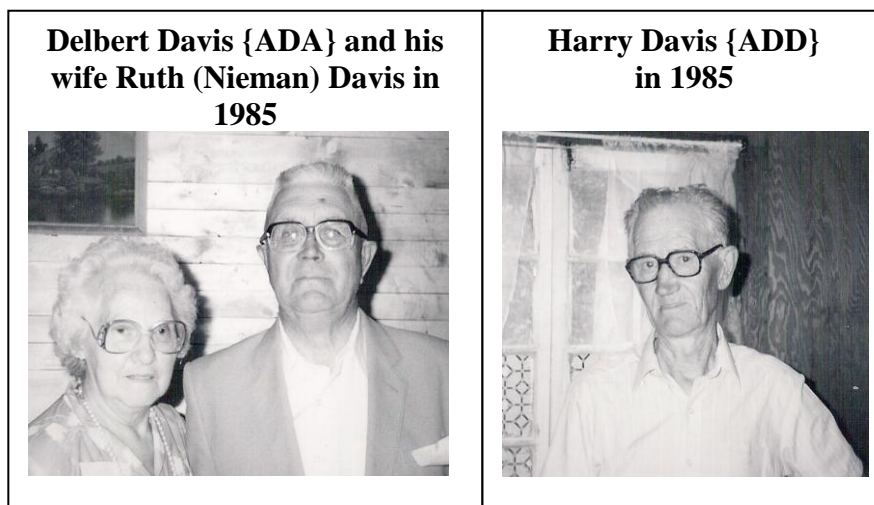


## Delbert Davis {ADA} and Harry Davis {ADD}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

I had the wonderful opportunity to meet two of George Bruce {AD} Davis's sons back in 1985 when I was able to attend the Davis reunion.

At that time I was looking for some good family lore about the Boyle family as I was in the process of publishing "The Boyle Bull", a fan zine dedicated to discovering the written and oral history of the Boyle family. I met Harry Davis {ADD} first, and he obliged me with a few tales. But then he said I had to meet his brother, Delbert Davis {ADA}. When lunch time came, I was sitting at a picnic table, when Harry and Delbert came to join me, soon followed by a few other 'old Davis geezers' whose names I have forgotten.



It was at that table that I learned best how to coax family lore out of a table full of old friends. These men, brothers and cousins, have known each other for so long and heard the family stories so many times and in so many ways that they no longer told the tales in full. For example, one would merely say "Old Henry. Do you mind the time when old Henry was stood upon by the bear, and his blueberry pots never even fell over!". And then they would all laugh, happily remembering the tale to themselves. I would say I never heard that one, and Delbert would encourage the others to fill in the pieces. It appeared, however, that all had heard the story from different sources, and all had different pieces of a great family story.

On putting the parts together, with a little imagination to fill in the missing pieces, I get a story like this:

*Henry Boyle (Sr), living on Boyle's Hill near Eganville, went one day, with his dog, to pick blueberries. Having filled two large milk pails, he started to head home when he spotted a patch of brown fur rising above the blueberry brush well ahead of him, but on his path. Understanding that it was a bear, he decided to avoid it and turned off the path. However, just then, the dog got*

*a whiff of the bear smell and rushed the bear, barking and snarling. The bear, which was a large adult, rose on its hind legs in defence, and snarled back at the dog, at which point the dog took fright and ran back to a safe location behind Henry.*

*The bear, seeing that it had the upper hand in the fracas, followed the dog, putting the run on it. Old Henry, two buckets of berries in hand (many hours of work), turning to face the bear, had just enough presence of mind to set the blueberries down safely before the bear bowled him over. Now, Old Henry was not the target of the bear's anger. He was merely in the road, between the bear and the dog. Henry was knocked flat on his back with the bear standing over him. The dog, now seeing his master to be in danger, got its courage back and, instead of running away and taking the bear with him, he challenged the bear once more.*

*We now see the picture in our minds: the dog snarling and jumping about the bear, the bear standing on its hind legs, snarling back, Henry on his back under the bear. Henry pulled out his pocket knife and cut the bear's hamstring tendon, thereby crippling the bear, which hobbled off. Henry collected his two safe buckets of berries and headed home. He later returned with his gun and killed the maimed bear, not wanting to let it suffer, or to roam the woods endangering his children.*

Delbert Davis knew how to work his crowd. When he realized what I wanted, and when he realized the wealth of unspoken family lore that they possessed around the table, he quietly took charge. When someone would mention a story, he would keep everyone talking while I took notes. None of the stories were told coherently, but rather they tumbled out in pieces in a turbulent jumbled waterfall of laughter, chuckles, and jovial remembrances. In that way, at that table, in an hour's time, I managed to collect a half-dozen spectacular stories such as:

- Old Henry and the bear;
- The carpenter with the whole in his hand;
- The one-legged lumberjack;
- The boy who rode a bull, sitting backwards; and
- The master stairmaker.



## William Vern Mayhew {AHC}

By Erica Mayhew {AHCAA}

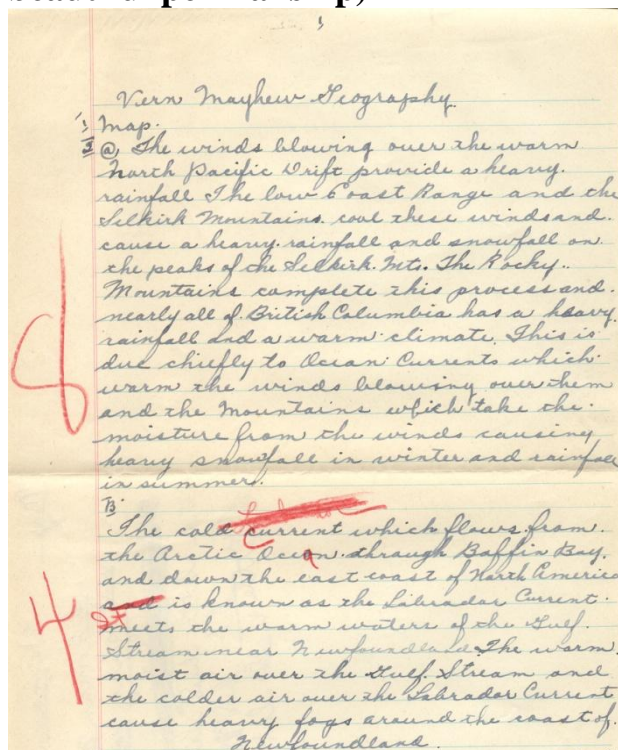
William Vern Mayhew {AHC} (5 Jul 1919 – 5 Mar 2004) was the third of four sons born to Ned and Teenie (Davis) Mayhew of Maple Leaf, Ontario. He attended Sunnyside School No. 3 for his elementary education when not working on the family farm, and successfully completed his grade 8 exams in 1933.

After graduation, Vern continued helping his father on the family farm. He also started working in the bush the winter he was 14 years old, for Henry Dubblestein at Kitts Lake. Although far away from home, he was not removed from his family - he worked alongside his father (a teamster) and his two older brothers (Stanley {AHA} was the camp cook and Harvey {AHB} was a logger). Eventually, Vern worked his way up from trail cutter to feller, felling trees with crosscut saws.

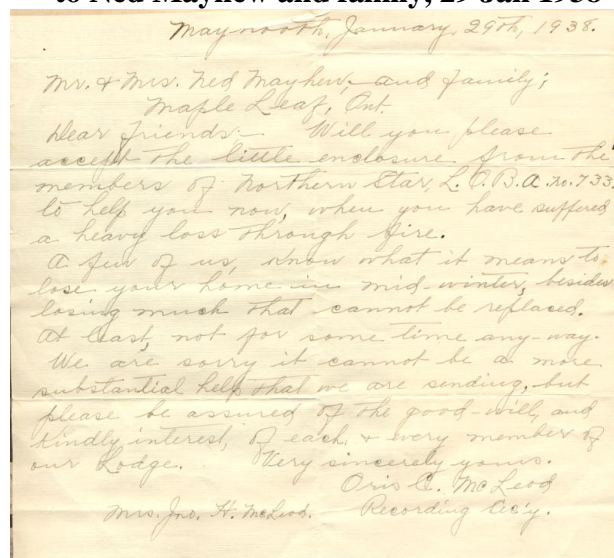
Near Christmas in 1937, the Mayhew family suffered a blow when their house burned down. The family of six lived in cramped quarters for the next few months, in a workshop quickly built on their property to provide shelter from the harsh weather. The men spent the winter cutting wood that was turned into lumber and used the next summer for the construction of a new house. This is the house that still stands today on the property, located at 159 Papineau Lake Road.

The letter reads: Maynooth, January 29<sup>th</sup>, 1938. Mr and Mrs Ned Mayhew and family, Maple Leaf, Ont. Dear Friends: Will you please accept the little

### Vern Mayhew's exam (note the beautiful penmanship)



### Letter from the Northern Star LOBA No. 733 to Ned Mayhew and family, 29 Jan 1938



something from the members of the Northern Star LOBA No 733 to help you now, when you have suffered a heavy loss through fire. A few of us know what it means to lose your home in mid-winter, besides losing much than cannot be replaced, at least, not for some time any way. We are sorry it cannot be a more substantial help that we are sending, but please be assured of the good will and kindly interest of each and every member of our lodge. Very sincerely yours,  
Ores G McLeod, Recording Sec, Mrs Jane H McLeod.

For a number of years, this was the rhythm of Vern's life – farming in the summer, working in the bush during the winter – but in 1938, this rhythm was altered. One summer day, while out picking raspberries, his eye was caught by a pretty young woman from Purdy, Jeanne McMahon. She had spent a number of months working in Peterborough, but when war threatened, she returned home to be closer to family. After a couple more years working at the Combermere grocery store, Jeanne married Vern November 1<sup>st</sup>, 1940 and they moved into the Mayhew family farmhouse with Vern's parents. Clarke Mayhew {AHCA}, the first of their four children, was born in 1942, the same year Vern was drafted into the army.

**Vern & Jeanne (née McMahon) Mayhew  
in 1935**



Vern's years as a soldier in 1942 through 1945 took him to army barracks in both Peterborough and Camp Borden, Ontario. He never served overseas, although his brothers Stanley {AHA} and Lloyd {AHD} were both called to active duty.

**Vern Mayhew,  
1942**



After his return to Maple Leaf, Vern continued to farm year-round. He supplemented his income with a variety of other work as well. He cut 200-500 logs every winter from his own property to sell to mill owner C.A. Wasmund in Maple Leaf.

Beginning in 1946, at around the same time a barn was raised at his farm, Vern worked a number of summers as a carpenter with Louis Parisien, building cottages on Papineau Lake. One of the first was the cottage of Bob Brooks (which has since been torn down and rebuilt).

Vern began working at Bicroft Mines in 1955 as a carpenter. He was paid \$1.91 an hour and was soon able to buy his first new car, a 1956 Chevrolet. When the mill opened at the mine, his job became obsolete and he was offered a new position working underground. Vern refused this offer, saying that he would be underground soon enough! Instead, he worked above-ground in the backfill plant (pumping tailings back underground) until 1959.

**Barn Building**





After leaving the mine, in addition to his ongoing farm work, Vern went back to carpentry, this time building cottages on Kamaniskeg Lake with Louis Richter for a couple of years.

During the 1950's, Vern was also a member of the council of the Townships of Bangor, Wicklow & McClure (this was during W. J. Davis' 29 years as Reeve), eventually resigning his position as councilor. In approximately 1960, the council decided to remove the curves in the highway and widen the bridge over Papineau Creek north of Maple Leaf. Doing this cut the corner of the Mayhew family's lot, providing more frontage and inspiring Vern to go into business for himself. He opened a service station at the corner of Highway 62 and Papineau Lake West Road in 1961. Although it was an Esso station, Vern owned the building and so had a degree of autonomy. At one time Esso wanted Vern to switch to a gas supplier in Belleville, but he refused, staying loyal to Blair Bronson (who was also his favourite fishing buddy!).

**Vern & Jeanne Mayhew**



The service station proved to be popular, especially with Papineau Lake cottagers, and Vern expanded the business by adding a small grocery store in about 1966 – Eileen (Whitmore) Davis {DGC(S2)} was his first employee there. Milton Davis {?} was Vern's handyman and mechanic in the garage, and he was succeeded by Phil Smith. Jack Kelusky came next, and he worked there for many years, even after Vern sold the garage.

After selling the garage to Bruce Davis {?} in 1977, Vern retired at the age of 58.

He divided the farm (which had not been worked for many years) into lots for his four children - Clarke, Gail, Wilma and Denver – and enjoyed the next years doing woodworking, hunting and fishing. In 1984, close to his 65<sup>th</sup> birthday, Vern had a stroke and had to slow down, but he remained active. He shot his last buck in 2000, bringing it down with a single shot.

Vern's last buck  
(Bancroft Times,  
November 2000)

**First Mayhew Esso tow truck,  
1963 (driver unknown)**



### On the Hunt

Two octogenarians we celebrated with last month on their sixtieth wedding anniversaries are celebrating again this month.

Harry Davis went out on the first day of the deer hunt, and brought down a big buck. He saw it, and shot it. Harry is eighty-seven years old.

Vern Mayhew brought in a five-point buck. His wife Jean took him out on the fourth day, and saw a buck coming out of the bush. She heard it, and when Vern saw it, raised his rifle and that was that.

Both hunters are very pleased with their continuing skill and good luck.

Throughout his life, Vern was involved in his community. He played ball and hockey on local teams, and enjoyed playing the fiddle and singing. He was a dedicated member of the Anglican

Church, LOL #3154 Maple Leaf, and was a life member of Bancroft Lodge AF&AM #482 (installed Master in 1959).

Vern Mayhew died in the home he had shared with Jeanne for 64 years on March 5, 2004, after suffering a heart attack

Maple Leaf ball team, 1940s (Vern is in the back row, 2<sup>nd</sup> from left)



## William Stanley Davis {AI}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}  
and Erie Davis {AIC}

William Stanley Davis {AI}, born on the 18<sup>th</sup> of September in 1893, was known to his family and close friends as Willie. William was the youngest son of George Davis {A} and Eliza Boyle. On George's death in 1901, when William was eight, Eliza moved her family to Admaston Township where they lived with Billy and Bella {AE} Briscoe. William was reasonably well educated, having gotten his education in Admaston. He had three years of high school, had good grammar, good handwriting, and was good at arithmetic.

As a young man, William went to work in Cobalt, followed shortly thereafter by Herb McLean {?}. Unfortunately, after they were there for a while, one of two great fires struck the town in, we think, 1919. A large part of the town was burning, including the mill where William and Herb worked, and the house in which they boarded. As the house burned, a woman became hysterical, shouting that her child was still in the building. The fire was so hot that at a distance of 300 meters it was still too hot to stand and face it. This woman was determined to go and save her child, and it took five men to hold her back. In spite of that, she broke free and ran towards the burning building until her hair and clothes caught fire. At that time Herb leapt forward to catch her and drag her back to safety, in the process severely burning his own hands and clothes.

Moving on from Cobalt, William and Herb went to work in a mine in Swastika. The workers were mostly of Swedish origin, and were all cheerful and friendly to them, although they spoke little or no English. However, when they were paid, and when given a day off, the Swedes drank heavily and became wild and unpredictable. Erie recalls his father talking about this half-year of work as being a miserable experience.

William Davis returned to Hastings County and bought a farm for \$600 in 1920 with a view to raising a family. His mother Eliza was, at that time, living with Bella (Davis) Briscoe {AE} and her husband Billy Briscoe in Admaston. William purchased a Whippet car, drove to Admaston, picked up Eliza, and brought her to Hastings County. She lived there for the rest of her life. William married twice. His first wife, Iva Pearl Burlanyette {AI(S1)}, gave birth to one child who died, and she herself died shortly thereafter. He then married Myrtle Louise Adrain {AI(S2)}.

**William Stanley Davis {AI}**



**Myrtle (Adrain)  
Davis**





They raised a family of 12 children, all born in rapid succession. Their son, Erie {AIA} recalled, for me, his early life as difficult and tempestuous, with a lot of poverty and a lot of stress in the home. They had no hydro, no running water, no plumbing. Water had to be pumped and drawn for all uses, for both people and livestock. There were always at least three babies in diapers at any time, and laundry was a constant household chore. Erie recalls a collection of over 40 diapers that were forever being laundered.

However, he says, on thinking back on it, his parents ensured that their children were never without good food, and warm clothes, and a safe home. Like most homes of that time and place, food was plentiful, but spare time and money were hard to come by.

**Gifford {AIB}, Burford {AID}, W.J.{I}, Tracey {AIE} and Dean {AIJ}**



**Gary Davis {AIC}**



**Danny Guy Davis {AIL}**



## George Erie Davis {AIC}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}  
and Erie Davis {AIC}

George Erie Davis, the son of William Stanley Davis {AIC} and Myrtle Adrain, was called “Erie” by family and friends, although many official records refer to him as George. George Erie Davis {AIC} was born in Combermere in 1930 in grandmother Adrain’s home, in the same room in which his mother Myrtle Adrain had been born. He was the third of twelve children, all born in rapid succession.

When Erie was eight years of age, he went to school from September to October. That was the extent of his formal public schooling. As the winter approached, his father became concerned about the safety of sending his children to school along the long forest trail. He believed it was too long and too dangerous for young children. For example, the children had to cross a wide creek by walking across a log. And the forestlands were not always safe, harbouring bears and wolves. Instead, his parents, William and Myrtle, decided to obtain government-provided correspondence courses and Myrtle proceeded to home school him.

In December of 1939 tragedy visited the family when Erie’s dad fell on the ice and broke his kneecap. His mother was pregnant with Bruce and had babies and young children to care for, and so could not take up the chores of running and maintaining the farm. At the age nine Erie had to take up the chores of looking after a team of horses, eight cows, and numerous sheep, chickens and ducks. This was a very heavy responsibility for a young boy.

Erie related to me that his dad, William, raised a tame deer with some dire consequences. At four years the deer had a prize 5-point rack. William wired cans and bells to his deer’s rack so that neighbours would recognize it as his, and not shoot it. A friend of the family used to come with apples and tease the deer. He would put the apple in his coat and make the deer search for it, sometimes as he rolled on the ground being chased by the deer. One day, the deer stopped searching with his nose, and pounced with his two front feet, spearing the man on the back. Ribs were broken and the man was in bad shape for a while. Eventually, Steven Childerhose {G(S)} shot it when it was bothering his horses, but he never confessed his deed to William, and no one knew. Twenty years later, Vern Mayhew {AHC} discovered the rack with the cans and bells wired to it, and made the deed known. Clark Mayhew {AHCA} may still have that deer’s rack as of this writing (2011).

At the age of ten, Erie was asked to be the pallbearer for his great uncle, John Henry Boyle {F(S)}. Erie was related to John Boyle in two ways. Uncle John was the brother of his grandmother, Eliza (Boyle) Davis {A(S)}. He was also the husband of Erie’s great aunt Sarah Jane (Davis) {F}. John and Eliza Boyle, brother and sister, married Sarah and George Davis, sister and brother, respectively.

**Erie Davis {AIA}  
as a young man**



In two years Erie completed three grades of school via those correspondence courses, and was just beginning his grade four work when fate intervened again, and brought an end to his home schooling. Since his father's, William's, accident with his knee, Erie had worked closely with his father on the farm chores. In the summer of 1942 the barn caught fire when full of hay and oats. Both the barn and the horse stable were completely burned. To replace it, William purchased an unused gristmill, and with the help of family and friends, disassembled it, brought it to the farm, and had it reassembled as a barn.

Erie remembers life as being very difficult in those days. In '43 when Erie was aged 13 Joe Boyle {FB} was cutting logs on his farm. Rather than leaving the slash in the bush, he invited William to come and cut the tops off and take them home for firewood. His uncle Bruce Davis {AD} helped the family a lot in those days. He and Erie loaded the wood onto the sleds and Bruce drove the horses as they gathered the wood.

In 1946, at the age of 16, Erie was ready to go out into the world and earn a living. His first job was as a 'cookie', that is, a cook's helper at a Hydro work camp in Algonquin Park. After 6 months the chief cook quit, and Erie was promoted to the position of chief cook. This looked like the beginning of a life's work. However, eventually, the Hydro camp was ordered to move into the far northern reaches of Ontario, and Erie decided not to go with them. That first job lasted 18 months.

He then worked for his dad, William, from 1948 to 1952. They worked in lumber camps and saw mills. Eventually he heard word that General Motors, in Oshawa, was hiring. With great anticipation, he and his wife Viola got into the car. At first, they had difficulty getting the car started. Then, once on their way, they entered a February storm that seriously slowed them down. Unfortunately, they got to the General Motors office ten minutes late for the interview, and had to return home disappointed. But the good news is, a second trip was successful, and Erie started a career as a millwright's helper at General Motors, moving to Oshawa.

Within a few years of starting at General Motors, it became apparent that Erie's lack of formal education was a problem. He could not qualify for advancement in the skilled trades, and the managers had to consider letting him go. However, the managers greatly appreciated his work ethic and his honesty, and after some thought created a special position for him that suited his

**Erie Davis {AIA} and Viola Lafee**



unique talents and abilities. So began a very successful 35-year career at GM that Erie looks back on now with great satisfaction.

On his retirement, Erie and Viola returned from Oshawa to Hastings County where they built the house where they now live, on the Papineau Lake road.

Erie remains a man with a good mind and a love of family lore. I enjoyed tremendously the opportunity to spend a few hours in his home. His stories and memories form the basis of many of the tales in this small volume.

## **Do You Mind the Time, When I Fought The Bear?**

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

In 1970 I was working for a drop-in centre in downtown Kingston, and our program involved planning ten-day camping trips into Algonquin Park. On one trip, I accidentally dropped a rock on my foot and cracked a bone, had a cast installed, and made myself a crutch out of an old hockey stick. I hopped around like long John Silver.

Being young and foolish, I did not stop to think that I should cancel my next planned voyage with nine inner-city toughies. They promised they would do all of the work, and all I had to do was ride along in high style. Sounded good to me. No cooking. No portaging. No setting up or taking down tents, tarpaulins, bear-proof hangs. Just laying around and enjoying myself.

On our first portage, at the north end of Canoe Lake, we heard the sound of girl guides squealing in distress, and my nine boys dropped their packs and ran ahead. A young bear, maybe two years old, had set upon the girls just as they were climbing into their canoes at the top end of the portage. They had jumped into their canoes without paddles and launched into the water. The bear was tearing their packs apart.

Like the gentlemen they were, my boys ran for their cameras, and returned for close-up pictures. When I say close-up, I mean flashes within two feet of the bear's face.

To make a long story short, the bear chased the boys, who ran down the portage past me as I was hobbling along as quickly as possible, Long John Silver style. I saw the bear coming down the path behind the boys. I headed off path onto a dam. Bad move! On one side was a ten-foot drop to rocks. If I jumped, I was sure to break the other foot, and be certain bear food. On the other side was a ten-foot deep pool of water. If I jumped, with a cast on my foot, I was certain to sink like a stone. The bear did not follow the boys down the path, but turned and came onto the dam with me. I had visions of Davie Crocket. What would he do?

I reasoned that I could hammer the bear on the nose with my crutch. When he arose on his hind legs, I could then prop my crutch under his chest, and push him off the dam. That was my Davie Crocket plan. The bear nosed forwards. I raised the crutch...

The bear smelled a picnic table from 200 yards away and backed off. On the way out of the park ten days later, we saw the carcass of the bear, shot by the rangers.

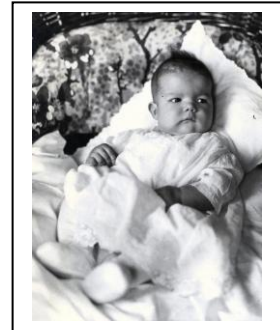


## Janet Isobel Davis {DDA}

By Donna Wright {DDAC}

Memories my mother shared with me, as I remember them.

On June 29, 1927 James Reuben Davis {DD} and Joanna Patalina Morrison were married in Timmins Ontario. Even the minister who performed the wedding ceremony chuckled at their given names. On April 24<sup>th</sup> of the following year their only child Janet Isobel Davis {DDA} was born. Three months later, the family moved to Kirkland Lake where Jim and his brother Tom {DF} both worked as hoist operators in the gold mine. Hoist operators were in high demand so Jim was able to negotiate a yearly two-week holiday into his new contract when he agreed to move from Timmins.



Joanna {DD(S)} and Isobel Davis {DDA}



In 1931, Jim won the consolation prize in the Irish Sweepstakes, which was enough money to buy a new car and a new house – the house on Second Street where Isobel grew up. Kirkland Lake was a thriving gold mine town and she had fond memories of her childhood there.

In those years, cars were not driven during the winter months. Getting the car out for the first drive in the spring, after the snow had melted and the roads were dry, was always exciting and extra special if it was in time for Isobel's April birthday.

One of her prized possessions when she was a girl was her bicycle that she received for her tenth birthday. She rode that bicycle for thirty years. It was replaced by one of similar size and shape on her fortieth birthday, and then again when she turned seventy. She was always young at heart!



Isobel graduated from Kirkland Lake Collegiate and Vocational Institute in 1946, and then attended Normal School in North Bay for a year to become an elementary school teacher. She taught in a number of country schools with up to ten grades in one room. Teaching jobs were plentiful and she could change schools every year. She always enjoyed going new places and meeting new people.

In 1951 Isobel married (John) Elvin McFarlane. They settled on his farm near Charlton, Ontario in a house which had no electricity, no running water, and had previously been used for storing grain. In the kitchen, she used a wood stove for cooking – a far cry from the gas range that she had grown up with in her parents' home in Kirkland Lake. In the first four years of marriage, Isobel and Elvin had three children – Anne, Ken and





Donna. Later in life, Isobel joked that when she got married her ambition was to be a 'farmer's wife' but it was such hard work that she went back to teaching in 1959. Her teaching career totaled thirty-one years, most of which were spent at Savard Public School near Charlton.

Isobel's husband, fifteen years her senior, died suddenly in 1972. She remained on the farm, continued teaching, and completed her BA through Laurentian University in 1980.

In 1976 Isobel traveled to Europe during the March break with the local high school group. She loved to travel and managed at least one trip per year for the rest of her life.

Isobel Davis {DDA} and  
Margaret Davis {DEE} in  
1946



Throughout her life, Isobel always felt a deep connection to the Davis clan. When she was growing up, Isobel always enjoyed her family vacations. She and her parents would spend the first few days visiting her mother's family in Gravenhurst. This was very nice but there were no other young people to play with as she was the only grandchild on her mother's side – an unusual situation as her mother was one of six children. What she really looked forward to was going to "the farm" in Maple Leaf to spend time with her father's family. Here she found the brothers and sisters that she lacked. At the farm of Uncle Bill {DG} there were Eunice, Royden, Trevor, Bessie and Norma, and at the farm of Uncle Joe Davis {DE} was Gordon, Merritt, Sadie and Margaret. Not one of them was anything less than perfect and Isobel always spoke of wonderful times with her fun-loving cousins.

Isobel always found that there was lots to do during her visits to the farm. She once told her cousins how lucky they were to have a barn to play in all the time. They looked at her in surprise and replied "The only time we play in the barn is when you are here." Amidst their fun and games, the work did get done. Berry picking was not one of her best skills nor her favourite pastime. However, she enthusiastically helped her cousins pick pail after pail of berries because there was the promise that, after forty quarts of raspberries were bottled, Aunt Irene {DG(S)} would make raspberry vinegar. To Isobel, this was the most delicious treat imaginable. On hot summer days, after the work was done, the cousins would sometimes walk down the hill to cool off in Papineau Creek. By the time they walked back up the hill, they were ready for another swim.

One spring, Isobel was visiting during maple syrup time. She helped in the sugar bush carrying buckets of sap to be boiled down – forty gallons of sap for every gallon of syrup. After that, Isobel believed that no matter how expensive maple syrup was, it was worth every penny.

Isobel was known for her lifelong hobby of photography. She was given her first camera (a Kodak Brownie Junior box camera) when she was about twelve and would use all of her allowance for film and photo-finishing. When she started teaching, she used her first paycheque to buy a Kodak Vigilant Six-20 folding camera, which she used for many years. Isobel never

went anywhere without her camera. Every time she got into the car, she always checked that she had her camera, her wallet, and her driver's license, in that order.

Isobel liked to take pictures of people, everyone she knew – family, friends, colleagues and school children. By the time she was married, she had filled over twenty photo albums. When she died, she had over two hundred more.

No one was more enthusiastic about the first Davis Reunion than Isobel and, of course, she had her ever-present camera with her. When the reunion became an annual event, Isobel aimed to greet and photograph everyone attending. For almost thirty years, she recorded the memories of the Davis clan on film.

Isobel (Davis) McFarlane {DDA}



#### AN IRISH BLESSING

*May the sun shine warm upon  
Your face,  
And the rains fall soft upon  
your fields.*



**Robert Davis {D}**

By Garvin H Boyle

Marriage Record for Robert Davis in 1880

SCHEDULE B.—MARRIAGES.			729
County of <i>Hartford</i>		Division of <i>Bangor, North Wales &amp; M. &amp; C. L.</i>	
	004204 No.	004205 No.	004206 No.
His Name.	<i>John Rose</i>	<i>John Goodky</i>	<i>Robert Davis</i>
Age.	<i>27</i>	<i>24</i>	<i>24</i>
Residence when Married.	<i>Bangor</i>	<i>Wellow</i>	<i>Wellow</i>
Place of Birth.	<i>Westmeath</i>	<i>Germany</i>	<i>North Augusta</i>
Spouse or Widow. (s. or w.)	<i>By Farmer</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	<i>By Farmer</i>
Rank or Profession.			
Name of Parents.	<i>James &amp; Susan Rose</i>	<i>Martin &amp; Goodky</i>	<i>Joseph &amp; Davis</i>
Her Name.	<i>Florence Rose</i>	<i>Linda Koloska</i>	<i>Margaret McLean</i>
Age.	<i>26</i>	<i>21</i>	<i>23</i>
Residence when Married.	<i>Bangor</i>	<i>Montpelier</i>	<i>Montpelier</i>
Place of Birth.	<i>Spencer</i>	<i>Berlin Germany</i>	<i>Prith</i>
Spouse or Widow. (s. or w.)	<i>By</i>	<i>By</i>	<i>By</i>
Name of Parents.	<i>Charles &amp; Elizabeth Pyron</i>	<i>Charles &amp; Koloska</i>	<i>Thomas &amp; McLean</i>
Name and Residence of Witnesses.	<i>Jane Edwards</i> <i>Theresa Edwards</i> <i>Bangor</i>	<i>Hermin Koloska</i> <i>Montpelier</i> <i>Pritha Pritha</i> <i>Montpelier</i>	<i>William George</i> <i>Maynooth</i> <i>Sarah Jane Davis</i> <i>Wellow</i>
Date and place of Marriage.	<i>Nov. 2, 1880</i> <i>Bangor</i>	<i>Oct. 5, 1880</i> <i>Corburnure</i>	<i>Oct. 7, 1880</i> <i>Montpelier</i>
Religious Denomination of Bridegroom.	<i>Methodist</i>	<i>Lutheran</i>	<i>Methodist</i>
Religious Denomination of Bride.	<i>Methodist</i>	<i>Methodist</i>	<i>Methodist</i>
By whom Married.	<i>A. Wilson</i>	<i>A. Wilson</i>	<i>A. Wilson</i>
By License or Banns. (s. or w.)	<i>L</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>L</i>
REMARKS.			

I hereby certify the foregoing to be the true and correct entries of all Marriages returned to me for the half-year ending *December 31, 1880*  
 Given under my hand, this *Thurs. 1st* day of *December* A.D. 1880  
*P. J. J. J.* Division Registrar of *Bangor et al.*

According to this record, Robert Davis {D} was born in North Augusta, 12 miles north of Brockville, about 1856.

## Sadie (Davis) Robinson {DED}

By Margaret Young {DEE}

For many years, the first person encountered by a Davis Reunion guest was Sadie Robinson. She was waiting with a collection of coloured tags to register each one in the correct family group. Sometimes, she had a helper like Clarke Mayhew {AHCA}, or Marie Bimm {ADDB}, but, even so, it was she who continued her task even as the Saturday revelry or the Sunday dinner was underway. Nor was this her only Davis Reunion responsibility. She has served as secretary and as treasurer. As well, her dining room table has hosted many a planning meeting and envelope stuffing. Sadie's basement is the holding space for photo albums, church service folders, registration records and such mundane reunion supplies as 50/50 tickets.

Perhaps one should consider Sadie as the one with the most unrelenting faith in the continuation of the annual reunion. When the president declared the event's demise, Sadie confidently reserved accommodation for not one but two more years.

Sadie Mildred Davis was born in 1925 in the Greenview, Monteagle township farmhouse as, were her older brothers, Gordon and Merritt Davis, and her younger sister Margaret (Davis, Musclow) Young. She is the daughter of Abigail (Wilson) Davis and Joseph Henry Davis {DE}, who was the son of Robert Davis {D} and Margaret (McLean) Davis, and the grandson of Joseph Henry Davis and Sarah (Bolton) Davis, the pioneer settlers. Sadie spent her childhood and youth on the farm with the exception of a few winter months for several years working for Bell Canada and enjoying the companionship of her cousin Anne {?}, her Uncle Herb McLean {?} and her Aunt Alma (Wilson) {?} in Oshawa.

On August the 28<sup>th</sup> in 1945, Sadie married Dawson Ernest Robinson in Emmanuel Church. They settled in Maynooth where she still lives in the house they built in 1947. Their three children, Gail, Dale (Betty) and Randy (Sandra) all live nearby and Sadie has very close connections with her grandchildren Ryan (Jessie), Leah, Amanda, Dan, Marsha and Laura. Dawson died in 1988.

**Sadie Davis {DED} as a teenager**



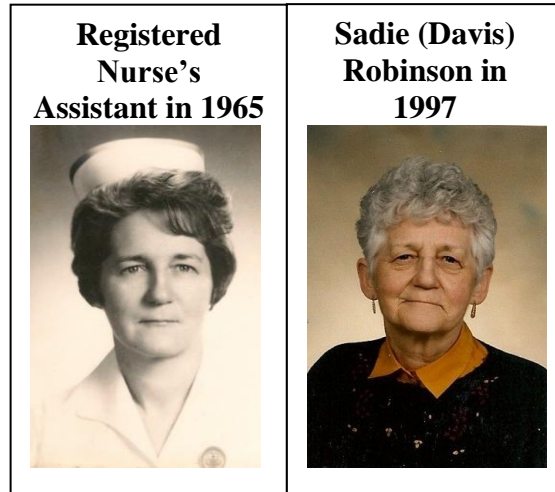
**Dawson Robinson and Sadie Davis {DED} in 1945**





In the fifties Dawson built a garage near their house where Sadie spent much time tending the Texaco service station while Dawson was busy in the lumbering business. A Finnish workman who suffered a broken leg while working in Dawson's business spent the rest of his life as a guest at the Robinson home.

Besides tending the service station, Sadie had frequently supplied room and board to workmen and teachers. She was and still is a meticulous housekeeper and a good cook. In 1965, Sadie travelled to Toronto, where she studied to become a Registered Nurse's Assistant. Following her graduation, she worked shifts at Barry's Bay Hospital, then for more than 23 years with the local public health services. Even today, she encounters some of the former students whose eyes and ears she tested and who credit her discovery of problems which, if not detected, might have led to serious sight or hearing loss. Evidence of her high standing in the health field and community was shown in the tributes and crowds of people at her retirement party in 1990 and her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday open house.



Sadie continues to play an active role in many aspects of her church and her community. Despite multiple joint replacements, her car with the SADIE R licence can be seen taking her friends and herself to many local events. It is certain that the Davis Family Reunion will ever be dear to Sadie's heart.

## Margaret (Davis, Musclow) Young {DEE}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

Margaret Davis {DEE} was born on the 17<sup>th</sup> of July in 1927 on the farm in Greenview on what is now called the Musclow-Greenview road.

Her parents were Joseph Henry Davis {DE} and Abigail Jane Wilson. She recalls that life on that farm was difficult, and it was hard to make a living. There was always lots of work and little time to relax. There were no modern-day conveniences: no electricity, no running water. All of the water for their daily needs had to be carried in and out. As for many families in the area, the farm was able to produce plenty of food for the family, but money was always in short supply. The family regularly boarded the teachers, to bring in some cash. Margaret's mother Abigail was an excellent cook and always strove to make the farmhouse look good. For example, the table was always covered with a long white clean tablecloth.

**Joseph Henry Davis {DE} and his wife Abigail, and the minister who married them years before**



A severe drought in the 30s added to the difficulties of daily life. As the farm was recovering from the drought, they had a couple of years of severe grasshopper plagues. To add to the problems, when Margaret was five (1932), her mother became seriously ill and required brain surgery. It was done by a Dr McKenzie from Montreal, but the surgery was actually done in Toronto. The only apparent long-term effect was some hearing loss, and the endless stream of bills that arrived through the following years. It seemed as if every doctor who had looked in the door during the operation was individually sending them a bill. They had no idea who these doctors were, or what role, if any, they had played in the operation. Finally, after years of harassment, in frustration her father, Joseph, sent them letters saying there was no money, and he could not pay them.

**J.H. Davis {DE}**



In spite of these trials, Margaret remembers her home as a place with lots of love, lots of food, strong family connections, and plenty of visitors. Her father, Joseph Henry Davis {DE}, had gone to Cobalt to work in the mines, then joined the army, before finally coming to Monteagle to farm. Visitors from the mines in the north were a common family entertainment.

Margaret attended school in the Greenview public school. She recalls that she had a wonderful schoolteacher, Edyth Clayton, while she was in grades 6, 7 and 8. This teacher had lots of energy, and a real desire to see the students excel in their work. While the school usually only went to grade 8, Ms Clayton started to teach grades 9 and 10 as well, to give the farming kids a chance at higher education while living at home. Unfortunately, while Margaret was in grade 8 Ms Clayton moved on, and was replaced by another teacher who did not seem to have the same talents. As Margaret advanced into grades 9 and 10 she got less support from the teacher. By the time she was in grade 10, in 1942, she found herself to be the only student in that grade and she had to teach herself from the textbooks, without much help from the teacher.

The summer after Margaret completed her grade 10 at Greenview, her cousin Eunice Davis {DGA} helped her to set up the next stage of her life. Eunice was attending high school in Stirling, and was doing housework in the home of the local agricultural representative to pay for her board while she stayed there. She said that her hairdresser was looking for a girl to do chores for board. Margaret's parents agreed to let her go. Margaret says it was not until she had children of her own that she realized how difficult that decision must have been for her mother.

Joseph's cousin, J.J. Davis {CC} offered to transport Margaret to Stirling to start school. Joseph gave his daughter all the money he could spare, which was \$2, towards her books and supplies. J.J. realized this was insufficient, and gave her an extra \$10. At age 15, this was a BIG adventure. New school! New town! New job! Missing friends! Margaret started out her high school experience feeling very lonesome.

On the first day of school the French teacher humiliated Margaret, probably not on purpose, but not understanding the circumstances of her previous schooling. She spoke to her in French, asking her to rise to her feet and answer in French. While Margaret had studied French, she had only learned it from books, and had never before heard it spoken. She was extremely embarrassed, and was made to feel like a hick from the sticks. Ultimately, the French teacher proved to be a very kind person. It was just an unfortunate start to school in Stirling.

For the second year, Royden {DGB}, Eunice {DGA} and Margaret decided to rent a place together, and they rented the upper story of a house sublet from Bill Vardy and his wife Mable (Davis) Vardy {AAA}. But things did not go quite as expected or planned. In the winter, the Vardy family decided to return to Maple Leaf, leaving the bottom floor of the house unoccupied and unheated. That winter was cold. The three cousins used the small cook stove to heat their accommodations, and Margaret recalls them sitting with their feet on the door of the oven while doing lessons. During those war years, the children of farmers were given permission to leave school six weeks early to return home to work on the farms. Royden and Eunice, who were completing their grade 13, left early and Margaret had to find another place for the final few weeks. She boarded with a spinster lady for six weeks. During that time a wonderful thing happened which gave Margaret some pleasure and confidence. She met a woman who had been a teacher at Purdy. She and her husband took a shine to Margaret and offered to adopt her and to pay her way through the rest of her schooling. Margaret declined the offer, but was greatly encouraged, especially since this developed into a life-long friendship.



For her final year of school she “lucked in” when she found boarding with Cecil and Goldie Towes. Goldie was from a family of 13, from the town of Fort Stewart. She and Cecil now had a house in Stirling, and it was always a place with lots of people and lots of fun. For example, after dinner it was the family practice to gather around the piano. Goldie would play the piano, Cecil would play the violin, and their daughter Donna would dance while they played.

Margaret says that, while she did not believe she had the intellect to succeed, she had the work ethic, and hard work won the day. She was valedictorian for her graduating class, and she received the Stirling scholarship, the Hastings County Scholarship, and a Student Assistance Bursary to cover her costs at university. She wanted to enrol in the Physiotherapy program or the Occupational Therapy program at the University of Toronto, but discovered that these were two-year programs, and her scholarships only applied to four-year programs. She therefore enrolled in the four-year home economics program, and completed one year. Regrettably, over the following summer there was a serious mix-up in her funding, and other opportunities were calling, and she did not return to university.

At that time North Hastings was having problems finding teachers, and many grade 12 graduates were being hired to teach the lower grades. And so, Margaret began a new career. Her first two years were as an elementary teacher of grades 1-8. Her school inspector at that time was heavily involved in building a new high school, and he coerced her into teaching home economics in the new high school for her third year. That was in the 1948 – 1949 school year. The new building was wonderful, and the home economics rooms had all of the most modern equipment. However, that turned out to be a difficult year of teaching for two reasons. First, there was a problem with the school. The town was not able to supply enough electricity to run all of the equipment in the home economics room, and so only some of the machines could be run. For the home economics class, Margaret decided to focus on sewing. The other problem was her second course. She was assigned the physical education classes. In the school where Margaret had attended there had never been a physical education class, as all of the students were expected to get exercise doing farm chores. She had no idea what you should do in such a class.

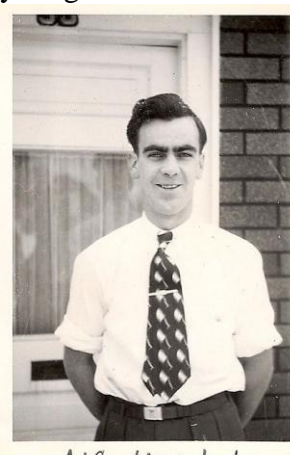
On the happy side, that was the year she married Alfred Musclow, on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of September. Alf was a self-educated man with great intelligence. He was able to do almost anything he put his mind to. They got married, had a house built, and were ready to start a life and a family together.

Evidently Margaret was gaining a reputation as a problem solver. After the difficult year of teaching sewing and physical education, the principal begged Margaret to take on the grade 7

Margaret Davis {DEE}  
as a young woman



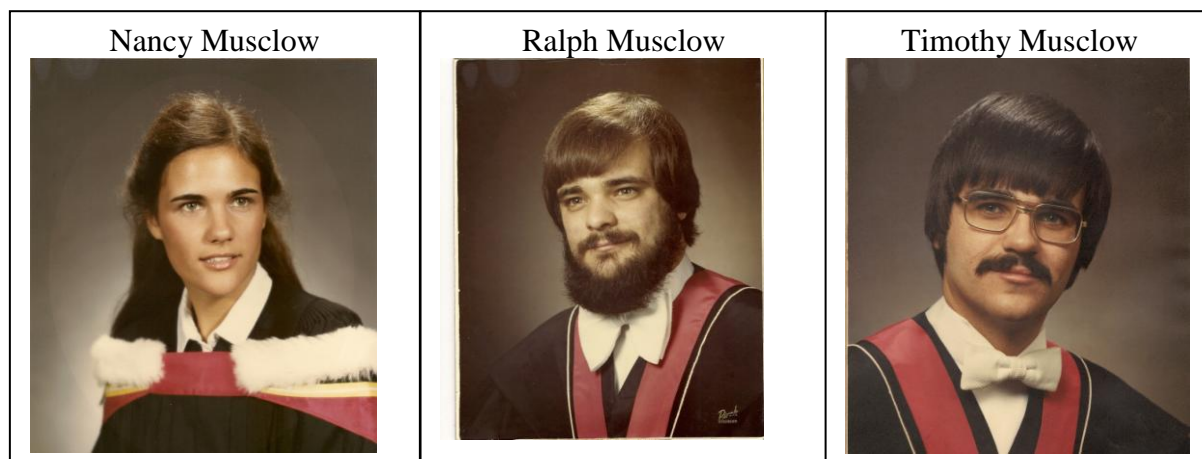
Alfred Musclow as a  
young man



Alf Musclow

class. The classroom looked like a rat's nest, and the students were reputedly impossible to manage. At first, Margaret said no, but the principal was very persuasive, and eventually Margaret said yes. It was clear to Margaret that she would have to raise the expectations of these students, establishing higher standards for both behaviour and educational performance. Margaret had to learn to be a cranky teacher, and another difficult year followed, but with some measure of success. She stayed at that position for the next four years (five years in all), teaching grade seven classes or seven/eight split classes.

Life progressed, and Margaret and Alf had three children. Nancy Musclow {DEEA} was born on the 1<sup>st</sup> of October in 1951. Ralph Musclow {DEEB} was born on the 18 October 1956. Timothy Musclow {DEEC} was born on the 15<sup>th</sup> of August in 1959.



In 1962 the chairman of the separate school board approached Margaret and asked her to work in the separate school as principal's relief until they could get a replacement teacher. The intent was that this would be a part-time job for her. She started a program of close monitoring, with immediate feedback. This meant that she had a lot of marking to take home every day. The part-time job used up more than part time.

Alf was a self-taught man with a photographic memory. He was able to learn anything very quickly, and worked in many fields. He worked in the bush, he built houses, he repaired radios and TVs, and he worked as an automotive mechanic. One day in 1964, on his way to a job to help an electrician, he was involved in a head-on collision. He received very serious injuries in his legs and shoulder, but more importantly, he also suffered a serious concussion. In only a day he had lost all of his occupations. After that time, he was able to continue with repairs to TVs and radios and other small equipment, but was otherwise unable to work. For the remaining years of his life he was in and out of hospital.

Margaret and Alf purchased a laundromat where he could work, but he became severely agoraphobic, unable to face the customers, only doing the repairs on the equipment. These were very difficult years for the family, as the children were going through their teenage years, but even more difficult times were ahead.

In January of 1981 Alf suffered an aneurysm and went into a deep coma. Margaret was teaching part-time, and so was able to keep the family going, but she was unable to repair the machines. Margaret did not have power of attorney, so she had limited ability to manage those things registered in his name. It was suddenly very difficult to run the family business. Unfortunately, the deed to the laundromat was in his name, so it could not be sold, either. Between January and May, Margaret's sons, Ralph and Tim, pitched in during the weekends to come in to the laundromat and repair and maintain the machines, and by May Margaret had permission to sell the place. This difficult state of affairs remained until September of 1981 when Alf passed away.

Margaret met Art Young at the curling club in 1989, and they were wed in 1992. They did a lot of curling, dancing and travelling. Over the past 20 years Margaret has seen many great sights, and visited many historic and famous places. Able to find enjoyment both at home and abroad, Art and Margaret have many happy memories from their extensive travels, and at the same time they thoroughly enjoy watching nature in their own verdant and varied back yard.

Margaret has maintained an interest in genealogy for many years. Not only has she been the outstanding and ever-active genealogist for the Davis clan. She has also been actively researching three other branches of her immediate ancestry: the Wilsons, the McLeans and the Kelleys. As she says, "It's nice to know from where we come." In recent years, working with the Combermere historian and curator of the "Mission House Museum", David Kelley, Margaret was the principal data source and motivating agent behind the production of the massive Davis family tree. The descendants of Joseph Henry Davis and Sarah Bolton owe a huge debt of gratitude to Margaret for this excellent piece of family history. Every branch of the family should obtain a copy of this remarkable work and pass it on to following generations.

Art Young as a young man



## William John Davis {DG}

By Margaret (Davis, Musclow) Young {DEE}

William John Davis {DG} was born on May 10, 1896, in Wicklow Township in (North) Hastings County on the same property that our pioneer ancestor, Joseph Henry Davis, had settled. This farm passed to Joseph's son Robert {D}, then to his son William John {DG}, and then to William's son Royden {DGB} who thus became the fourth generation owner of the site.

William John Davis was named for his uncle, Robert Davis' youngest brother, William John Davis {I}, of Glenside Saskatchewan.

He went by many names. As a child, his family called him "Willie", later "Bill" and both family and friends referred to him as "Skully" or "W.J." To his dear wife Irene (Edwards) he was ever "Billie", and "Dad" to his five devoted children – daughters Eunice {DGA; Mrs Wallace Rutledge} and Norma {DGE; Mrs Harold Bush}, both now deceased, Bessie {DGD; Mrs Joseph Best} and sons Royden {DGB} and Trevor {DGC}. To me he was "Uncle Bill", since he was the youngest of four brothers of my father, Joseph Henry Davis {DE}. Whatever the moniker, William John Davis was a highly respected gentleman.

Uncle Bill was a forward-looking man of many talents. When I was a child, he was the technician who kept the community telephone in service, and he was the pseudo-veterinarian called when an animal was sick, and he was a "tinkerer" at any ailing machine, including the yard full of cars on or in which I enjoyed playing. His home was

W.J.Davis {DG} as a Young Man



The W.J.Davis {DG} Family



Royden, Eunice, Irene, Trevor,

The Davis Homestead



W.J.Davis {I} and W.J.Davis {DG}





one of few in the area to have Delco power and I marvelled at the electric-operated washing machine and Aunt Irene's curling iron. As well, there was that wonderful "dumb" waiter that saved so many trips to and from the cool cellar that was necessary for food refrigeration.

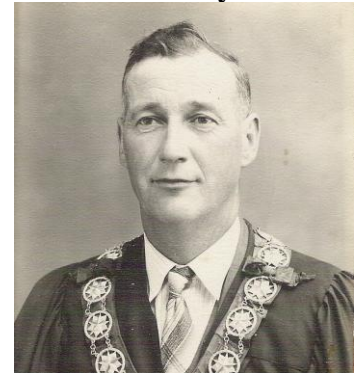
The descendants of Joseph Henry Davis, the founding father of our Davis clan, count a surprising number of professional engineers up to the sixth generation. Two endowments creating scholarships for engineering students at Queen's University are founded by fourth generation graduates – one by the late Eric Davis {DCH} and his late wife Lorraine (Johannson), and one by Merritt Davis {DEC} and his late wife Edith (Buchanan). Although Uncle Bill had only elementary school education, he displayed innate engineering skills as demonstrated in his having been the foreman of the construction of the first concrete dam on the York River at Baptiste Lake in 1931. Until he was well past retirement age, the Ontario Department of Highways called upon his expertise to supervise the building of concrete bridges, even beyond the boundaries of Hastings County.

It was he who put the foundation under St. Paul's United Church in Bancroft, and the two buildings on the main street occupied by Sears and The Bancroft Times were built by him, as well as several residences in town.

He never stopped learning. After leaving the farm in the 1970's late in life, he moved to Bancroft where he enrolled in a fine carpentry course at the high school, and he also joined the church choir.

I don't remember Uncle Bill doing much farming – that was left to the hired hand while he pursued other interests. He operated a trucking business, and was heavily involved in municipal politics serving on County Council for thirty years as Reeve of McClure, Wicklow, Bangor and, in 1943, as Warden of Hastings County.

**W.J.Davis {CG} as  
Warden of Hastings  
County**



Although Uncle Bill was a staunch Conservative and a faithful member of the United Church, he ever believed that political and religious choices were each person's prerogative and his inclination to help others in need had no boundaries.

More than one individual found a welcome haven in the Davis household, where the lessons of virtue and the dignity of labour were exemplified. At the dining room table laden with Aunt Irene's delicious fare, they were deemed equal with the family: the boarding school teacher, the hired farm hand, the truck driver and the frequent visitors.

**Three Sons of Robert Davis {D} and  
Margaret (née McLean)**



James Reuben {DD}, Joseph Henry {DE} and  
William John {DG}

Uncle Bill's generosity is further evident in the very building where the 40<sup>th</sup> Davis Reunion church service will be held. When Emmanuel Church was decommissioned, he bought the building in memory of his sister, Sarah (Sadie) Agnes Davis {DB} and donated it to the Cemetery Board.

Uncle Bill had a phenomenal memory. I cherish an audio tape of an interview I had with him in 1977 which demonstrates his interest in, and knowledge of, the Davis families far and wide. It was he, his wife Irene, Leslie {?} and Hazel Davis of Eganville, along with Isabel (Davis) McFarlane {DDA} of Charlton and others who spearheaded the first Davis Reunion forty years ago at Papineau Lake.

What a wonderful privilege was mine to have known and loved my Uncle Bill Davis!

### **Do You Mind the Time, When I was Attacked by an Octopus**

By Garvin H Boyle

I was vacationing in the Bahamas. I have seen things there that no one will ever see again. In the late 1970s and early 1980s the reefs of the Bahama Islands were so full of wild life that we in Canada cannot comprehend it. Imagine weeds like plantain and dandelions so thick on the ground that you cannot put your foot down without stepping on one. Now, imagine that each of those weeds is a flat fish, or a sea cucumber, or a starfish, or a crab, or a sea anemone, or some other strange sea creature. Two feet from the beach, the carpet of animals started. A few feet farther out from the beach were schools of barracuda from three to five feet in length, like massive pike. Down below them were reef sharks and spiny lobster and octopus.

All this is gone now. Coral bleaching, clouds of silt, algae blooms, and petrochemical pollution have taken a toll and it is mostly all dead and gone.

On that cheerful note, I will continue with my tale. I was snorkelling near a little island in water just a little deeper than my arm is long. I saw some shiny shells in a crescent-moon pattern, took a breath, went about two inches under water, took a shell, returned the few inches to the surface, blew the water out of my snorkel, and looked at my prize. A polished shell. Why, I wondered, among all these dingy brown shells, would there be a little patch of shiny shells. When I looked down, I saw the answer. I had disturbed the shell garden of a small octopus, having a head about an inch in diameter, and legs about four inches long. Octopuses are intelligent little creatures, and they make and play with toys. They are truly incredible.

Awe-struck my this marvel, but in an ugly mean move, I took a breath, went a few inches under water, and messed up his garden. I guess there is a little devil in me. I watched as he tidied it up. When he was all done, I went down to mess it up again. He grabbed my finger. I pulled. He pulled. I pulled. Every time I pulled I just went further under water. I was beginning to realize I needed some fresh air soon. I put my two feet on the ground on either side of the octopus and pulled. Incredibly, he held on. Well, I would like to tell you that the octopus, with justice on his side, won the battle, but, in fact, evil won the day. I broke free and escaped.

## Bill Who?

You might think that it's difficult for the post office when two people have the same name. You are right.

William Stanley Davis {AI} and William James Davis {DG} lived in the same area and those who wished to speak about them had to come up with some interesting ways to reference the correct person so that all understood.

<b>Alternate Monikers of William Stanley Davis {AIA}</b>	<b>Alternate Monikers of William John Davis {DG}</b>
WS Davis	WJ Davis
Black Bill (due to a darker complexion)	White Bill
Willie	Bill On The Hill
	Reeve Bill
	Skully

These are not to be confused with "Auntie Bill", of course, or William John Davis {I} of Glendale, Saskatchewan.

### Do You Mind the Time, When Bev Washed Her Hair with Bee Food?

By Garvin H Boyle

We had between four and eight hives of bees from which we took honey each year. At one point, my grandmother had 66 hives. Each fall we would pack the hives in a cocoon of wood shavings to shield them from the cold, and each spring we would unpack them and set them free to find honey. The first honey of the year, a combination of apple blossom and basswood honey, was a thin, golden fragrant delight. Then, mid summer, came the huge volumes of clover honey. Towards the end of summer came the dark thick honey of the evergreens. Life was a wonder!

When you take honey from the bees in the fall, they need food for the winter; so, before we packed them away we gave them back a helping of sugar water.

Now, our house had a weekly routine, which included, every Saturday morning, hair washing for Bev {FAAB} and Kathy {FAAE}. Mom would put a large tub of water on the stove to heat. In turn, each of the girls would come to the kitchen, get some of the hot water, wash her hair, dry it, and return to her room upstairs. This worked like clockwork for several years.

One fall Saturday, Dad put a large tub of water on the stove to heat, and added several bags of sugar. He then went outside for a few moments. Seeing that the stove was in use, Mom did nothing, but failed to inform the girls of the upset routine. Right on schedule, Bev arrived, took some hot water, and washed her hair. I recall, just as Dad returned to the house to check on his bee food, Bev came out of the kitchen with a towel stuck to her head, complaining that the soap was not working this morning. We laugh about it now!



## The Origins of the Surname “Boyle”

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

The early days of settlement in Hastings North saw a small number of large families pioneering in the region. The children of these families intermarried in the first couple of generations, and so the families have become somewhat intertwined. In particular, the children of Henry Boyle (Jr) of Centreview and the children of Joseph Henry Davis of Monteagle became closely associated by reason of two marriages among the first generation of offspring. In this article, we examine the origins of the name of the Boyle family from which Henry Boyle (Jr) arose.

The name Boyle comes from the British Isles, and has roots in each of Scotland, Ireland and England. It exists in many variations in each of these countries, so some care needs to be taken to unravel the sources of our name. There are two competing theories about the Boyle family of County Cork, in Ireland, from which we believe we sprang. One theory, put forward by Burke's Peerage, the official record of the origins of names and titles, says that one Ludovic Boyle moved from Scotland to the Herefordshire region of England, near Wales, circa 1200, and he is the source of our branch of the family. The other theory says that a man of Norman ancestry named Humphrey de Binville moved to Herefordshire circa 1200, it does not say from where, and he is the source of our branch of the family. Normandy is a part of France, and the Norman armies conquered the forces of the British armies in 1066, and that started a migration of people from Normandy to England. I presume Humphrey de Binville was either a descendant of one of the conquerors, or of an immigrant family.

In either case, we find ourselves looking at the Boyle/de Binville families of Herfordshire, and find evidence that, between 1200 and 1600, some members of the family moved to Kent. Circa 1588, our ancestor, Richard Boyle, moved from Kent in England to County Cork in Ireland, acquired large tracts of Irish land formerly belonging to Sir Walter Raleigh, who had recently fallen out of favour with Queen Elizabeth I. So, at a time when Ireland needed potatoes, our forefather, Richard Boyle, was there ready to deliver. :-) He became very wealthy and very powerful very quickly.

The following information has been drawn from several sources on the internet, as noted, and modified. We will examine the information about the various sources of the name Boyle, with emphasis on what we believe is our branch. Let me say a few words about the crests (i.e. the shield designs), before we begin. In medieval days, a knight dressed in armour was given a pattern to wear on his shield by which he could be identified in joust and in battle. While each knight had a different pattern, there were motifs which marked a family, and which endured for many generations. Those who had the right to wear a distinctive pattern usually “differenced” the pattern of their parents and others in their family, borrowing and combining motifs.

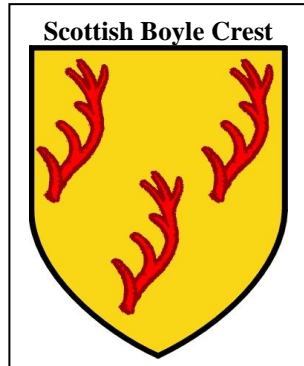
**Sir Richard Boyle, First Earl of Cork**



Excerpted and adapted from:

<http://www.4crests.com/boyle-coat-of-arms.html> 22 December 2010

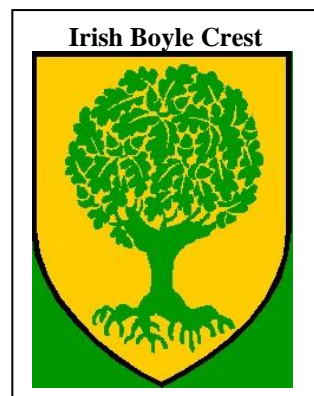
<http://www.4crests.com/boles-coat-of-arms.html> 22 December 2010



Alba, the country which ultimately became Scotland, was once shared by four races; the Picts who controlled most of the land north of the Central Belt; the Britons, who had their capital at Dumbarton and held sway over the south west, including modern Cumbria; the Angles, who were Germanic in origin and annexed much of the eastern borders in the seventh century, and the Scots. The latter, i.e. the Scots, came to Alba from the north of Ireland late in the 5th century to establish a colony in present day Argyll, which they named Dalriada, after their homeland. The Latin word Scotti simply means Gaelic speakers. The Scottish surname BOYLE was, therefore, thought by many to have its origins in Ireland, the same as the Irish Boyle (from O'Baoghail) anglicized as

Boghill, Boyle and even Hill. **This is not the case.** The Scottish version of the name derives from a place name in Normandy, and is therefore of Norman origin, from Boyville, otherwise Boeville or Beauville, near Caen. History records several uses of derivative surnames starting in the 10<sup>th</sup> century. De Boiu appears as a witness between 1164 and 1174. William de Boyvill was one of an inquisition held at Carlisle in 1280, and in 1291 he was appointed to take the fealty of the bishop of Whitherne, and thereafter the Bishop of all those in Galloway. In 1291 Henry de Boyville was castellan of the castles of Dumfries, Wigtown and Kirkcudbright in succession to Sir William de Boyville. Three individuals of this name (probably all related one to another) rendered homage in 1296. The name is not common anywhere outside Ayrshire and Wigtownshire where until recently it was pronounced in common speech as 'Bole'.

According to Burke's Peerage, the ancestor of Sir Richard Boyle, one Ludovic Boyle, moved to Herefordshire from Ayrshire at some time in the 1200s (i.e. the 11<sup>th</sup> century), about 200 years after the Norman conquest. In later years, those from Scotland bearing the name Boyle and granted the right to wear heraldic arms usually had an elk's horn motif worked into the crest (the shield). It is very possible that some of our distant ancestors and absurdly distant relatives bore arms carrying such a motif. In genealogical reckoning, such people might be considered our 20<sup>th</sup> cousins, 20 times removed.

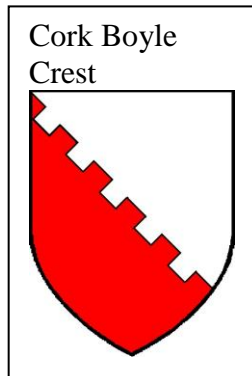


The Irish surname BOYLE was derived from the Irish name O'Boyle which means 'descendant of Boaghail'. Early records of the name mention Richard de Boyle of the County of Sussex in 1273.

The first hereditary surnames in England and France appeared about the 12<sup>th</sup> century. Later, when the sparse Irish population began to increase it became necessary to broaden the base of personal identification by moving from single names to a more definite nomenclature. The prefix Mac was given to the father's Christian name, or O to that of a grandfather or even earlier ancestor. Later variations on the name Baoghail were Baoghill, Boyle, Hill, Baillie,

Bayle, and almost every other collection of vowels prefixed by a 'B' and having an 'l' inserted afterwards.

Those of Irish ancestry bearing the name Boyle and granted the right to wear heraldic arms usually had a druidic oak tree motif worked into the crest. It is highly unlikely that any of our ancestors bore arms with this motif. The Boyles of County Cork, the relatives of Sir Richard Boyle, were considered unwelcome landlords, and they were the arch enemies of those who bore this motif.



One of the most famous, influential and extensive of Anglo-Irish families carrying the surname Boyle is descended from Richard Boyle, a Jacobean adventurer from Kent, who acquired lands in Cork, Waterford and Tipperary in 1604. According to the theory most commonly put forward, but not supported by Burke's Peerage, his earliest known ancestor was Humphrey de Binville, Norman lord of a manor near Ledbury, Herefordshire in the eleventh century.

This Richard Boyle (1570-1643) who became the 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cork, was the first of several members of his family who eventually settled in Cork. A

notable member of the family was Charles Boyle, 4th Earl of Orrery (1676-1731) Irish Jacobite soldier and man of letters. He fought at the battle of Malplaquet in 1709, helped to negotiate the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and was imprisoned in the Tower of London as a Jacobite in 1721. His titles included 'Baron Boyle of Marston' in the peerage of England, 'Baron Broghill' in the peerage of Ireland, and a 'Knight of the Most Ancient Order of the Thistle'. Having taken an interest in science, a model of the solar system is now called an orrery, in honour of his name.



Those descendants of Richard Boyle, the 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cork, who were granted the right to wear heraldic arms usually had a broken shield motif worked into the crest. It is certain that our ancestors wore this motif, but I have not been able to establish the genealogical links between our family and theirs. Family lore says that Thomas and Henry Boyle, the two brothers who came to Canada in 1823, said they were related to the Boyle family of the "Great Earl".

Excerpted from:

<http://www.connorsgenealogy.com/Boyle/origins.htm>

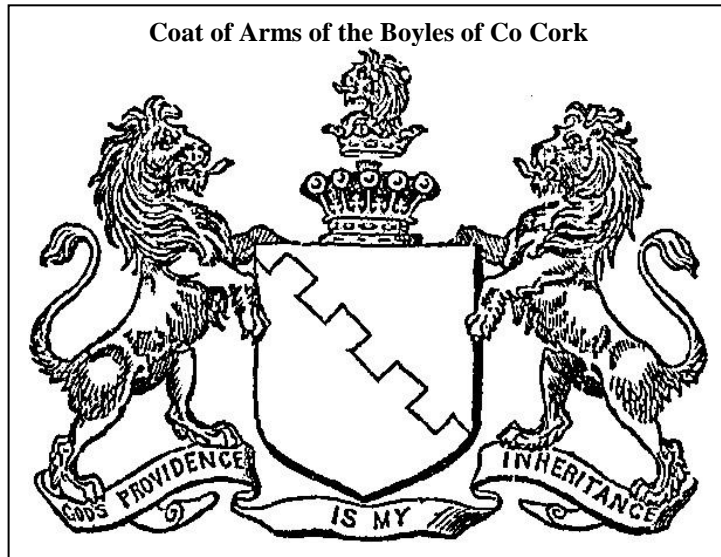
22 December 2010

Source: Clans & Families of Ireland, by John Grenham

Boyle, or O'Boyle, is now one of the fifty most common surnames in Ireland. The majority of those bearing the name are of Gaelic origin, but many Irish Boyles have separate, Norman

origins. In Ulster, a significant number are descended from the Scottish Norman family of de Boyville, whose name comes from the town now known as Beauville in Normandy. The most famous Irish family of the surname were the Boyles, Earls of Cork and Shannon, descended from Richard Boyle, who arrived in Ireland from Kent in 1588 and quickly amassed enormous wealth. His earliest known ancestor was Humphrey de Binville, a Norman lord in Herefordshire in the eleventh century.

Source: Irish Families, Their Names, Arms & Origins, by Edward MacLysaght



The best-known Boyles connected with Ireland were men of English race. When Richard Boyle landed in Ireland in 1588 as a young man without influence few could have anticipated that he would become what has been termed the "first colonial millionaire". He acquired the extensive property of the executed Sir Walter Raleigh in Co. Waterford. This formed the nucleus of the vast estates he was to bequeath to his numerous family on his death in 1643, by which time he was Earl of Cork and had held high government office. The best known of his sons (born in

Ireland) were Roger Boyle (1621-1679) Earl of Orrery, and Robert Boyle (1627-1691), chemist and experimental physicist. It is worthy of note that of 15 Boyles in the Dictionary of National Biography 14 belong to this Anglo-Irish family. The heraldic motto of Sir Richard Boyle, the 1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cork was Dominus Providebit ("God will provide"). A few generations later, the family motto was changed to "God's providence is my inheritance".

## The Great Boyle Secret

By David Henry Boyle {FAAC}

[Editor's note: My brother David Henry Boyle {FAAC} made a pilgrimage to County Cork in Ireland in 2008 to see the "Old Country" from whence the Boyle brothers came to Canada. On his return, he announced that he had discovered a 'dirty secret' about the Boyles, and that he would reveal the secret to his kith and kin at a special family gathering to be held at "Darcy McGee's" Irish pub, but only if we all had a glass of Guinness Ale with him. Since the Davis clan of Wexford, Ireland, are also of Norman origins, via Wales, I believe this tale is almost equally as applicable to the Davis line of ancestors as to the Boyle line of ancestors. Here is the script of his tale.]

**Questions:** Why would two privileged, educated young men, Henry and Thomas Boyle, residents of Ballymoden, leave Ireland in 1823? Why would landed Anglican men sign up as participants in a settlement scheme for a group of poor, unlanded, uneducated Catholic countrymen? Why would they leave the comfort of Ireland and ship for a country they had never seen, to scabble a life out of a harsh land?

### 1. Ireland is a catholic country.

- 1.1. Julius Caesar conquered Britain in four BC. You know: Veni, Vidi, Vinci.
- 1.2. Rome was not interested in Ireland, Wales, or Scotland.
- 1.3. At the boundaries of the empire, (Rhine, Danube rivers) Rome was constantly at war with its neighbours (called the bearded ones, or barbarians).
- 1.4. But, inside the empire, the residents benefited from the Pax Romana (the Peace of Rome) where residents enjoyed prosperity, peace, protection, law and order (supported by capital punishment) and advanced civilization with knowledge, engineering, arts, and education.
- 1.5. In the second and third century Christianity was spread by missionaries throughout the empire, and on to its peaceful neighbours including Ireland.
- 1.6. Monasteries were the form that Christianity took in these times, as each was a centre of learning, skill development and preservation of knowledge.
- 1.7. Monasteries also became a source of tremendous storage of wealth, as each monastery overproduced its food needs, due to an unlimited supply of free labour, and traded for gold, silver and lead to beautify its churches.
- 1.8. The role of the monks was to provide support, teaching, advice and solace in hard and difficult times.
- 1.9. Irish monasteries invented Irish Whiskey through years of improving recipes. Later the Scottish monks developed "Scotch" whiskey and marketed it to the world better than the Irish. Belgian monasteries developed breads and beers, French monasteries developed wines and cheeses, etc.





## 2. Christianity survived the Dark Ages in Ireland

- 2.1. When the Roman Empire collapsed, western Europe fell into a period of lawlessness driven by marauding bands of German and Eastern European “barbarians” who moved into a totally undefended land, settled where they wanted and took what they desired . These were the Vandals, Ostrogoths, Visigoths, Lombards, Huns, Franks, Angles, Saxons, Jutes, etc. The Angles were particularly successful in the British Isles, such that the main island became known as Angle Land, or England. The Jutes and Saxons also made inroads into the main island.
- 2.2. Think of King Arthur, a Roman nobleman, attempting with his knights to protect a small section of England against such lawlessness.
- 2.3. But over in Ireland, the Pax Romana continued for several hundred years more. Why they were spared is uncertain.
- 2.4. Irish monasteries flourished, as monks copied Latin versions of the bible by hand and illustrated them with coloured inks.
- 2.5. The Book of Kells, in view at Trinity College, is one of thousands of these documents that have survived.
- 2.6. With rising prosperity within the Irish monasteries, these enterprises sent out traders and found Europe in the Dark Ages.
- 2.7. So Irish monasteries sent out monks with their Latin bibles as missionaries to the rest of Western Europe and began to re-establish Christianity, building monasteries throughout France, Spain, Belgium, and the Netherlands, providing bibles, and teaching reading and writing skills. As well, they passed on other knowledge now lost in continental Europe. The loss of knowledge had been so severe in Europe that basic knowledge of farming and animal husbandry was gone.
- 2.8. In Western Europe, Christianity survived the Dark Ages totally due to the efforts of Irish monks.
- 2.9. **From Wikipedia** From the sixth through the tenth centuries, the monastery movement which flowered and grew to great size in Ireland and spread to Scotland, England, Gaul and northern Italy, had a profound effect on the emergence of the Carolingian Holy Roman Empire, and may even be said to have created the Carolingian monarchy. From this movement also came the majority of the early foundations of the Benedictine order, which as of 750 AD was the sole and universal monastic order of the Roman Catholic Church.



## 3. Western Europe developed the Feudal System for protection and safety

- 3.1. The feudal system is a system of land ownership that cascades down from the king to loyal dukes and earls and on down to lesser lords.



- 3.2. A Count in continental Europe or Earl in England owned a county or shire, and hired a shire reeve (sheriff) to keep law and order and collect taxes.
- 3.3. Think of the Earl of Pembroke owning the County of Renfrew.
- 3.4. A Lord or Laird owned a township, and owed taxes to the Earl.
- 3.5. Ultimately the peasants or fiefs worked the land but did not own it. The Count or Earl collected taxes from the Lords and peasants, and raised armies when needed.
- 3.6. From Wikipedia "The social and economic system which characterized most European societies in the Middle Ages goes by the name of feudalism. The system, in its most basic essence, is the granting of land in return for military service. Feudalism, by its very nature, gave rise to a hierarchy of rank, to a predominantly static social structure in which every man knew his place, according to whom it was that he owed taxes and service and from whom it was that he received his land. To preserve existing relationships in perpetuity, rights of succession to land were strictly controlled by various laws by which all property of a deceased landholder must pass intact to his eldest son."

#### 4. Remnants of Feudalism still exists today here in Canada.

- 4.1. The land in Canada is organized into provinces, counties and townships.
- 4.2. One thousand years of landlord/tenant disputes has resulted in a rich and wise common law governing how we deal with all such disputes and so the feudal system lives on in our current Landlord and Tenants Acts.
- 4.3. Canadians do not own their land, but hold it in lease from the "Crown". You are granted only surface rights, and do not have rights over the air above your land or the ground below it. Should the crown sell the air or mineral rights, you cannot fight it. Your surface rights can be diminished by the Crown, or extinguished through expropriation. You own land only in the sense that you are looking after it on behalf of the Crown, in exchange for taxes and military service, if called for.

#### 5. Feudalism spread from continental Europe to England, then to Ireland

- 5.1. Feudalism enabled local kings to expand their wealth, power and territory.
- 5.2. The Normans were Norsemen (Vikings) who settled in Normandy and established an extensive feudal empire in western France.
- 5.3. William the Conqueror, a Norman, brought the feudal system to England in 1066.
- 5.4. King John, of England, conquered Ireland in 1156 and introduced the feudal system to Ireland.
- 5.5. For an insight, think of Robin Hood, an Anglo Saxon paying rent to a French landlord, King John, and his administrator, the Sheriff of Nottingham.



#### 6. Feudalism has severe social implications

- 6.1. Ranking of feudal Lords is in this order: King, Prince, Duke, Marquis, Earl (or Count), Viscount, Lord, Knight (an unlanded rank).
- 6.2. Prince and Duke were titles restricted to the royal family.
- 6.3. The rank of Marquis was invented later, when the king wanted to reduce the power of Earls.
- 6.4. In the feudal system, the oldest son inherits all of the estate and the other sons and daughters do not. Such non-inheriting untitled sons were given the pseudo-title of esquire. So, the name "John Smith, Esquire", was a name that said "I'm the son of a Lord".
- 6.5. The Earls all tried to expand their power base, their land and influence. Earls were powerful and fractious. A strong king could control them. A weak king could not.
- 6.6. An Earl would try to arrange for marriages for his daughters to the eldest sons of other Earls, thereby extending the influence of his own family.
- 6.7. An Earl would try to arrange for a new Earldom for his younger sons through sabotage, warfare, trickery deceit, or whatever other means were available.
- 6.8. Younger sons of Earls (disinherited esquires) often got a consolation prize, and were made officers in the army or navy or were given religious posts.
- 6.9. However, tenant farmers were expected to divide up their assigned lands among their sons, and those sons who had no land were expected to join the military and fight the Earl's wars.
- 6.10. Over time, tenant farms decreased in size, population numbers rose, and the number of disenfranchised young men rose. Armies got larger and weapons got better. Towns and artisan guilds outside of the feudal system arose. The feudal system started to become unstable after hundreds of years of success.

## 7. The Protestant Reformation swept through Europe in the 16th century

- 7.1. Martin Luther started it in Germany (creating the Lutheran church).
- 7.2. It spread to Scotland (Presbyterian church), England (The Pilgrims, the Methodists, the Calvinists), France (the Huguenots), and Holland (the Dutch Reform).
- 7.3. It did not take hold in Spain (the Spanish Inquisition eliminated all heretics and most theologians), in Italy (where the Vatican held the feudal power), in Austria (closely allied to the Vatican) or Ireland. It was repulsed in France where the Huguenots were murdered and driven out.
- 7.4. King Henry VIII, a Catholic, took England completely out of the influence of the Vatican for personal reasons (such as the divorce of his Spanish Catholic wife, daughter of the King of Spain) and established the Anglican church. However, England is now considered to be a Protestant nation, even though the Church of England is substantially Catholic in nature.

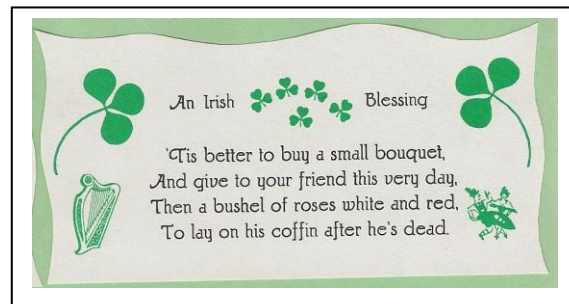


## 8. English society became deeply divided and unstable

- 8.1. England entered into a hundred years of civil war as the two sides, Catholic and Protestant, strove to establish and maintain supremacy of the state religion.
- 8.2. Queen Elizabeth I fired all of her Earls in Ireland and replaced them with Earls who were members of the Church of England, rather than members of the Church of Rome. Sir Walter Raleigh, an Irish Earl, was beheaded.
- 8.3. Queen Elizabeth I destroyed the Spanish Armada Fleet sent to exact revenge on the English for their heresy.
- 8.4. Queen Elizabeth I raided, burned, and destroyed all Catholic monasteries in England, Ireland and Scotland and confiscated all wealth for the British crown.
- 8.5. Queen Elizabeth I killed her own Catholic sister, Mary.
- 8.6. William of Orange defeated the Irish Catholic army at the Battle of the Boyne that ended this long civil war and established the Church of England as the dominant religious organization of Britain, and it was not controlled by the Pope. The Orangeman's parade is still celebrated on the 12<sup>th</sup> of July by many Protestants here in Ontario, hundreds of years after the battle. And I believe there are Loyal Orange Lodges still in operation.
- 8.7. Richard Boyle (1<sup>st</sup> Earl of Cork) was one of the Protestant Earls appointed by Queen Elizabeth I. His sons fought on the side of the Orangemen at the Battle of the Boyne.

## 9. The legacy of Richard Boyle

- 9.1. He was a capitalist in that sense and is sometimes referred to as the Bill Gates of Ireland.
- 9.2. Starting in 1604, he improved roads and bridges, and built irrigation works. He improved sanitation and community facilities and services. He organized and maximized the economic outputs of his county and received high rents accordingly.
- 9.3. He built two towns within the county, Ballymoden (now Bandon) and Youghal, as administrative towns for his enterprise.
- 9.4. These two towns were walled towns. Only Protestants lived inside the walls of Ballymoden. It is said that "Even the Pigs in Ballymoden were Protestant".
- 9.5. The Huguenot refugees from France found a welcome refuge in Ballymoden. Marjorie Alice (Perdue) Boyle {FAA(S)} traces her Huguenot ancestry from Ballymoden.
- 9.6. Many descendants of Richard Boyle were Earls, or Viscounts, or Lords, or entered the Anglican clergy, or were officers in the British army and navy, or started businesses with "angel" investors. However, untitled and non inheriting sons, nephews, nieces, great nephews etc, could live in these two towns, and carry on a life of some prosperity, working for the family enterprises. Our ancestral relatives in these two towns would have been very numerous.



- 9.7. Protestant Irish sons had access to Trinity College in Dublin, and University College in Cork, for post-secondary education. I suspect that Henry at least had some advanced education.

# 10. Ireland was a poor country heavily overpopulated

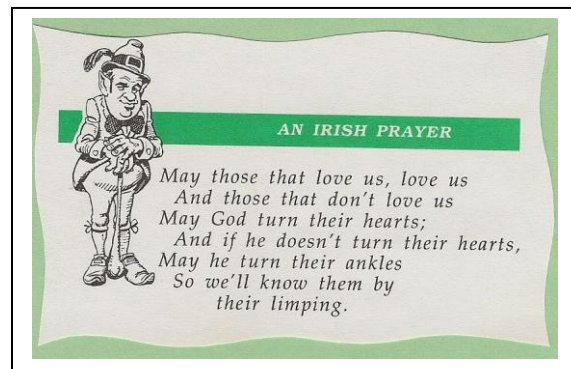
- 10.1. Two hundred years later, by 1800, making a living in Ireland was not so easy.
- 10.2. Eastern and southern Ireland, from Dublin to Waterford and Kilkenny, has good farmland and appears to be prosperous.
- 10.3. But, as you travel west of Dublin or Waterford, the country becomes more and more rocky, until you get to the Aran Islands where farm fields were manufactured out of seaweed and sand carried up from the beach to grow potatoes.
- 10.4. Think of Irish farms as you think of the farms of Renfrew County - thin layers of poor soil with plenty of stones and some protruding bedrock.
- 10.5. By 1800, a typical farm in Ireland was four acres in size and they grew only potatoes. No other crops, other than potatoes, had been grown for over a hundred years.
- 10.6. By 1800, the typical daily diet of a poor farmer and his family consisted of cottage cheese and potatoes, and that's all. No fruits! No green vegetables! No grains or bread.
- 10.7. On this diet, the population had exploded in size to approximately four million people, as compared to today's population in Ireland of about two million. It's hard to believe, but cottage cheese and potatoes provide all the nutrients a person needs. A highly efficient farming mono-culture had produced a maximized population.
- 10.8. Families were large. There was no more land for sons to farm. Protestants had access to education, but Catholics did not. Society was coming under serious stress again.

# 11. But, wait! What's the Great Boyle Secret?

- 11.1. It appears that there has been continuing tension in Ireland between the two Christian "persuasions" that still notably exists today in 2009. The Irish are very friendly hosts, and yet, Christine and I were introduced as Canadian tourists of the "other persuasion" at a town social.

- 11.2. Thomas and Henry Boyle were from Ballymoden (i.e. Bandon).

Their father, William Boyle, was a shipbuilder, aspiring to reinstate himself as part of the upper class, but Thomas married the coachman's daughter and so earned his father's displeasure. On the promise of 100 acres of land, for free, the two brothers decided to leave Ireland.



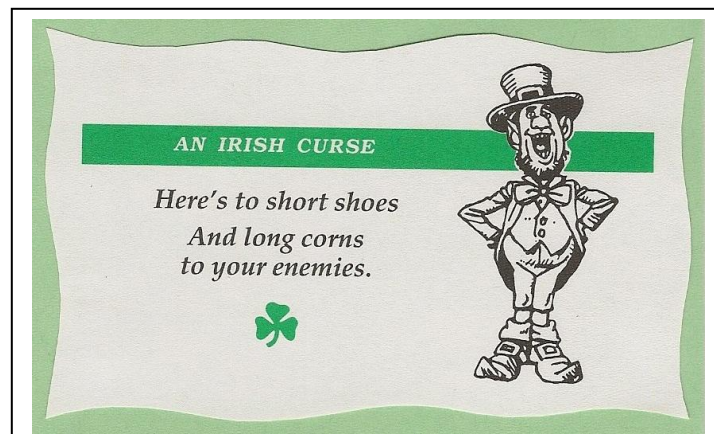
- 11.3. As smart, educated, privileged Irishmen in a country of illiterate, dirt poor, underprivileged, rebellious and angry countrymen, these two brothers left for a better prospect in Canada.
- 11.4. As another Irish family historian said, when he heard the Boyle brothers arrived in Canada twenty years ahead of the famine, "They must have been rich, the rich left early." This is in reference to the Irish Potato Famine, during which the potato crop was hit with a blight, the crop failed, and the population of Ireland dropped from four million people to one million people. Many starved to death, and many fled the country.
- 11.5. It is worthy of note that, when in Canada, Thomas' and Henry's Catholic neighbours often asked Henry or Thomas to write letters for them, and they were well respected friends. Apparently they did not bring their Irish hatreds with them to Canada. In the face of a harsh life in a wild land, they banded together, as good Irishmen should.

We learned all of the above history after we got back from our trip to Ireland. We went to Ireland in a state of some naiveté. So, in our trip through Ireland, we spoke to many people about our Irish roots and our enthusiasm to learn more about the role our ancestors had played. In general we got little or no enthusiasm in return. Finally, as we told our Boyle family history to one "Bed and Breakfast" host in Ireland he said:

***I will tell you what no one else has told you, to date, on your trip:  
YOU BOYLES ARE NOT IRISH, YOU ARE BLOODY  
LANDLORDS!***

[Editor's note: As David said these words in the Irish pub "Darcy McGee's", a hush fell over the small crowd of relatives gathered there. My aunt Phyllis Boyle {FAB}, who has been an enthusiastic Irish reveler on every St Patrick's Day since she was born, and was wearing a large green shamrock, hunched down over her Guinness beer and was heard to mutter

**"I don't care WHAT they say. I am IRISH!"**]





**Sarah Jane Davis {F}**

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}  
and Erie Davis {AIA}

Sarah Jane Davis {F} married John Henry Boyle (1870-1940) of Centreview on the first of October in 1894 in Wicklow. She passed away on the 26<sup>th</sup> of July in 1926 in the hospital in Pembroke.

There is some question of dispute over the place and date of the birth of Sarah Jane Davis {F}. It is unclear whether she was born in Ireland, or near Brockville. In one version of events, it is believed that she was born approximately 1862 in Brockville. Eventually she married John Henry Boyle, the son of Henry Boyle Jr, of Centreville. Henry Jr was the son of Henry Boyle of Germanicus near Eganville, and he had moved to Centreville to marry and raise his family.

I would like to examine the historical records for Sarah Jane Davis, starting with some early census records.

John Henry Boyle {F(S)}



### 1891 Census record for Henry Boyle (Jr) and Mary (Riley) Boyle

William	M	1	-	S	6	-	Ireland	Ireland
Boyle Henry	M	48	M	-	6	-	6	6
Mary	F	48	M	W	6	-	6	6
James	M	25	-	S	6	-	Ontario	Ontario
William	M	22	-	S	6	-	6	6
John	M	20	-	S	6	-	6	6
George	M	18	-	S	6	-	6	6
Kathrine	F	16	-	D	6	-	6	6
Henry	M	14	-	S	6	-	6	6
Wellington	M	12	-	S	6	-	6	6
Thomas	M	9	-	S	6	-	6	6
Mary	Wf	6	-	D	6	-	6	6
					6	-	W of	Scotland

John Henry Boyle {F(S)} was the third son of Henry (Jr) and Mary. This record shows that he was born in Ontario in roughly the year 1871. It says that his father, Henry (Jr) claimed his parents were born in Ireland, and we know that to be true.

In the next census record of 1901 we see that John Henry Boyle had married Sarah Jane Davis and started a family, including Henry Laurie Boyle {FA}, Joseph Aaron Boyle {FB} and George Wesley Davis Boyle {FC}. Note that Sarah Jane's birthday is the 13<sup>th</sup> of March in the year 1864. Their first child was born in 1896 when she was 32 years of age.

### 1901 Census record for Sarah Jane (Davis) Boyle and John Henry Boyle

16			Mary E	3	-	Wife	M	20	Nov	1861	3.6	
V 17	11	11	Daniel Carson	M	W	Head	M	13	Nov	1866	3.6	
18			Lizzie	F	-	Wife	M	20	Nov	1869	3.2	
19			Mary	F	-	Daughter	F	12	Feb	1889	1.2	
20			Edna	F	-	-	-	5	Jan	1890	1.0	
21			Robert J	M	-	-	-	24	June	1891	.9	
22			John W	M	-	Son	M	3	July	1893	.7	
23			Henry J	M	-	-	-	20	Nov	1896	.4	
24			Robert W	M	-	Daughter	-	23	June	1899	.1	
V 25	12	12	Boyle John	M	W	Head	M	20	June	1870	3.0	
26			Sarah J	F	-	Wife	M	15	Nov	1864	3.7	
27			Henry J	M	-	Son	M	1	Nov	1896	.5	
28			Joseph H	M	-	-	-	4	April	1898	.2	
29			George W	M	-	-	-	22	-	1901	1.0	
V 30	13	13	Carson Robert	M	W	Head	M	9	June	1892	.4	

In 1914, Mary Taylor {FA(S)} of Boulter was hired as the young school teacher for the school at Bangor. She boarded with the Boyle family (i.e. in the home of John Henry Boyle and Sarah Jane (Davis) Boyle) where she met her future husband, the eldest son of John and Sarah, Henry Laurie Boyle {FA}, who was called “Hennie”. When Hennie and Mary were setting up their own home, Sarah Jane gave Mary a bean pot, and that bean pot was passed on to Mary’s son Edgar John Taylor Boyle (AID=EAA), and ultimately to me, with this story.

*The Davis family came to Canada by ship when Sarah Jane was five years old. Each family was told to have its own facilities on the ship to cook for itself, so the Davis family brought this bean pot, along with a variety of other cooking utensils. It’s a small pot, about ten inches in diameter and five deep. When the ship arrived at its port of destination in Canada, each family was told to pack all of its belongings and take them off of the ship in one trip, as no one would be allowed back onto the ship once debarked. Sarah Jane would have to be put to work. The small bean pot was filled with various family belongings, and Sarah Jane, at the tender age of five, was given the responsibility of carrying the heavy bean pot off of the ship. I suppose it was a memorable event for a five-year-old, to be given this family trust.*

As Sarah Jane explained to Mary as she handed over the bean pot, it was now far too small to feed the Boyle household and was no longer used, having been replaced with several larger pots. However, it was just the right size for a new family, and so it was given to Mary and Hennie.

Erie Davis {AIA} related to me a couple of stories about John Henry Boyle {F(S)}, my own great-grandfather. “Uncle John” told Erie the story of how, one day, he cut down a very large tree with the intent of hewing a boat. When the boat was completed, it was taken to Bark Lake

for a fishing expedition. While out on the lake, John and his buddy noticed that a mid-sized bear had entered the lake for a swim, and before long headed towards the boat. The bear seemed

Edgar Boyle {FAA} with John Boyle {F(S)} and Joe Boyle {FB} circa 1928.



Edgar Boyle {FAA} with John Boyle {F(S)} circa 1928/



intent on getting into the boat, or tipping it. Having a muzzle-loaded gun with them, John tried to fend off the bear with a jack-knife while his buddy aimed, shot, and missed the bear. As the gun was being re-packed with powder, John still tried to fend off the bear with his jack-knife. BUT, they realized they did not have another ball shot, so, they put the jack-knife into the gun in place of a ball shot, and fired again. This time they hit the bear, and it quickly turned and swam away. The next year, John Boyle was in the woods out near Green Lake when he noticed a large number of fresh pinecones on the ground near a large tree. There was the bear, up the tree, picking gum with John's own jack-knife.

Hmm! Somebody was pulling somebody's leg.

John Henry Boyle {F(S)} with family.



John is the man at the back, third from the left. I am uncertain who the other people in the picture are. If you know, let me know.

Erie also recalled that his great Uncle John had two tame deer, which he raised from fawns. The first disappeared after a couple of years, and no one knew what happened to it. The second grew to be a buck. During the rutting season the does would be attracted to the tame buck, and John would shoot the wild does for food. But, this one day when a wild doe appeared, Uncle John unhooked the horses and went to get his gun, thinking it was loaded. However, someone had shot it, and not reloaded it. In the ruckus to get the gun loaded, the tame buck took a dislike of Uncle John and attacked him. It knocked him down and pounced on him with its two front feet, breaking his ribs. He was in bad shape for quite a while after that. He had to send his son Charlie Boyle {FD} to shoot that tame deer.

Erie remembers his “Uncle John” as being a man of few words. Especially when it came to children. Erie was warned quite clearly by his father to call him “Uncle John”, and to speak to him only if spoken to first.

### **Do You Mind the Time, When We Burnt Hochelaga?**

By Garvin H Boyle

When I was a young adventurer, in the ‘60s, over a period of a few weeks we built the Iroquois village of Hochelaga in the woods behind our house. There was a meadow with a deep ditch that no longer carried any water. Over this long ditch we built a “long house” of grass and sumac branches. We pulled and twisted and braided the grass into long ropes. We used those ropes to tie sumac branches together into frames for the houses. We thatched the roofs with grass and smaller twigs.

With the depth of the ditch and the height of the houses, one could almost stand up in a long house of this sort. There was one small door (opening, really) at each end. The grass thatch was thick enough that you could barely see the sun through it on a hot day. I recall that one Wednesday, after two weeks of work building the village, we decided we could now play in the Indian village, and, since my birthday was on Saturday, we would celebrate it in the long house.

Ma made us a birthday cake which we could take to the Indian village. About eight of us village kids planned to meet and play and enjoy the cake. Now, in the village of Sand Point were a number of cottages, and there were young kids our age who came only on weekends, and this weekend one of them, let’s call him Fred, showed up asking if he could join us. Sure! He was cool! He had store-bought clothes. He was rich! He was fun to hang out with! He even smoked! I think we were all about 10 years old at the time, and easily impressed.

Disaster struck that birthday party twice. We carefully placed the birthday cake in the long house, and then organized a raiding party in which we went out and attacked the (imaginary) nearby Indian village of the Hurons. On our return from a successful raid we discovered Little Black Sambo, our mongrel retriever, butt sticking out of the side of the long house, snacking on the cake. Most of the icing had been bitten off.

Once we had driven off the ferocious beast, and repaired the damage, we all carefully entered the remains of the long house, one-by-one, through the small doors at the ends. A cake is a cake. We set about eating what remained of it, the beast circling in the distance. About this time Fred decided to show off. He pulled out his lighter and tried to light up a cigarette. He was not too handy with his tools, and, before we knew what was happening, Hochelaga was on fire. Blowing at the flames only made them jump higher. We dumped the remaining cake and fled the long house through the sides. Wearing bits of braided grass, and broken twigs, we beat out the fire. Thanking Fred, not too sincerely, for joining us, we sent him on his way and headed home ourselves.

Thank goodness, Ma had the foresight to bake two birthday cakes.



## Henry Laurie Boyle {FA}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

Henry Laurie Boyle {FA} was born on the 1<sup>st</sup> of March in 1896 on the Boyle Farm in Centreview as the eldest son of John Henry Boyle and Sara Jane Davis {J}.

In 1913, when Mary Taylor was 20 years of age, she came to become the school teacher of SS#1 Bangor school. She boarded for a year with a Mrs James, but, when Mrs James became ill, she moved to board with the Boyle family. Henry was 17. She boarded with that family for four and a half years, and came to be accepted like one of the family. Henry proposed and they became engaged to be married just before he left for the war in Europe in 1917. For a wedding picture of Henry and Mary, see the dedication.

Mary says, in her memoirs, that she had many happy memories of the years she spent in the John Boyle household, and especially warm memories of her mother-in-law, Sarah (Davis) Boyle {F}.

While in Europe, Henry kept a war diary which is now on

display, with a number of other artefacts and documents from his life, in the Mission House Museum in Combermere. On his return from Europe he moved to Cobalt to work in the mines there. There Henry worked for one year to earn money for a house, and Mary continued to teach. At this time, Henry boarded with his Aunt Ethel Price. Henry and Mary were wed in Boulter, and they purchased a house at 167 Lang Street in Cobalt. Henry plumbed the house, arranged for an electrical connection, and installed a bathroom and kitchen for Mary. At that time Cobalt was a teaming town, and

Henry and Mary had plenty of relatives as company there. There were Briscoes, Lendrums, Prices, Parchers, Taylors, Boyles and Davises all living in Cobalt at that time.

Henry and Mary were prosperous and well-off. Their home was one of the first in Cobalt to have running water and electricity. They had store-bought clothes, and silver tableware. They had a Model T Ford motor car of which Henry was very proud. Life was very good.

Henry Laurie Boyle {FA}  
in uniform in 1917



Edgar John Taylor Boyle {FAA} in  
wagon with F Clyde Lendrum (pulling)  
in 1924.





In 1921 Edgar John Taylor Boyle {FAA} joined the family. In the summer of 1922 when the great Haileybury fire happened Henry was at home. He put all of the women and children into his car and took them to Lake Temiscaming. They were to duck under the water if the fire came too close. The men all stayed with their homes to fight the fire if need be. That fire did not reach Cobalt.

In 1926 Phyllis Edna Sarah Boyle {FAB} was born. Unfortunately, that spring, just before Phyllis was born, Henry suffered a stroke. He then stopped working in the mine and drove the truck for the Taylor Hardware

Henry Boyle {FA} in Cobalt



Phyllis Edna Sarah Boyle {FAB}



Bill Zanickowski {FAB(S)}



Store, transporting the 'steels' for sharpening. Each drilling machine used long steel drill bits which had to be sharpened regularly. He transported the dull bits to the hardware store, and the sharpened bits back to the mine.

Phyllis recalls that she had brown shoes as a child. Normally, boys wore black shoes and girls wore white shoes. There were no white shoes in Cobalt, and it would have been embarrassing for a little girl to have to wear black, so Mary made her a pair of brown shoes.

In the fall of 1927 Henry fell ill from a fast-acting case of tuberculosis. He was sent to the TB sanatorium in Gravenhurst. By the spring of 1928 he had passed away.

Mary and the two children spent a couple of years living with the Boyle and Taylor families near Centreview, before finally purchasing a home in Sand Point, where she raised her family.

## Edgar John Taylor Boyle {FAA}

### HOW EDGAR AND MARJORIE MET

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

Edgar's entry into the Canadian Forces was not easy. Canada declared war on Germany on the 10<sup>th</sup> of September in 1939, after Germany invaded Poland. Edgar turned eighteen on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of September of the same year. I am not sure at what date Edgar originally tried to sign up, but, when he first went to sign up, he was weighed and found wanting. They said he was underweight for his height, and told him to go home and fatten himself up.

Edgar's RCAF WWII service began at Toronto's manning pool. He was called to the recruiting centre in Ottawa on his birthday, the 23<sup>rd</sup> of September, for screening. I believe this would have been in 1940. In the Ottawa intake centre he was screened and informed that he would be sent immediately to Toronto. He did not have the opportunity to return home to Sand Point to pack a bag. In the rush of leaving he had just the clothes on his back, and little or no pocket money, no shaving gear, and no other travelling things. Nor did he even have opportunity to inform his mother and sister where he was going. In Toronto, he had expected that he would be sent home for a day or two to pack his things before heading for a training base. No such luck. Their names were called out alphabetically and Ed Boyle was one of the first to board the train bound for boot camp in the Maritimes. I believe that the boot camp was in Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia.



Owning his own gun, and having some years of experience using it while hunting partridge and rabbits, he was assigned as an air gunner. He flew several missions out over the Atlantic, guarding the convoys of ships headed to Europe. Typically, the RCAF would guard the convoy halfway across, and the RAF would meet the convoy at the halfway mark and guard them the rest of the way to Britain. Edgar would lie on his belly in the bottom of a plane, guns in hand, watching for the enemy and ready to shoot.

When not flying missions, the RCAF members would be put on guard duty along the coast, watching for enemy ships or submarines. Edgar was assigned to a team that was guarding from a tall rocky formation along the Newfoundland coast. At 10:00 PM one evening, Edgar was put on a four-hour watch, out in cold and windy weather. But the duty commander fell asleep, and neglected to relieve Edgar for an eight-hour stretch of time. Wearing only his RCAF uniform and hat, Edgar was suffering from severe hypothermia when relieved. Due to this long outdoors

guard-duty session, he developed a serious cold and sinus infection. The noise of the guns perforated his infected ears. This ultimately led to surgery to remove an infected lymph node in his neck. With damaged eardrums, he was re-mustered from gunnery to hospital orderly. I think that his medical training (as an orderly) was completed in Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia. He had now been in the Maritimes for about a year.

Then, events in the Pacific changed all plans for shipment overseas. The RCAF needed crews to guide planes flying out over the Pacific, and guarding the West Coast of Canada. So, soon after the events of Pearl Harbor (7<sup>th</sup> December 1941), Ed's detachment was sent for training to "Sea Island" Air Force Base on the sands of the Fraser River delta. It was winter, cold, and damp there. Anyone with time off bussed to the Service Centre in Vancouver for warmth, food and company. It was there that he first met Marjorie Alice Perdue {FAA(S)}, his future wife, who was acting as a "youth hostess" for the service men.

After "Sea Island", Edgar was posted to "Pat Bay" on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Edgar's postings included Glace Bay (in Nova Scotia), Sydney Mines (Nova Scotia), Sea Island (in the Fraser Valley), and Pat Bay (Vancouver Island). He clearly spent some time in Newfoundland, and he often spoke about Toffino Point and Amphitrite Point as well, and the Queen Charlotte Islands. I don't know in which order he was posted to these places.

Edgar and Marjorie first met in the "Dugout", a refurbished and comfortable "Club Room" in one of Vancouver's old church buildings, in which Marjorie and some of her friends were acting as volunteer hosts for visiting service men. Marjorie's assigned evening for 'hostess' duty was Wednesday, but they had asked her to switch to Sundays. She agreed, under the condition that she could come after the church services were completed. So, she became a regular Sunday-evening hostess.

Edgar arrived one Sunday looking a little uneasy. Marjorie, in her role as hostess, asked if he was in need of anything, or wanted to do anything. Ed suggested they play a game of bridge, with Marjorie making the fourth. She did not know how to play card games, and was in fact a little averse to them, but she agreed to play, as a fourth person was needed. So Edgar regularly showed up Sunday evenings and they got to know each other. He took it as a challenge to teach her new card games each week. She enjoyed hearing his "Irish brogue", which was in fact an Ottawa Valley accent as thick and as strong as they come.



*E.g. "What? Was yer bairned fernent a punkin?"*

In the mean time, Marjorie had started to think about her own future. It was apparent that her services at the Haine's household, where she did housekeeping chores, would not be needed for much longer, and she needed to start to look for other opportunities for employment. Mabel Haine, the elder daughter, wanted to retire and look after her aging parents. This would make Marjorie redundant. The Women's Auxiliary Air Force had been formed in July 1941 and was later renamed to the Women's Division (WD). She had heard that young women were being taken into the RCAF. She arranged for an interview with the RCAF WD. After a long interview in which they expressed concern about her injured feet (due to badly fitting shoes she had worn as a teenager) they then sent her back home with the advice that she was 'not really suitable', but get ready 'just in case'.

The hostesses were not to be escorted by the military men at any time. But over a period of six weeks it became apparent that Edgar and Marjorie enjoyed each others' company. Eventually, at the suggestion of Sally and Frank Haine, Marjorie invited Edgar to visit her at the Haine's home. In fact it was Molly Haine, their daughter and Marjorie's friend, that invited him over to help her pick the cherries, a task that he evidently found enjoyable. The Haines were very willing and eager to meet him, and were anxious to develop an opinion of him.

On Marjorie's birthday in 1942 she was called for an interview for entry to the RCAF (Women's Division) for war service. She was at the recruiting centre for 9:00 AM, followed by a visit to the Shaugnessy Hospital for x-rays, back to the recruiting centre by 1:00 PM, to the CN train station to board a train by 5:00 PM, and on her way to Ontario by 6:00 PM of the same day. In those few hours she did have time to phone a few people. This was seen as providential, as Marjorie's entry into the RCAF gave her a future and also cleared the way for Mabel Haine's retirement.

At the time of the phone call, Marjorie was visiting with her life-long friend, Thelma Scott. Thelma realized that they did not have long to plan a send-off, and Marjorie had a lot to do. Thelma undertook to spread the word around amongst other friends. Marjorie called her sister in Burnaby to tell her she was leaving at 6:00 PM for Ontario. She also called to the tuberculosis sanitarium in Kamloops to make contact with her sister Beryl. Beryl had aspired to be an army nurse but was diagnosed as having TB. Finally, she called through to the Edmonton base where a highly-respected friend was stationed.

By 6:00 PM there was a small crowd of friends and well-wishers at the train station to see her off. Too soon the call came "All aboard!" and the new recruits quickly settled into their seats, and the real knowledge of what they were leaving behind, not knowing what they were getting into. As the train pulled into Kamloops for a brief stop, sister Beryl was there, supported by two escorts making sure she was warm and cared for. Marjorie and Beryl laughed and cried and talked as quickly as they could until the "All aboard" sounded again, and she was on her way again.

While sitting on the train on the long voyage eastwards, these were her thoughts: This will test my mettle. I will be a responsible adult. I will do my best. I will NOT disappoint my friends. I will not disappoint my family. And most especially, I will not disappoint the recruiting officer who ignored my misshapen feet.

The sendoff was memorable because it was so full of hope. The arrival in Toronto at the other end of the trip was memorable because of the ‘Station Truck’ into which the young women were loaded to take them to the RCAF WD barracks associated with the training camp.

Marjorie’s basic training was in Toronto for two months (March-April 1942). Those who wanted to cook were sent on to Guelph for another month of training (May 1942). In Guelph they were put through a grueling schedule in which they learned a lot about the large-scale cooking of masses of food. It was promised that the top student would be held back, at the end of training, for extra instruction about hospital kitchen cooking of meals for patients.

Marjorie and five western friends immediately set their sights on this lofty goal, determined that one of their number would be the one to win this plumb assignment. Came the last day at Guelph, they had a “March Past” as a gold-braided officer inspected them. Then came the wonderfully welcome news, Marjorie had been selected for extra training as a hospital chef, and her five friends were all posted together to a base in northern Manitoba. All six were pleased.

There followed some special training at McGill (two weeks), during which time Marjorie learned to function as a hospital dietician, and not just a cook. When Marjorie finished this training (about the end of June 1942), she had a choice of postings: one to an air force base on the prairies, and the other to Uplands Air Training Centre in Ottawa. As she says it, grinning wickedly inside, making plans to see her sister Jean when possible, she chose Ottawa. And eventually, some time in the early summer (July) of 1942, she was posted to Uplands Air Force Base.

Edgar John Taylor Boyle {FAA} and Marjorie Alice Perdue in 1946.



During her two-and-a-half year posting to Uplands she had many challenges, and learned much. At some time during that time at Uplands, Edgar proposed. As a parting gift from her friends at Uplands, she was given a camera, which she put to prolific use in her next posting. For more details about her life at Uplands, read the story “A Canine Military Casualty”.

She was then posted to Montreal for a year. I believe this happened in the fall of 1944, or the winter of 1945. The Number 1 Convalescent Hospital at Saraguay, near Cartierville outside of Montreal, was where they cared for returning RCAF crewmen that suffered severe burn wounds and, in some cases, severe malnutrition. Her posting to Montreal she found particularly pleasant. Her senior medical officer, a Doctor Boyle (no relation), wanted her and Edgar to be married at Saraguay, and he even offered to give away the bride. So plans for the wedding were set in motion.



At the end of her Montreal posting she received a surprising offer. The war was coming to an end, and there was talk of releasing large numbers of personnel and sending them home. She was asked to re-muster with the offer that she would be sent to Kingston for officer training. Had she not already accepted the offer of marriage, she likely would have taken the education that the RCAF had offered her.

The patients of the hospital gave Marjorie a bridal shower, which she remembers very fondly. The wedding took place at Saraguay. It was like a huge family wedding, with Doctor Boyle giving away the bride, and all of the patients and staff attending.

The wedding was celebrated in the news papers as the 'first such RCAF wedding'. I suppose that, since the RCAF WD was a new invention, RCAF personnel had not had the opportunity to marry each other prior to this.

One of her favorite memories from that period of her life is from the day she met Billy Bishop, the WWI flying ace. Billy Bishop had been in charge of pilot training, and he had been scheduled for a visit to see some of the injured pilots at the hospital in Saraguay. He had heard about Marjorie, and asked specifically to meet her. He knew her by reputation (the woman who had turned down an officer's commission for love), and wanted to meet her personally. She thought the fuss was a bit silly, but she enjoyed the attention.

## **Do You Mind the Time, When Fred Outwitted the Dogs?**

By Garvin H Boyle

Fred (not his real name) was my friend and a fellow adventurer. Fred would often come of his own will on a Saturday and help us work in the garden. Fred would more often come, of his own will, and help himself to things in the garden when he thought we were not looking. We would see him walking down the village road towards our house, disappear into the woods, pick his way through the pea patch behind our house, and reappear on the road a few houses down, pockets full of pea pods. We actually didn't mind. There was more than enough for all.

Well, Fred had a fear of dogs. There was a pack of four dogs that ran on the streets. These were all relatively well behaved dogs owned by different villagers, but they were all big: Newfoundlander, Collie, German shepherd, big mongrel. They generally took no notice of people when in their pack, and we took no notice of them. Except for Fred. He would try to sneak past them, then break into a run, which almost always caught the attention of one of them. As a result, they found him interesting, and tended to see him coming.

Fred had read that postmen often used bait to distract dogs and avoid attack. A postman would throw a small piece of meat away from the gate, then quickly enter the fenced yard and deliver the mail while the dog was distracted. BIG IDEA!! One Saturday Fred filled his pockets with about 20 slices of salami that he had stolen from his parent's stock. With high hopes, he headed down the road to visit his Boyle friends.

We heard the barking and yowling about five minutes before Fred's desperate arrival. When I looked down the road I saw Fred surrounded by a pack of dogs, not just the four big ones, but virtually every dog in the village, all yowling, growling and leaping and lunging. In the midst of them was Fred frantically firing bits of salami in every direction.

Once we got him into the house and settled down, and chased the dogs away, we realized his clothes reeked of salami. He would need an escort on the way home.

**Marjorie Alice (Perdue) Boyle {FAA(S)}****SERVICE MEMORIES OF MARJORIE BOYLE**

By Marjorie (Perdue) Boyle {FAA(S)}

I was given a choice of two postings: on the prairies, or in Ottawa. Arriving at AFB Uplands, Ottawa, on a hot day in June, 1942, I got my real introduction as to what one does besides obeying marching orders. There seemed to be difficulties in the hospital kitchen. One chef (the Sergeant and supervisor of the hospital kitchen) was on leave. She lived at Dacre, Ontario. The second was very unhappy and seemed to want "out". She was from Newfoundland and wanted a posting to Gander. I was the third. These two women did not want to work as a team. I wondered what was bothering them. As the new person, I worked at whatever I was asked to do, and there was little socializing. I was determined to do my best no matter the circumstances. Our full-time staff of three was often augmented, in busy times, by staff from the airmen's mess. They had a much larger kitchen staff.

Came the day when the chef on leave returned and the other left on leave. I think she likely got her posting to Gander, because a replacement was posted into the hospital in her place. Actually, I was a Grade A chef, and the two ladies with whom I now found myself working were not trained as hospital chefs. The one having just come off leave, the Sergeant and supervisor, was a good-sized, red-headed Irish lady and she intrigued me completely with her brogue. It was similar to Edgar's accent, so I asked her where she came from. She lived in Dacre, a few miles from Sand Point. That question answered my curiosity. Eventually we got along fine.

The Sergeant eventually found a way for the three of us to work as a team. Because of injuries to my feet that I had suffered as a teenager, I had difficulty with heavy lifting. She thought I was too small (compared to her) to do heavy work so she gave me lighter jobs until we got a system going between us. The third chef on the team was a young and pleasant girl, not afraid to work, but not highly motivated either. She often found herself in trouble with the officers (the doctors) because of some inappropriate or insubordinate remark. I agreed to coach her, keep her busy at useful work in the kitchen, and keep her out of trouble. So, we became a team.

About a year passed in this fashion with this routine. From time to time assistant chefs came from the airmen's mess, and we would teach them our system. Most of them got postings sooner or later. I stayed and stayed, and I can't remember how many of the chefs with whom I worked were looking for the possibilities of a 'good' move. Uplands was not a popular destination. I was still determined to do my best wherever I was.

The spring and summer of 1943 were difficult and grueling. A flu epidemic passed through the station, the hospital was full of people needing special meal programs, and many of the kitchen staff both in the mess and the hospital became ill as well. Eventually I, myself, got the flu. After two weeks of bed rest, I went on my annual leave to Vancouver, but my illness turned into pneumonia. On my return to Uplands I learned that the Sergeant got a request posting (hers) to go to Muskoka. She was somewhat standoffish, but I worked well with her and I was sorry to see her go. Then I found myself suddenly in charge. So I returned to the hospital kitchen every

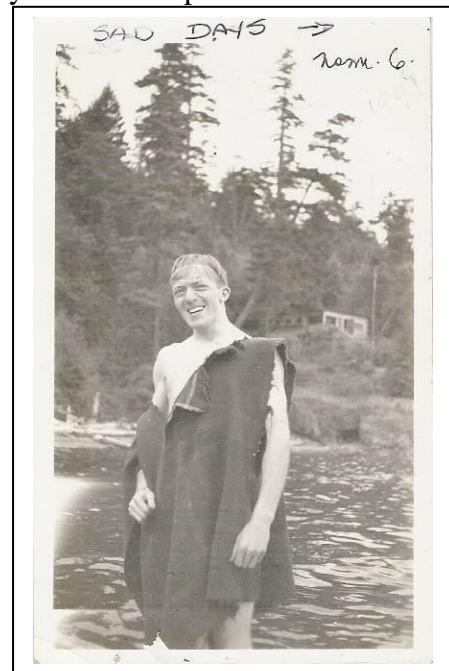
evening and worked out a schedule to have everything done in lots of time to take advantage of any opportunity for relaxation.

I set up my own system of operations, like the Sergeant had done, based on different people's abilities. I learned to tell the difference between those that wanted to make things work better, and those who wanted to make their own life easier. If another chef was not happy with my system she soon got a posting. In time, even adjustments of job assignments around postings became a routine affair. After a while order became the rule and the girls at the airmen's mess thought we had a nicely coördinated routine, apart from unforeseen circumstances. That Christmas we decided to have a Christmas party in the hospital for the staff and patients. I remember that as a wonderful event.

My posting to Saraguay was a surprise. I was told it was a selected posting. I was informed as soon as I arrived there that of all the chefs in our Command, I had been selected for posting to Saraguay. In the hospital there was, however, one lady Sergeant who did not really understand how to 'sarge it' without quarreling and degrading others. She could not work with the two of us cooks who were beneath her in rank. Each of us had, from the moment of arrival, been confronted and abused by her, and that was difficult. But, shortly after my arrival she was posted out and a replacement cook was posted in.

However, I was presented with a problem in the form of this replacement cook. The L.A.W. working in the kitchen was a good cook, a hard working gal, but she did not have administrative abilities that warranted her getting a promotion to Sergeant. The senior medical doctor, a Doctor Boyle (no relation to Edgar), intended that I receive the Sergeant's stripes. However, Command Headquarters had slipped up and posted a Sergeant to Saraguay who was expected to arrive shortly, and there could not be two Sergeants. The doctor offered me a couple of ways to become a Sergeant. However, these did not match my idea of hospital kitchen supervision, which is what I wanted to do, so I declined. I asked him to give the other cook credit for her abilities that she did have, which were considerable. I asked for the three cooks, regardless of their rank, to work together. We would figure out our own weaknesses and strengths, and work together to make it easier for all of us. I asked to be allowed to interview the incoming Sergeant (Doreen Green) and present my ideas to her. The doctor allowed the interview, and the new Sergeant agreed to my proposal, and our year passed with no problems of jealousy, or skipped chores, or whatever.

I used the same program that I had developed at Uplands, at the request of the senior medical doctor at Saraguay. I explained it to Sergeant Doreen Green when she arrived at Saraguay, and we three cooks implemented it together. It worked 100%, with lots of laughs thrown in.



War brings major changes in many lives when an individual suffers the loss of his life, and his or her friends suffer the loss of friendship and miss the companionship. Two pictures remind me of those sad days.

Going to see Quebec City with a couple of friends one weekend, we three entered the elevator at Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City and met a male friend, with other RCAF men, by chance. A Y.P. camper, and everyone's friend, he had joined the RCAF and trained as a pilot. It was their last few hours in Canada before shipping overseas. We visited briefly. In hours they were in England. But his life was brief. Shortly afterwards we heard that he had lost his life, shot down on a run over the enemy lines over Switzerland.

Another time, a friend and I were holidaying in Victoria. Some army soldiers were leaving Victoria for the long trip to the European Battle Grounds. So, by chance, we saw their march to the harbour from where they would go on to Vancouver and onwards to the east. We took this photo. I've often wondered what fate waited for them.



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Living on a military base at a training camp was for me one of the best experiences I have had. Responsibility makes you mature. No matter how small or large your role, if you are responsible for the health and well-being of a large number of people you learn to put their needs ahead of your own. But you also learn that you cannot expect high praise for simply living up to your responsibilities. Others recognize your worth and give you opportunities to stretch yourself, and take on larger responsibilities. Though you may never 'catch the golden ball' you learn about your own strengths and abilities, and you learn the value of loyalty.

I learned that my strength lay in faithfulness to family, friends employers, and officers, without being wimpy. I learned that I must do my best no matter the circumstances. I learned to face difficulties, look for solutions, and always look for ways to improve upon those solutions. I learned that you earn people's respect by the actions you take and the promises you keep, not by the rank of the uniform you wear or the boasts you make.





## Joseph Aaron Boyle {FB}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}  
and Ethel Ryan {FCA}

My Uncle Joe Boyle {FB} (1918-1980) was a laid-back easy-going fellow. In fact, he was my great uncle, the brother of my grandfather, Henry Laurie Boyle {FA}. The second son in a family of five, he was born to Sarah Jane (Davis) Boyle {F} and John Henry Boyle on the 4<sup>th</sup> of April in 1898 in the Riley Settlement of Bangor Township of Hastings County.

At the age of 20, on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of October in 1918, he married “Tessie” Ellen Theresa (Dupuis) Boyle. The marriage produced no children, and I think this was a source of regret for both Joe and Tessie. He made up for it by spoiling his nephews and nieces when he could. Uncle Joe passed away in 1980, and many who appreciated his love and generosity mourned his passing.

Uncle Joe was an open-hearted man who loved to see people dance and have a good time. He did not have great ambitions for himself, and enjoyed farm life.

His brother George Boyle {FC} and his wife, Ruth, were careful parents. Their focus was on education, and Ethel, Jack and Vera, George’s children, were the recipients of that focus. However, the kids loved to go to dances and shows. Admission was 10¢ or 25¢ per person, with possibly several dances or shows per week. But George and Ruth knew some temptations lurked there that young people found hard to resist, so George and Ruth would chaperone their kids when they attended. He would stand at the door and watch the young ones go in and out. If one of his tried to leave partway through the event he would turn them around and send them back in “to cool off where you got hot”. So, it seems, George and Ruth would take their “triplets” to the dances and shows as many as two or three times a week. When Joe, George’s brother, once asked George “Why so many dances?”, George replied “We know what they’re doing when they’re dancing.”

Joe and Tessie came to be like a second set of parents to the Boyle children known as “the triplets”, i.e. Ethel, Jack and Vera. They bossed and chaperoned the kids as if they were their own.

Edgar John Taylor Boyle {FAA} was also the recipient of some of Uncle Joe’s generosity towards his nephews and nieces. When Joe’s brother, Hennie Boyle {FA}, contracted tuberculosis and was sent to the sanatorium in Gravenhurst in 1928, his wife Mary (Taylor) and their two children Edgar and Phyllis were invited to live with Joe and Tessie until they could find

Joe Boyle {FB} as a young man (right) with his neighbor and friend, Bill James (left), circa 1920.





another place to stay. I believe they were there through Hennie's illness, and until Mary could purchase a property in Sand Point in 1930. Then, one summer in the late 1930s, when Edgar was aged 17 or 18, summer work in the small village of Sand Point where he lived was hard to find. Uncle Joe invited him up to Bangor to work on the Boyle farm. This was an opportunity that Edgar greeted with enthusiasm. He hopped on his bicycle and peddled his way to the farm, worked for the summer, and then peddled back home. He greatly appreciated the welcoming spirit of his aunt and uncle that summer, and spoke often of it. And, the next summer, Edgar went again to work on George's farm. He told me this story when I was in my teens and often peddled around the back roads of Sand Point myself. What I did not realize until much later was the length of that trip – about 150 kilometres.

I have heard of an artefact of Uncle Joe's that is supposed to have passed to my brother Brian Boyle {FAAA} but he mislaid it, and now it seems to be lost. It was a "bear gun". One summer when Brian was visiting Uncle Joe he noticed the bear gun in the barn, and a few years later, Joe sent it to him in Sand Point. This bear gun was a modified double-barrelled shotgun. Where the shoulder stock should be, there was only bare metal with a large spike welded to it. This allowed someone to drive the gun into a fallen log with an axe or sledge hammer. Where the triggers should be were a pair of metal spears similar to the points of a fish spear, each designed to hold onto a piece of meat. The idea was, you drive the spike into a log, put a couple of pieces of fresh meat onto the spears, then load the gun. When a bear smells the meat and comes to the bait, as he pulls on the meat to try to dislodge it from the spears, the shotgun fires and shoots the bear in the face. I have never seen or heard of such a thing except in this context, and I regret that it now seems to be lost.

There seems to have been a special connection between Ethel (Boyle) Ryan and Joe Boyle. Joe was aware that he was a slow-moving and slow-talking laid-back kind of guy. He had a saying in reference to himself: "Slow like Joe". Ethel's siblings, Jack and Vera, were more inclined to be fast-moving hellions, if their parents would let them get away with it, and Ethel was inclined to be slow, steady, and dependable. Often in conversations with her Uncle Joe, he would say to Ethel "You're just like me. Slow like Joe!" Often when Ethel was visiting Aunt Tessie and Uncle Joe in the summer, they would boil up corn on the cob, and they would see who could eat their height in cobs of corn.



Uncle Joe was the slow and steady type. You could always count on him to be there when needed. For example, he was the secretary/treasurer of the local SS#1 Bangor school board for 30 years. He was very civic-minded. Every spring he would work on the roads, picking stones and turning off the water from the winter's run-off, to put them into shape for the summer's uses. He was not paid for this, but thought it needed doing, so he did it. He also worked for years as

the weed inspector, the dog catcher, the assessor, and helping other farmers with their sick animals, and trying to farm at the same time.

In fact, Uncle Joe had a reputation for always being late. It was said that he was slow to plant and slow to harvest. He was famous for digging potatoes in October, when the snow was starting to fall. But you could not really say he was lazy. As he claimed, he just always made sure that he “got his talking done first, before taking up the other chores”.

As the assessor, Joe was required to report on all dogs that were used for hunting, as guides could charge money to take people hunting. However, some people needed their dogs just to hunt for their families. Simon Parcher, Sidney Parcher’s father, was such a person. Joe would inform him in advance when he was coming to assess, and he would say “If I can’t see ‘em, I can’t assess ‘em.” When Joe would finally come, the dogs were locked up, and baying loudly in protest, but Joe would take no notice.

One day while Joe was in a political meeting, Simon Parcher lifted Joe’s car off the ground and placed a block under the axle, putting the wheels just off the ground. After the meeting, Joe came out and he and Tessie climbed into the car. He started the car, and the wheels turned, but the car didn’t move. Joe got out, looked at the car, saw the wheels were off the ground, and spotted the block under the axle. After a moment’s thought he said “If Simon Parcher were here, I’d know who done it. But Simon isn’t here, so I don’t know who done it.”

Uncle Joe also had a reputation for travelling to his neighbours to visit away from home, due to his many civic responsibilities, and his love of chatting. Unfortunately, this left Aunt Tessie home alone a lot, and she did not always enjoy this, so Ethel was her company much of the time, especially for the night times. For example, Joe would visit the home of his brother George, arrive in the late afternoon, and sit and read all the recent news papers and magazines in the house. George liked to keep up on events in the world, so he always had a number of recent papers available. Well, Joe and Tessie would arrive, Joe would sit, and without engaging anybody in any unnecessary conversations, would read papers into the evening. This would sometimes irritate George who would say, after Joe had left, “He’s read all the god-damned papers. Now he can go home!”

Joe Boyle {FB} and Tessie with Ethel’s two children, Kelly {FCAA} and Kimberley {FCAB}



When Tessie was alone she would invite Ethel over, and Ethel and Tessie would play card games like casino, old maid, or euchre. Aunt Tessie was not one to ‘baby’ young folk, so she usually won. When not playing games Aunt Tessie would get Ethel to do jobs that she was unable to do. So Ethel recalls washing chairs, lamp glasses, banisters and window sills for her. Then, there was the favourite chore: finding the lost needles in the pin cushion by squeezing the cushion. :-)

Joe Boyle {FB} went fencing once, and he was confronted by a bear cub. The bear attacked him, and all he had to defend himself was a tool belt with his fencing tools. He hit the bear with his hammer, and killed it.

Late in life, when Uncle Joe was in the Manor, Ethel had planned a visit, but, having two kids at home, she was late. Uncle Joe said "Don't worry about being slow like me." and he repeated this verse:

*The lady bug has a gaudy wing;  
The lightening bug a flame;  
The bed bug has no wings at all;  
But it gets there just the same.*

"Just like you and me."



## George Wesley Davis Boyle {FC}

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}  
and Ethel Ryan {FCA}

George Wesley Davis Boyle {FC} was born on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of April in 1900 on the family farm in Centreview as the third son of Sarah Jane Davis {F} and John Henry Boyle.

On the 12<sup>th</sup> of May in 1929 he married Ruth Dorothea Wilhemena Porath in Monteaagle Township.

Ruth (Porath) Boyle, was the 3<sup>rd</sup> oldest in her family. Her father had been born in Prussia, but had been captured in war as a boy and taken to Austria, where he was adopted. When he grew to be a young man, he made his way to Canada, where he married three times and had 13 children. His third wife was Emma Schmidt from the Sevastopol area near Eganville. They settled at first in Alberta, where Bill and Ed and Ruth (1909) were born. Then they moved to Hastings County in Ontario.

George {FC} and Ruth in 1961



John Henry Boyle {F(S)} had two farms, and George {FC}, his son, ran one of them. They also ran one or more saw mills, and so were able to provide lumber for those neighbours who needed it. One mill was water-powered, at the Hoare farm near Bells Rapids. The other was steam-powered, using copious quantities of wood and water.

George was very supportive of the Porath family through some rather severe trials. Ruth's father was burned out three times. Each time the house was burned, he was very dependent on his neighbours to help him get the wood and build a new house. John and George Boyle had their lumber mills at that time, and they did all they could to help the Poraths recover from these setbacks, but, in general, the Porath family was very poor in comparison to their poor neighbours.

This marriage produced three children in rapid succession. Sarah Ethel Boyle {FCA} was born on the 19<sup>th</sup> of March, 1930, on the Boyle farm in Centreview. "Jack" John Wellington Boyle {FCB}, her younger brother, was born on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of May, 1931, and her younger sister, Vera Kathryn Boyle {FCC}, was born on the 12<sup>th</sup> of July, 1932. They were all spaced 14 months apart, and Ruth had to care for three babies at the same time. The three of them grew up being very close together, and were often referred to as "the triplets", although all knew they were not.

There was a fourth child, Dennis David Boyle {FCD}, born late into this family in 1950. The child was not healthy and died the afternoon of its birth. Ethel recalls how her father made a small casket with a pillow for the new baby, and how she (Ethel) was asked to dress the baby suitably in one of Vera's dresses for the funeral. That child is buried in the cemetery in Maple Leaf.

Ethel's grandfather, John Henry Boyle {F(S)}, was responsible for her names and Jack's names. He wanted Ethel to be named after his wife, Sarah Jane (Davis) Boyle {F}, and his sister, Ethel (Boyle) Price. John named Jack after himself and after his favourite brother Wellington. On the other hand, Ruth was responsible for naming her daughter Vera, after a girl she had babysat, and Kathryn, after a close friend, Kathryn Farmer, a well-respected teacher in the community.

George and Ruth Boyle were vigilant parents who placed a strong emphasis on education. Ethel and Jack started school together, she at age 7, and Jack at age 6. However, they could already read when they started school, as they had been taught by their parents and uncle. Ruth always made sure they had enough light to do their homework properly, so homework came first, and chores second.

Ethel recalls that life was good in that Boyle household when she was young. Her mother Ruth was a good cook, and talented with a sewing machine. Ruth made most of the clothes for the children, and when money could be spared, she would buy cloth, or even clothes, for special wear. For example, the three of them had rubber boots with felt liners, and snow pants. Few other children were as well-dressed in the winter months. Another lady in the neighborhood could produce good woollen cloth, and Ruth would often swap with her, so both families had a good set of well-made clothes.

When she says that life was good, don't think that means life was easy. They had no running water, and all water had to be carried into the house from the well. They had no electricity from a pole-line, and they could not afford a Delco generator. They had no radio. The children had coal oil lamps in the bedrooms, and there were gas lanterns in the kitchen, but Ruth would not allow the children to take the gas to the bedrooms for safety's sake.

They had two food cellars that enabled them to prepare for and live through the cold winters. One cellar was for preservatives stored in jars and the other was for vegetables. Ruth was not only a good cook and baker, but also had a special skill in the preparation of preserves. Their preservative cellar was always well-stocked and clean, with newspapers lining the shelves. Ruth always kept the floor swept, even though it was a dirt floor. In the root cellar, the potatoes were kept in bins, the carrots and turnips were in pails of dirt, and the cabbages were hung up.

For the summer they did not have a fridge, as that would require electricity, so they had an 'ice house'. No, this was not a house built of ice, but a house built FOR ice. In the winter they would go to the lake with an ice auger and ice saw, and cut blocks of ice and bring them home. These were stored in the ice house and packed with an insulating layer of sawdust (from the sawmill) all around each block. The 'milk house' was a small building which shared a thin wall with the ice house, and was therefore always quite cool. In the summer, the milk, butter and cheese were stored in the milk house. In blueberry season, the fresh blueberries were also stored there. Ethel recalls that she often offered to go to the milk house for the day's supplies, and, while there, she would sample the waiting blueberries.

After a few years, the family got an ice box, which is a little more like a modern fridge and could be kept in the home. An ice box has a top compartment where you place a block of ice, from the



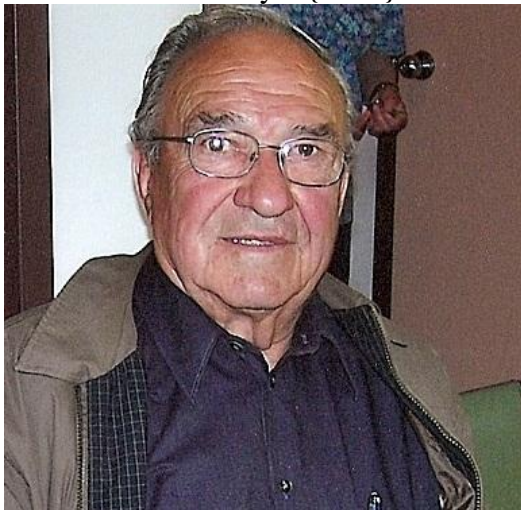
ice house. The insulated walls prevent the ice from melting too fast, and the milk, butter and cheese can be kept in the lower compartment. This made life somewhat easier.

In the evenings, when they were not doing school lessons, the family would play games together such as card games, Chinese checkers, checkers, and Parcheesi. There were always lots of newspapers in the home, as they always wanted to be up-to-date on the news from outside of their close neighbourhood. The school had a lending library, but few books in it. Sometimes the Sunday School teacher would send books for them to read, or Ruth would borrow books for them. Eventually, the school teacher, Ms Farmer, registered them with an organisation called the “Daughters of the Empire”. This was a group of civic-minded women who took on projects that would help to build the nation. In this case, they sent large boxes of books to remote schools as a loan. When one box was returned, another would be sent. In this way, remote school libraries had access to a steady supply of good books for loaning out.

Ethel Boyle {FCA} and Vera Boyle {FCC} as young women



Jack Boyle {FCB}



Vera (Boyle) Landry {FCC}



As the eldest child in the family, Ethel was often given extra chores and responsibilities. While Jack and Vera would be sent out to play, Ethel was assigned her regular chores in support of the household. This sense of responsibility, and the associated desire to please her parents, has shaped much of what she has accomplished in her adult life.

A cute note: when asked as a young girl what she wanted to be when she grew up, Vera used to answer “A Protestant Orangeman”, because her birthday was on the 12<sup>th</sup> of July, and they always celebrated it with a parade.

John Henry used to love to tell stories to his grandchildren. One that Ethel recalls well was the story of how her grandmother, Sarah Jane (Davis) Boyle, came from Ireland as a wee girl. He used to stress how far that was for a small girl to travel, and how dangerous it was. He told his grandchildren how lucky they were to have a grandmother from so far away.

Christmas was a special time. Ethel, Jack and Vera would participate in Christmas concerts at the one-room school that they attended. At home they would seek and find a real Christmas tree in the woods around the house, and make their own decorations for the house and for the tree. They made bells from cardboard, and strung popcorn on strings, and found tinsel from previous years that Ruth had stored for re-use. Ruth would bring out her special and treasured glass ball decorations, and, under her watchful eye, the children would add them to those less fragile decorations already displayed.

Ethel, Jack and Vera went to the SS #1 Bangor one-room school. Ruth and George insisted that they go to school no matter the weather. On stormy winter days, Ruth would break trail on her snowshoes through the snow, and the kids would follow on their skis; Vera first because she was the youngest, then Jack, with Ethel at the rear as the eldest. Many winter days, the kids would ski to school. The kids seldom missed a day in those first years of school.

Mary (Taylor) Boyle {FA(S)}, the widow of Uncle Hennie Boyle {FA}, older brother of George {FC}, taught the triplets twice: once when Ethel was in grade 4 and once when Ethel was in grade 7. The annual salary for a teacher at that time was about \$800. The triplets felt great privilege when they were instructed to call their teacher “Aunt Mary” while the other students had to call her “Mrs Boyle”. An excerpt from Mary’s autobiography describes the situation:

*In 1941 we were up to visit the Boyles and Taylors. The Bangor school, where I had taught previously, in fact, twenty-two years before, had been unable to obtain a teacher. The board asked me if I would come for the following year. I had several chores to be done before I could go, like find a home where I could leave Phyllis {FAB}, and put my [sixty hives of] bees away for the winter. Mr and Mrs Maurice Gibson kindly consented to take Phyllis in, as she was in high school then. This done, I went back to Bangor to teach the children of those I had taught twenty-two years before. I was four months at Purdy, and six month at Centreview. Of all my teaching experience this was the most difficult. The course of education had changed so much and I had a school of about fifty pupils in all eight grades. I ploughed through it, including an attack of shingles. During Christmas holidays Miss K Farmer who taught in Centreview decided she wanted the Purdy school as it was on the highway and she could drive to school and stay at home nights. When I returned after my holiday I was informed by the board that I was going in to Centreview. This school was much smaller and I was amongst my old friends. I had about six pupils in five grades. The last six months were easier than the first.*

During this time Mary stayed with the Boyle family and with the Hoare family in Centreview.

Ms Farmer, the other significant teacher in the story, was an amazing person, having received a BA by age 16. She was from a Welsh family living in Combermere. Her mother was gone, and she lived with her father, a shoe maker. Jack and Ethel studied in SS #1 Bangor through to the end of grade 10.

Ethel and Vera went on to become school teachers, and Jack had an outstanding career in the construction industry. More of Ethel's life story is written below.

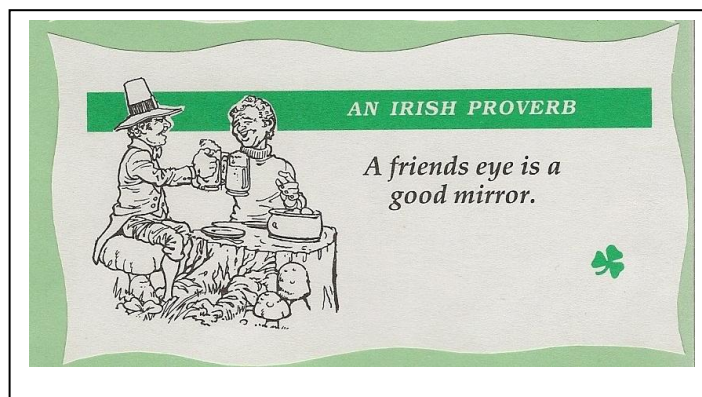


Three generations of a wonderful family

Ruth (Porath) Boyle {FC(S)}, Ethel (Boyle) Ryan {FCA}, Kelley and Kimberley Ryan {FCAA and FCAB}, and Vera (Boyle) Laundry {FCC}

Jack Boyle {FCB} supervised major construction projects all over Canada. For example he supervised the construction of the four-mile tunnel through the Rockies, and he supervised the construction of the underground tunnel for the TTC in Toronto.

I believe the Davis Family Reunion was first held in 1971. Such a family event requires the goodwill and dedicated effort of many family members from several branches of the family. The remarkable longevity of the Davis Reunion, now in its 40<sup>th</sup> year, is a testament to the vitality and positive will of this very diverse family. George Boyle passed away in 1973 at the age of 73. In the very few years he was able to participate, he saw tremendous value in such a family gathering and he asked Ethel to do everything she could to ensure the reunion continued. All three of his children were regular participants in the Davis Reunion in the early days. Ethel has taken the wishes of her father VERY seriously, and has put great personal effort, over the years, into the success of each reunion since.





## **Sarah Ethel (Boyle) Ryan {FCA}**

By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

Sarah Ethel Boyle {FCA} was born on the 19<sup>th</sup> of March, 1930, on the Boyle farm in Centreview to George Wesley Davis Boyle {FC} and Ruth Dorothea Wilhemena (Porath) Boyle.

In 1943, when Ethel was in grade 7, the community organized a box-lunch social. Each senior girl was to pack a box lunch. For this event, Ruth and Ethel made a lunch for two, and packed it into a decorated box. All the girls brought their box lunches, and the lunches were auctioned off. The young boy who bought a lunch would get to share it with the young girl who brought it. By such means, the young boys and girls from scattered farms and villages would get to meet each other.

A young boy by the name of Sidney Lewis Parcher {FCA(S2)} was visiting with his grandparents in Centreview. He often played with Jack and Vera, but Ethel was usually working inside the Boyle house, so Ethel did not know him. Sidney attended the box social with his uncle Clifford Hoare, sitting at the back of the school room. Sid was 12, and Ethel was 13. At Sid's request, his uncle won the bid for Ethel's box lunch. So, Sid and Ethel shared that box lunch in 1943, not knowing that a lifetime of 45 to 50 years later they would meet again and rekindle that spark of interest between them.

Sidney Parcher {FCA(S2)} and his mother.



Ethel completed her grade 10 at SS#1 Bangor, but that is as far as she could go in that school.

Janet Isobel Davis{DDA} was the daughter of "Jim" James Reuben Davis {DD} and his wife Joanna (Morrison) Davis, relatives living in Kirkland Lake. [See the article for Isobel Davis.] Isobel came with her parents to visit Ethel and her family one day when Ethel had finished her grade 10, and insisted that Ethel come to live with them and attend high school in Kirkland Lake. Ethel then went to Kirkland Lake to complete her grades 11 and 12. She boarded with the Davis family, Isobel's parents. Isobel and Ethel were treated like princesses. Jim Davis was hoistman for Lakeshore Mine in Kirkland Lake. He was well-liked and humourous, a well-to-do and prestigious man with a heart of gold. Joanna was a former teacher, and a librarian in Kirkland Lake. As Isobel, an only child, was a year ahead of Ethel, she eventually went off to college and left Ethel there as the lone "princess of the castle". Ethel came home to Hastings County for Christmas and Easter, but during those two formative years in Ethel's life she came to think of Jim and Joanna like a second set of parents. Jim encouraged this. When introducing Ethel, he always said she was his daughter Ethel Davis.

After grade 12, Ethel studied the “commercial” program, which included shorthand, typing and other business training. Then, in 1947 Ms Farmer, still back at Centreview, insisted that Ethel, aged 17, come back and teach in Centreview so she could take a position slightly closer to her home in Combermere. Ethel was offered an annual salary of \$1,300. Ethel said yes reluctantly, as she did not entirely want to do this, but felt obligated to help out Ms Farmer. Ms Farmer, the experienced teacher, met with her regularly to review lesson plans and give her pointers on how to be a better teacher. Ethel found this to be a bit of a pain at first, but eventually came to realize what a blessing it was.

Next, Ethel told me two stories that I find absolutely remarkable. I believe that the elementary school teachers played a dramatic role in the life of early homesteaders and pioneer farmers, a role far beyond their station in life. Young men always had the option to hire out as farm hands, mill workers, or forest rangers, but young women had a difficult time supporting themselves. Elementary school teachers were often young women who had just graduated, could not support themselves by farm work or other extremely physical labour, and were not yet married. Or, a teacher was an older married woman in whose family tragedy had struck, and for whom teaching was the only means available to bring in needed money. For a brief period in their lives, these women became semi-itinerant teachers, working for two or three years at a time in small one-room schools educating anywhere from 5 to 45 young children. They found room and board in a home near the school, and took on the duties of not only a teacher, but also of a den mother. Like in most one-room schools in those days, the teacher, as the only adult on site, was responsible for making the fire in the stove and keeping it going, sweeping the floors, and otherwise keeping the school fit to use throughout the day.

But, in spite of their youth or tragic circumstances, these women often carried the invisible robe of authority, and when they showed it, people changed their attitudes. I, personally, speculate that this authority derived from two sources. First, these women had an education, and many of the parents did not. Second, these women had money, as they were paid in dollars, and many of the parents did not. In those times and places, food and clothes might be plentiful, as they were produced on the local farms. However, money was scarce, and the things money could buy were considered luxuries. What money the farmers had was taxed away. Some of that money went to the teachers.

The first story starts in 1948, when Ethel, aged 18, received an offer to teach in Monteagle for \$1,400 a year. This was a \$100 raise over her salary for the previous year, but, this was going to be a challenge. There were 12 big boys and 4 girls, but Ethel was not a big woman, and she was only a few years older than the oldest of her students. There had been no less than six teachers at this school the previous year, and the students had been so bad that they had all left. The school board, however, did not bother to tell Ethel this when they asked her to come to teach. She took the job and found room and board with Herb and Mary Woodcox, a pleasant couple who provided good food and a bed, but, of course, had no electricity.

The students immediately made life miserable for Ethel. One student in particular stood out. His name was not Fred, but we shall call him Fred for the purposes of this story. Fred weighed about 140 pounds; quite a bit more than Ethel. Fred used to brag to the girls about what he was going to do to the teacher. Among other things, he said he would throw her over the fence at the edge



of the school yard, and so get rid of her like he had the others. Given that he weighed more than Ethel, and was a large strapping farm worker, she had every reason to believe that he could. Now Fred was not stupid, and, in fact, had a younger brother who was very smart, and listened to the lessons given to the higher grades. Both of them sailed through high school and university.

Ethel toughed it out from September until December. At that time she received her check, and it was calculated at a rate of \$1,450 per year, \$50 per year more than agreed. On checking with the secretary/treasurer of the board, apparently they had given her a raise.

In January came a face-off between Fred and the teacher. Yet another incident arose, and Ethel invited Fred to the teacher's room at the back of the school. Now, Ethel had heard the students talking about how, when receiving the strap on the hands, they could pull back at the right moment and cause the teacher to strap herself. Prepared for this, Ethel made sure Fred's hand was properly braced. After the disciplining, she took him back into the class and sent him home, telling him not to return until he had learned how to show respect for his classmates and the teacher. This was on a Thursday.

On Friday Ethel learned that Fred's parents had taken him to see the inspector of the school board.

On Monday, the inspector came to the school, and Ethel was concerned that her job there might be coming to an end. The class of students were exceptionally well-behaved, and the inspector was surprised and pleased. At lunch time Ethel shared her lunch with the inspector, and he mentioned the strapping. He said he would be back on Tuesday.

"You can't tell how far a frog can jump by its size."

On Tuesday, the inspector was back, and so was Fred. The inspector said Fred would no longer be a problem. Sure enough, he was meek and well-behaved, and, in fact, started to be a teacher's helper. At the end of the year, Fred's parents came to see Ethel, and thanked her for disciplining Fred and making him into a nice young man. Evidently he had been a difficult child at home as well, and the confrontation at school had caused a change in his behaviour both at school and at home.

Both Fred and his brother went on to get a higher education. Some years later, Fred's father passed away. Ethel went to the wake. Fred enthusiastically welcomed Ethel as his former teacher, and thanked her profusely for all she had done for him, and many pictures were taken of Ethel and Fred.

Ethel Boyle {FCA} as a young woman



It is difficult to imagine how that one confrontation between teacher and student could have so completely changed that boy's life. One can speculate about it in a number of ways, but it remains a remarkable story.

Ethel was at Monteagle for that one year. The second remarkable story starts when Ethel went to a small school where most of the students were the children of the previous teacher. The students ran wild in that school. After a brief while in that school, Uncle Joe Boyle {FB}, the secretary/treasurer of the school board, asked Ethel to teach at Bell's Rapids. Ethel went there to teach for three years, from 1949 through 1951. When Ethel started there, they were using the old school building, but there was a new school being built. Each Friday Ethel would take her students on a brief expedition to see and admire the new school as it progressed. Part way through the school year, all students were transferred to the new school and Ethel was given charge of 30+ students between grades 1 and 8. This was rather far from home, so Ethel drove a car to school. In bad weather she stayed in the homes of the students for a night or two at a time (e.g. the Hicks, Byers, Hares, Lodes).

At this school another incident happened which, again, is a truly remarkable story. The new school had a shiny new hardwood floor, and the lady who cleaned the floor each night had remarked on how it would be good if it could be kept cleaner. Accordingly, Ethel asked the kids to leave their shoes at the door, and wear socks in the school. Ethel recalls that, among her duties as a teacher, was the job of occasionally mending the sock of a student who was embarrassed by a hole or two. But the students at this school had taken an interest in keeping their new school in good shape. This was apparent when, one day, two students kept their boots on and went to their desks, and all of the other students made a fuss, insisting that they not mess up the floor, and go and take their boots off.

On checking it out, Ethel was astounded to discover that these two rather embarrassed children had their boots padlocked onto their feet so the boots could not be removed.

At the end of the day, one of the children with locked boots came to Ethel and passed her a note. Very strangely, the note was between two sheets of tin held together by about a dozen rivets all around the edge. Putting two and two together, Ethel became somewhat apprehensive, and took the note home without opening it. In fact, she could not open it due to the rivets. The apprehension came from her knowledge of the contentious nature of the parents of these two hapless children. Their parents had a habit of threatening to sic "the law" on anybody who crossed them. They were continually threatening to take people to court, or to call in the police in any dispute. On reading the signs, Ethel knew this note was a threat of some kind, delivered in bizarre and intimidating manner.

Ethel (Boyle) Ryan {FCA}



Without opening the note, Ethel passed it to the school inspector. The next Monday the inspector and a police officer showed up in class to watch how the class fared, and to see the two young students locked into their boots. The inspector did not tell Ethel the nature of the note, but the presence of the police officer gives you some idea that it was not pleasant or polite. After interviewing the two children, the inspector and the police officer got the address of the parents and went to visit them. In the afternoon, they returned to the school and informed Ethel that there would be no more trouble from that family. And there wasn't. After that, the kids came to school in boots without padlocks, and took off their boots like all the others.

If that was the end of the story, it would be interesting, but not so remarkable. A little while later, Ethel had occasion to meet with the father, and he enthusiastically gave her a cured fox's tail for a car's radio aerial, on which he had obviously spent some time in the curing and preparing. After that, those parents graciously gave her pots of strawberries, bags of apples, or other seasonal produce, with cheerful enthusiasm.

What was in that note? What did that police officer say to the parents that turned them into smiling supportive people? What can cause such a dramatic change in people's attitude? Quite remarkable!

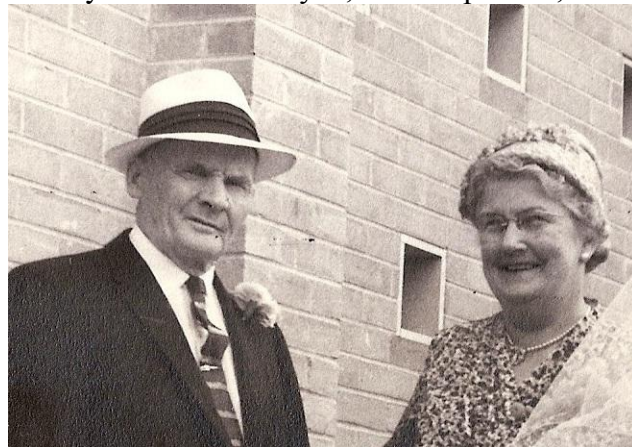
After three years in Bell's Rapids, five members of the school board showed up one Saturday morning and made her an offer to teach in the school in Maynooth at \$1,700 a year. Again, a new school was being built. She started with 43 students in grades 1-4. When the new school was completed in January, she was assigned 40 students in grade 1, including some slow grade 2 students. She completed five years there.

At this point in her life, Ethel wanted to pursue her own education with more vigour, but found that teaching such a large number of students took all of her time, so she went to the Renfrew County school board and asked if she could teach in a small school. Given the choice of 13 schools, she decided to work in Siberia, Ontario, for a year, and completed her studies of some university courses. In Siberia she had eight children from four families. She boarded across the road from the school, and so had no travel time. She had the responsibility of sweeping and cleaning the school, starting and tending fires all day, as well as preparing and delivering lessons. At

Steven Ryan {FCA(S1)}  
in 1961



Paddy and Beatrice Ryan, Steve's parents, in 1961





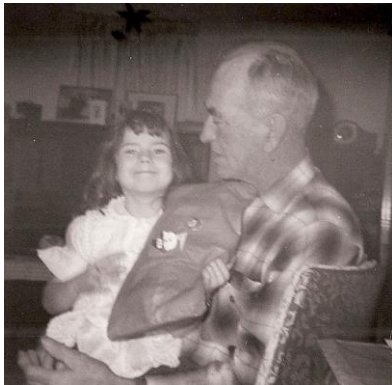
the end of that year she returned to Maynooth for one more year, where they offered her \$1,900 per year.

Next, the Improvement District of Cardiff came and asked her to teach in their school, for a board that was funded by the local mining operations and government. Cardiff is a small mining community near Bancroft. She was given an offer she could not refuse: \$3,200, an immense raise.

Ethel continued to teach in Cardiff for 28 years, for 26 of which she was principal of the school.

About a year after moving to Cardiff, on the 8<sup>th</sup> of July in 1961, Ethel married Steven James

George Boyle {FC} and his granddaughter Kim {FCAB} in 1973



Ryan {FCA(S1)} (1929-1999). Steve was a good man, a good hard worker, and well-liked in the community. He was the fire chief for close to 30 years. But he had lots of other jobs in service of the community. He was building inspector, dog catcher, pool tender, and roads superintendent. He worked on the sewer and water systems of the Cardiff community and staff site, as well as snow plowing, grass cutting, and streets and roads maintenance

Steve also enjoyed being around Ethel's students, and he was well-liked by them.

Kelly Mary-Ruth Ryan {FCAA} joined the family on the 13<sup>th</sup> of September in 1962, and Kimberley Stephanie-Vera Ryan {FCAB} joined the family on the 26<sup>th</sup> of August in 1965.

The marriage between Steve and Ethel lasted 25 years, until 1986, when they divorced.

A few years later, Sidney Parcher, the same person who had shared her box lunch with her at the school's social all those years earlier, came back into Ethel's life. Sidney was born on the Parcher farm on Kamaniskeg Lake on the 16<sup>th</sup> of December 1931. Sid is a mechanical genius. He worked for Ontario Hydro and Sudbury Hydro for over 40 years on a variety of jobs. He has worked all over Ontario on the construction of hydro towers and lines. For example, he was responsible for constructing the span from Manitoulin Island to the mainland, a span of almost a mile. A span is an unsupported stretch of wire between two supporting towers. This was, at the time, the second longest span in the world, and was a very significant engineering feat.

Sidney and Ethel now share a home in Barry's Bay where they lead very busy lives.

Sidney Parcher {FCA(S2)}



## Ethel's Photo Gallery

Kelly Ryan  
{FCAA}



Steven McRae  
{FCAAA} in 2006



Kim Ryan {FCAB} as  
a young woman



Kim Ryan {FCAB} and  
Alphonse Luckovitch  
{FCAB(S)}



Callie Luckovitch  
{FCABA}



Ryley Luckovitch  
{FCABB}





Vera (Boyle) Landry {FCB} and  
Bill Landry in 1978



Alfie, Kim, Callie, and Ryley in  
2007



## Do You Mind the Time, When We Taught Fred To Swim?

By Garvin H Boyle

Living, literally, on the banks of the river, everyone knew how to swim. Everyone, that is, except Fred (not his real name). In later years, once we had access to TVs, Donald Duck having one of his tantrums reminded me of this Fred. When unhappy he would crab and complain loudly and quickly in a high pitched voice, while waving his arms in the air and jumping about. It was funny to see.

There were two favourite swimming spots. One was a private beach where they kindly allowed the village kids to swim. The other was a federal dock, where the water was six feet deep. When swimming at the beach, Fred would declare loudly how pleased he was to have learned how to swim, while secretly walking on bottom. We all knew he was only fooling himself. When we swam at the dock, he would take ill and could not join us, but would sit it out by himself. This ineffectual deception went on, surprisingly, for almost two years. We were just too nice to call him a liar to his face. :-)

So, one day, at the federal dock, when there are a number of girls around, we decide to tease Fred. We call him to join us. We tell him it's really not so deep. We say the water is wonderful. He comes to the edge of the Federal dock, and looks down at the water. He has clearly had enough of his own deception and wants to join in. But, he dithers, and dithers, and dithers for over five minutes. He is standing on the very edge of the dock. Finally, his older sister says "Oh, for God's sake!", steps up and pushes him off the dock into the water. He disappears. As they say, a hush fell over the crowd.

Up he came. Choking, thrashing, coughing, shouting "I'm telling Mommy!"

He splashed his way over to the ladder at the side of the dock. He climbed the ladder lickety-split. He jumped and danced and flailed his arms, squawking all the time, then went home. I can't remember what he said, but we almost split our sides laughing. We were terrible!

As it turns out, with two years of pretending, he actually could swim quite well. The next time we were at the dock, he was with us and was as comfortable as any of us.

## Charles Wallace Wellington Boyle {FD}

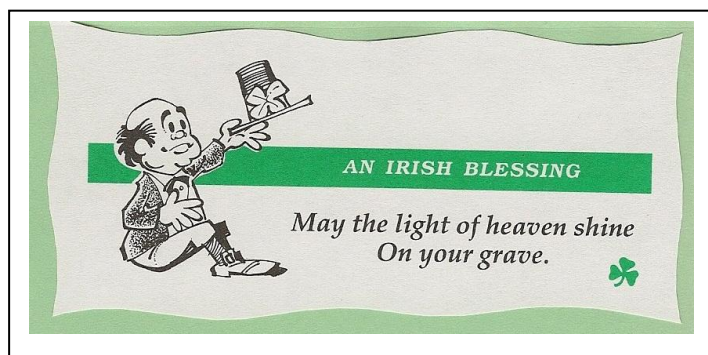
By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}  
and Erie Davis {AIA}  
and Ethel Ryan {FCA}

My Uncle Charlie Boyle {FD} was a complex person. In fact, he was my great uncle, the brother of my grandfather, Henry Laurie Boyle {FA}. The fourth son in a family of five, he was born to Sarah Jane (Davis) Boyle {F} and John Henry Boyle on the 16<sup>th</sup> of May, 1902. Those who knew him well said he commanded a lot of respect. He was a generous and sympathetic person, and it was said he would do anything for anybody. On the other hand, he enjoyed wild and rough entertainment, and his friends knew they should be careful when enjoying his company at such times.

In 1927, at the age of 25, he married “Flossie” Florence Marie Edith Phelps in the King Street United Church. They had children Marion Boyle {FDA}, and Craig Lee Boyle {FDB}.

Uncle Charlie was a close friend of his older cousin William Stanley Davis {AI} from whom he learned to play the fiddle. Charlie owned an 8-string fiddle which he enjoyed playing for friends and family and was reputedly quite good at it, winning many awards in the city of Oshawa and Shelbourne where he lived. His wife, Flossie, had no patience for his practising, so he kept his fiddle in the garage most of the time and practised there. She called it a ‘screeching thing’.

He was known as a fun-loving stand-up straight-shooting kind of guy. He loved telling stories, and he loved playing tricks on his friends. He loved spending time at his favourite “watering hole” in Oshawa, the Genosa.



Charlie worked at General Motors in Oshawa for about 40 years. He worked as a tool-and-die maker, and was considered one of the best. When King George VI and the queen toured Canada in 1939, General Motors designed a special car for them, a very stretched stretch limousine. Working from drawings, Charlie Boyle and R. S. McLaughlin did the work to cut the car,

extend the frame and body, weld it together again, and prepare it for its majestic use. The Royal couple used it once, as far as we know, for a trip to Niagara Falls. The car remained at the General Motors site in Oshawa for many years after, suffering a bit from having parts removed. Eventually, it was restored and, as of this writing, resides in the automobile display in a museum in Ottawa.

Because Uncle Charlie worked at General Motors, he was well off compared to his relatives who continued to farm. But he never forgot his roots, and he was not one to put on airs. His family appreciated this aspect of his character, and they were proud of his achievements. His father,

John Henry Boyle, celebrated his birthday on the 10<sup>th</sup> of December, very near to Christmas. One year Uncle Charlie bought him a beautiful battery-operated cabinet radio with a wet battery as a combination birthday and Christmas present. This was in 1936 or 1937 before most homes had electric pole lines, and when only a very few had Delco generators to provide occasional electricity. So a radio was a rare thing, and a battery-operated radio was special indeed! All of the neighbours would come to visit and listen to John's radio. There was one visitor, Henry Rhodie, who marvelled at the machine, and was often seen to carefully approach it while it was running, and look behind the box trying to determine where the voice was coming from and who was in there. They regularly listened to the famous Jim Hunter, the news broadcaster.

One year, Uncle Charlie bought five lots on the shores of Papineau Lake and built cabins. Each weekend he would bring friends to help him drink beer, pound nails, and build those cabins. While this was being done, he stayed at his brother George's farm, and Ruth Boyle (his sister-in-law) would feed and take care of the worker's needs. He held one cabin for his own use, and rented out the others for income. Later, he kept two and sold the other three to friends.

Uncle Charlie passed away in 1972 in Oshawa.

## Agnes Davis {G}

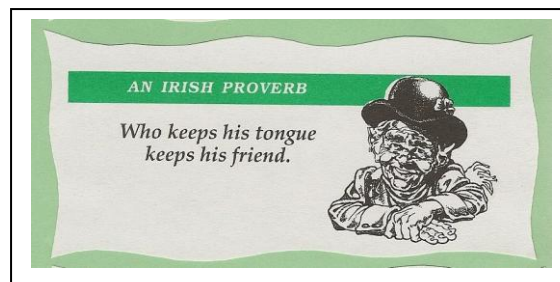
By Garvin H Boyle {FAAD}

Agnes Davis {G} was born in 1866 when her father was 42 years of age. In 1885, at age 19, she married Stephen Childerhose (1861-1935) in Monteagle. She passed away in 1896 at the relatively young age of 30, having brought into this world five children in eleven years.

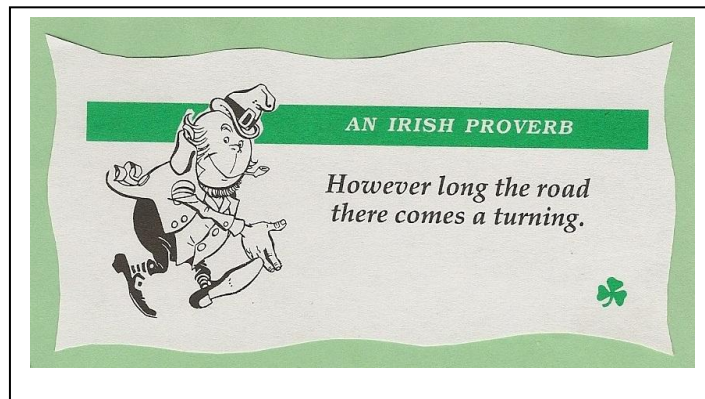
### 1891 census record of Stephen Childerhose {G(S)} and family

W 4/3	68	Childerhose Stephen	M	30	M	—
		Agnes	F	25	M	W
		James	M	5	—	8
		Thomas	M	3	—	5
		Matilda	F	10/12	—	8

I note that Matilda Childerhose, born in 1891, is called Sarah Lena Bolton Childerhose in the Davis family tree compiled by David Kelley, the Combermere historian.



## THE END



## ALMOST

### The Dancing Musical Bear of Algonquin Park

By Garvin H Boyle

In the late 1800s logging was a major source of income for many young men in Eastern Ontario. In the fall they would put on their long red underwear and head for a logging camp deep in the woods. They would cut logs all winter and make big rafts of timber, which were then floated down the river in the spring, when the ice was breaking up and the water was high and fast.

In those long cold winters the loggers neither bathed nor changed clothes. They would put woollen red underwear on in October, and in April, when the raft had been delivered, they cut the underwear off. Their own body hair would be woven into the wool, so it was like a rank red extra skin, and they would shave it off.

The men lived in a shanty, and had to take in enough food, such as apples, beans and salt pork, to last the whole winter. A logging shanty is a long low log cabin used as dinning hall, barracks, and dance hall. A large bear, attracted by the smell of meat, will break into a shanty. So, usually a "meat house" was built against the shanty at the back to store the salt pork, and it was made of really big timbers. My Uncle Henry Taylor told me the following tale.

One year, his cousin was in a shanty deep in the park, and a large bear broke into the meat house and stole a lot of meat. Now, the men were worried because they had no hunting tools. If the bear took all of the meat, they would starve. Things were desperate. They built a larger stronger



meat house and moved the remaining meat into it, but in a few weeks the bear struck again. They decided they had to trap the bear and kill it.

They made a noose of wire, and bent a large tree down to the ground as the spring for the trap. The idea was, the bear reaches for meat in the noose, the bear trips a trigger, the tree pops up, catching the bear's neck in the noose and killing the bear. They set the trap and went to bed.

In the middle of the night they heard the strangest sounds. There was the on-again off-again bellowing of an enraged bear, alternating with the sound of a very loud musical twang, twang, twang. They jumped out of bed, all wearing their red BVDs (i.e. underwear) and came out to see the bear. It was a very large bear indeed, and its head and shoulder were in the noose. The noose failed to kill the bear, because of the bear's front shoulder. The tree had pulled the bear up onto its hind legs, and with every kick the bear flew high into the air, with a loud twang. When it landed, it had opportunity to emit an enraged roar, before springing back up into the air. Roar, twang, roar, twang, roar, twang.

The loggers had no gun to shoot it, so they decided to clobber it to death by throwing blocks of wood at it. They climbed onto the roof of the shanty and threw wood at the bear, getting it all the more enraged, and eventually, building a road of wood up onto the roof of the shanty. With a rush, the bear was up the pile of wood and onto the roof, running amongst the red-clad loggers, like a fox among chickens. Luckily, the noose soon tightened and pulled the bear back down.

One logger took his broad axe in hand and climbed upon the roof of the shanty. He then entreated his pals to toss a few more lumps of wood at the bear. Sure enough, the bear was up the woodpile, onto the roof and headed for the logger. With one well-placed blow, he split the bear's skull and killed it.

## **Do You Mind the Time, When I was Attacked by Army Ants**

By Garvin H Boyle

I was vacationing in Mexico, taking a walking excursion with other tourists in the "Mayan Forests". There were about fifteen of us walking along the path, and I was bringing up the rear. There was a clear blue sky, and the sun was beating down in that Mexican sort of way - hot and dry. I was startled to hear the sound of rain coming from the jungle.

As I stopped to listen, the rest of the group moseyed along. I was not too concerned. The path was long and wide and straight. I was puzzled as to why I would hear rain. As soon as I saw the ants entering the path, between me and the rest of the group, I knew what it was.

Army ants move through the jungle in a column about a metre wide and several tens of metres long. Those in the middle of the column run forwards as quickly as possible. When they get to the front of the column, they fan out to the side, running up any tree or down any hole, attacking anything that moves. The centre of the column moves past, until, when the rear of the column arrives, the ants run back in and join it. It's like a big whirling lawn mower. When the ants attack a bug, a spider, a baby bird, or a frog, it falls from the tree, hitting the leaves on the way down, making a pitter-patter like the fall of rain.

I had read about this, but never thought I would see it. Remember “Leningen versus the Ants”! I was fascinated as I watched the head of the column cross the path, seeing the ants fanning out just as described in the books. They seemed to be unconcerned with me. I edged forward, kicking a few, to see what would happen. They fled in terror. I thought, they are not so bad after all. I edged forward a little more and kicked a few more. Again they fled in terror.

Then the pain started. The little pests had sneaked around behind me and gone up my pants. I beat them off the outside of my clothes with my hands, but they were inside my pants. I remembered they eat your eyes first, so I was determined not to let any up there. Luckily, I wear my belt TIGHT, and no ants could get past that barrier inside my clothes.

I joined the rest of the group, and nonchalantly mentioned I had been watching army ants. On visiting the resort doctor, I learned I had received 121 poisonous bites. They took two weeks to heal.

## **Do You Mind the Time, When Ma’s Bottle of Wine Exploded?**

By Garvin H Boyle

Marjorie Boyle {FAA(S)} liked to try new things. She was trained as a hospital chef, and she was a good cook, but she had little sense of smell. She really enjoyed crunchy and crispy foods, or sticky foods. Bologna fried in honey was a delicacy. Things like split pea soup, undercooked, or cracked corn Johnnycake, or dry Melba toast were just her cup of tea.

She also liked to eat wild foods. We were often sent out along the roads to find the largest, greenest dandelions, or lamb’s quarters, or wild asparagus, or young fern shoots (fiddleheads). We kids became specialists at finding morale mushrooms, or coprinus comatus mushrooms, or puffballs. There was a stretch of the local golf course where we picked white mushrooms often. We would often find unidentifiable bits of green in our soups and salads.

One summer she learned how to make candied flowers, and we were all treated to sugared violets and candied columbines.

Another summer, she learned how to make dandelion wine, using the fluff from the weeds in our lawn. She collected about a dozen liquor bottles of various kinds, filled them with fresh wine, and placed them in the dark cellar to age. Came the time to test them. They were, in fact, palatable, if not enjoyable. They had a swampy smell, but, having little sense of smell, this did not perturb Ma.

One Sunday morning she decided we would be having wine with supper, and she asked me to fetch a bottle from the basement, which I did. Placing it on the kitchen counter, I noticed that it was whistling. SSSSSSSSS! I thought, it’s getting out, so, I tightened the cap until the SSSS sound stopped, then headed out the door on my way to church with the rest of the family.

On returning from church, Dad opened the door to the smell of dandelion wine. The bottle was still upright on the kitchen counter where I had left it, with the cap tightly screwed on. However,

the side of the bottle had given way under the pressure, and the entire contents of the sweet sugary wine were spread across the walls, ceiling and floor of the kitchen and dining room.

I did NOT confess that I had tightened the lid until many years later.

## **Do You Mind the Time, When We Went on Safari?**

By Garvin H Boyle

As children growing up in a village of poor families, we had to find our own fun. There were no store-bought toys – just the toys we made. There were no parks or play structures – just sheds and woodpiles and abandoned buildings. There were no sports facilities – just the rinks and swimming spots and ball diamonds we made for ourselves. There were no TV shows, or movies, or stage plays – just our imaginations, fed by books.

One day we would be cowboys and Indians fighting over who had rights to the land. Another day we were cops and robbers, fighting over who controlled liquor. Another day we were voyageurs paddling our canoes (actually big water-logged logs) across the great lakes. Another day we were lumberjacks taking our rafts down the white waters of the Madawaska.

This one day, we decided we would go on Safari in the wilds of the Sand Point woods. Now, we knew the woods around Sand Point like we knew the backs of our hands, so we decided, for a true adventure, we would have to aim for a territory new to us. Braeside, the nearby village to the west, was a place we never went. They were “Braeside Bums”, a different tribe from us, and we did not mix socially. I have no idea what they called us, or if they even noticed us. So, the woods behind Braeside were our target Savannah.

Six of us intrepid explorers planned the outing. The night before we packed bag lunches and suppers, expecting we would be away for a day, at least. We also packed a couple of blankets, in case we stayed out overnight. Flashlights, compass, a hand-drawn map as we imagined the terrain might look, jack-knives, string, a small axe, some haversacks, and other assorted tools completed our outfitting.

We got up early, about 5:00 AM for an early start. Eager to get going, we all skipped breakfast, and met at the “appointed place” in the woods behind the house, checked our kit, and headed out. The map took us through the territory we knew, across McPherson’s fields, through the golf course swamps, across the first fairway, and across the Golf Course Road into Toner McDonald’s fields. We had come to the end of what we knew. The map came to an end. Checking our compass, we took a heading and ventured into the unknown woods of an old abandoned farm.

None of us had a watch. After a while, we decided, because we were hungry, that it must be noon. We sat and ate a hearty lunch, and, I confess, a little of supper as well. Now, being refreshed, we repacked our gear, took a compass heading, and off we went. We discovered swampy bits of ground, moss-covered creeks, wide meadows, and cedar clumps that we had never seen before. However, it did look a lot like the swampy bits of ground, moss-covered creeks, wide meadows, and cedar clumps that we knew behind Sand Point. After a while we

figured it must be supper time, so we sat and finished off our “provisions”. Worried that we might be caught in the unknown woods when the sun fell, we decided it was time to turn for home.

With little trouble we retraced our trail, and got home about 9:00 AM, just in time for breakfast with the rest of the family.

## **Do You Mind the Time, When Fred Learned to Fly?**

By Garvin H Boyle

The River Road, a page-wire fence, the railroad tracks, another page-wire fence and the river shore formed five parallel lines. The Hill Road, an unpaved gravel road, came down at a steep angle, having about a 40 degree grade, and joined the River Road in a T. If you did not make the turn at the bottom of the hill, you were through the fence and onto the tracks, then in the river.

I used to “borrow” my older brother’s bike (we only had the one bike in the family) and play “braking” on the hill. In the game of braking, you peddle as fast as you can half-way down the hill, then slam on your brakes and see who can make the longest skid mark. I had learned that the real trick to winning was not speed, but balance. Most novices simply fell off their bikes before they could establish any record. This game was a forbidden pleasure. My brother did not want his bike damaged.

It was a rare day when I had unrestricted access to the bike, but, sometimes it happened. One day three of us were out biking, and we decided to play “braking”. Fred (not his real name) had also borrowed his older brother’s bike, and we were enjoying the idea of being slightly naughty. Our friend went first. He peddled like the furies, slammed on his brakes, and established a skid to be proud of. Fred and I both agreed it would be hard to match.

Fred was next. He started down the hill, peddling madly, when the unthinkable happened. His bicycle chain flew off of the main sprocket and was dragging behind the bike. About a third of the way down the hill, he tried to stop by putting his feet on the gravel road, but kept gaining speed. He had no brakes! He started a long high-pitched wail as he gathered more and more speed.

There was zero chance he could turn the ninety-degree corner at the bottom of the hill. What would happen if he hit that page-wire fence? One can imagine potatoes being put through a French fry slicer. What did Fred do?

He stood up on the peddles as high as he could. When the bike smashed into the first page-wire fence, he continued to sail over the fence, spinning head over heels as he flew. Landing on the other side of the railroad tracks in the grass, he came to rest against the second page-wire fence.

Fred had a few scratches and bruises, but was otherwise undamaged. Likewise, his bike was fine, except for the loose chain.

**Näkemiin!!**