

THE BRANTFORD ALBUM



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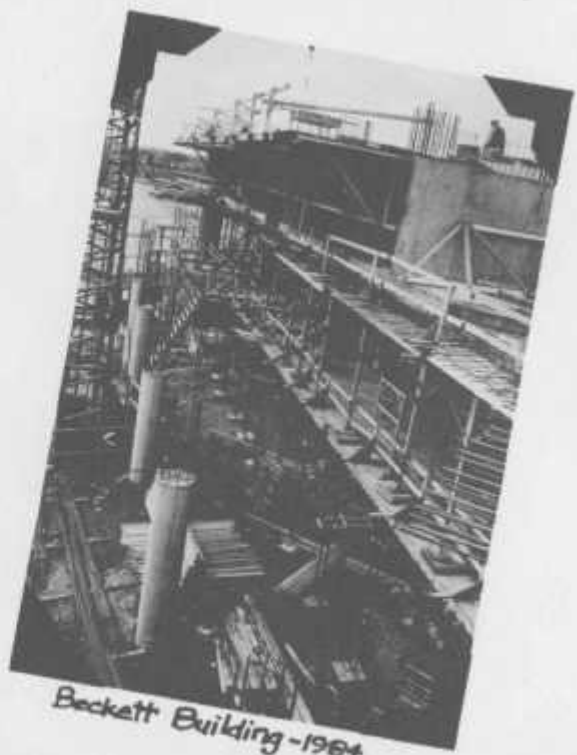
Joseph Brant Monument in Victoria Park, unveiled in 1886.

Photographed by — Brantford Guild of Colour Photography

"I'm Brantford, a city of substance growing,
By Indian waters, forever flowing,
Built from the past, I am the new,
Growing o'er fields, where eagles once flew,
— *John Mann*



125th Battalion - Canadian Infantry - 1915



Beckett Building - 1964



Mohawk Institute Farm - 1890



Green's Ferry at Chiefswood - 1940



On Guard - 1984



Women in the work force - circa 1916

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The responsibility for editing, lay-out and design of the book belonged to the Editorial Board who spent countless hours making decisions which affected every aspect of the final product. For your dedication and hard work you are especially thanked.

It is with gratitude that the Commission thanks the people of Brantford and area whose photographs and stories, poems and anecdotes make up the contents of "The Brantford Album". We regret that all submissions could not be accommodated within the confines of a book of this size, however, appreciation is extended to all contributors.

Special thanks go to CKPC, The Brant News, The Expositor and Rogers Cable 10 for their support in bringing this project to the attention of the public.

And finally, to all who assisted in any way to the production of this book, especially understanding family and friends, The Commission extends warm thanks.

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HIS WORSHIP
MAYOR DAVID NEUMANN



OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
CITY HALL
100 WELLINGTON SQUARE
BRANTFORD, ONTARIO
N3T 2M3



MESSAGE FROM MAYOR DAVID NEUMANN

In 1784 Joseph Brant, that great Mohawk Chieftain, led his people to the valley of the Grand to found Mohawk Village. The present City of Brantford takes its name from the spot where Brant forded the river, Grand. The year 1984 has been dedicated to the celebration of the Bicentennial of the Province of Ontario and the two hundred years of settlement in our area. Our Bicentennial Commission has sponsored many events and projects and thousands of our citizens have participated in renewing their awareness of Brantford's rich tradition and heritage.

As a special project of this historic Bicentennial year, The Brantford Album is being published as a unique memento of our Bicentennial celebration. On behalf of City Council and the entire community I would like to thank the Editorial Board, the Brantford Bicentennial Commission, and the people who worked on and made submissions for or contributions to this book. It will remain as an appropriate record of the dedication of our citizen volunteers to the celebration of our community - Brantford.

Our citizens will enjoy it with pride and visitors will read it with a growing awareness of the dedication and strength of the people who worked to build the Brantford of today.

As we look forward to the future may this book remind us to build upon the strengths of the past.

Sincerely,

David Neumann,
MAYOR.

DEN/hj
11/84

History is rarely so obliging as to be neat and tidy about the past. What happens, happens as much by fortune, both good and bad, as by design.

The 1984 Bicentennial does not commemorate some specific date in the constitutional evolution of our nation. It is not the anniversary of a legislative declaration, a peace treaty, or even a municipal charter. The Bicentennial is an opportunity for us to realize that we did not emerge fully-formed as a country on a particular date in time as a result of some specific political action.

What was happening two hundred years ago, though not the grand "birth of a nation", was the no less glorious exodus of a proud and determined group of people from the American Republic to a frontier land offering new promise. They came, settled, and conceived the principle that through their efforts a second nation could exist on this continent; that in contrast to the rebellious thirteen colonies, there would be a loyal and true North American nation.

Through 1984, we have joined with the rest of the Province of Ontario in celebrating the Bicentennial of these early beginnings. Indeed, it was in 1784, within the present day boundaries of Brantford, that the Mohawk Village was established on the banks of the Grand River, as one of the founding settlements of this province.

Our celebrations this year began on New year's Eve, as a stalwart band of townsfolk braved the elements to gather and drink warm cider or ride on a horse-drawn sleigh, and to encourage a reluctant bonfire. We have since had pageants and parties, essays and art shows, musicals and marathons and much, much more. Thanks to the volunteer efforts of many fine people, this year's celebration has been marked by a prodigious list of activities.

In The Brantford Album, we have a Bicentennial project assembled for and by the people of this community. Here is a book with a wealth of photographs, those priceless snapshots of time, and a volume rich in memories and recollections, and tributes to a city proud of its past and confident of its future.

— Alderman John Starkey
Chairman, Brantford Bicentennial Commission



When the idea of a bicentennial book on Brantford came up at a Bicentennial Special Projects meeting, it seemed an impossible task. There was very little time and, as everyone knows, even a simple book involves an immense amount of planning and work. The answer came with an appeal to the citizens of Brantford for help. Our committee requested people to look into their attics for old photographs to send in, along with reminiscences that would say something about the way we were. We asked them to get out their cameras to catch something of the way we are today and to contribute poems, stories or just thoughts about the city.

No one was sure what would happen. It wasn't a contest and there were no prizes offered. There didn't have to be because the people of Brantford can be warm, generous and sharing. The response was better than anyone on the committee had hoped for. Unfortunately it wasn't possible to use every bit of the material that was received. The volunteer Editorial Board had to pick and choose to fit the limited amount of pages. That was the hardest part.

The result is "The Brantford Album", your album. It's a book that says something about Brantford in a very special, personal way. The authors of the book are everyone who sent in a picture or a line of copy. It's a book for all of us, for this bicentennial year and for all the years to come.

— Joan E. Burk, Editor



I remember the old Lorne Bridge; there was a knot in the walk. When I was a little girl, you could look down and see the water. I was terrified to go over it.

— *Mrs. White*

The Market

One wonderful Saturday in late spring, when I was about 12, we unloaded the baskets of butter and eggs at the market and I was allowed to drive Gyp, the horse, to Smith's where one of the men there unhitched him and put him in the stable, pushing the buggy in line with the other buggies and democrats in the yard.

I suppose the thrill I experienced in being given this responsibility would equal that of a young person today receiving a driver's licence.

Many Indians drove in from the Reserve through the then heavy clay roads and stabled their horses at Smith's. These were among the folk who brought beauty and interest to Brantford Market of 60 years ago.

— Mrs. Margaret Davis



The city focuses on the Market Square.

Submitted by — Brantford Guild of Colour Photography



A family outing to look forward to Market Day.

Submitted by — Mrs. K. Davis

Following the excitement of the Christmas and New Year's market days, when dressed fowl, plump golden geese, ducks and chickens, were sold, the market was usually a bleak, cold and windswept place. Many of the farmers stopped coming during the coldest weather.

Some moved into the market house where there were tables and benches and two wood-burning box stoves, with long lines of stove pipes stretching far into the ceiling. Here the changing seasons brought varied odors. Men, in long coonskin coats warmed their hands over the red hot stove, the snow and frost melting into dampness on the cement floor; there was a dank smell of wet fur changing to that of singed hair as they stood too close to the heat, all added to the smell of wood smoke.

Toward the end of winter, crocks of sauerkraut appeared on the tables at the east door, adding a new scent to the medley.

— Margaret Gould Davis



Buying and selling at the Market.

Photographed by — David Burk



Homegrown goodness

Photographed by — David Burk



A bit of Old World Flavour - Market gossip.

Photographed by — David Burk

We sold our meat from the market. Every Saturday everything happened there. On the corner of George and Dalhousie were the city scales. They also had a set of small scales, so that if you wanted to sell a hind quarter you'd have to carry it over from the market, put it on a hook and weigh it. That would cost you a nickel and a quarter, something like that.

In those days it would be nothing to be talking to somebody and then all of a sudden you'd hear a screech and there'd be somebody picking up a little pig by the hind legs or a chicken by the neck. They used to sell the livestock on the far side, on the Dalhousie Street side. There'd be little pigs, chickens, rabbits, you name it, all alive. If you wanted a couple of chickens you picked them out. The market was alive because on one side they had the livestock and on the other side, the Colborne Street side, was Joe Soldor's father, and he used to go around hollering, "bananas, bananas".

In the wintertime, when I was a kid, I stayed on the market till after 10 o'clock. They used to close the pubs at 10 or 11, and my dad used to say "we'll stay till after closing time". We used to sell quite a bit of meat to guys going home after they're 3 parts in the bag. And then I'd have to ride back in a Model T Ford up to Mt. Pleasant and freeze my butt off.

— Vic Azzopardi

The market used to be a focal point. We used to gather there, meet friends, and it used to be a beauty spot. It was a picture. The farmers took such pride in it, displaying their wares. Used to get the best cheese anywhere, good meats too and fish. It was delightful. There were live chickens and all kinds of things to interest the children. It's a shame that they would destroy it. It should have been fixed up for posterity. It was a shame. That was the beginning of the downfall of the downtown when they destroyed that. I still look for the old clock downtown.

— Mrs. White

When I was about 7 years of age I can recall very vividly the old Market Square when a number of we "kids" used to go to the market to watch the weekly auction sale, led by Walter Bragg. There was always a great crowd there, and it was most exciting. If you had anything you wanted to sell you just took it there. One Saturday I had to use the toilet and there was a public one on the market, the old fashioned kind, no plumbing, and I was so frightened that I was going to fall in! I was very small for my 7 years. This would be about the year 1914. You can be sure this was the only time I used this "toilet".

— Eva B. Lasky

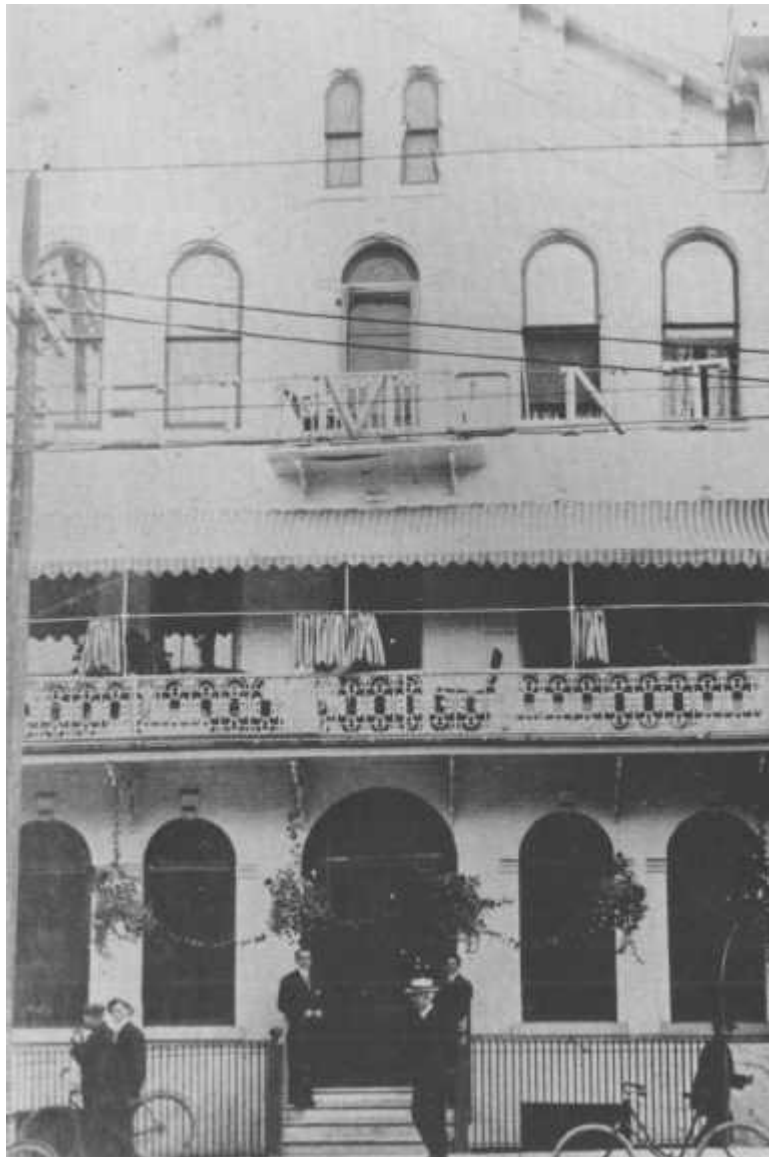
To this day there are those on the reserve who say the Indians still rightfully own the old square that used to be the market, because it was given to the town originally for use only as a market. There is a time-honored story that an Indian medicine woman put a hex on the property in 1908.

— Doug O'Neil

The Look Of The Place

Well I really like the city of Brantford because it's a town that's not too big that you can't walk to where you want to go, it has some scenic beauty in it with the river running through it, there's a lot of historical places around the city that I enjoy and basically people are nice. The only thing that I'd like to change is to see some of the areas of the city that are undeveloped, be developed in the future because Brantford could be a very beautiful city, if it wasn't for these areas. As far as the future of Brantford, I'm hoping that this generation at least will continue it's vision in improving and protecting our historical values and the natural environment.

— *Harvey McAuley*



The Belmont Hotel on Colborne St.,
A Downtown Landmark

Submitted by — *Allan Young*



Old Brantford Post Office, now Holstein Association of Canada headquarters.

Submitted by — Brantford Guild of Colour Photography



The Federal Building (Post Office) 1984

Submitted by — V. Wilson



The Expositor before cupola was removed, and front doors re-sited.

Submitted by — Mrs. K. Davis



Classic design - the Brant County Court House.

*Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*



Brantford's City Hall and The Provincial Court House, opened in 1967.

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



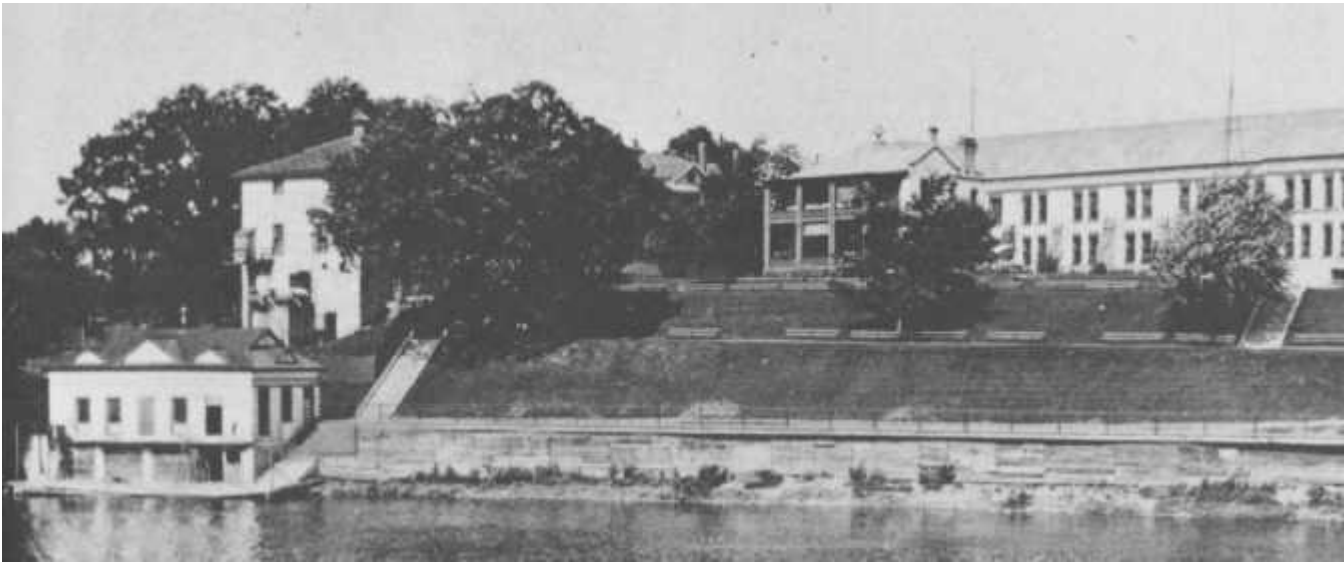
Six Nations band in front of council house, 1940

Credit: Woodland Indian Cultural Education Centre (W.I.C.E.C)



Six Nations Confederacy Council, 1890

Credit: W.I.C.E.C.



Armouries with canoe house at left

Submitted by — Allan Young



The canoe house behind the Armouries was a popular spot.

Submitted by Allan Young



The Armoury on the Grand River - early this century.

Submitted by — Donald Crawford



The Armouries in 1984

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



A busy day at the old Butler House.

Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography

As a small girl my memories are
clear of a different Brantford. It
changed each year.

— Florence Beasley



An old and a new institution: A chip wagon and the
Beckett Building

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



As time goes by

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson

Westbrook's
Commercial Hotel on
Dalhousie Street.

*Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*



The Bell Memorial, commemorating the
invention of the telephone in Brantford

*Photographed by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*



Garden glory at Parks and Recreation
greenhouse.

Submitted by — Jane Querin

Dufferin Avenue at Lorne Crescent in the "Model A" era.

Submitted by — Mrs. Gordon Grieg



I remember those mellow autumn days, and the huge, colorful dahlias and hollyhocks, and Hallowe'en treats, and getting into apple fights with the guys from Dufferin Ave.

Then the crisp, snowy days of winter trudging off to Dufferin school (and sometimes hitching a ride part way on the back of a streetcar). Lessons drill with Miss Jackson, Miss hope, Miss Newsome, et al., and itching for recess and freedom again.

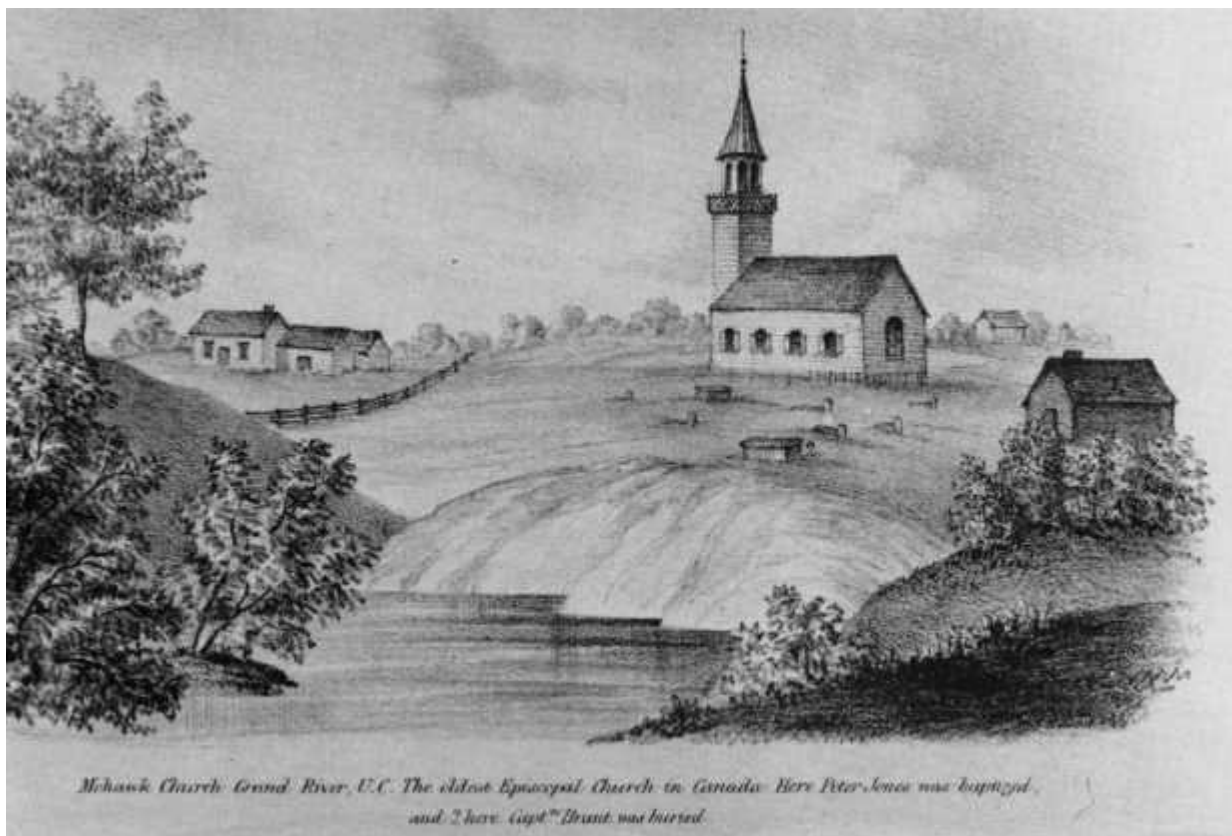
And at last, the warmer rays of the sun lengthening into longer days. The little patches of snow in the shady places gradually receding and the crocuses showing, and the tulip shoots peeking up in the gardens. The trees and the hedges budding, the sweet perfume smell of lilac blossoms that announced spring had arrived.

— Doug Howard
(Excerpts from *The Expositor* Sept 29/84)



Autumn clean-up on Dufferin Ave.

Photographed by - David Burk



Mohawk Church Grand River, U.C. The oldest Episcopal Church in Canada. Here Peter Jones was baptized and 2 here Capt. Brant was buried.

An early sketch of the Mohawk Chapel.

Submitted by — Dorothy Raymond.



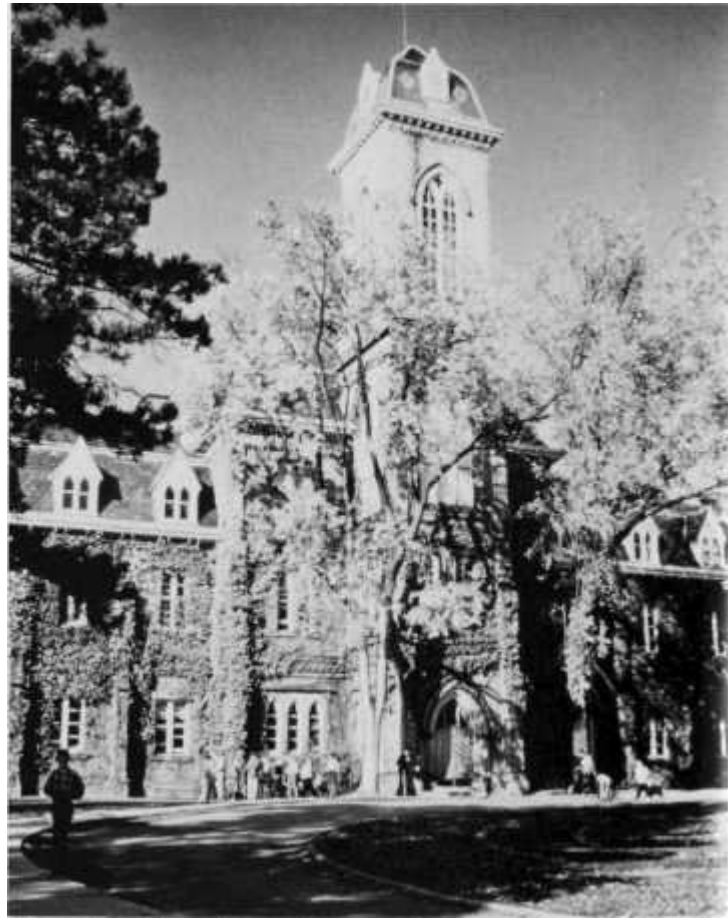
Uniformed young girl students leaving Mohawk Chapel.

Submitted by — Allan Young



Freshly fallen snow on the W. Ross Macdonald School grounds.

Photographed by — Brantford Guild of Colour Photography



The Central Tower at W. Ross Macdonald School

Photographed by — Fred Bodley, Brantford Guild of Colour Photography



Unspoiled woodland,
North Park Street, 1945

Submitted by — Walter C. Brock, Sr.



Old Victoria Bridge - Market St. extension

Submitted by — Allan Young



Happy cyclist in front of the
King Edward Hotel

Submitted by — Allan Young

What I like most about Brantford is that it's a very nice city. It has nice parks in it. It has nice recreational facilities. It has a pretty good downtown area. It's kind of, you know, it could be a little bit better but I think they're going to improve on it with the downtown Eaton's Centre or whatever . . . Well I think it's fairly small in size. I think if Brantford was a little bit bigger downtown it'd be a bigger type of a city than it is. I think there's not really too much that you can really say bad about Brantford. I think it has a lot of good points about it. I like living in Brantford.

— Ron Nagle



Parks Board employee gives tender loving care to Gore Park in 1951.

Submitted by — Allan Young



Her Majesty's Chapel of the Mohawk's after restoration, 1984

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



Confirmation Sunday at the Mohawk Institute, 1900's

Credit: W.I.C.E.C



The Queen Anne Communion Silver, on display.

Photographed by — Louise Dawson, Brantford Guild of Colour Photography



John Stratford Hospital,
forerunner to the Brantford
General Hospital, as it was in
1908.

Submitted by — Donald Crawford

Dufferin House, home of
Hon. Henry Cockshutt,
became St. John's College.

Submitted by — Mrs. Don Stratford



Wynarden, also known as
Yates Castle, in its heyday

*Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*

Village of Ohsweken, 1940

*Credit: W.I.C.E.C.
Mrs. Rose Anderson*





We walked by the Bell Memorial in spring and summer to see the beautiful flowers. Our Parks Board are to be commended for our beautiful flowers, the envy of out-of-towners, for our many beautiful flowers including those at Lorne Park, Glenhyrst Gardens and many other places which sure enhances our beautiful city. We never miss the Mum Show in the fall and the Garden Show in the summer. Both are a pleasure to behold and make us proud of our great city.

— Dorothy Mitchell



"Two Fish Island" was another place the boys all gathered on Saturday. We'd go down there, take our lunch, build all kinds of huts down on the island. Of course, in the spring of the year the flood would take them all away. We used to swim at a place called "Rock Under". There was a big stone just down at the end of River Road before it turned onto Birkett's Lane. People by the name of Golden lived just about at the corner. It was a very big stone in the middle of the river and we used to swim around in that area. It was dangerous enough too because farther in front of Waterous' (they had a home along the river), the old cement dike along there, the cement had broken away from the iron rods that supported them and a couple of kids got caught in there. The Grand River has claimed a few lives. It sure has.

— Mr. Davis



Visitors enjoy the scenic ride Tour Train.

Submitted by — Visitor & Convention Bureau

What I like about it (Brantford) is there's a lot of facilities for children, youngsters and parks. What I like least is the downtown area, there isn't too much activity going on there.

— Toni Delledonne

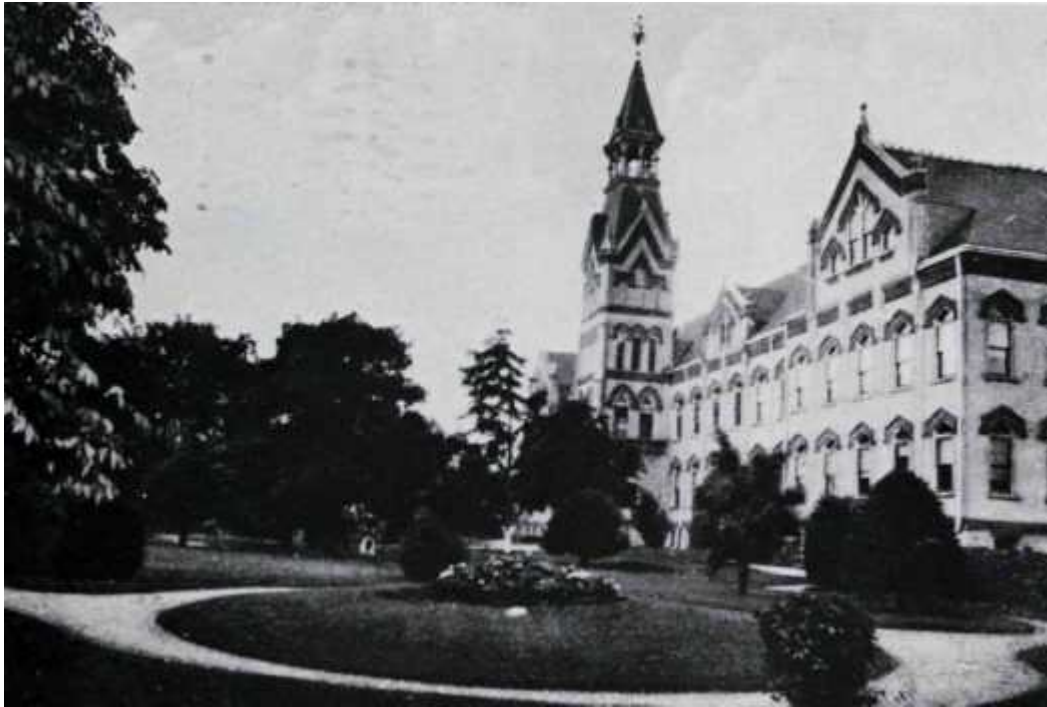


Light and shade at Mohawk Park.

*Photographed by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*

Sea of campers at Brant Park
at the National Camper and
Hikers Convention, 1970's.

*Photographed by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*



Central School was an
imposing sight in 1909.

Submitted by — Mrs. Gordon Greig

The Bell Memorial

*Photographed by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*





Tranquility at Glenhyrst
Gardens

*Photographed by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*



*Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*

The gazebo at Glenhyrst
Gardens.

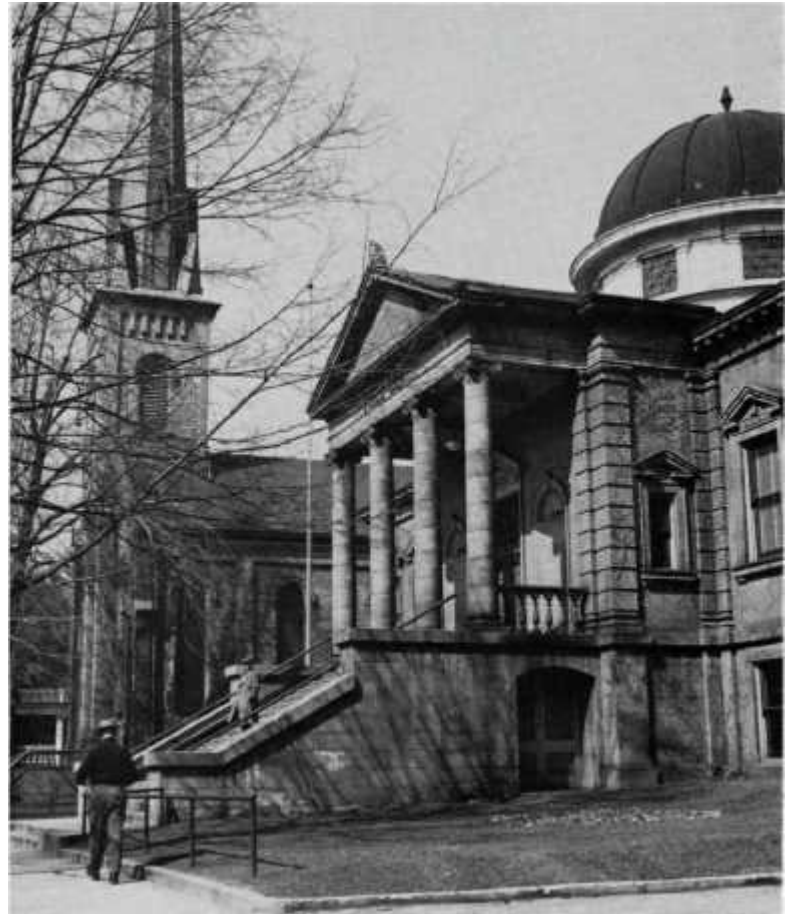
*Photographed by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*





Water Street with Lake of the Woods Milling Company in background.

Submitted by — Howard Maine



The Brantford Public Library was founded with the help of a Carnegie grant.

Submitted by — Mrs. K. Davis



A formal dinner at the Kerby House in 1939; The Kerby catered countless banquets over the years.

Submitted by — Sadie Stren

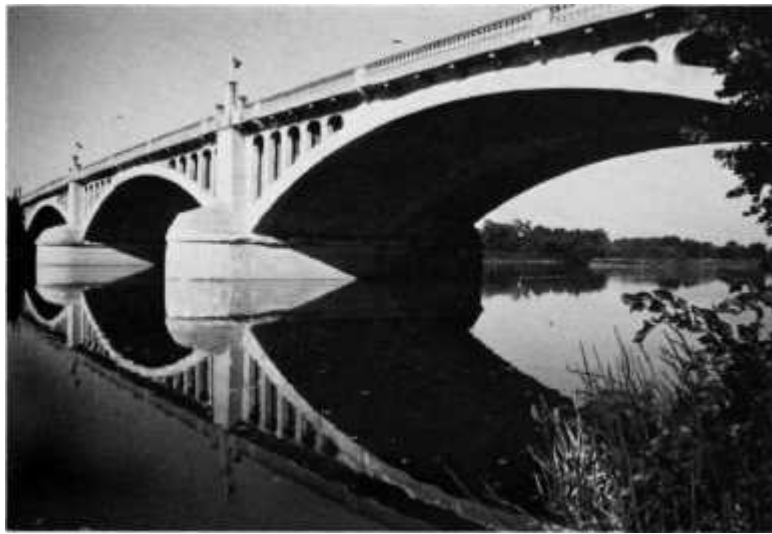
The Mohawk Institute farm,
1890

Credit: W.I.C.E.C.



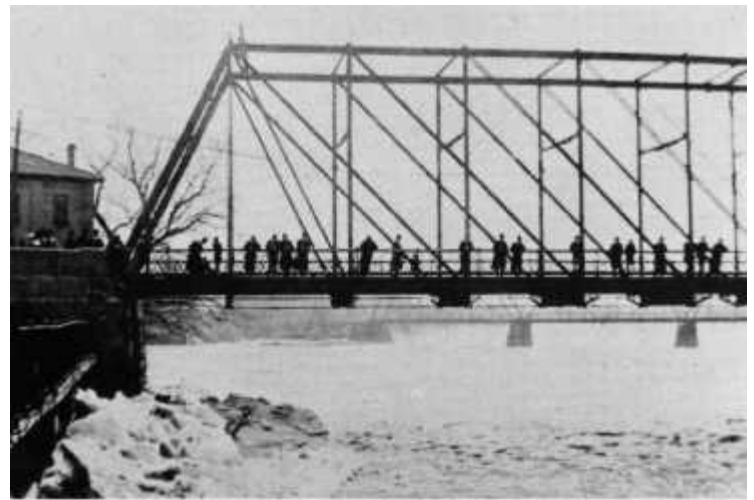
Well Brantford did go out to West Brantford, over the bridge, but it wasn't the bridge it is now. No there was just a small bridge there that you went over the water there. Then there was one other bridge that was built before this last one. And that was a very fine one and that did help the flooding in the springtime.

— Mrs Dunningham



The Lorne Bridge reflected in the still waters of the Grand.

Photographed by — Brantford Guild of Colour Photography



Ice on the Grand River under the old Lorne Bridge

Submitted by — Allan Young



The Old Lorne Bridge and Boer War Memorial.

Submitted by — Donald Crawford



City Council Chamber in the 1950's, complete with microphones for live broadcasts of council meetings.

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



Brantford City Officials and staff on the steps of the Old City Hall.

Submitted by — Mrs. Ann Wallace

Earning A Living

We were the fourth manufacturing city in Canada at the first Great War. We're about 10th now. And you know the factories that went out of here. There was Pattersons . . . Scarfes . . . Bixells Breweries . . . Buck's Stove Works . . . Dominion Radiator. . . Hammond & Knox . . . Malleable Iron Works . . . Rock Wool. . . The Piano Case . . . T.J. Barton . . . The Carriage Works . . . Adams Wagon Works. . .

— Mr. Mitchell



Women in the work force, 1915

Submitted by — Leona Wadel Riechheld



Massey Harris Company foremen - Market Street Works, 1928

Submitted by — Mrs. H. J. Dunsdon

The unemployment situation in those days was entirely different. Today they have money coming in. They can get unemployment. But you didn't have anything then when you lost your work. You didn't have anything at all. It was entirely different. I don't think young people would like it very much like we had it in our days.



Heading Home, September 1983

Credit — The Expositor



Taking a break for photo session

*Photographed by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*

C.O.E.D. workers restoring Victoria Park,
1984

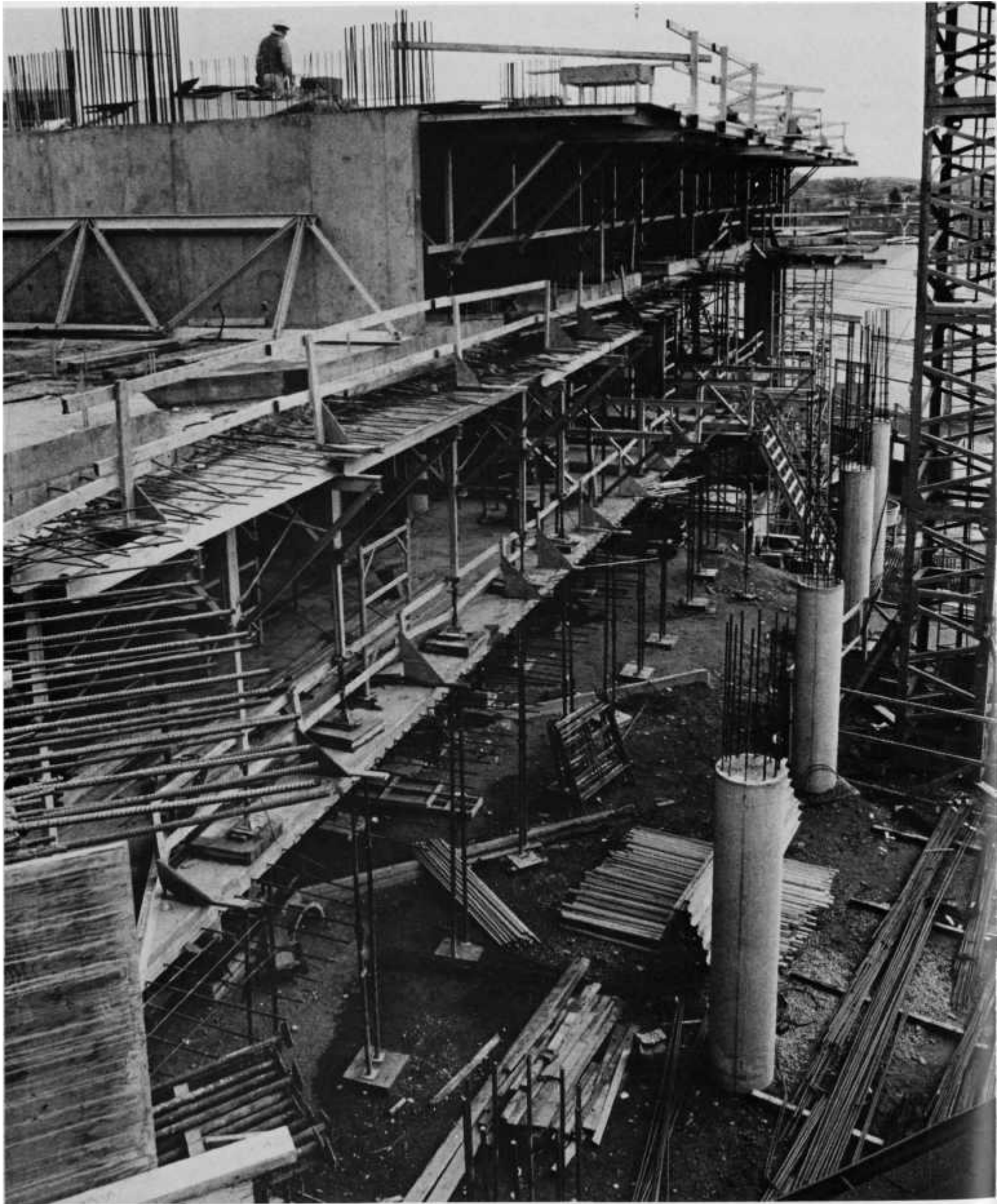
Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



A moving confrontation

Credit — The Expositor





The Beckett Building under construction, 1984.

Credit — The Expositor

J. C. Walker the photographer had his stand on Colborne Street up in the district where the Nyman dress shop is now. And near it was the old Glasgow Furrier and had a huge white polar bear standing out stuffed of course. It was a special attraction for children. Mr. Walker was a very fine photographer. You see here there are three medallions that state first prize in Toronto in 1895, he took the highest award in 1895 in the Dominion of Canada, and he got gold medal in Hamilton in 1891. He was a very good photographer.

— Mrs. Elizabeth White



Nyman's, 1917

Submitted by — Sadie Siren

Oh yes, Brantford had stores. My wedding suit was made at Cromptons. When I was young there were wonderful stores, Cromptons and Youngs.

Submitted by — Mrs. Taylor



When a shave and a haircut was two-bits

*Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*

Can I tell you a little story? We were a bunch of the boys from down Eagle Place. We used to gather at Dan Broughton's Barber Shop. We had a barber shop quartet down there. We used to sit out on the barber shop window in the evening and sing and I don't know whether you remember the Schubert choir . . . Billy Ackland was one of the singers, Dan Broughton was a singer and Harry Hazen was a singer and they could harmonize. Oh boy, and the people would come out on their verandahs and sit and listen to them. That was right on the corner of Erie Avenue and Walter Street. Oh we'd all gather there. Dan was the barber and all the boys got their hair cut at the barber's, for a quarter (it costs \$15.00 now). Used to have quite a quartet there.

— Mr. Davis



A local watering hole, 1984

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



Everything and the kitchen sink - Feeley
Hardware

*Photographed by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*

Christmastime. Oh that was exciting for children. The stores were all decorated. The streets would be ringing with Happy Christmas and so on everybody seemed so happy and looking forward to it, but now it seems so commercialized.



Uptown Brantford looking good. Photographed by — Valerie Wilson

People used to make their gifts, just simple things, but it was the thought behind that was appreciated. But today everything's got to be just such a colossal scale and outdoing one another and so on, so that much of the old time joy is lacking today.

— Mrs. Elizabeth White



A serious undertaking

— Mrs. Florence Bingle

I wish Brantford was smaller. It is still a pretty good town. I hate to see the downtown the way it is. I can remember a Christmas when there weren't any malls.

There was just downtown Brantford. You couldn't move in those stores. You couldn't get near a counter. There was a Woolworths and a Metropolitan. Downtown was just unbelievable at Christmas.

— Mrs Szoke



Publishing the news

*Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*



A family business

*Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*



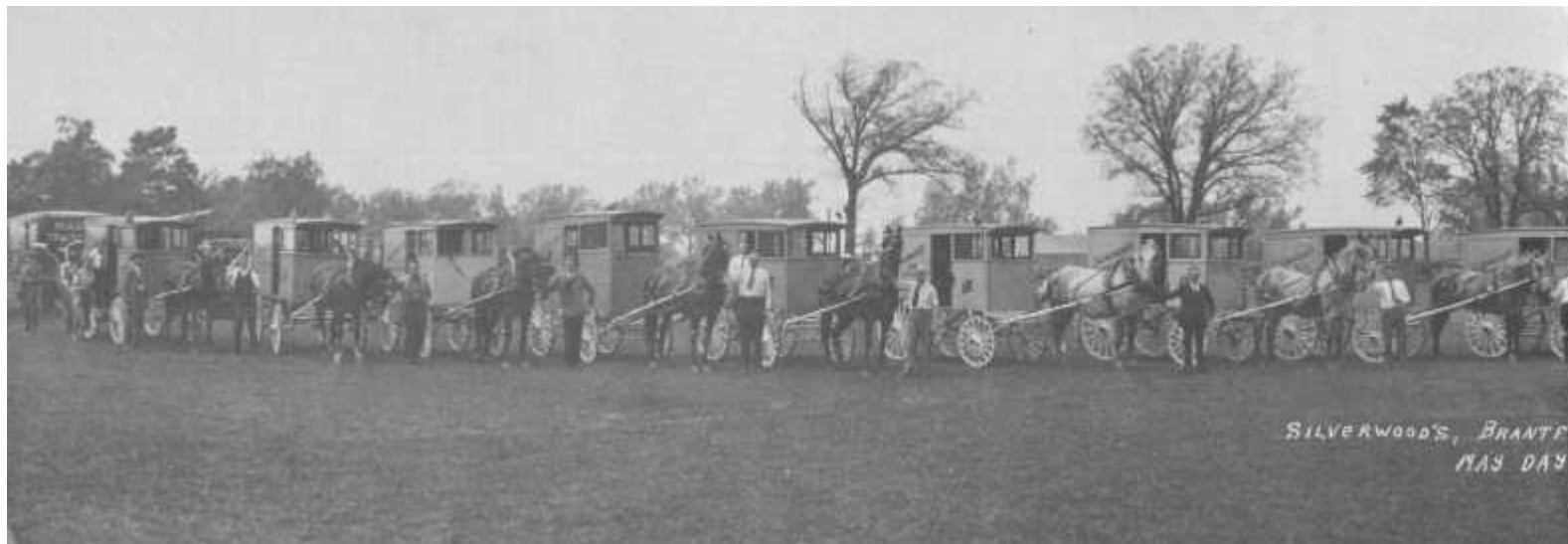
"On Guard" in front of Brantford Armouries

Credit — The Expositor

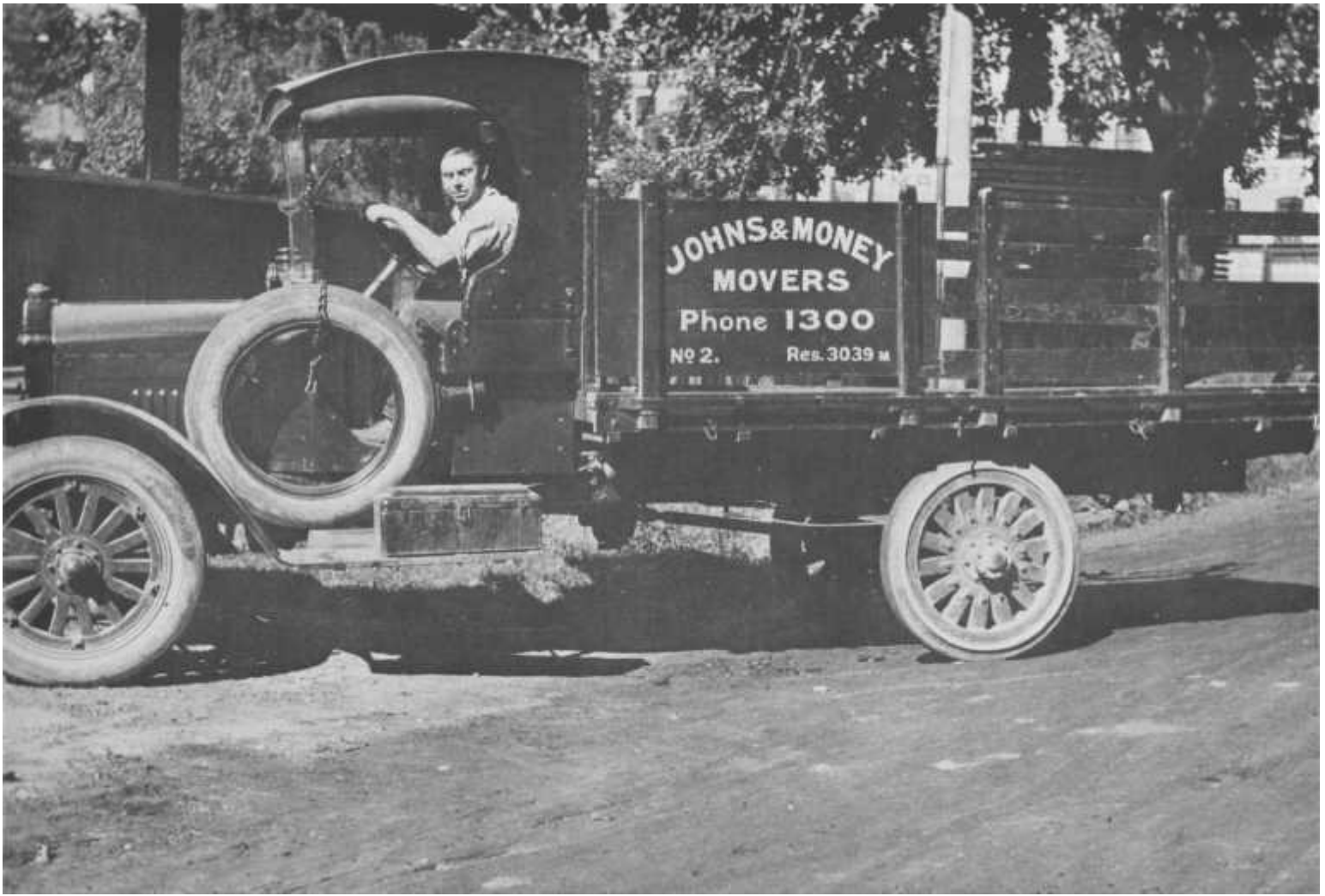


A phone in every home

*Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography*



On display



On the move

Submitted by — Dorothy Mitchell



Submitted by — Mr. Albert Campbell



Personal delivery

Submitted by — Al Coubrough

The bread man (John Coubrough)

Submitted by — Al Coubrough



Whiter than White



City Ice Service, 281 Colborne Street, circa 1940

Submitted by — Keith Cooper



Cleaner than Clean

Submitted by — Mrs. K. Davis

Getting Around

I remember I used to get the bus to go up on the hill for 30. And the bus would go part way up Dundas Hill, and couldn't go all the way up. We'd get off the bus, we'd walk up to the top of the hill, and get back on again. The bus couldn't get up the hill. In the inside the bus was all wood.

— Fred Wray



The Steam Era in Brantford

Submitted by — Brantford Guild
of Colour Photography



The first commuter vehicles

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



The men who manned the trolleys

Submitted by — Phyllis Foster



Trolley on Colborne Street, 1902

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



On a Sunday afternoon

Submitted by — Allan Young

We used to go to Mohawk Park and of course that was quite a thing to go there. But it was wild, it was trees, roots right across the roads where you drove. Quite different than to what it is today. But there was the water there and there was a place, you couldn't buy anything, you had to take it with you. But there were band concerts and things like that. Then of course, there were the trains all around Brantford and that would go right into Mohawk Park. Just let you out at the top you see. It couldn't go in like you can now, but after the cars came along why they gradually went in. We used to come in to the old Opera House there. That was on Darling, right where the Salvation Army is now. We always enjoyed that. We came in on the train and went out. We sometimes had to get up a little early before it was really over to get out.

— Mrs. Alice Dunningham



Mohawk Park - unrivaled beauty to be enjoyed

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



Looking their best

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter

Then there was old Handlebar Hank. We used to pull the trolley off the line going up the hill, when it went up east up to Mohawk Park. We'd pull the thing off going up there Saturday night loaded with people. And he'd have to get up and walk up the hill. The old trolley couldn't get up. He used to get mad old Handlebar. He had a moustache way out to here and maybe that's why he got his nickname.

— Ken Davis



Six Nations Road Gang

Credit: W.I.C.E.C.

I taught at the B.C.I. and one day I missed the trolley. You couldn't get to Brantford by any other way and I had missed that trolley. A freight train came along. They knew me from the L.E. & N. station so the engineer slowed down and I jumped in one of the gravel cars. I rode down on that train and jumped off just below the Collegiate. I didn't think anybody saw me. There were a lot of transients in those days who rode the freight trains. Later I was teaching a boy's tech class, and one of the boys put up his hand and said "Hey Sir, was that you that hopped off that train?" And it was me. The kids thought well of me anyway, and in those days boys liked rough characters as well as saintly people. It certainly didn't bring me down in their estimation. I enjoyed the ride down in the car myself, since I rode freight cars all through northern Ontario during the depression.

— *Mr. Hipkin*



Snow was a problem - winter woes

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



The best view - of what?

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



Green's Ferry at Chiefswood, 1940

Credit: W.I.C.E.C.



Technology had arrived

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter

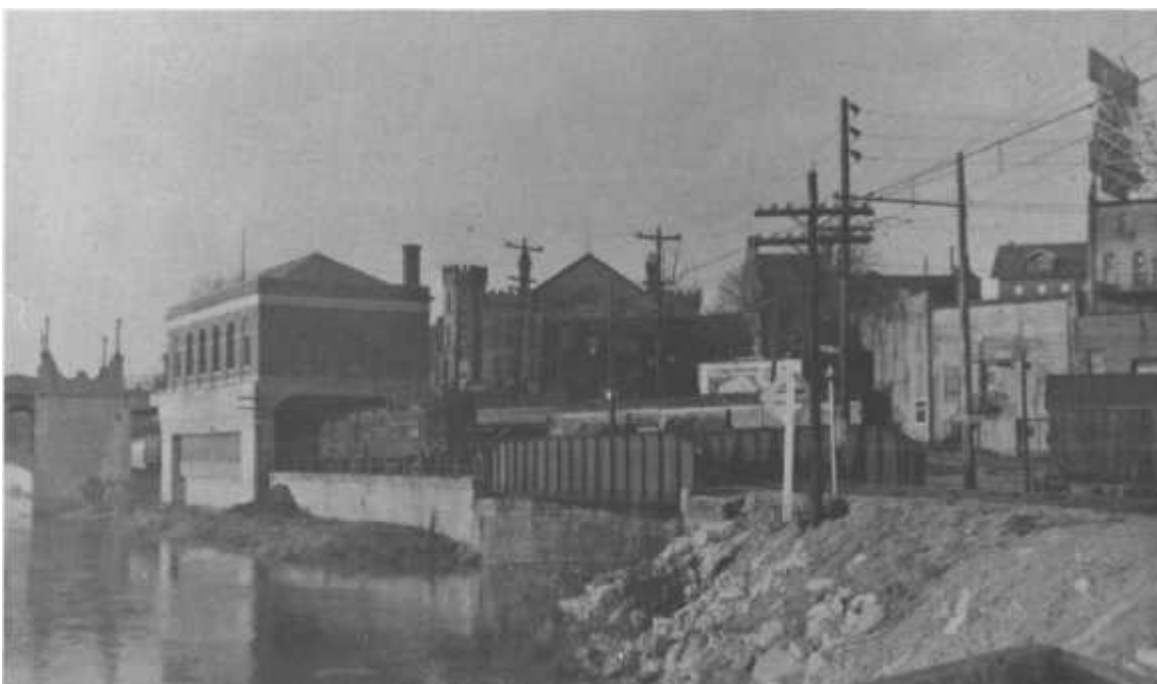


Heading South

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter

The L.E. & N. first came to Brantford from Galt right through to Dover. And I remember putting my little girl up on the kitchen table in Oakland and watching the first train that went through Oakland, and it was on the May 24th, 1916.

— Mrs. Alice Dunningham



L.E. & N. Station

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter

A Mosaic Culture

"Excerpt from a letter from Jean Smokier Fleisig, whose family came to Brantford about 1905.

'It has always been a source of wonder to me that my father, who could not speak a word of English when he first went to Brantford, was able to provide for a large family (8 children) and since this applied to other immigrant families it makes me think that the community (of Brantford) must have been a sympathetic one.' "

— Sadie Stren



Simon Family - First Jewish family in Brantford

Submitted by — Sadie Stren



"Papa was a teacher of the old school, disciplinary ruler in hand. But what he taught, the kids really learned. Learned and never forgot. Many a mother who couldn't read or write English, blessed my father forevermore, for having taught the children to read and write Yiddish, so that when they left the parental home, they could keep in touch with their folks by corresponding in Yiddish."

— Jean Smokier Fleisig

First public religious service held by the Brantford Jewish Community in upstairs hall at 17 George St. in 1907.

Submitted by — Sadie Stren



Waterfront Village, 1984

Submitted by — Nancy Fallis



Polonaise Village, 1984

Submitted by — Nancy Fallis

Up in this area of town was all trees. No houses were hardly here at all, and they called it Little England. They always called all this area around here Little England. (Charing Cross Street area on the hill). Most of the people who lived up there were of English descent.

— Mrs. Davis



The Ryerson Family (l. to r.) George, Fred, Reuben, Tom, Aunt Eliza Thorn Ryerson, Robert and Ida.



Six Nations Pageant

Credit: W.I.C.E.C. (National Film Board)



The Low Down at the Guyanese Village

Submitted by — Nancy Fallis



The Annual Picnic
of the Muslim
Association of
Brantford, (Brant
Park)

*Submitted by—
Mohammed El-Farram*

Mr. & Mrs. James Johnson and Family
-Six Nations, 1890

Credit: W.I.C.E.C.



Polonaise Village, 1984

Submitted by— Nancy Fallis



Miss Nancy Henry, 1890

Credit: W.I.C.E.C. (Reg Henry)



The Cooper Family

Submitted by — Keith Cooper

Some early recollections of our house: we first had a victrola. Then before we got a radio, relatives invited us down for Sunday evening listening. It was like the excitement of watching T. V. for the first time. In our diningroom was a trap door with steps leading to the cellar. At the sink in the kitchen was a pump drawing water from a cistern. On icy days we used to take cinders from the coal furnace to spread on the sidewalks.

— Margaret Farley



Six Nations Fair, Huron Millar
Credit: W.I.C.E.C.



Beth David
 Congregation 70th
 Anniversary, November
 20, 1977. Scene of the
 dinner held at the Beth
 David Synagogue, 50
 Waterloo Street.

Submitted by — Sadie Stren

The Ninth International Villages Festival in
 1983 brought its world of ethnic culture to
 Brantford for a week.

Submitted by — Nancy Fallis



Ethno, the new bear mascot for the International
 Villages, makes an appearance at the
 International Villages Preview Week at Lynden
 Park Mall, 1984

Credit — The Expositor

Royalty and Brantford

When attending Bellview School for Kindergarten class while living in the Canada Starch house in October 1919, our school paraded to Tutela Park and each child was given a small Union Jack to wave as the Prince of Wales passed by waving at us. (He later became King Edward VIII).

— Nellie Barry



The visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth to the City of Brantford on June 7th, 1939

Submitted by — Nellie Barry



Queen Elizabeth II meets Mrs. Mary Monture, centenarian of the Six Nations.

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



The Best View at the Mohawk Chapel.

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



The Bicentennial Highlight - Queen Elizabeth II visits the Mohawk Chapel, 1984.

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



Honour Guard - Hubert Buck at the Mohawk Chapel Royal Visit, 1984.

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



The Royal Visit to Her Majesty's Chapel of the Mohawks - October 1st, 1984.



A friendly wave by the Prince of Wales, 1919.

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



A bouquet for Queen Elizabeth, 1939.

Submitted by — Clarence Pickering



County of Brant's official gift to Queen Elizabeth II.

Submitted by — Norma Sayles

Guardians Of The Public

"The first official indication that a Police force was seriously considered appears in the Council minutes of mid-September 1847, when at least seven different applications for positions were read at various Council meetings. By the end of the month, a High Bailiff had been appointed, and was instructed to report to Council the following:

"all parties who have any obstruction in the streets or sidewalks, either of merchandise, salt, carts, wagons, wood, stone, brick, manure, or any other thing"

He was also ordered to fill any cellar way or hole on the street or sideway, and to enforce all other By-laws.

Sunday night was a big night to go around Colborne Street; up King, down Dalhousie, down Market, and up Colborne. It'd take a half hour. Every Sunday night guys and girls. The girls'd go one way the boys'd go the other. Course that was naturally to meet them you see. You had to keep walking because Lou Schuler, was the plainclothesman at that time and he used to be up there Sunday nights walking around the block too, you see. And if you stopped; "Ok fellas, Ok girls, move on, no lingering". "Keep on going". We'd walk around there and maybe meet a couple of girls from some place and walk them home.

— *Mr. Davis*



Central Fire Station, 1912

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



Murray Street Fire Station

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



The Brantford Police Force in 1923

We'd go up to Mohawk Park and we'd wait for P.C. Pickell to come on his bicycle. He was the constable at that time and he rode a bicycle around Eagle Place. We'd get on the top of the hill across from Erie Avenue near King Edward School and we'd holler "brass buttons, blue coat, couldn't catch a nanny goat." Course he'd get off his bicycle and he'd take after the kids. Well we'd run around behind King Edward School and when he'd come up over to the school we'd go back and then go hide his bicycle. P.C. Pickell was a great heavy set fellow.

— Mr. Davis

"When the new Chief of Police appeared (January 19, 1886), few people in town knew who he was, or what he looked like. What transpired was that some person or persons impersonated him, and would arrest someone generally on a charge of drunkenness, or drunk and disorderly. As they were being escorted to the lock-up, they were informed that should they wish to pay the fine, there was no need to continue all the way to the station and spend the night there. There is no indication that the perpetrators were ever found".

— Victor Garn



Central Fire Station, 1950's

Submitted by — Mrs. K. Davis



The Military

I think the first war drew people more together than ever before because it was the war to end all wars. Not only that but a lot of the fathers of families at that time went overseas. My dad went over in '15, and he was there until '18. During the Second War we worked for one of the government projects, the motors for the tank corps, for communication and, of course, the girls were on winding and all that stuff for the motors. You could just see them (the men), one leave and two leave and three leave and another would go and another would go and pretty soon there were more girls there than there were men - and there were older fellas like myself.

— *Mr. K. Davis*



Men and Machines - ready for war

Submitted by — *Mrs. Helen Ife*



Some of the early volunteers for WW I.

Submitted by — Mrs. Helen Iffe

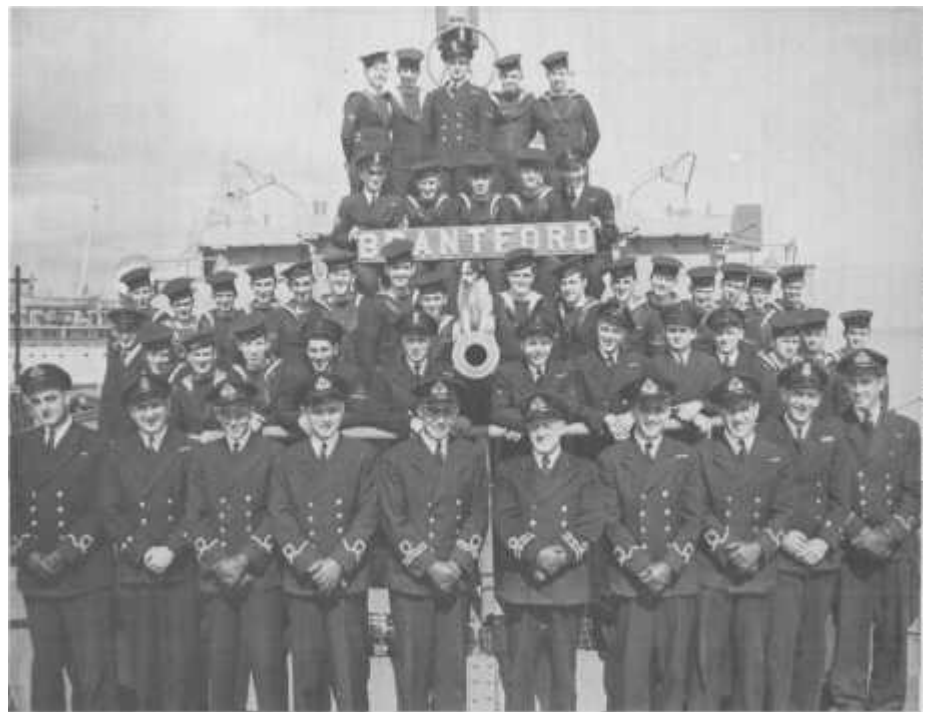
Brantford became a city of uniforms . . . Actually you would probably see more uniforms than civilians on the street. . . There was quite an influx of strangers.

When VE day came in May 1945, the city was all set to have a big celebration. We got the flash in the wire here (Expositor) and I called Mayor Ryan at city hall and he wouldn't believe me. We'd had so many false alarms, he thought it could be a hoax and didn't want to start the celebrations too soon. I said "Well, we're putting out an extra and if you don't want to start a celebration, we'll start it for you," so he started the celebration.

— Doug O'Neil

VE day - that was the first one - that was the wildest I think - All the factory whistles blew, and I don't know if we were told to, but everyone just walked off their jobs . . . Everyone kissing everyone, it was a glorious time, everyone was so happy; I walked down Colborne St. and a sailor grabbed me and kissed me for no reason at all; . . . We hooked up with a car with a case of beer on the top, . . . nobody bothered about restrictions that day.

— June Nicholson



Officers and crew of H.M.C.S. Brantford

Submitted by — Ben Lewis



War Workers, 1943

Submitted by — Mrs. Ann Wallace

In 1942 there was a call came for women to go into the factories to help with the war effort. I went, me and some other girls as farm implement helpers . . . The part that bothered me most was having to work on Sunday. I used to get the food in for the girls on Sunday when I had to go to work . . . and I didn't like that. I felt I should have one day a week to rest, but we didn't get it. I had to go to work.

You never saw a woman in a bank . . . it was all male staff . . . and I can remember going to the Royal Bank on the corner of Market and Dalhousie and the 1st girl teller was in that bank and I used to take a deposit everyday, and as I kept going every day there'd be a few more girls - so they started taking men's jobs. As men went overseas women were put in their jobs more and more and there were a lot of women riveters at the Cockshutt's making the aircraft.

— June Nicholson

During the 2nd World War Cockshutt Plow Co. on Mohawk Street turned part of their factory into making aircraft parts and was known as "The Cockshutt Molded Aircraft". Many of our fellow soldiers wives worked there while their husbands were in the services.

— Dorothy Mitchell

The attitude of the average Brantford citizen during the war to the airport was a very positive one. It meant a good deal commercially in that these people had to be fed and entertained so that the many businesses in the community would certainly benefit from the opportunity of acting as suppliers for food and other requirements. The hospitality of Brantford was very warm, particularly to those people from the other countries. I know that many Brantford homes were opened, particularly of a Sunday, when the boys from Australia or New Zealand would be invited into spend the day or have a Sunday meal.

— June Nicholson



Soldiers at Brantford Army Camp, WWII

Submitted by — Mary Anne McEachern

And there was a man that had a gas station downtown and he lived alone and he was out of butter, so he came in one day and threw a couple of gasoline ration tickets on the counter and said, "I want a pound of butter." He thought we could do that you see.

I worked right downtown . . . and I used to get out at noon hour and they'd always post the casualty lists at the Expositor; and I can remember there were 2 columns - Killed In Action and one was Missing In Action: and after a big drive or big bombing raid I'd usually get right out at noon and look to see if there'd been anybody we knew who'd been killed or missing.

June Nicholson



Army Camp during WWII - where Pauline Johnson Collegiate is now.

Submitted by — Mary Anne McEachern

Factories were going full tilt. Cockshutts were making airplane parts. They worked on the old Lancaster bomber and there was very little unemployment. At 14, I went right into a job. There was no problem. Everybody had work, because so many young men were away.

During the war people went on as usual. But everything was so newsworthy. When you went to the theatre the war news came on. You don't have that anymore. That was the first thing you saw when you went to the show. And it was all about the war. You saw what was happening in Africa and in England and wherever there was anything going on: battles at sea and when the ships were sunk.

On V.E. day the word came over early in the morning and we knew that we had to stay and work. It got so busy, it was unbelievable . . . the number of calls. I imagine it was a red letter day for calls that day. When I came out of work, the town was crazy. There were trucks and you just jumped on. I went out on the street and they yelled "Come On". I jumped on a truck, and we were driving all through the town honking, yelling and screaming.

— Mrs. Jean Szoke

History of the 56th Field Artillery Regiment Royal Regiment of Canadian Artillery

The Regiment was formed in Brantford, Ontario on 1 April 1946 as the "56th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment (Dufferin and Haldimand Rifles), RCA" and consisted of the 54th, 69th, and 169th Light Anti-Aircraft Batteries the former two in Brantford and the latter located in Paris, Ontario

On 1 October 1954 the Regiment and its three batteries amalgamated with the 25th Medium Regiment (Norfolk Regiment, RCA, 41st and 42nd Medium Batteries, RCA, to form 56th Field Regiment (Dufferin and Haldimand Rifles), RCA, 54th, 69th and 169th Field Batteries, RCA, located in Brantford, Simcoe and Paris respectively (the 69th having been transferred from Brantford to Simcoe and the 25th Medium Regiment disbanded).

In 1964 the 169th Battery was relocated from Paris to Brantford and the later disbanded in 1970.

On 1 April 1970 the Regiment amalgamated with the 57th Field Artillery Regiment (2nd/10th Dragoons), RCA, 10th, 171st and 172nd Field Artillery Batteries, RCA, to form the 56th Field Artillery Regiment, RCA, 10th, 54th and 69th Field Artillery Batteries, RCA, located in St. Catharines, Brantford, and Simcoe respectively.

The 10th Battery was formed on 6 December 1861 as the Volunteer Militia Field Battery of Artillery of Port Colborne and redesignated the 10th (St. Catharines) Battery C.F.A. on 2 February 1920. The 54th Battery was formed as the 32nd Battery, C.F.A. on 1 April 1912 then later redesignated as the 54th Battery, C.F.A. also on 2 February 1920. On the same date in 1920 the 69th Battery, C.F.A. was authorized but organization was held in abeyance until 1 December 1937.

The 56th Field Artillery Regiment perpetuates many infantry and cavalry units as well as artillery in the Brant, Norfolk and Niagara areas of Ontario with colourful histories dating back to 1796 with "Capt. Thomas Welsh's Company of the Regiment of Norfolk Militia".

In the Second World War the 10th Battery was part of the 2nd Field Regiment in the First Division. The 54th Battery was first part of 1 RCHA then the 2nd Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment of the First Division. The 69th Battery formed part of the 4th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment in the Third Division.

In the First World War the 10th Battery was part of the 3rd Brigade of the First Division. The 54th Battery (then the 32nd Battery) formed the nucleus of the 13th Battery of the 4th Brigade of the Second Division. Both batteries later became part of the Fourth Division.

**56 Field Artillery
(10th, 54th, 69th Batteries)**

Royal Canadian Artillery

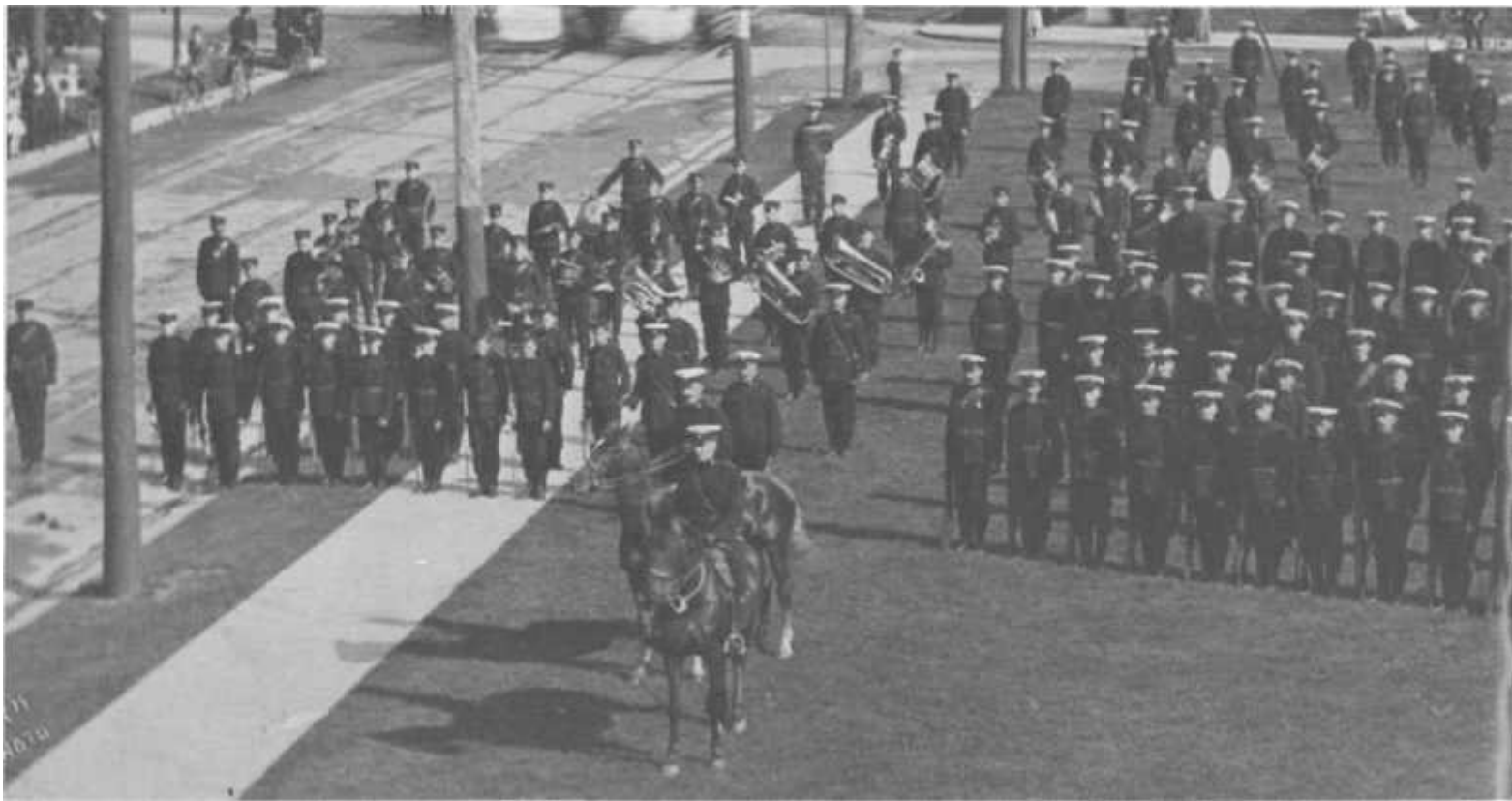
"PERPETUATIONS"



Remembrance Day, 1957

Submitted by — EM. Pancoe

The Volunteer Militia Rifle Company of Paris.	26 Jun. 1861
The First Volunteer Militia Rifle Company of Brantford.	13 Dec. 1861
Volunteer Militia Highland Rifle Company (Brantford).	3 Jul. 1862
Mount Pleasant Infantry Company.	30 Jan. 1863
Brantford Infantry Company.	1 Jun. 1866
Burford Infantry Company.	17 Aug. 1866
Newport Infantry-Company.	31 Aug. 1866
Drumbo Infantry Company.	30 Jan. 1863
38th Brant Battalion of Infantry later The Dufferin Rifles of Canada.	28 Sep. 1866



Dufferin Rifles of Canada, May 24th, 1911

The First Volunteer Militia Rifle Company of Dunnville.	24 Jul. 1856
York Volunteer Militia Rifle Company.	27 Aug. 1862
Caledonia Volunteer Militia Rifle Company.	27 Aug. 1862
Oneida Infantry Company.	6 Jul. 1866
Walpole Infantry Company.	31 Aug. 1866
Cheapside Infantry Company.	14 Sep. 1866
37th Haldimand Battalion of Rifles later The Haldimand Rifles.	28 Sep. 1866
"C" Company 3rd Machine Gun Battalion CMGC.	1 Jun. 1919
The Dufferin and Haldimand Rifles of Canada	15 Dec. 1936
The First Volunteer Militia Rifle Company of the County of Norfolk (Villa Nova).	15 Oct. 1861
Simcoe Volunteer Militia Rifle Company.	22 Jan. 1862
Port Rowan Volunteer Militia Rifle Company.	23 Jan 1863
Walshingham Volunteer Militia Rifle Company.	23 Jan. 1863
Waterford Infantry Company.	17 Aug. 1866
Simcoe Infantry Company.	17 Aug. 1866
39th Norfolk Battalion of Rifles later The Norfolk Regiment of Canada.	28 Sep. 1866



Submitted by — EM. Pancoe

25th (Norfolk) Field Brigade, RCA14 Dec. 1936
44th Field Regiment, RCA1 Apr. 1946
57th Field Regiment (2nd/10th Dragoons) RCA1 Jan. 1947
25th Brant Dragoons.1 Apr. 1909
10th Brant Dragoons.	5 May 1920
2nd Dragoons.	May 1872
2/10 Dragoons.	Dec. 1936
4th, 36th, 114th, 125th, 133rd, and 215th Battalions, C.E.F. The 1st World War.	



125th Battalion - Canadian Infantry - Raised in Brantford in fall of 1915

Submitted by — Ashton Cockshutt

The Arts

NOW'S THE TIME

If it's energetic action that you think this city
needs,
If you're really patriotic - if your heart for progress
pleads;
Then get in and do your duty - there's a part for
you to play,
Can't you hear your city calling - for the best - from
you - to-day?

*Selected poems from the pen of the
Honourable Morrison Mann MacBride
— Clarence Pickering*



A Sunday morning tradition on CKPC, "The Sunshine Kiddies"

Submitted by — Kelly Ross Pulham



To Catch A Sunbeam: A. Graham Bell at City Hall, 1983.

Submitted by — Gary Muir



Delightful youngster entertains as gypsy maid.

Submitted by — Lilly Stinchcombe



The Amos and Andy, 1930's show

Starring: Robert Hutchings (Andy), Joe Maich (Amos), Johnny Maich, Harry Cordrey, Carson McCormick.

Submitted by — Lilly Stinchcombe



Pow-Wowing Grand River Style

Submitted by — W.I.C.E.C.



Brantford Youth Orchestra finds a young audience

Credit — The Expositor



Artist at Glenhyrst: Mike Swanson

Submitted by — Glenhyrst Arts Council

The Brantford Entertainers, were a musical group that they formed here in Brantford and it was under the leadership of Jack Bottenhiemer and it was a Hawaiian group. And Jack led with a big guitar. There was Marjorie Nelles and Peg Meikle. They were 1st and 2nd guitar. Harry Hudson was on the Tipple or an 8 string Eukalele they used to call it. We used to put on a program. Now mind you I wasn't in it. But I used to go around with Harry so that is how I got to go with them. And we'd travel around Waterford, Burford and all the area around putting on a program. Jack Partridge was one of the comics, Jeff Kretchmeir was another one. He was a comic and they put on a two hour program. The two McCubben girls were the two hula dancers: Mary and Marge McCubben. They wore grass skirts.

— Ken Davis

We were out to Waterford one night and Jeff Kretchmeier and Jack Partridge got to talking about being able to tell different kinds of wood from one another. Jack says to Jeff "Well I don't believe you can tell it by the smell of it". He says "I certainly can". He says, "We'll try it". Of course this was all in the program. So he put the blindfold over his eyes and picks up a piece of wood off the stage and it happened to be a piece of pine. He holds it up to his nose and says "sniff that, what's that?" "Oh, that is a piece of pine". He reached down and picked up a piece of cedar. Well cedar has a strong smell to it. "That's easy. That's cedar". He picked up another 3 or 4 pieces. Well this one night they put a cat out on the stage and Jeff goes over and holds the tail up to the guy and says "What kind of wood is that?" Let me have the smell of that again. "It's pussywillow!" And you should have heard the people, they just about died in their seats. People made their own fun.

— Ken Davis.



City Hall Theatre: The Ontari-oh! Musical Production,

1984

Submitted by — Gary Muir



The Circus on Dalhousie Street, 1912

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



Memorial Concert Band at the Wayne Gretzky Sports Centre dedication, 1982; W. Manning, Conductor. Submitted by—Jim Dick



When movies were 5¢, Lyric Theatre.

Submitted by — Allan Young

Saturday was the big time for the boys and girls. We used to go to the Old Rex Theatre. It was on King and Colborne Street. We used to go quite often. They were always silent pictures at that time, and they had serials they used to run. And I can remember one of them, a bunch of us fellows wanted to see . . . the "Vanishing Dagger" was the name of it. We used to buy popcorn and go and sit way at the back end and eat popcorn.

— Ken Davis



"Briton and Boer" was a timely entertainment at the Apollo Vaudeville Theatre, circa 1900.

Submitted by — Allan Young



The Circus comes to town, Dalhousie Street, 1912

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



A sure sign of spring - The Music Festival sponsored by the Kiwanis Club *Credit — The Expositor*



Artist at Glenhyrst: Wilma Burrill
Submitted by — Glenhyrst Arts Council



Percy Cayuga: Band Master for Barnum and Baily, 1900. *Credit: W.I.C.E.C.*



I'm Gilbert, I'm Sullivan: Three little girls from Brantford, 1983. *Submitted by — Gary Muir*

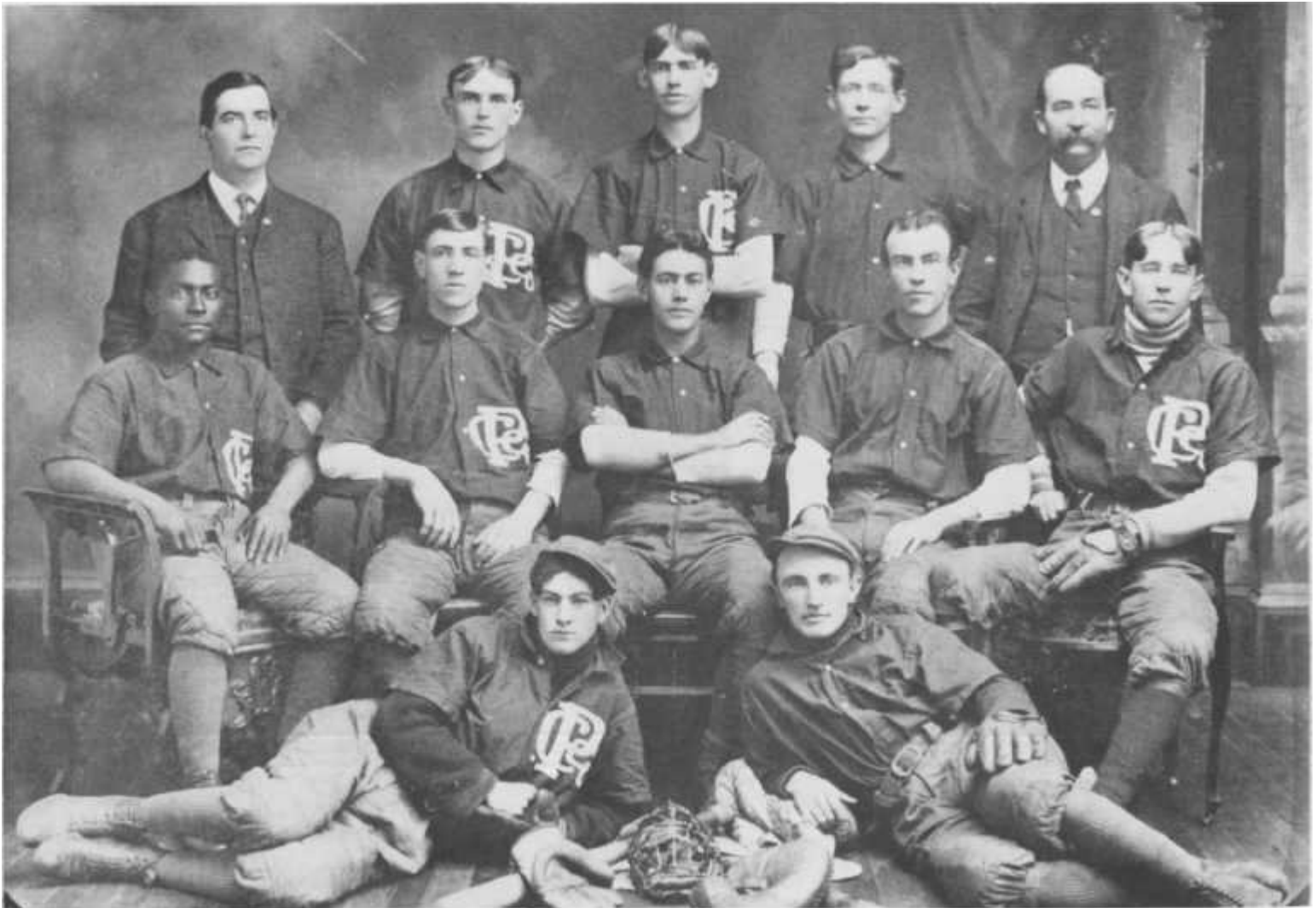
Sports

Boyhood days in Brantford in the 1920's and earlier had an extra-special attraction, professional baseball. The Brantford Red Sox were in the Michigan-Ontario League from 1919 to 1922, and they drew whopping crowds at first including young boys by the hundreds. But when the attendance slumped badly the league folded up.

That was the city's second venture in pro ball. The Canadian League, founded in 1911, was given up after the outbreak of war. A third attempt was made in 1930, but the Ontario League had to give up in mid-season. The deep depression was just starting, and it spelled the end of pro ball here.

The kids had their own ball games, neighborhood softball and baseball. In our part of the city we managed to get up a game every day behind the BCI.

— Doug O'Neil



Cockshutt Baseball Team, 1905

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



Union Jacks fly in honour of British Lawn Bowlers at the Dufferin Club.

Submitted by — Robert Cline



A tug-o-war at a Waterous Company Picnic.

Submitted by — Jim Dick



Fighting Family:
The three Maich brothers, Don, Bill and Joe
Credit — The Expositor



A championship team for St. Basil's Hockey Team.

Submitted by — Harry Mancini



Football practice at North Park.

Submitted by — Mrs. Angela Files



Happy warriors: two stalwarts of the championship lacrosse team.

Credit — The Expositor



Ellston Cooper (left) and Harley Davidson were two well known riders when bicycle racing was a major Sport.

Submitted by — Keith Cooper



Preparing to compete at inter-county schools track and field Competition. *Submitted by — Brantford Guild of Colour Photography*



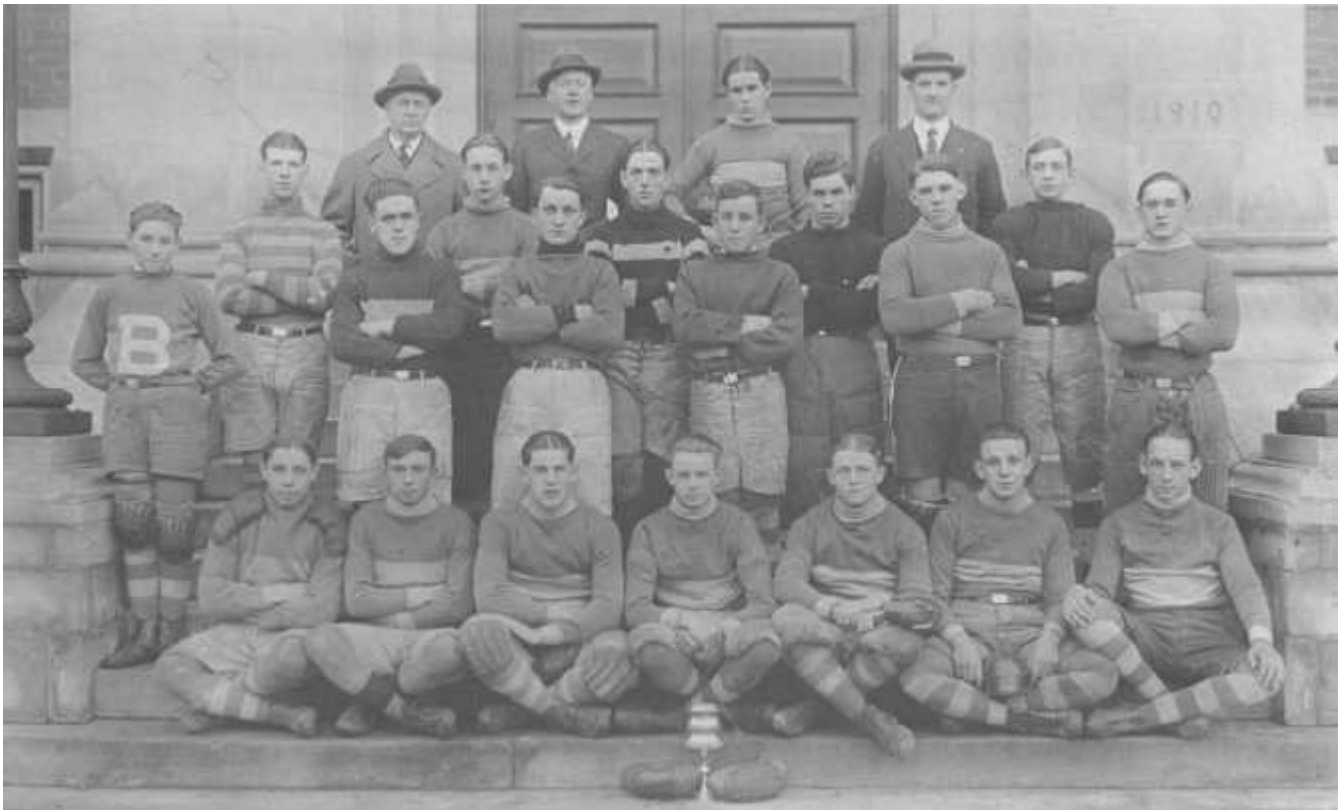
Soccer action: the sport has gained enormously in popularity in recent years.

Credit — The Expositor



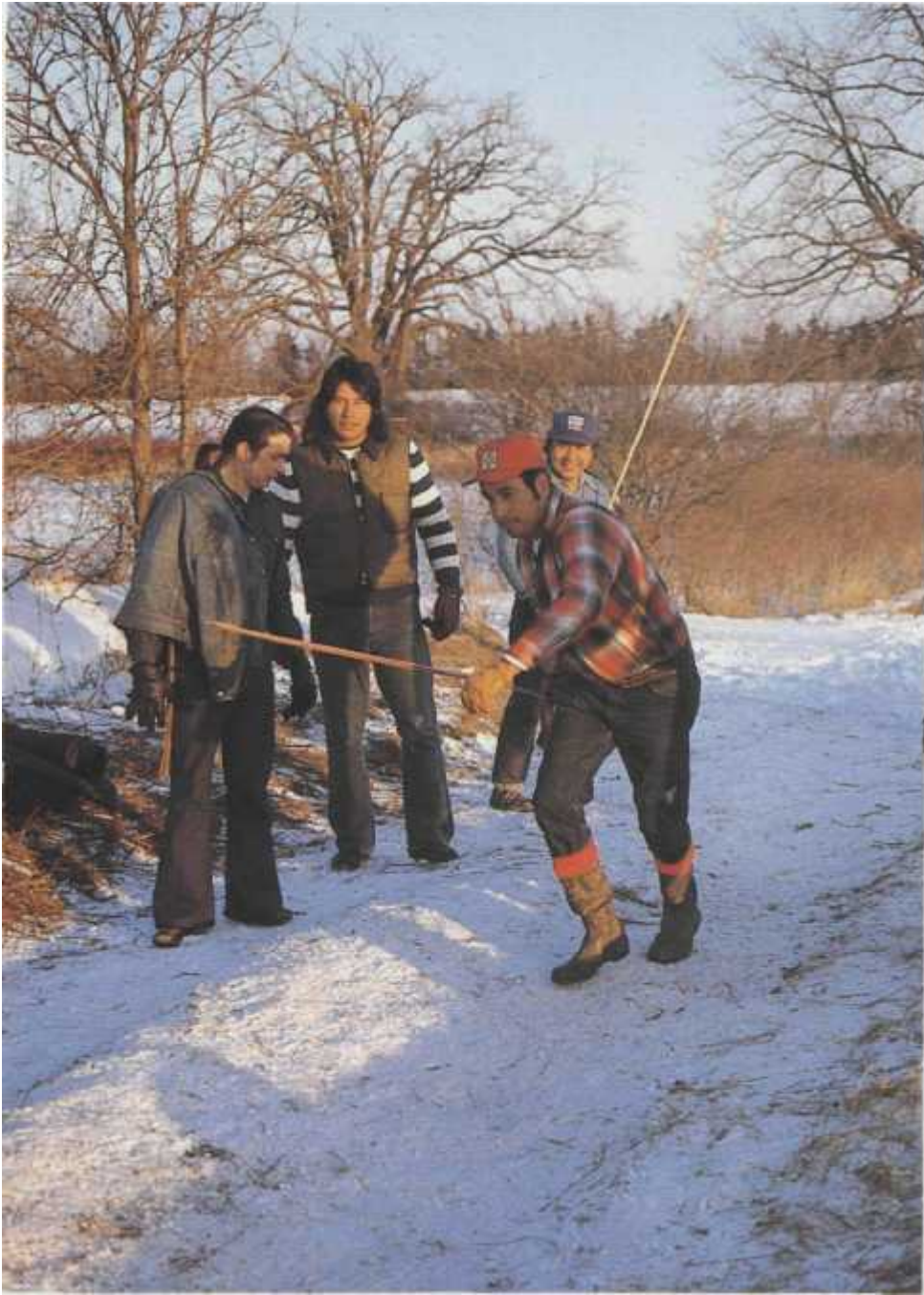
Soviet National Team and Brantford Alexanders exchange gifts, December, 1977.

Submitted by — Jim Dick



B.C.I. Champions of 1923, McFadden Cup.

Submit led by — Mrs. J. Tipper



Snowsnake Tournament, Woodland Centre, 1981

Credit: W.I.C.E.C.



#99 takes time out at the Wayne Gretzky Tennis Classic.

Credit — The Expositor



I remember not having skates. We used to tie little blocks of ice on our feet. We lived near a hillside and we'd skate down the hillside. And go sledding, and go fishing with little rods with string and pins.

— Mrs. White

Joyce Hunt promotes the Flashing Blades Ice Show.

Submitted by — Mrs. Dorothy Mitchell



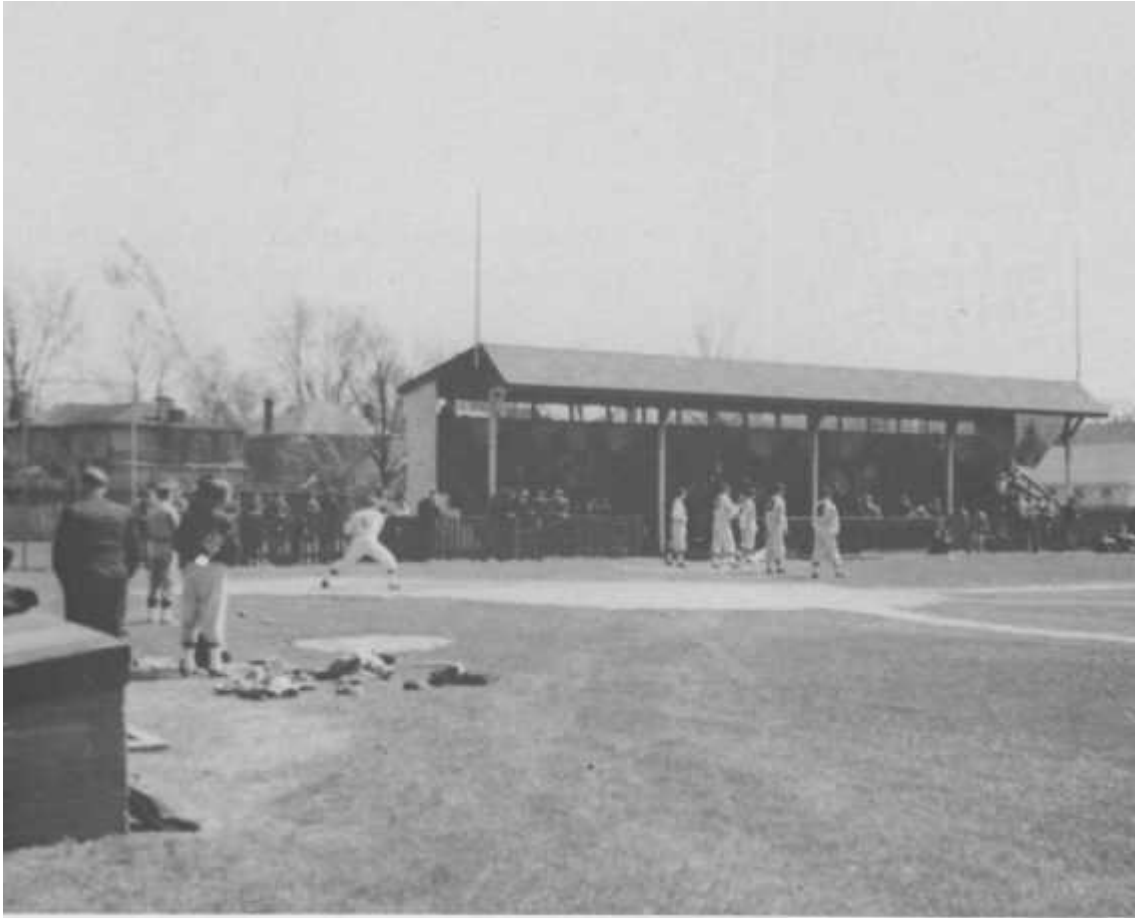
Alexander's mascot meets CKPC's Arnold Anderson.

Submitted by — Jim Dick



Billy Wood - 1st finisher among British Empire Athletes in Olympic marathon.

Submitted by — Mrs. Edith Wood



Baseball action at Agricultural Park, 1947.

Submitted by — Jim Dick



Brantford Cordage were City Champions in 1936.

Submitted by — Harry Mancini



Watson's Girls' Softball Team - Champions in 1923.

Submitted by — Mrs. Coones



Jamie Corke, with parents, after Brantford Red Sox win Inter-County Baseball Championship.

Submitted by — Jim Dick



The age of elegance: tennis players and spectators at the Dufferin Club.

Submitted by — Mrs. Don Stanford



Three pitchers for the Burtol Girls' Softball Team of the Michigan-Ontario League: Lil Williams, Hazel Johnson and Nellie Jordan.

Submitted by — Jim Dick



Six Nations Fair, 1950.

Credit: W.I.C.E.C. (Mrs. J. C. Hill)



Manager Frank Bricker, with Commonwealth boxing title winner Gary Summerhayes, showing scars of battle.

Submitted by — Jim Dick



Gary Summerhayes presents Wayne Gretzky with "Sportsman of the Year" Trophy.

Submitted by — Jim Dick

The Many Faces of Brantford

When I started working I kept my swimming trunks in my desk at The Expositor office. After work I'd go for a dip between Lorne Bridge and the dam, and very often I'd be back again in the evening. That was a really popular spot. We used to enjoy jumping off the bridge, but years afterwards I shuddered to think of what a crazy idea that was, and what could have happened, because there were piles in the riverbed from the time the present bridge was built in 1923. There were also swimming holes in Holmedale, one of which became known as Holmedale Beach.

— Doug O'Neil



On the beach at Holmedale.

Submitted by — Allan Young



Ice cream wagons make a comeback to Brantford in 1984.

Credit — The Expositor

Going back when we lived on what we called Cockshutt Lane (now Bishop Street) there used to be a woman had a little store where you could get the penny ice cream cones.

— Mrs. Mitchell



Beta Sigma Phi sorority recreating "Broom Brigade" of 1890's during the Centennial Parade.

Photographed by — Nina Kowalczykowski

Sundays were a day of worship whereas sports and so on today spoil the atmosphere. It's a different world altogether that we're living in today.

— Mrs. W. White



Sunday Best - At Central Presbyterian Church.

Submitted by — Allan Young



Spring Fishing

Credit — The Expositor



Painting the "Y" barbell room - Christmas 1953.

Submitted by — Jim Dick



A visit to the Mohawk Chapel, circa 1909.

Submitted by — Allan Young



#10 School - 1920's. *Credit- W.I.C.E.C.*



Harmonica group - Seniors Club 1967 (l to r) Margaret Lewis, Mary Downham and Bella Pearson.

Submitted by — Ben Lewis



Home away from home *Photographed by — Valerie Wilson*



Bikeathons became popular - this one for Diabetes in 1984.

Credit — The Expositor

Outside, the seasons saw us engaged in various activities. There were long icy slides on the sidewalks. A hilly street provided a place to sleigh ride. We used to skate on the roads down to Recreation park rink. A warm stove in a little building took away our chills. At the Pastime Lawn Bowling Alley on Chatham Street was an ice rink in the winter. Later we skated at the Arctic Arena. We took the streetcar to Holmedale and walked in to Holmedale beach for swimming. This area is part of Waterworks Park now. In the evenings we played games on the side of the road: Duck the rock, Red Rover, etc. When it was very hot we just walked up and down carrying a jack o'lantern made from berry boxes and lit with a candle. Or we would go to Recreation park for silent movies projected on a screen. When older there was roller skating at the old pavilion in Mohawk Park and there were dance halls. These were located on Colborne, east of Woolco; Dalhousie east of the Federal building and the building on the north-west corner of the intersection of Queen and Colborne. During the day we went to Workman's Pond and the sand hills. Workman's Pond was in the vicinity of the present Canadian Tire store. The sand hills were east of Rawdon on Wellington. We made good-sized holes in the side so we could have a footing for climbing. Children also played jacks and had stilts for walking around.

Submitted by — Eva B. Laskey



The Summer Festival at Glenhyrst, 1950's.

Submitted by — The Glenhyrst Arts Council

The Sanatorium had advertised for a Superintendent. My cousin, Katherine Bowen, a nurse, didn't feel she was qualified, but Dr. Dobby thought otherwise, so he entered her name and she was engaged as Superintendent. When she came there were about five patients and she worked it up over those years to 125. And at that time there was no resident doctor; she was on call 24 hours a day. If anyone had taken very ill in the night they always got her up. She never refused.

— Mrs. Gladys Bettesworth



Brantford Sanatorium birthday party, 1926
Katherine Bowen, standing rear right.

Submitted by — Mrs. Gladys Bettesworth



High Spirits - Young people pose on pipe extending across canal behind Sonoco.

Submitted by — Allan Young

Fun & Friendship at the Olde Tyme Family Picnic 1984. Miss Bicentennial Lisa Phillips.

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



Selected poems from the pen of The Honourable Morrison Mann MacBride, Volume 1.

Submitted by - Charles Pickering

"Upon the ground of REASON - I make an honest plea,
Thus only do I make my plans - so serve humanity,
I've never stooped to levels low - nor strutted forth with pride,
To serve the people well - my thought -

Sincerely yours,
MacBride"

Brantford, Ontario
July 1938

We spent a lot of time at Mohawk Park and we used to go down there after church Sunday night to the band concerts. We walked down. There was no transportation or anything. We used to walk down and walk home. It was lovely.

— Mrs. Davis



The best of times at Mohawk Park.

Submitted by — Allan Young

For picnics we used to go to Mohawk Park and of course that was quite a thing to go there. But it was wild, it was trees, roots right across the roads where you drove. Quite different than to what it is today. But there was the water there and there was a place, you couldn't buy anything, you had to take it with you.

—Mrs. Dunningham



Planting for the future, Seventh Brant Scouts.

Credit — The Expositor

Mohawk Lake, boat and canoe rental.

Submitted by — Allan Young



Pitman Shorthand Class A.E. Day Business College, 1920.

Submitted by — Eva B. Laskey

While attending B.C.I. the girls all wore navy blue skirts, white cotton middies with navy collars and black ties. The boys entered from the right entrance, the girls from the left. We were not allowed in each other's gym nor allowed to participate in sports together.

— Dorothy Mitchell

SHUT-INS

Many folks are like me on this wintry day,
Shut in their homes where they have to stay.
Afraid to go out at all on their own
For fear of falling and breaking a bone.
If you can sew or knit or read,
Then you are a lucky one indeed,
Time will pass more quickly for you
While you wait for winter to say adieu.
T.V. and telephone a help will be
If you are fortunate and can hear and see;
But some there are whose sight is gone
And they no longer hear the phone
Then there really isn't much to do
Someone must even clean house for you.
So what is left but to sit in your chair
Looking out of the window to see what is there.
Wishing and wishing that someone will come,
Especially when there is something that needs to be done.
It's so frustrating when you can't read anymore
And must depend on others to perform that chore.
Sometimes it means waiting a day or two
Before your letters can be read to you.
So your mind goes wandering over the years
Some of the memories bring a few tears.
But you always hasten to wipe them dry
If you hear a visitor coming by,
For the greatest pleasure shut-ins get
Is to feel they're not forgotten yet.
I am a great deal luckier than some
For my family and friends so often come.
Still I spend long hours alone
And talk to myself as I have no phone.
And like all shut-ins do, right to the last,
I gaze out the window, and dream of the past.

Elizabeth Hall

*Ed. Elizabeth Hall is 93 - a member of St. Mark's Brantford,
and has only two percent hearing and three percent sight.*



Still Writing at 83, Germaine Jolly.

Credit — The Expositor



A birthday party at Myrtleville House,
July 1st, 1984.

Photographed by — Brian Wilson



A Bicenennial Baby Show and Contest,
August, 1984.

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



Making Friends

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



100 years as a city - Centennial
Parade, 1977.

Photographed by — Nina Kowalczykowski



Brantford loves a parade

Photographed by — Nina Kowalczykowski



Primary Class - St. Mary's, 1936.

Submitted by - Jean Szoke



Learning at the W. Ross Macdonald School.

Photographed by — Brantford Guild of Colour Photography



Boy Scouts of yesteryear, Colborne St.

Submitted by — Wayne Hunter



The old swimming hole - Cooper's Pond off West St.

Submitted by — Keith Cooper

The location is at 298 West St., which was to be the location of the Arctic Arena built in 1925.

My father Ellston Cooper had established an Ice Company at this location in 1918, and had built ponds to cut ice. As this property is the start of the East Ward creek, which has been in the news lately, there were many springs on the property. The ponds were known as Coopers Ponds. As there were no swimming facilities in Brantford, my father built the swimming area, as can be seen, had sand brought in, and children of the city went there in the summer time to swim.

— Keith Cooper



The Winners

Submitted by — Mrs T. Rush



Jim Sky and his grandson Haoyadihoh in traditional clothing.

Credit

—W.I.C.E.C.



Our Bicentennial Town Crier - Miss Laurie Armstrong.

Photographed by — Valerie Wilson



A stylish carriage - elegance in Old Brantford.

Submitted by — Allan Young

St. John's Girls Drum Corps,
Provincial, National and International
Champions.

Photographed by — Nina Kowalczykowski



Six Nations Agricultural Society in
front of Jo Green's house, 1890's.

Credit— W.I.C.E.C. -Dr. Sally Weaver



Gertrude Nicks creates a bicentennial quilt.

Credit — The Expositor



1961 Senior Citizens Jam Session with, left to
right, Wally Harding, Jack Frost, Ben Lewis,
Oliver Mealing, Annie Casey and Blackwell
MacIntyre.

Submitted by — Ben Lewis



Grandfather catches up with the news.

Submitted by — Jim Dick



Some things never change - Girl Guides distribute cookies for fund-raising.

Credit — The Expositor



Soapbox derby on Market St., Labour Day, 1955.

Submitted by — Mrs. Ann Wallace



Lookout tower on Mohawk Lake.

Submitted by — Allan Young



The Federal Building - 1984



Trolley on Colborne St. - 1962



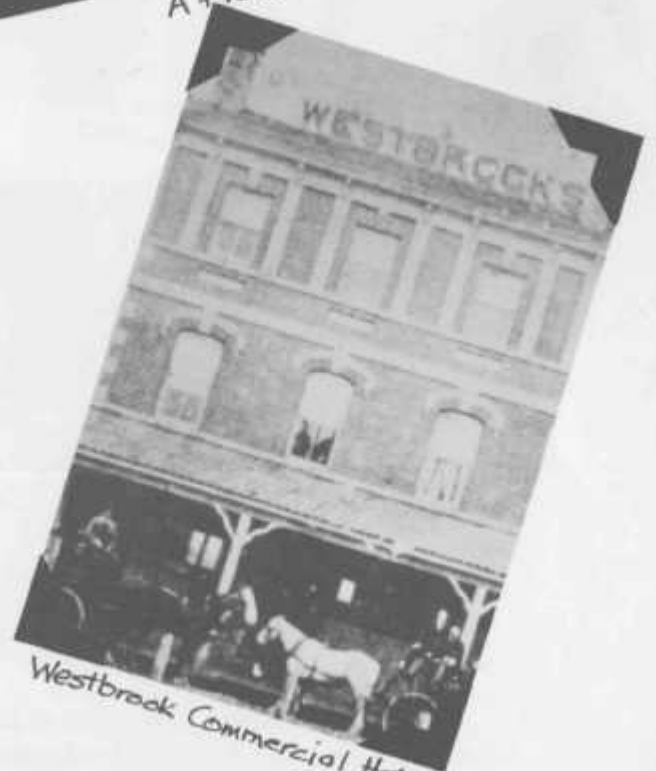
Gore Park - 1951



A Phone in every Home



Door to Door Delivery



Westbrock Commercial Hotel



Queen Elizabeth II at Mohawk Chapel - 1984



Old Victoria Bridge



I'm Gilbert, I'm Sullivan - 1983



When movies were 5¢



Cockshutt Baseball Team - 1905

I'm hoping that this generation at least will continue its vision in improving and protecting our historical values and the natural environment such as the river.