

Stories

and

Memoirs

of

historical

east hants



INTRODUCTION

This booklet is comprised of a "hodge podge" of stories submitted by individuals who live in East Hants and have an interest in maintaining the colloquial flavor of our area.

Every word has been written in its original form.

Many thanks to Reta Laffin of Moosebrook, Audrey Scott of Shubenacadie, Fred Roy of Maitland, and Muriel Purvis of Lantz for taking the time to help comprise this reading material.

Enjoy!

"LITTLE PEDDLER'S" MURDER IN 1902 RECALLED IN ARTICLE

By Mrs. Reta Laffin

Moose Brook, March 12 - About the turn of the century door-to-door peddlers or "pack peddlers", as they were commonly known, were a common sight in rural Hants County. These peddlers were almost always foreigners and were dubbed "pack peddlers" because they carried huge packs of goods to sell on their backs.

The peddlers usually travelled in pairs, probably for companionship, as most of them could speak only broken English. They visited alternate homes along the route and got their food from any generous housewife who invited them to stop for a meal. They would meet at night and stay wherever a night's lodging was available. Before leaving in the morning the hostess was usually presented with some small gift from the pack as a token of appreciation for the night's lodging and breakfast.

On October 22, 1902, two such pack peddlers, both Assyrians, were seen passing through the peaceful little village of Tenecape in Hants County. Their names were Syan Azubally, a burly, heavysset man about 40 years old, and Lion Lundore, a pleasant, slightly-built boy of 16 years. The two men were related; it is believed Azubally was Lundore's uncle.

If the peddlers could not make a cash sale they often resorted to trading. Such a trade was made by Syan Azubally with Edward Church of Tenecape who traded a revolver for a pocket watch. Edward Church was not long in discovering that the watch was useless - indeed it would not go at all. Thinking he could catch the peddlers and return the watch and retrieve his revolver young Church set out in pursuit. After making several inquiries along the way, the young man learned that the peddlers were last seen entering a road leading to an old abandoned Manganese mine in Tenecape.

After following this road about two miles Edward Church was startled to hear screams. On nearing the sound, a gruesome sight met him. He saw the older man beating the screaming boy whose throat had already been cut. Terrorized by what he had just witnessed, young Church called out, whereupon Syan Azubally ceased beating the boy and started off in hot pursuit of Edward Church.

Perhaps fear lent speed to Edeard Church. At any rate he soon out-distanced his pursuer and arrived home pale and shaking. His mother, noticing the behavior of her son, questioned him, and upon hearing the grisly tale, immediately sent him off to inform the men of the community.

It happened that the men of Tenecape were holding the annual plowing frolic that day and most of the male population was there. Upon hearing what young Edward Church had seen and heard, they dropped everything and set out to investigate. Young Church led them to the place he had seen the assault taking place, and the men had no trouble finding abundant signs of a terrible struggle—a trail of blood led to an old abandoned mine shaft, and the lifeless and mutilated body of 16 year old Lion Lundore was carelessly thrown down the shaft.

The men of Tenecape then set out in pursuit of Syan Azubally, who was located at the home of H.B. Huntley, calmly eating a hearty supper given him by these hospitable people who little knew they were harboring a murderer.

A citizens arrest of Azubally was made by George Smith a magistrate, Henry McLellan and Wilbert Lingard. When confronted with the facts, Syan Azubally refused to utter a sound. He would not speak, walk or move and had to be carried bodily from the house.

He was transported to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W.F. Stephens in Tenecape where he was held under guard. The body of Lion Lundor was removed from the mine shaft and transported to a blacksmith shop owned by William Stephens pending an inquest.

Dr. Milton Addison O'Brien of Noel was called and acted as medical examiner, and with George Smith acting as coroner an inquest lasted two or three days during which time the accused man was never heard to utter a word or to move a step voluntarily.

By searching papers and documents found in the packs, (Azubally had stolen Lundor's pack), it was determined that the two Assyrians had been sponsored by fellow countrymen living in the Kentville area. These sponsors were contacted and come to Tenecape but the accused man refused to speak even to them.

Syan Azubally was transferred to Windsor Jail. He was formally charged with murder and the trial was held during January of 1903. Syan Azubally was found guilty of murder, and was sentenced to be hanged on March 18, 1903.

A Mr. Radcliffe was the official hangman at that time and was on hand several days before the actual day of the hanging. He supervised the carpenters who erected the scaffold and supervised all other necessary work connected with the hanging.

Sheriff O'Brien of Hants County had set the hour of the execution at 8 a.m., March 18, but not wanting to have a crowd of curious public onlookers on hand, the sheriff set the hour

of hanging ahead and at 4:35 a.m. Syan Azubally walked up the steps to the gallows. He walked between two guards and displayed no emotion of any kind. It was later learned that Syan Azubally had made a full confession several days before he was hanged. Not only did he confess to murdering young Lion Lundore, he gave jealousy as the motive, as young Lundore was making more sales than the older man.

It was established that both peddlers were of the Roman Catholic faith. Father Kennedy was Azubally's spiritual advisor while he was in jail and he and Father Collins from Halifax were both with the condemned man at the last. Three minutes were spend in prayer, the hood was adjusted on Azubally's head, the trap was sprung and a few minutes later a medical advisor pronounced Syan Azubally dead.

The body of the executed man was placed in a rose-wood coffin and buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery in Windsor.

The body of 16 year old Lion Lunder was placed in a very plain wooden coffin and he was given a Christian burial by Rev. William Forbes of Noel, and buried in Moose Brook Cemetery.

The "Little Peddler's" grave is in the south east corner of Moose Brook Cemetery. From time to time fresh flowers appear on his grave attesting to the fact that Lion Lundore is remembered yet by someone.

As far as can be learned this is the only murder ever proved in the municipality of East Hants.

THE POOR POORIDGE

contributed by Reta Laffin as told by Murphy Densmore

Mr. Jake Miller and his son Ern. was living where Lou Miller lives now. Mrs. Jake Miller was in poor health and was bed fast a good deal of the time. Ern wasn't married yet so they had to have a hired girl most of the time. Mr. Dudley Densmore worked there most of the time and he was a great fuller to be saving. At this time I'm talking about Dan McKeils daughter Maude was working at Mr. Jakes. Maude was about 18 years old at the time and was a pretty poor cook I guess. Well, anyways this one morning she got up rather late and was quite sleepy. She was making porridge and got too much water in the pot, so she reached up to get what she thought was a bot of oatmeal off the shelf to thicken the porridge up and being sleepy, didn't bother to look at it too close. Well my God it was stuff kind of like what we'd call Kool Aid now. You was supposed to put it in cold water and make a cool drink for the haymakers. The worst part of it was that it was kind of a grape flavour and she dumped a good slash of her right in the porridge pot. Maude let her cook for a few minutes and by that time the porridge was as purple as hell. Well Sir she slapped three bowls down on the table in front of Mr. Jake, Ern and Dudley. Mr. Jake took a look at it and said, "My damn, Maude, what's this stuff we're having for breakfast this morning"? "Oh, she said, Jake that's porridge. "Well my damn Maude I never tasted any such porridge as this before. My damn what did you make her from? "Well now Mr. Jake, I was kind of sleepy and I grabbed the wrong box off the shelf and kind of got her mixed up by mistake, but I thought maybe it would be alright for once and nobody would notice." I guess Ern just left the porridge and ate bread and whatever else there was on the table and never said anything one way or another. About this time I guess Mr. Dudley took a good big bite of the stuff. Well Sir, he flew into Maude, "My God woman, can't you read? And for Christs sake who the hell ever heard of purple porridge. My God a man would have to have no taste at all and be color blind into the bargain to eat this stuff. I doubt if the pigs will even eat it. What a hell of a waste. Now by Jesus you just get busy and stir something else up for us in a hurry. We should be out thinning the turnips by now instead of setting in here at the table waiting for you to wake up and get some grub ready." I guess Maude got some toast and eggs underway in a hurry and got Mr. Dudley pacified, but he grumbled for days about the waste.

One day Jake Miller went to the Village of Maitland with Selly O'Brien in the mail. He went in to the Bank and done up his business there, then he walked over to Kate Foley's where he was going to get his dinner. Dinner wasn't quite ready so he went in the next room and laid down on the couch there. When the dinner was on Kate went in to call him and he was laying there stone cold dead. Must of had a heart attack I guess. Him and Grandfather used to work together in Hantsport building vessels. Mr. Jake was a great old man.

HARRY HORSE

I remember the time there was a bunch of us from out here on the Shore out to Wallaces' grist mill out in West Gore. There was me and Percy and Dudley and Ern Miller's team. Ern's horses was Harry and King, and Ern got them from Asa Laffin in Northfield. The new barn out at the grist mill had stalls for about a dozen horses. There was six on each side and a walk in between. We got there around supper time and stayed all night. Mr. Wallace always took the night shift and the son run it in the day. Well, anyways, we all got over breakfast and the teams had been fed, so we started to get hitched up and head for home. Well, the old Harry horse of Ern's used to have some kind of staggery spells and he'd get down and couldn't get to his feet. Well sir, as luck would have it Harry horse was down and couldn't get up that morning. Well Sir, Dudley grabbed Harry horse by the halter and sung out for him to come on, Harry horse just laid there and rolled his eye at Dudley.

By God, Dudley said, Now look a here, I've just got to get this Harry horse on his feet and get started for the Shore. My God Ern's expecting us home by noon time. Well Dudley kind of struggled with Harry horse and did a fair bit of cursing, but Harry wasn't even trying. The rest of us just kind of laughed at him, so Dudley said, By Jesus, I know how to get him on his feet. Look I'll just chop the God damned staff right down and he'll have lots of room to get up in then. Well Sir, Dudley made back up the path to the wood pile we'd passed on the way down, and he grabbed the axe that was there. He came back down to the barn and made into the planks on the side of the stall. Boys, he was swinging right and left, cutting hell out of the fine new ten inch planks on the side of Mr. Wallaces' new stall, and turning the air blue with curses. He had 4 or 5 planks destroyed when we heard Mr. Wallace yell; "Densmore, what the devil do you think you're doing? Dudley said, Why, by God, it should be pretty plain to you, I'm cutting this damn stall down so Harry horse can get to his feet. Ern Miller is expecting me home at noon time, and I've got a ways to go. I've got to get under way right away. Well Mr. Wallace was getting quite mad by this time, so he said, Look Densmore, that's 6 or 8 good planks you've ruined, and I had to pay a good price for them, now don't you lay that axe to another one of them. By the looks of things there's enough of you here looking on and snickering to lift that no good horse to his feet. Don't lay that axe to her again. Well Sir, Dudley said come on boys, I guess I can't chop Harry out, so I guess we'll have to lift him up. Well, Dud got Harry by the halter and we all got set to lift, and Dud sung out, COME ON HARRY! and Harry got up. He was kind of staggery for a while, but Dudley got the harness on him and King and loaded up ready to start.

Somebody in the crowd said, "by heavens Densmore, you'll never get that horse to the Shore, he'll fall over on you before you get to Kennetcook. Look a here Mister, Dudley said, "there ain't a damn horse here in the whole bunch that can shake a leg with Harry horse once we get under way. Harry always was a great walker for a short way but he couldn't keep it up for long. Anyway Dudley finally got loaded and started for home. There was five or six teams strung out all headed through the Bennery Road. Dud started out at a good brisk walk. I was third in the line up and Mr. Dudley was fifth. Well we had only gone a short way when Dudley pulled Harry and King out and passed me. Before we got through the Bennery Road he had passed every damn team in the lot. Somebody said, Boy, we'll never see Densmore again today. I said, "unless I miss my guess we'll see Harry horse and Dudley before we strike Kennetcook Corner. Sure enough, about half way between the end of the Bennery Road and Kennetcook corner we come up to Dudley and his horses. He was stopped giving them their wind. Some in the bunch passed him, but we all stopped at the hotel in Kennetcook for dinner. Of course Dudley wouldn't stop and dinner, cause he said Ern Miller was expecting him at noon.

TUPPER

Morris Densmore had a horse named Tupper one time, and he always said that Tupper was the best horse he ever had. Tupper was a big dark bay and as mean as the devil to the cows in the pasture with him. He was all the time nipping and biting them, and running the hell out of them in the pasture. Well Sir, one time he bit one of Morris' cows right through that cord on the back of her neck and she dropped dead right there. After that Morris never let Tupper out in the pasture again... Kept him tied up in the barn and fed him there while ever he lived. Morris always said that he made the fastest trip to Halifax and back with Tupper that he ever made.

It was just before farming time in the spring of the year, and Morris had some lambs killed, and some veal calves killed, and his wife Raine had quite a supply of homemade butter on hand to sell in Halifax. Of course this was before there was a Creamery in Selma, and no cars or half ton trucks in East Noel, so everybody that had trade in Halifax went in by horse and market wagon.

Well Sir, Morris got his wagon loaded the night before, and he left for Halifax around 1:00 a.m. He had Tupper in the Market wagon and made real good time going in to the city. He made it clear in to the city and got rid of his load by afternoon. He had planned to come out as far as Twelve Mile house and stay the night there and come on home the next day. Well sir, he had bought a gallon jug of rum and took a swig or two of it, and by the time he came to Twelve Mile house Tupper was going good and strong, and Mr. Morris was feeling no pain either, so he just gave Tupper his head and kept right on. Morris said he tied the reins to the whip socket of the market wagon, and he took a swig or two from the jug and climbed over the seat and lay down in the back of the market wagon. He covered himself up with the buffalo robe and dropped off to sleep, and when the wagon stopped he woke up. Tupper had pulled in to Barrets' in Beaverbank where Morris sometimes stayed. Morris unhitched Tupper and fed him and spend what was left of the night there and came on home in the morning. He got to East Noel around noon time..... I guess that's the best time anyone ever made from East Noel to Halifax and back in a market wagon and one horse.

THE GRIST MILL AT WEST GORE

I remember when I was quite young going out to the grist mill at West Gore to get the grain ground. Boys, it was a great adventure in them days. You hitched the team to the market wagon or express wagon. Usually you loaded 15 to 20 bushel to a load but some people took up to 25 or 30 bushel on. The mill was at the West Gore corner where the Bendry Road comes through from the River Road. It was owned at that time by a Mr. Wallace and he kept it running 24 hours a day. His son run it in the day time and the old man run her at night. Later Mr. Wallace sold it to someone from Milford but I was only there when it was run by the Wallace's. It was powered by an engine. I don't know if it was gas or kerosene it run on. The people from the Shore usually hitched up and loaded and started out for the grist mill right after dinner and got out there at about 4:30 or 5:00 p.m. We always went down the River and through the Bendry Road. I guess it was shorter. Anyway, the Wallace family always gave you supper and put you up for the night and gave you breakfast but you had to take hay and oats to feed your team. Mr. Wallace built the barn a purpose to hold the horses overnight. I think it held 12 horses and some nights it was full. Since the mill was running all night your grist would be ground by morning and you'd load up and leave right after breakfast. I always wondered why they didn't charge a person for the 2 meals and the bed at night. It seems to me it would cost a lot to feed everyone and they always set a good table. It took about 6 bushel of wheat to grind a barrel of flour. A barrel of flour was about 190 pounds. Mr. Wallace said he could always tell wheat that was grown on the Shore here because it was better quality when that from out back. I don't know if this was right or not.

STORIES MY UNCLE MURPHY TOLD ME

In the late eighteen hundreds Shad Creek Farm in East Noel was just about the biggest farm between the villages of Walton and Shubenacadie. It was named after the little creek that runs along the east boundary. At this time it was made up of eleven hundred and forty-five acres. Seventeen acres was salt marsh, the rest was in woodland and cleared land. The three Densmore brothers, Ben, Frank and Joe owned and ran it with the help of their sister Lydia. The men were tall, rawboned, hairy men, and Lydia stood six feet tall and weighed over two-hundred pounds. The three men were always called the "Shad Crick" boys and the name Densmore was all but dropped from their names. They were known simply as the "Shad Crick" boys, Ben, Joe and Frank. Their sister, Lydia had been to the United States and had married a man named Mr. Gault, because of this she was called Liddy Gall. There was another sister called Tishie (probably Letteta) and she was Currie Densmore's mother.

The Shad Crick boys were good farmers...they kept at least four pair of working oxen at all times...they ran about ninety head of beef and dairy cattle, a big herd for these parts at that time. Ben and Frank always called their brother Joe "the little fellow" because he was the youngest and smallest of the three. He weighed only two-hundred and thirty-five pounds. Ben, the oldest brother, weighed two-hundred and sixty five, while Frank was about two-hundred and fifty. All three were very good farmers. Besides their crop of table vegetables they grew big fields of oats to use for feed for their stock. There was a crop of corn and a big field of turnips for the stock's winter feed also. This wheat was ground into flour at Lige Densmore's water mill at East Noel corner.

Grandfather told about the time a Mr. Levi Dixon from Five Mile River came through to get a cow from the Shad Crick people. Dixon came on foot down the River road and out through Northfield, arriving at the Shad Crick Farm in the late forenoon. In his hand he carried a short piece of rope. It was in the spring of the year and Joe and Frank had two teams of oxen down below the road harrowing. Ben happened to be up at the barn repairing something. Mr. Dixon told Ben that he'd like to get a milking cow from him. He said that he owned a small place out on the river, he was married and had two small children. He said, "Now look Mr. Densmore, you have never seen me before in your life. You don't know a thing about me, and I haven't got a cent of money nor won't have any for a year, but I'd like a cow from you". Ben thought it over for a minute and then he said, "Well do you have enough hay to see a cow through the winter?" Dixon replied, "Yes, I have lots of hay and a pretty good barn". Ben then said, "Well you've got a wife and two children so you need a cow, we'll just go across the brook and you can have your pick - any cow you want." Well, they went over to the pasture and got the cow that Dixon picked out and corralled her. Dixon got the halter on her, and promised Ben he would return to pay him in a year's time. Ben said, "Now look, Mr. Dixon, it's high noon and you have a long hike

through Northfield with this cow so you'd just better haul in for dinner with us." Of course Liddy had a good amount of food prepared as they were all good feeders, so young Dixon pulled in to the Shad Crick dinner table and had a good fill-up then set out to lead his cow to the River....A few days later after that a Mr. Nat Densmore who lived out on the "Point" came to Shad Creek. He said, "Look here Ben Shad Crick what's this I hear about you selling a cow to a Dixon from Five Mile River and you got no money for it. Now I wanted to buy a cow from you only a month ago and I had cash money to pay for it. Now you wouldn't sell one to me. Tell me how come you'd sell one to a stranger for no money? Ben was never one to hurry, so he thought for a minute and then he said, "Now look here Nat Densmore, you've got lots of cows, and you've got money in your pocket to buy more and pretty nearly anybody would sell you a cow. Now young Dixon had neither cows or money, and he had a wife and kids that needed milk, and not too many people would sell him a cow, so I did." Well sir, Nat Densmore was in a rage, and he said, "Ben Shad Crick, you're a fool, I hope to God you never get a cent for that cow." Ben waited a minute then replied, "Now don't you worry Nat Densmore, that woman and kids need the milk, and young Dixon looked like an honest man, and I'll live O.K. even if I never hear from him again." Nat Densmore stormed away and wasn't too good a friend with Ben Shad Crick for a while. Grandfather remembered seeing Mr. Levi Dixon walking up to Shad Crick farm exactly one year later. He paid Ben Shad Crick for the cow. The price of a cow at the time was exactly NINE dollars. Levi Dixon never forgot how Ben Shad Crick had helped him out and always said he would help any young person out if he could.

In them days the people were always trying to get more land cleared, and they used to have "Rolling Frolicks". This was when they'd go and cut a lot of trees down to clear up for a field. They didn't limb them or anything, they just cut them and put them in piles or windrows, and waited for them to get dry enough to burn. There was a scandalous amount of timber burnt this way. When the trees were dry enough to burn good, the men would all gather to roll or pile the trees up for the fire. They always waited for the Shad Crick Boys to roll or lift the biggest trees, because they were a lot stronger than most men. After the trees were burned the stumps would rot and then they would break the land up. For breaking they used one or two teams of oxen on the breaking plows.

WORKING DAYS

Of course I had worked around home and helping my brother Roy, and had hauled wood and maybe plowed or harrowed for the neighbours, but the first working out I ever did, that's a regular job was for Paul Brown. I guess I was about 17 years old at the time I got my first job. Paul Brown was a lumberman, and at this time I'm talking about he had a mill.

My job was trimming the lumber. I stayed there all week, slept in the mill camp and ate at the cook camp. Of course at that time you worked a full six days a week. There was no such thing as a five day week. Well anyways I came home on Saturday night and went back on Sunday. I got the sum of Twenty-two dollars a month also my board and a place to sleep. I got straight time so didn't lose any days to bad weather. People now a days think that's not very much money, but boys, let me tell you that was damn good wages at that time. Lots of men was working for a lot less.

The next feller I worked for was a Chapman from Truro way. He logged in Burntcoat and in back of Simon McCullochs' on the Joel lot, then I think he moved up to Selma. I drove one of his teams and hauled the lumber from the mill out by Millers'. It was all shipped by boat at that time, so I hauled it to the Shore and it went from there. For this job I got one dollar a day.

The next fellow I was employed by was a Mr. Fred Anthony from Selma. He had a fine lumber mill where the Park is now. The first time I worked for him I rolled on the brow and boarded at the house right there. The second time I worked for him I had my own team and hauled logs from the Point woods to the East Noel millpond.

In the year of 1918, a Mr. Joe MacDonald had a lumber operation going on the Miller property. I was driving my own team that time too. I know I hauled the logs out to the foot of the Neilin Hill, that's right near Letties brook. I remember that Lawson Main was working there too. He was browng logs.

In the winter of 1924 and 1925, I worked for Henry Emery. The mill was in back of Anthonys' in Selma. We went in past where the John Lawrence house is now, crossed Mungo Brook to reach the camp. This was the only woods camp that I ever knew to be boarded and shingled. I drove my own team of horses that winter. Mr. Emery fed me and my horses, but I had to buy any horseshoes I needed. At that time I got \$45.00 a month. I hauled the lumber from the mill out to be shipped by boat. The wharf was where the present camp ground is.

I remember one winter that Joe Barron was logging in on the Allison Ettinger property. That's down handy White Settlement. Creel MacAskill had a mill in there at the same time. There was camps in there that we all stayed in. I chopped in the woods the first fortnight I was there. Somebody left and that made them shy of a snig horse for a pair of choppers. Allison Ettinger had a horse

there, but it was hellish rash. Nervous sort of thing. Well anyway Joe Barron got to wanting Allison to let the horse go for a snig horse, and finally Allison said, "Now look here, that horse is hellish rash, and I don't want him spoiled. ~~There's only one man here that I'd let drive~~ it and that's Murphy Densmore. So that's how I got to be the snig teamster that winter. I stayed right on there until the spring break up. Mr. Will White had a contract to get the lumber out to the railroad. He got paid by the thousand. The lumber went out the Ettinger Road to Rines' Siding and was shipped by flat car. I remember too that Rollie Barron drove his father's team in there that winter.

For a good long time after that winter I just stayed at home and farmed. Well it was pretty hard to get away. Mother was home of course, and somethimes Everett, but he wasn't too well and mother and Grandmother to look after, so I was sort of tied there. I had a quite a few cows then and farmed a bit. I sold cream.

In the fall of 1942 mother had passed away and I got a chance to go up to Cooks Brook to work in the woods for a man named Mr. Ed Kerr. I got Bob and Gertie Kitchen from Noel to move up to my place and tend my cows. There was quite a bunch from down around home up there. Let me see now...there was me and Whit Neil, George Beattie, Percy Densmore and his son Raymond, and Sam Densmore and Ervins boy Eldridge. I drove the snig horse all that winter. I remember we went in the woods the day after Christmas and got home the first day of April. I remember Ed Kerr had a small mill at Cooks Brook and there was a big stationary mill at Shubenacadie. The camp was only a short piece in the woods so we got out around the settlement quite a bit. We always tended all the dances held in the Cooks Brook hall. There used to be lots of pie sales at the dances. There was a pretty fair sized lake up back, and on Saturday we quit early, about 4 p.m. and tended the horses and suppered. Then we was ready to go skating. There was two school teachers boarding nearby and they used to go skating with us. It seems it usually fell to me and Sam to stop a Burt Tayes and get a hand sled load of dry wood to start a bonfire at the lake. We'd get the dry wood there and then cut some green wood and get a good fire going. I remember one night Allen broke the handle out of the axe we'd borrowed. I remember one night Whit borrowed a pair of skates from Freddie Miller of Stewiacke. Well sir, they was too small and as Whit was wearing two pair of socks he had to strip one pair off to get the skates on. Well sir, when he was done skating and dressed his feet to go back to camp he had lost one sock. Well, by God we all hunted the better part of ten minutes and nobody found the sock. Whit was kind of put out about it cause he thought somebody had stole his good wool sock or hid it for a joke. Well, we all got back to the camp and was getting our feet stripped for the night, and by god, there was Whit's missing sock... He had put three socks on one foot and only one on the other. Mrs. Ettinger from George field (Frank Ettinger's mother) was the cook in there. Ralph Mitchell in there was after a Newman girl pretty sharp right about this time. He married the same girl a while

after....Well anyways, one night at one of the pie sales I got this Newman girls' pie. Boys, Ralph right over to me and says, "now look here Densmore I want that pie you got. That's my girls pie and she had it marked for me to buy, and my God I got mixed up and bought the wrong one." He had bought Freda Tayes Pie. Well anyways, he was in quite a way about it, and he wanted to give me Freda's pie and \$2.00 to boot if I'd trade. Well I traded, but I didn't take any money just a square shift. I remember it was an apple pie. She was a pretty fair cook and had no boy friend at the time so I took her home after the dance.

Grandfather's name was Allan Densmore but he was generally called Big Allan to distinguish him from his next-door neighbour Allen Neil. Big Allan was born in 1829 and died in 1920 at the age of 91. At the time of his death his mind was clear and he had every tooth in his head, he had very few gray hairs too. He was a master carpenter and when he was young used to go up to Cape Cod in the states to work at the shipbuilding trade. He came home about once a year. He always carried his big carpenter's chest of tools with him and once when he came home there wasn't room for the carpenter's chest in the wagon down from Shubenacadie. The mail driver told him to leave the chest and he'd bring it the next day. Big Allan said, "Me and my tools don't part company," so he shouldered the chest and walked from Shubenacadie home. Once while he was working at Cape Cod he got some pretty panes of glass from an old sea captain - he called them "ruby glass" and they were a dark red. There was 2 panes and grandfather packed them in shavings and crated them up and brought them home. He built a nice front door for the house and put the two panes of ruby glass in it. The door and ruby glass panes are still there today for anyone to see. I have to keep the storm door shut most of the time as I'm afraid the kids might get down and break the glass when I'm not there. The old sea captain had got the red glass in India and came around the Cape of Good Hope in a gale. He said he had quite a time keeping it safe as it was a long rough trip in a sailing ship. I don't know if he had any more than the 2 panes aboard or not - or what grandfather had to pay for it.

JOE VITCH

Well now, I must tell you the story of Joe Vitch. I can remember well when Mr. Joe Vitch landed in East Noel. He was an Englishman, but was growed up before he left England. ~~Oh, he must have been 20 years old when he left England and~~ come out here to the colonies as he called it. He didn't have any trade that I know of but he'd take a chance at any job and claim he knew how to do it. He didn't seem to have a knack of doing anything but boy it didn't stop him. There was a bunch from down here working for Robie McDonald, he was a Lumberman - anyways - they was hauling lumber from Mill Village to Shubenacadie to go on the train to be shipped. There was quite a bunch from down here - I don't remember who all - let's see now there was Maxie Densmore, Burt Nick, Addison Anthony, and Norman Neil that I can recall, and oh yes, there was Vincent Neil, he was the cook at the camp in Mill Village. Well sir, Mr. Joe Vitch showed up one day and hired on to drive team for Robie McDonald.

Why the man didn't even know how to harness a team let alone drive one. But the men helped him harness up a few times, 'til he caught on. Well when the job was finished there Joe came home with Burt Nick at the corner. It was real early in the spring and in a few days he hired on with Paul Brown to work in a mill in back of Joel Hine's in Noel Shore. The Lumber that came out from that mill was piled in Miller's field.

Graham and Albert Neil was working there too in the Mill and when the cut was finished Joe Vitch just came home with them. Their mother Pricilla was widow at the time. There was quite a large family of them but Joe stayed on picking up a few days work here and there during the summer. At that time most everybody raised a pig in the summer for their winter meat and killed them after it got cold in the fall so that the meat would keep. If a warm spell of weather set in they would have to salt the meat to keep it. Well, anyways Pricilla had a nice pig for the winter and one day in the late fall she said "come now boys. This is the day we will kill the pig. Graham you get the big iron pot and heat the water. Albert you go and get someone to help you fellers." Well I guess Joe had never seen a pig scalded and scraped. I guess he thought you could just kill them and skin them. Anyways he said, "My God Mrs. Neil you don't need any help just to kill a pig. But Pricilla sent Albert off to get a neighbour to help. At that time the men always exchanged help. You'd help your neighbour to kill his pig and he'd come back and help you. Well anyways Albert went to look up someone to help them and Graham got the big iron pot set over the fire to heat up, so Pricilla sent Mr. Joe Vitch out to the Grindstone to sharpen the butcher knives. She had a devil of a big butcher knife made from a sword or something. Well, Mr. Joe got a good edge on the knives and was standing around waiting for Albert to come back. It was always the custom here to knock the pigs on

the head and then cut the juglar vein. I don't know what the custom was in England for slaughtering pigs, but it must have been different from ours. While he was waiting Mr. Joe Vitch took a walk over to the pig pen. With the knife in his hand, of course the pig was used to getting fed all the table scraps and was very tame so it jumped its front feet up on the rail of the pig yard looking for something to eat. Well sir, Joe just grabbed it by the ear with his left hand and with the other holding the big knife he just wacked the pigs head right slick and clean off. With one stroke...right through the backbone and all, and went walking up to the house carrying the pig head dripping blood and said, "here Mrs. Pricilla just go ahead now and make your potted head. Boy, Pricilla was in some rage at him. She sure read the riot act off to Mr. Joe Vitch for a few minutes. He left East Noel soon after that and went out to Kennetcook River to live with some other English people that lived out there. One was a Mr. Noble that used to go around here selling clothes and I don't rightly know what happened to Joe Vitch after that."

BILLY AND NOAH

Before my time what I called the Miller place and Joel Hines' place used to be all one and belonged to a man called Mr. Billy Densmore. It was 540 acres. He was a good farmer and lived on the Jole place. He had two sons and I don't remember what the one was called, but the one I remember about was named Noah., but everyone always called him Noee. Well Sir, when Noee reached the age of 22 he convinced his father Mr. Billy to make the place over to him and he'd make a fortune working it. Well somehow he got the old man convinced, and Mr. Billy made it all over to Noee....Lock, stock and barrel, she was all Noees'. Mr. Billy had quite a stock on at the time he made it over to Noee so I guess Mr. Noee thought he was a real rich dude, anyway he wouldn't turn a hand to work at all. He hired it all done. Well of course at that rate it didn't take Mr. Noee long to run out of money, so he started selling stock off, a few at a time. Noee always drove a nice trappy looking bay mare and a fancy driving buggy. At that time he used to start out sometimes in the morning for Kennetcook River and maybe not get home for a week....maybe he'd go clean to the the town of Windsor for a visit. Well Sir, it wasn't long before poor old Billy's money and stock was both gone, and Noee took to borrowing.

I don't know who all he borrowed from, but I remember them saying he borrowed from Milton O'Brien (Dr. Addisons' father) until he wouldn't lend him anymore, so then he went to Jimmy Robin Faulkner. Now Jimmy Robin was a money lender and at that time he used to hold a lot of mortgages, all along the Shore and out back around Kennetcook River. He was a shrewd feller. Well anyway he lent Noee whatever it was he wanted and took a mortgage, and by heavens it wasn't long 'til Mr. Noee was back to get some more money from Jimmy Robin Faulkner. Well Sir, Jimmy Robin Faulkner said; "no sir Noee Densmore, I won't lend you another cent, why my god man, you've never paid me back a cent you borrowed before. In fact you've never even met the interest, and unless you do right away I'm going to sell you out.

Well Sir, Noee said "hell Jimming Robin Faulkner, I don't owe you that much, why my God man I can get money any number of places. Well sir, by that time Noee couldn't find anyone that would lend him any money because everybody around here that had any ready money had heard about Noee and no one would let him have a cent.

Well anyways, Jimmy Robin foreclosed. He advertised a Sheriff sale in the papers...Of course that was only the land and the house and buildings on the Joley lot, cause Noee had sold off all the stock...anyways he advertised a Sheriff Sale in the papers and sold Noee out.

Of Course this put poor old Mr. Billy Densmore out of house and home. Poor old feller was quite old and no place to go. Well one day right after this happened the men were all up to Gilmore McLellans' (that's this present Gilmores grandfather) they kept the post office there. There was quite a bunch of them there waiting for the mail. Lets see, there was Captain Levi Densmore and Davey McLellan (Colin's father) Hughie Main and Ike Main and oh god, I can't remember who all, anyways they was saying how it was a devil of a thing, poor old Mr. Billy Densmore would have to go to the poor farm. They was saying he had always been a good man and worked hard all his life, and now to end up this way. Well sir, when Captain Levi got home he still had it on his mind, and he was telling them about it at home, and he said; "you know it's a shame, that cursed Noee deserves to be shot, doing the likes of that to his own father. That's a devil of a trick; well sir, Capt. Levis' boys Fred and Albert was there taking it all in, so Fred thought by Lord I'll do everybody a good turn and shoot Noee Densmore. Fred was about 16 years old at that time. Well sir, he gathered up the long 12 gauge shot gun and started off down the road. No one at home knew what he was up to and he got clear down to Isaac Main's place (he lived where Elmer Densmore lives now).

Well, Isaac saw young Fred coming down the road with the 12 gauge, and it was the custom then to come out and inquire where your neighbour was going when you saw him coming, so he said, "and where are you heading with the 12 gauge Fred?

Well sir, Fred said I'm just on my way down the road to find Noee Densmore and shoot him. He's no damn good and he's put his poor old father out of doors and now they say poor old Mr. Billy will have to end his days in the poor farm. I heard my father say that Noee should be shot so I'm off to do it. My God Fred, Ike said, why you can't do that, why they'll hang you or send you up the line for a good long stretch. Lord boy that's a crime, you just take the long 12 gauge and go back home. Fred said, now are you sure Mr. Main? You know I heard the men talking and I'm sure they thought it would be a fine thing to have Noee done away with, God, I even remember one of them saying there should be a bounty on the likes of him, just like when you shoot a bear. Anyways, Mr. Ike Main persuaded Fred to go back home with the long 12 gauge. The people in Noel Shore felt so bad about Mr. Billy they all go together and put him up a small house of his own so he wouldn't have to end his days in the poor farm. It was just west of the Ern Main's house, between there and the marsh, and Mr. Billy ended his days there. There is quite a grove of trees there today where Mr. Billy's house was. Noee went to East Noel around the Point Road and had a small house just about opposite Howard Densmore's place. Noee ended his days there. Noee's wife had died quite young and he had a son named Ike and Noee grew him up alone. He was always known as Noee's Ike.

At that time.....maybe it's the same today, but when you sold someone out at a Sheriff sale you had to advertise it in so many papers. Well anyway Jimmy Robin had advertised Noah's place in the papers like he was supposed to and by gosh a fellow by the name of Jim Murphy from Little Dyke on the other side of the Bay saw it, and he came over and paid off the mortgage and moved right over. At this time it was still all one property, Joley's and the Miller place. There was quite a sized house on Joel's place, but nothing on Millers yet. Well, there was quite a big farm so Jim Murphy's friend name of Martin Morrison, also from Little Dyke come over and wanted to buy half of it. Jim Murphy wanted to sell him the west half of it next to the Shad Crick property but there was no house or out buildings on it, so Morrison persuaded him to sell the Joley place. Well since there was a big house there and none on the other property, by gosh Jim Murphy had to rent half of Martin Morrison's house until he could get logs cut and sawed to build with. He built what was later the Ern Miller house. He didn't have a cellar but just set it on posts, but it was quite a nice house. New house and all I guess he didn't take to farming too much and in less than another year he pulled up stakes and headed back to Little Dyke. About this time Mr. Jake Miller from North Woods was working at the ship yards in either Noel or Selma (he was old man Hennigar Miller's son) and in the fall he planned to marry Maggie ^{the Miller} MacPherson from Rawdon....she was a school teacher...well anyway old man Hennigar was giving his farm in Northfield to his son young Hennigar...Jake's brother, so Jake needed a place and his father bought the farm from Martin Morrison for him and that's why it's called the Miller place today.

Maggie MacPherson (Margaret Jane).

CHARLIE HENNIGAR

His right name was Charlie Hennigar and he was born out on Kennetcook River. His father was Christian Hennigar. Everybody called him either "Big Charlie" or "Hang". When he was a young man a lot of young men from around here went out west or to the States to make their fortunes. I think Big Charlie went first to California and after a while there in the gold fields he got strayed up to Seattle. He met and married his first wife in Seattle, her given name was Seales or Searles. She was from a quite a-well-to-do family. Her father owned a shipyard or dockyard as some people called it. Her and Charlie had 2 children, the oldest was a boy named after Charlie's father and quite a few years later a girl they called Mable. Anyway, the mother, Eva, died a little while after Mable was born. It was customary in them times for the grandparents to raise a baby left without a mother, so Mable's grandparents just took her more or less as their own child. Well, Charlie was so discontented after he lost his wife that he sold his shares on the shipyard and brought his boy Chris and came back to Kennetcook River. Him and the boy stayed with his sister Kate Miller for a spell but he was still uneasy, so he came out and bought a farm in at the further end of the "Point" in East Noel. He always seemed to have lots of money, and it was always gold coins that he used to pay for everything. Grandfather said he used to dress up in a fine black broadcloth suit, white shirt, black string tie with a diamond stickpin, patent leather boots, black top hat and he carried a gold topped walking cane. He built a big house in at the "Point" and on New Year's Day I think it was in 1900 he married Mattie Mosher. When he was first getting settled in on the "Point" he had bought a nice matched team of heavy work horses named Scott and George, a new harness for the team, a new team wagon, a new market wagon, a new driving mare called Babe complete with a new driving harness and top buggy, a new plow called at this time The Farmer's Friend and 3 or 4 thousand feet of rough lumber. They said it was quite a sight to see, him coming down the shore with all this stuff. Of course at that time the bridges were only made of poles laid across stringers.

When he returned to the "Point" he had spend 18 hundred and 90 dollars, all paid for in gold coins. Him and Mattie had 2 boys, Lawrence and Stanley. Everyone always called Stanley "Buster" and Lawrence died young. Of course at that time there wasn't very many doctors and I don't know if it was a knot in the bowel that took him or appendix. During this time I guess Big Charlie got to work thinking about the little girl he had left in Seattle, and one day he just up and left and went to see her. Of course by this time he was a complete stranger to her and as her mother's parents had always kept her she thought of them as her parents. I guess by law "Big Charlie" would have the right to claim her but by gosh her grandparents wouldn't give her to him. One day after he had been there for a while he asked them if he could have

Mable to himself for the whole day before he left to come back east. Well they thought about it for a while and decided to let him take her for the day. He told later how he took her to the finest department store in Seattle and got a woman clerk to help him. First of all, he bought a fine big trunk, then he just had the woman fill it right to the top with everything a little girl would need in the line of clothes. He told the woman he wanted the finest that money could buy, both for winter and summer. When she had it right full he locked it and got a man to take it to the train station for him and then he took the little girl and boarded the train for Vancouver. He knew it would only be a matter of time until the grandparents would suspect what was up, so decided not to head straight east. He went by rail to Vancouver then took a boat to someplace in the north country, anyways after a while he ended up in a place called Whitehorse. It must have been some place inland because at one time he travelled by stagecoach. I never knew if the grandparents searched for the little girl or not, anyway I don't think they could have made him bring her back because she was his own child. It's kind of funny to be kidnapping your own child. Anyway, after a time he arrived back on the "Point" with Mable. I guess he had an awful time with her, she was scared of him at first and kicked and howled a good bit of the way home at first. Anyway, he now had all his family together, Chris and Mable from his first marriage and Lawrence and Buster from the second marriage. Jos second wife didn't live too long and I think it was in 1912 he married Lena Ettinger from out to the River. From this marriage he had four children, "Little Charlie", Mosher, Westley, and one named Isaac that didn't live long. When Mable grew up she went to school and got to be a teacher. She married Arthur Underwood and went right back out to Seattle where she had been born. She was quick to learn and now in Seattle she got to be a lawyer. I don't think she ever came back east. Chris too went west but he stayed in Canada and married out around Red River. The farm that Big Charlie had out on the Point is now run by his youngest son Westley. Big Charlie was a big man. He stood over 6 feet tall and in his younger days he could handle himself with the best of them. He was pretty rough in his talk, but was a good man.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD SHUBENACADIE

contributed by Audrey Scott

Mrs. S. told me of the 2 hotels in Shubenacadie - the American Hotel (later the Buffalo) and the Sherman Hotel; and how the bell hops would vie with one another to get customers from the travellers on the trains when we had a good station and all the trains stopped.

The Sherman Hotel burned down in 1930. Mr. S. told me about the time the truck transporting the circus animals tipped over in Shubenacadie East near the river, and while the truck was being righted the elephants, about 6 of them, were paraded through the village. A pity one was not left at the Wild Life Park.

Mrs. E. told me of the fire at Logans factory where they built wagons and carriages - the wagons were the best in N.S. and were used for milk delivery in Halifax. The fire broke out after working hours in 1929 and nobody was hurt.

There used to be 6 wood mills - maybe 7 near Shubenacadie and the lumber was taken to Halifax by rail so Shubenacadie station was a busy place.

Mrs. E. also told me of Landor, which is now Stewiacke East, and the mail was delivered twice a week by horse and buggy, or sleigh in the winter. The mail bag was taken to her father's farm where they sorted it on the kitchen table and pigeon holed it. The old men, some bearded, would sit around yarning and smoking their pipes and waiting for the mail and papers.

They would often have music in the evenings when someone brought a fiddle, and would always play by ear, and they step danced in the kitchen. There would be a lot of good humour and good eating.

Mr. W. told me that not everyone was perfect in Shubenacadie. There was Mr. H. who was caught with "moonshine" and he and another were sent to Dorchester gaol. Mr. W. was driving by and saw them working in a field and they came over and talked for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and no-one worried that they might escape.

Mrs. Mc. told me of the great fire at Reid's Store in 1944 which burned the whole block in the centre of Shubie. The firemen fought the fire, but the store was wrecked.

Mr. Mc. reminded me of the story of the Great Bank Robbery in 1931 when a Boutilier was on parole and acted as an informer for the police. He came with the 2 bank robbers, having tipped off the police, and the police were to be waiting. First the robbers

decided to go up Gays River Road for a drink and Boutilier put the car in the ditch - probably on purpose, and Mr. Fred Etter kindly came and pulled it out with his team of horses. When they reached the Bank the police were waiting and shots were fired and one robber was killed and Boutilier was wounded. It was all a rather bad set-up.

Mr. McP told me about the old covered bridge across the river which they decided to remove and replace in 1919. Mr. Ken Miller, a large man, said he knew there was a king pin, and he went with a sledge hammer to knock it out. He was successful, and the bridge collapsed and he fell on the ice. The men rushed to carry his body to the old funeral parlor, or coffin shop, and thought as it was an accident a doctor should pronounce him dead. When the doctor came and prodded Ken, up he got and he felt fine. He was concussed but not deceased.

It is not only Edmonton which has tornadoes. In 1935 on a Sunday a twister hit the ground down Gays River road and demolished Mr. Moore's barn and pieces of debris were blown all over the place. It touched down on the marsh too but did no further damage.

I hope these stories will bring back memories of some of the Good Old Days.

EARLY MEMORY

contributed by Fred Roy

One of my earliest memories had to do with aircraft - not flying in one - that was far in the future - at the end of 1914-18 war a number of lighter - then - air craft were produced - Germany had produced some which attempted to bomb London I believe. However, it must have been 1919 or 1920 when the British dirigible - The R-34 - made a cross ocean trip - just for the benefit of people in the Maitland shore area - Everyone had a similar experience - they all said it went right over our house; it did - it went right over our old barn - I remember that it seemed a tremendous size and the motors made quite a hum. We were at lunch; I think I still occupied the highchair and could command a partial view of the village - My Dad said "is that a car in the village, Fred". (They were something of a novelty) - but no car. So we streamed out our verandah door onto the lawn, and the huge shape was over us. Dad immediately realized what it was, as the newspaper had mentioned the R-34's trip to New York; but we hardly expected it to treat our locality to such a sight.

One other event connected with air travel also sticks in my mind. After Charles Lindberg made himself so famous by his solo flight from the U.S. to France - a number of others seemed anxious to try the trip. Among others there were two men in a plane started their trip but apparently had trouble and came down on an island at the northern tip of Newfoundland. The U.S. Air Force apparently were called into rescue them and two quite seasoned pilots were sent up in two amphibian planes to rescue them. Apparently they found too much fog beyond the end of the Bay, and after making several circles around our old school house they landed in the mouth of the river. They disrupted classes a bit at school that morning - I suspect this was about 1928 when my age group were rather excited about airplanes(or cars). After waiting a while, apparently the pilots considered the weather to be clearing, so one revved up his motor and took a big swing into the air - off to the east. The second started to follow suit - apparently his warm up swing was a little further to the west - and he was stuck; a little more throttle only stuck him more firmly. He opened his cockpit door and realized that the sand flat had him secure. It wasn't long until he had a number of friends around him as the tide was creeping up the flat very quickly. In a short time the plane was sitting on dry land. As I remember, Ab Annans father directed the operation of getting the plane under way - holes were dug and the wheels of the amphibian were dropped down - so rocking by the helpers got the wheels up on level flat - a number checked the flat for any soft spots - there were none - the plane made its run on dry land and took off to the East. I believe Mr. Annand heard from the flier later - and I believe he had a pretty brass anchor for a souvenir - hanging in the garage for some time. I don't think school attendance was very good that day, but I don't remember being punished for absenteeism.

HISTORICAL LANTZ

submitted by Muriel Purvis
written by Roxy Miller

Lantz, a small community in eastern Hants County, lies on the border between Hants and Halifax counties. Midway between Halifax and Truro, Lantz lies on the 45th parallel which puts it exactly halfway between the equator and the North Pole.

Lantz has its beginnings dating back to 400 million years ago. A great inland sea covered most of what is now Lantz, Milford and Dutch Settlement. Water could enter this sea during high tides, but it could not escape. Between these exceptionally high tides, water would evaporate, precipitating salts which would settle to the bottom. This accumulation of salts resulted in the gypsum evident at Milford and Lantz.

Approximately 15 million years ago, during the glacier age, a large sheet of ice covered all of Nova Scotia. These masses of ice pushed large amounts of earth like bulldozers as they progressed forward. When temperature change in the earth's atmosphere forced these glaciers to melt, large amounts of water were made. This water formed lakes and rivers in the hollows and valleys they had scoured. Lantz was the site of a glacial lake in which mud and silt in the water settled to the bottom. This thickness of sediment is responsible for the clay deposit from which Lantz is practically total dependent.

The land was granted to Richard Gibbon and Dr. John Marshall on June 2, 1785. This land was granted on condition it be settled and it was to a certain extent. By 1890 - 18 homes were established in the community which at that time had no name.

The first residents seem to have been Greens and Woodworths. Other family names included Keyes, Isenor, Miller, Carroll, Cook, MacDonald, Hennigar and Hines.

In 1891, three Lantz brothers (Croft, Harvey and Dick) who were originally from Lunenburg County, came to Lantz from Milford which was a lumbering community. They cut a road through the wilderness from the old Truro road to Lantz which was named after them. This road became part of the main highway between Halifax and Truro. In 1899, these brothers cleared a site and started the first power plant to manufacture brick. They used the dry press method which failed. Next they started the wire cut method which was not too successful either. Previously, the first brick plant built in Lantz was by Jake Miller. This was located in the back of the pond, across the road from his property, owned by the late Annie Miller. This was run by horse and mule and was the dry press method.

In 1901, James Miller, son of another brick maker who ran a plant on land now owned by Mrs. Earl Wilson, joined forces with his father in law, Mr. Evan Thompson, and bought the Lantz Bros. out. Brick was then made by men in barefeet, walking through the sloppy clay to soften it up to be put in moulds. Miller and Thompson formed a company in 1902 called the Elmsdale Brick and Tile Co. They built a new mill about 50 yards from the old plant on land where Dave Paul's house now stands on Paley Road. Men worked three to 12 hours a day with one hour for lunch. Anyone who took a break during the day was not considered a man. Everyone had a reputation for chewing tobacco, and they all lived up to that.

During this time a man named Hiram Hyde, ran a stage coach from Truro to Halifax before the railway was built. Lantz was a station for changing to fresh horses. A hotel built by Steve Woodworth was located on the property owned by Mrs. Wallace Myers. Mr. Hydes stables by the bridge crossing over the Shubenacadie River on the H.D. Miller property.

Croft Lantz built the first boarding house on the property across from where the Lucky Dollar Store is now located. At this time (1902), there were no stores, post office, school, church or rink.

In 1910, an organization was formed, the Nova Scotia Clayworks Limited, bought out all brick producers in the province. 1914 saw the beginning of World War 1 and all brick production in the community ceased. Production resumed in 1916, and boomed in 1917 after the Halifax explosion. During this boom, things were prosperous, and a school was built across the road from the Gordon Ettinger property in Milford. The school was then moved to the Ross Hill property, known as the Scott Woodworth property. This school was then closed, and children went to school in Elmsdale. Jim Miller and Walter Wilbur fought for a school in Lantz, and it was built on the property now owned by Kenneth Isenor in 1919. Jim Miller and George Carroll were the heads of the Committee for this school.

In 1920, the boom began slowing down, and the Clay Works Ltd. was in financial trouble. Through contributions from the directors, the bill was paid off, but demands for better quality goods forced the company to go in dept. again for improvements. The Company was passed over to L.E. Shaw Ltd. an independent producer, along with the debt in its name. Way was then made for more improvements in techniques and working conditions.