



1938 - 2011

In My Day

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Greater Oshawa Chamber of Commerce

OSHAWA: December 2004 - Because I have lived in our fair City for more than half a century, and my Great Grand Parents emigrated from Ireland and took up residence before the end of the 19th Century, Bob Malcolmson and I thought it might be fun to reminisce about the past for the Greater Oshawa Chamber of Commerce with an occasional column in Business Matters. So here goes.

Following are a collection of Fred's "In My Day" columns published in Business Matters from December 2004 to October 2009.

In My Day - December 2004

My late Grandfather and Father operated service stations and auto repair businesses in Oshawa until about 1972. One of the many locations was on King Street West, (the hollow) what is now the used car lot of OMS. Across the road was Hambly's Beverages (the local Coca-Cola bottler) owned by Skin Hambly. As a matter of fact, the Hambly family also owned the arena (destroyed by fire in the late 1950's) the ice making plant (known as City Pure Ice) and the Oshawa Fur and Cold Storage Plant on William Street. Now all are long gone. Wild Bill Hackney owned the Chrysler Dealership across the road. Mid town Mall was nothing more than a pastureland known as The Flats. All of these people had many things in common. Hard drinking, hard living and being successful. I forgot Pete Bachageorge who operated a used car lot across the street next to Hambly's Beverages. Pete had a very interesting guarantee for his used cars. He called it his 30/30/30 guarantee; 30 days, 30 miles, or 30 feet from his curb whichever occurred first.

One of the more memorable characters was King David. Each morning he would stride past the service station dressed in a formal tuxedo, including top hat, spats, cane and highly polished shoes. I never knew where he went but each day late in the afternoon he would reappear heading back to his residence somewhere north of Bond Street along Park Road. His claim to fame was building homes in the general area of Bond, Adelaide and Park Road. His houses were, and still are, very distinctive because each one had a "look out" or "Widow's Watch" (as it was sometimes called) on the roof. Take a drive in the neighbourhood and you can still pick them out.

Another character was Alfie Robinson. He owned and operated a junkyard. It was located on the Parking Lot land west of City Hall and north of the Art Gallery. The distinct part of Alfie was he always had a wad of cash in his pocket, "big enough to choke a horse," as it was described. When he had his Cadillac repaired by my Father he always, with a great flourish, withdrew the "Wad" from his pocket to pay whatever my father charged for the necessary repairs.

In My Day - January 2005

Recently I was asked if the Chamber had anything to do with the formation of the Canadian Automotive Museum. The answer is yes. A past president, Herb Robinson, was the driving force behind creation of the Museum. It may not have been the exclusive brain child of Herb but he certainly was the individual that made it happen. Now Herb had many enduring characteristics. He always called in the very early morning; 6:30 am or before. Herb always started work very early and decided that if he was up, the whole world should be up. Herb started an automotive parts business in the basement of his home on Gladstone Ave. Gradually, as the business grew and became successful it moved to the building on Richmond, now The River of Life Worship Centre, and opened branches in Whitby and I think, Cobourg. I know this because my father was in the auto repair business and did business with Herb and they were great friends. Our family spent one summer in a house trailer next to Herb's summer home at William's Point on Lake Scugog. When Herb got an idea it was difficult to persuade him to drop it.

The Museum started on a wing and a prayer. The building was acquired by convincing various members of the Chamber to lend \$25,000 to purchase the empty building from a drug company and giving the Museum a home. Prior to the drug company it had been the home of Ontario Motor Sales. The loans would be repaid out of operating revenues in the future. Herb eventually convinced most of the investors to donate the money because the operating revenues were not sufficient to pay the operating expenses and pay the debt.

And so the Museum started with displays and various pieces to commemorate the auto history of Oshawa and Canada. Fast-forward a couple of years when Gord Garrison, owner of the local radio station, was President of the Chamber, and I was a Vice President charged with the Chairmanship of the operating committee. I remember going to Gord very early in my term and explaining that the Museum was not viable and we should close it down. Gord's reply was "there was no blank, blank way that we were going to close the blank, blank, Museum on his watch". My instructions were clear---make it work. Someone came up with idea that we should make the Museum less static. Rather than have displays of old cars we should have changing displays on the various methods of Transportation in Canada, water, rail, air, auto and so on. In developing the air displays, many of the articles were loaned by the late Bob Stuart.

Someone heard that the Federal Government was disposing of assets, and we should acquire a Sabre Jet, for display in the Museum. Investigation proved that indeed you could acquire a Sabre Jet but it had to be purchased by a Municipality, not by an individual, and excitedly we explained our situation to the City Fathers and they agreed to issue the purchase order if we paid the price (I think \$3500.)

The purchase order was cut, the cheque attached and an agent left for Ottawa to finalize and ship the purchase to us in Oshawa. Somewhere between Oshawa and Ottawa the purchase order was changed from one to two. But that's another story for another day.

In My Day - February 2005

In the late 50's my employer charged me with the responsibility of disposing of a quantity of lead and copper reclaimed from former electric cable. Sol Brown owned Cedardale Scrap Iron and he agreed to buy all the reclaimed lead and copper I could give him. This comes under the heading of characters I have known. Christmas Eve, the last shipment of metal was delivered to Sol and he pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket "big enough to choke a horse" and started peeling off \$100.00 bills to honour the purchase. The amount was in the thousands and he wanted to pay me in cash. I explained that it was Christmas Eve and did not want to have that much cash in my possession over the yuletide season and would he please cut a cheque. Reluctantly he agreed. After completing the cheque he reached over his shoulder and pulled out two bottles of Seagrams

and wished me Happy Christmas. My father and I enjoyed the whiskey.

I remember when Lyman Gifford lost the election for Mayor to Mrs. Thomas he explained that he was going back to his farm to listen to the grass grow. To say that Mrs. Thomas distrusted business would be an understatement. Her husband represented the City for many years at Queen's Park under the old CCF banner. So the distrust was inbred and could not be changed. During his tenure of office the Holiday Inn wanted to build a Hotel on the Bloor street location and she was dead against the project because the City would have to pay the costs of servicing the land to the new project. The Chamber got involved and as you can see the Holiday Inn exists today, partially due to the input of the Chamber.

This comes under the heading of "What does the Chamber do?" It is one of the reasons that I have remained a Chamber member for over 40 years and plan to have another 40 years.

At one time we had a planning director at City Hall who got a nose bleed when he climbed a six foot step ladder. He would approve no building in Downtown Oshawa higher than two stories. We didn't have the Fire Fighting Equipment to fight at fire higher than two stories.

Along came a couple of businessmen who proposed the Bond Towers and guess what, the planning director turned redder by the minute. We want development and he wanted the status quo. Eventually we won, the Towers are built, the fire equipment is purchased, and then came the Bank of Nova Scotia building, the CIBC and Ontario Government Building and then the PHI Building.

Funny story about the Financial Building, Mike Starr, my dear friend, was told it would be named the Michael Starr building. He found out when the name was to be installed and, knowing that my office was located right across the road he asked if he could watch the installation of the name from my office. You d didn't say no to Mike. The day arrived and he was comfortably seated in my office watching the holes being drilled. After a while he said to me ---There is something wrong here. They are not installing the right name. I looked out and sure enough he was right. Mike got over there to find out what was wrong. Out of my office, down the elevator, across the road - "who is in charge here?" The foreman asked what's the problem and Mike explained that they were attaching the wrong name. The foreman says, "How do you know?" Mike replied that this was his building and his name was Michael Starr and please get it right. Guess what? Construction was halted and the proper name was installed.

Another story about Mike: When he was 85 I phoned him said "Mike I want you to help me raise one million dollars for the Scouting Organization to renovate Camp Samac". He said OK. We did.

In My Day - March 2005

Back in 1992, Al Simeson, Chamber President asked me to represent the Chamber at the newly formed Oshawa and District Advisory Council for Economic Development. Mr. Robert Alexander, who in 1993 was Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce and subsequently became President, was also a member of the Advisory Council representing the Chamber.

The Advisory Council was created by the new Mayor, Her Worship Nancy Diamond. As a matter of fact it was one of the few things she did during her term office that I actually agreed with.

This Council was one of the most rewarding things I have been involved in and I think the Chamber made a very significant contribution. Every segment of our community was involved and great round table discussions took place, culminating with the creation of the "Vision for the Future" document.

Here are some of the recommendations approved by the Chamber and forwarded for discussion and approval by the Economic Advisory Council.

That City Council, as soon as possible make the necessary budgetary commitments to permit hiring of a City Manager, and that Council proceed immediately to fill that position. Nothing new here, for as a matter of fact, provision was in the city budget but the position was approved. You know that John Brown was hired and Bob Duignan holds the position today.

That City Council develop a viable and effective economic development agenda based on a detailed economic development strategic plan. Remember this is 1992 it never happened. In 2003 the Chamber once again called for a Strategic Plan and it was finally unanimously approved February 28th, 2005.

In 1987, City Council approved the Oshawa Airport Master Plan but it was never implemented until this Advisory Council recommended such. You know the improvements that have occurred at the Airport. Someone recently announced that when Pickering is built this airport would be closed. To that I say, "Here comes another battle".

Oshawa Harbour. The City endorsed the Southeast Oshawa Planning Study recognizing the economic benefit of maintaining a viable port facility. The Advisory Council recommended pursuing the redevelopment of the Oshawa Harbour. Remember this is 1993. Where do we stand today?

Highway 401. Oshawa's principal transportation artery. Interchange improvements and widening of the 401 are critical to Oshawa's economic well-being. Remember this is 1993. Where are we today?

Highway 407. I once told John O'Toole "If we build it they will come" and his response was that they were not going to build another highway just to make it easier to get to the cottage. Extension and completion of 407 is essential to the City's future.

GO Train. That City Council take the necessary steps to ensure the earliest possible extension of GO Train service to Oshawa, specifically full service to future stations. Well maybe they passed this one.

That the City develop a coordinated, sustainable long-term Civic Pride campaign—including a municipal marketing strategy—designed to achieve and build upwards with community buy-in and involvement. Remember this was 1993. No comment.

That the City develop a business reception information centre, that could be distinct from City Hall, and would function as an initial point of contact to convey a positive, professional image to new businesses investigating Oshawa as a place to do business. No comment

I have shown you but a few of the solid recommendations put forward by the Advisory Council for Economical Development.

Would I do it again? Not likely. I like it when we both plan and execute.

In My Day - April 2005

The last thing Brian Mulroney and his cabinet did in 1995 was to order replacement helicopters for the aging Sea Kings. The first thing Jean Chretien did when he became Prime Minister was to cancel the order at a cost of \$600 million to the Canadian Taxpayer. It is now a decade later and we are still asking the young men and women of the Canadian Military to fly the aging Sea Kings.

Paul Martin, as Finance Minister, and Jean Chretien as Prime Minister, in 1995, were determined to balance the budget and pay down the accumulated debt. Noble endeavours, but one of the ways they accomplished the task was to limit spending on the Defence budget and cut the heart out of our Health System. We are short Doctors, some Hospitals don't function very well and diagnostic equipment is in short supply causing long lines of waiting patients. The Canadian Military is asked to carry the flag and do more and more with sad outdated equipment.

The Federal Government downloaded responsibilities to the Provinces and it in turn downloaded to the municipalities without giving the municipalities the right to create new streams of income. As a result we are asked to do more with the same money.

Allen Rock's answer to the murder of young women in Montreal was to create the Federal Gun Registry. Now this makes sense! Require law-abiding citizens to register their firearms and this will prevent a sick mind from killing people. The financial waste of close to or over a billion dollars has solved nothing.

Allen Rock, in addition to the above, stonewalled Canadians involved in the tainted blood scandal. Eventually they got some financial help but it was long after the damage had been done. Fortunately Rock is

now at the United Nations in New York and hopefully can't do any more harm to the taxpayers.

Human Resources squandered millions and the Gomery enquiry is finding all kinds of rocks to turn over finding other millions squandered. It all points back to Chretien and Martin.

Mr. McGuinty came to power with all sorts of promises he couldn't keep and made a liar of himself. Healthcare and Education are uppermost in the minds of Ontario taxpayers and so far I have seen nothing to fix the problem.

Based on surveys I have seen we would re-elect the same people at the drop of a hat.

Does this make any sense to you? I think what this country needs is leaders who examine problems and create plans of action to rectify those problems.

In My Day - July 2005

Each time I finish one of these I wonder what I will write about in the next issue and somehow between myself and my wife I always come up with a topic. This issue I am going to tell you about all those people who have disappeared from our City streets.

The milkman, bread man, ice man, coal man all have gone and no more do you hear the expression, *Ha Don* or *up Prince*. You see these gentlemen used to bring their goods and services to the kitchen door. Milk, bread, ice, all delivered to the door. Until the mid forties they used horse drawn wagons and hence the call to the horse as the salesman went from door to door with their goods. The horse knew the route as well as the driver and as he moved down the street he ordered the horse to follow him along and once every four or five houses he would return to the wagon to replenish what he had sold. The horse was *Don*, *Prince*, *Babe*, *Blondie* and with no complaints they drew their wagons of goods along the street. The Milkman carried a six bottle carrier and all mother had to do was put a number of empty bottles in the milk box or front or back step and he would complete her order by exchanging the empties for full bottles. He was paid by token, which could be conveniently put in the neck of the bottle or sufficient cash left with the empties.

The bread man carried a large wicker carrier containing an array of bread, pies, and assorted pastries for the housewife to choose. Money exchanged and the bread man proceeded to his next call while encouraging *Don* to move up.

The iceman was a little different because he had to ascertain the amount of ice mother needed before he would chip it from his supply and then carry same to the icebox in a set of tongs and collect his 15 cents. Summertime meant we could raid the iceman's wagon to obtain a chunk of ice to relieve the heat while he was in mother's kitchen delivering the required block of ice.

When trucks replaced the horse a little magic left the neighbourhood because never again did we here the refrain *Ha Don*. No matter what was said to the truck it would not respond. They also left no deposits on the road for the dogs to roll in.

The coal man was a little different because he entered the neighbourhood only when an order of a half a ton or ton of anthracite was ordered for the stoves for heating and cooking. He deposited the coal in the coal bin either by using a shoot which allowed the coal to travel from the wagon and eventually truck to the bin or by large bags. The coal man was always black with coal dust and looked quite interesting.

In My Day - August 2005

It struck me the other day when driving down *Ritson Road*, and after hearing of the death of *Don Burns* that there are many businesses no longer operating in our fair City.

Don Burns sold me my first expensive pair of shoes. Expensive to me who made \$.75 per week working for my Dad and Grandfather at the Service Station. When I described what I wanted, he exclaimed, "Oh you want a pair of *Harry Gay Shoes*". They were brown brogue, I think, and probably made by *Hart*. Anyway I had the \$45.00 and I walked out of the store, corner of *King* and *Simcoe* with my first pair of *Harry Gay Shoes*. I am pretty sure they were resoled three times before I finally had to throw them away.

Anyway back to *Ritson Road*. Driving south from *Rossland Road*, I remembered *Oshawa Box and Lumber*, *Oshawa Wood Products*, *T. G. Gale* (*Clare Peacock* has the only remaining location). Even the *GM North Plant* is going. *Ontario Steel Products*, then further south, *Russell Transport*, *McCallum Transport*, *Sproules Grocery Store*, *Stan Bowers B A Station*, *Winpey's Esso*, *The Handy Bar*, *Skitches Garage*, *Glecoff's Grocery*, *Sabian's Garage* (he was famous because he built his own car). Who were the two brothers who had a *Drug Store* and *Lunch Counter* on the corner of *Ritson* and *King*?

Then my thoughts began to wander to other locations. Do you remember *Ontario Maleable Iron*, *Fittings*, *The Pedlar People*, *Coulter Manufacturing*, *Skinners*, *Houdaille*, and *Robson Lang*? *The Cranfields*, *Monty* and *Don*, had a large *Service Station* at the corner of *Bloor* and *Simcoe* Streets. Their brother *Babe*, had a long and successful career with *Cliff Mills*. As a matter of fact he is gone too, although *Glenn Wilson* still operates under the old name. Across the road from *Cliff Mills* old location was *Beaton's Dairy*. Speaking of *Dairies*, there used to be *Oshawa Dairy*, *Riordons Dairy*, *Ideal Dairy*. These *Dairies* always had a stable of horses to pull the delivery wagons and they always had a matched pair of horses to compete in the annual fall fair.

I always remember the gentleman who ran the *Grand Café* in downtown *Oshawa*. He would always come out of the kitchen with both arms covered in dishes ready to serve his customers. Also downtown were *Shepherd's Meat Market*, *Henderson's Bookstore*,

Karn's Drug Store, Davidson's Shore Store, Saywell, The Central Hotel, and the Lancaster Hotel. Remarkably the Globe and Wards Dry Goods are still operating. I know I am leaving out quite a few but that's the best memory can do. Times they are a changing.

In My Day - September 2005

The ink was hardly dry on the last issue of business matters when I received a telephone call from Chris Topple who reminded me about the two brothers who ran the Drug Store and Lunch Counter at the corner of Ritson and King, Jimmie and Chris, but neither of us could remember their last name. Chris also reminded me about Goodes Hardware and Jamieson Drugs that were across the road. I told Chris that Goodes Hardware still exists and is now located in Courtice.

One person I have been meaning to write about is Stephen Saywell. A tiny man who was a giant in his community, Stephen started out with a small corner of the Genosha Hotel selling the very things that travelers needed. He ended up operating a store in Downtown Oshawa for many years just south of the Four Corners. Who remembers when the Four Corners had the only traffic light in town? Stephen and his wife sold luggage, books, cards, and a variety of other things until his death. In addition to being a merchant, he, for many years, was elected to the Oshawa Board of Education. He was a lay preacher and was instrumental in organizing the congregation at St. Stephen's Church. He was a kind man who never said a bad word about anyone.

Stephen loved to go to his cottage in the summertime and unfortunately his City home was a bit neglected. When I was in my late teens Stephen hired me and his nephew to revitalize the grounds at his home. Part of my responsibility was to prune the hedge and make it nice and square. Well unfortunately Stephen insisted I use his new electric shears instead of the old hand clippers. The hand clippers I was used to. The electric shears were strangers to me. Consequently, I cut the electrical cord many times and would have to stop and repair the cord to continue pruning the hedge. By the time the work was done I had to take all the money he paid me for the job and buy him a new electrical cord.

One of the happy memories In My Day was the "first day" of School. We would all troop off to School on the first morning, assembling in the Gym to learn where our Home Room was located and then to receive the list of text books we would require in the variety of subjects. The next stop was Downtown to line up outside Saywell's or Henderson's book store to make our purchases.

In My Day - October 2005

Automobiles I remember

Thought you might get a kick remembering the cars you have had in the past. The first car I owned was a 1947 Oldsmobile torpedo-style body (I don't remember the model name) with an automatic transmission. The car was given to me by my Dad

because the owner couldn't pay his repair bill and Dad took the car as payment. It was so good that I kept five gallons of USED motor oil in the trunk, that's right I said USED motor oil. I used to take my girl friend, Beverley, now my wife of 40 plus years back to Toronto every Sunday night where she attended Teachers College. I would top up the crankcase before we left Oshawa and top up again before the return trip home. It took about five miles to get the car rolling about 50 miles per hour and then it just floated down the highway.

I bought the next car from Courtice Auto Wreckers. I traded in the Olds and bought a 1953 Chevy four-door sedan. It cost me three hundred dollars, plus the trade in. I was pretty handy and thought I was a body man and I knew that with a little bit of work I could restore the body to the original condition. I spent hours and hours in my Dad's shop with body filler and sander repairing the damage of the salt and wear and tear that the poor old Chevy had experienced. At the time I was the Mate of the 8th Oshawa Rover Crew and my brother-in-law and I took a group of 8th Oshawa Scouts to a Sea Scout Rendezvous at White Cloud Island in the Bruce Peninsula. The Boys wanted to go with me rather than in Ron's plain old pickup truck. That was until the last few miles which were on a dirt road. By the time we arrived at our destination the boys were covered in dust from head to toe. Funny, but they refused to ride with me on the return trip.

A 1963 Chev followed. I called this one a gutless wonder. In order to pass you had to drop back about 1000 yards and when the coast was clear you took a run. A 1957 Ford (I think a Fairlane) was next. Eight cylinders and boy that car could fly. A couple of nondescripts followed but the most memorable car was a used taxi I bought from George Rutherford. George owned Mercury Taxi and he would drive his cars until they hit 100,000 miles and then dispose of them. I came home one night to show Beverley my new car which I had just purchased from George for \$1,000. Of course the hole in the roof was patched and holes in the dash where the meter had been were patched. I don't think Beverley ever forgave me for the indignity she suffered in riding in that old Taxi. She always claimed, although I never believed her, that she could smell beer and you know what in that car.

In 1972 Beverley bought our first Brand New Car; a RED 1972 Ford Maverick. Although the cars of the past bring happy memories, I don't think anything can replace the first.

In My Day - November 2005

Teachers I have known

I have always had a great deal of respect for those citizens of our society who become Teachers, because they shape the lives of our next generation. There follows some thoughts on the many teachers I have known and held in the highest esteem.

My father was an absolute genius when it came to internal combustion engines. His reputation for

diagnosing and repair of engines was known far and wide. Remember, dear reader, this was before the days of computers and their diagnostic ability. It was not uncommon to see Dad bent over the fender of a vehicle with his broom stick and stethoscope to determine the maladies of the engine. When he was finished with his diagnosis he would call the mechanics and apprentices together, and each would give his interpretation of the problem. Dad was never wrong. What he could not do was saw or measure a board and therefore my limited, and I mean limited, ability for carpentry was taught to me by John Bentley, the shop teacher of Central Collegiate. Woodworking, Machining, Welding, and a broad range of shop was taught by Mr. Bentley. To this day, in my little home workshop, I still practice the skills he taught.

The late Jim Carson, English, introduced me to the classics and I still, to this day, read the authors he introduced. Don McIlveen, physical education, coach supreme, of football, basketball, also taught, badminton, soccer and dancing, yes dancing.

Mr. Arthur Martin, History. He was so good that when he described the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, you could smell the gunpowder. He began my love of Canadian History.

Mr. McLeod, History. He was the teacher assigned to the School Parliament, of which I was the Speaker. When I made a contentious decision that the members objected to I simply looked to the back of the room and Mr. McLeod would either nod yes or no, and I would continue based on his advice. I think I was the only one in the room (Parliament) who knew what was going on between him and me.

My wife, to this day, still practices the advice given to her by Miss Lidke, the home economics teacher. Who can forget Miss Pellow and those awful uniforms she made the girls wear in the Gym Class. They completely covered any figure the girls had.

Mr. Jack Judge got me through Grade Thirteen Geometry and to this day still calls my wife one of his favourite pupils.

In My Day - December 2005

The other day whilst running errands in the Downtown I went to Henry's Deli for my usual assorted cold cuts and rye bread only to find they had closed their downtown store.

That got me to remembering all the "old" regulars that have forsaken the downtown over the years.

The problem began when the Oshawa Centre was first built in the mid 20th century, and some of the old timers left and opened new stores. Others have closed because the owner has retired or died.

I, quite frankly, liked the old days because one could deal with the person who owned the store, rather than a young clerk who can't figure their left from right. Henderson's and Saywells, Shepherd and Barlow

Meat markets, Karn's Drugs, Holden Bros Furniture, to name a few. I especially remember Horwich's Jewellers. My wife and I bought most of our dishes and glassware from Sammy. The best time to buy from Sammy was early Monday morning because for some reason the first sale of the week was important and good deals was available. Davidson and Burns shoes were exceptional. Mothers took their babies for a fit of their first shoes. I always remember the hard wood floor in Flintoff Hardware.

A real treat was watching the elves tapping on the window at Christmas time at the Laura Secord store that used to be at the corner of Simcoe and King Streets. Woolworth's, Kresge's and Metropolitan were mainstays. Wilson and Lee is another one and still is.

Of course lots of new stores have opened and I still enjoy dealing with the person who owns the place. Frankly I am old school and still would like to make my purchases in the Downtown rather than other places, although I must say that my children have introduced me to on-line buying over the internet. So the old way was good but the new way is good too.

Theatres. At one time one could choose the Marks, the Biltmore, the Regent, and the Plaza for the Roy Rogers, or Tom Mix movies on a Saturday afternoon. Fifteen cents got you in and a bag of popcorn.

Hotels. You could buy a beer at the Lancaster, the Genosha, the Queens, and the Central.

In My Day - March 2006

During the last Christmas season I had the privilege of watching my Grandson Bryan, and his Clarington Hockey Team play in the annual NASC Christmas Hockey Tournament. Once again, it got me to thinking, and I wanted to tell you about the NASC (Neighbourhood Association Sports Committee). The tournament, by the way, was held in the new Legend Centre on Harmony Road North and is probably the ugliest building I have ever seen, but that's another story.

The NASC was first organized in 1947, just after the Second World War, under the auspices of the CRA, Community Recreation Association. The CRA was chaired for decades by the late Chris Mason, father of our former Mayor Allan. The Association was composed of volunteers from each Neighbourhood Association (Park) and since its inception has organized and run sporting activities for the children of Oshawa. Remember, I said "volunteers". Each Park would elect an Executive from the area parent pool who were interested in having their children play hockey, softball and soccer. The Executive would hold fund raising projects, arrange for coaches, set rules of conduct, schedule games, have an annual Park opening and closing, buy equipment, and participate in the NASC. Each Park was allowed, with some financial help from the city, to build a suitable clubhouse in their Park. For years I chaired the Sports Committee and Coached at North Oshawa Park.

I remember, as a kid living on Park Road, watching the buildings being moved from the Oshawa Airport to the CRA site on Gibb Street. That building, until it was destroyed by fire, was used by the citizens of Oshawa as a place to meet and participate in various events and activities. Bev Heard, Russ Young and Al Stack, as an example, would play for weekly dances and raise money for the operation of the CRA. As a kid I played for Rundle and Bathe Parks.

I would like to pay tribute to thousands of parental volunteers, who spent millions of hours over the last 59 years making sure their children had an opportunity to participate in many sporting activities and thus keeping thousands "off the street" and constructively occupied.

In My Day - February 2006

Scouting - Two events occurred recently that spurred my memory about Scouting. The first was the death of Scouter C. H. (Chuck) Collard, age 91, who for over 50 years was the Scout Master of the 7th Oshawa Scout Troop. He was also District Commissioner and for many years was Camp Chief of the Haliburton Camp Samac Adventure Base. A man of distinction, he certainly left his mark on the youth of our community. I was part of his troop that attended the 8th World Jamboree in Niagara-on-the-lake in the mid 50's of the last century.

The second occurrence was when my wife Beverley and I attended a dinner-theatre and met Ted Maidman who was my Scout Master of the 3rd Oshawa. Now Ted has many claims to fame but the three that I know best are that he spent some time floating around in the North Atlantic, during WW2 when his ship, the HMCS Skeena ran into trouble while hunting U Boats near Iceland. The second is that he pedaled his bicycle 85 KMS to celebrate his recent 80th birthday and the third is he taught me semaphore. I never became as good as he but he did make sure that when we entered a competition we would place at, or near the top.

I remember weekends at Camp Samac when we would compete with Chuck Collard and the 7th, Don Holden and the 8th, Flash Gordon and the 4th. There were others, of course, but they were never quite as good. Fire lighting, camp fire cooking, knot relays, compass and map reading and of course semaphore, to name a few.

Every winter camp we had, Ted would march us out of Cabin 5 and down to the creek. With soap, wash cloth and towel in hand he would insist that we wade into the creek, break the ice and wash from the waist up.

Who can tell the many lives that these men touched showing us all the honourable path to follow, teaching duty to God and Queen. Set a Standard of Excellence and Be Prepared.

In My Day - April 2006

Not long ago I was greeted entering Kingsview Church by Don and Lillian Cooper. During our brief

conversation, Lillian congratulated me on this column and said how much she enjoyed it and also told me Don had operated his business in downtown Oshawa for 60 years.

That got me to thinking that in the past I have written about businesses I remember and are no longer in business. Why don't I write about businesses that are still around? Cooper's Service Station shares this distinction with Jury & Lovell, Doug Wilson Men's Wear Ltd., Murray Johnston (Oshawa) Ltd., Holland Building Centre, Peacock Lumber Ltd., W. B. White Insurance Limited, Roughley Insurance Brokers Ltd., White Home Hardware, Millwork Home Centre, Eastview Pharmacy, The New Globe Restaurant, to name a few.

Don Cooper and his father Percy, after Don's service in the Royal Canadian Navy, bought the property at the corner of Bruce and Albert Streets in 1945 and opened his Service Station in 1946. Today, one of his sons Doug owns and runs the business with Don going in once a day to provide advice and counsel. Lillian keeps the books. Their other son is an Engineer in Port Hope and their daughter is a retired high school teacher. Eight grandchildren are either in high school or University and doing just fine. Don and Lillian have been married for 53 years.

During an interview I had with Lillian researching this article, I asked if she had known my Grandfather and Father who also had been in the Service Station and Garage business. She answered adding that her brother John Bilenduke had apprenticed with my father. Small world. The Bilenduke business is now carried on by John's brother Peter at the corner of Simcoe and Wentworth Streets.

The problem with mentioning names is that there is the distinct possibility that I will miss someone. Let me know.

In My Day - June 2006

I have always cherished the friendships formed in childhood and continuing to adulthood. Bob Jackson, Ray Gillard, Bruce McArthur, Bill Sutton and Ron Pine, to name a few. The one I want to single out today is R. J. (Bob) Armstrong, President of the Armstrong Funeral Home Limited.

The Armstrong Funeral Home has been burying my ancestors, and many others, since his Grandfather Mathew started the business, as The Oshawa Burial Company, in 1930. Grandfather Mathew had started in the Funeral Business 1898, in Fergus, Ontario, continuing to Belleville and then to Oshawa at the corner of Bruce and Celina. Bob's father joined the family business at this time and with his father moved the location to its present location in 1936. Bob once gave me an invoice that showed that his Grandfather and my Grandfather had done business together with my Grandfather fixing Mathew's automobile.

Mathew died in 1959 and Army (Albert), Bob's father continued on with Bob joining the firm in 1961 and now Bob's daughter Debra has also joined the firm to

continue the family tradition. We share that tradition as well because my daughter Jennifer is now the owner of C. Fred Ball & Associates Inc.

Bob and I belonged to the same Scout Troop, the 3rd Oshawa, and at least for one year attended the King Street School together. I moved to Ritson Road School the next year. We enjoyed 10 years together as members of the Oshawa Rotary Club and attend the same church Kingsview United. We have both served on various committees on the Greater Oshawa Chamber of Commerce. This is a friendship that has endured.

In My Day - August 2006

This comes under the heading of "People I have Known"

Army, (Albert) Armstrong, the Father of Bob and Grandfather of Debra was someone I always admired. He joined his father, Mathew, in the Oshawa Burial Company which later would become the Armstrong Funeral Home Limited, a business that continues today with Debra at the helm.

He was a member of the Masonic Lodge, and the Oshawa Chamber of Commerce, President of the Children's Aid Society. Referee---As a matter of fact he was as good as a referee that he was once asked by both teams to referee the Memorial Cup in Western Canada. President of the Oshawa Golf and Country Club in 1963. President of the Oshawa Rotary Club 1943-44. In his Profession he served as President of the Bay of Quinte Funeral Service Association. He was President of the Oshawa Curling Club and the Oshawa Tennis Club.

Not always a Funeral Director, he worked for Eaton's and CP Rail and before joining his father's business he managed Robinson Funeral Home in Brooklin. When he died in 1979 the business was taken over by son R. J. (Bob) Armstrong.

I remember him for his wonderful sense of humour. No matter the seriousness of the situation Army could always find something to smile about. He was survived by his wife Silva, who died in 2002 and the age of 97. She also impressed me with wit and humour and until she died Silva always knew what was going on.

In My Day - September 2006

The other day Beverley and I were driving west on Rossland and saw Pat and Mikes Marquee announcing Smelt Dinner was the special. Yes, this prompted the memory of years ago when the call went out that the "Smelt were Running".

Chest waders. Dip net, a couple of old tires, a school boy six, Coleman lantern were hastily gathered. Down Farewell Ave, to ask Mrs. Gifford, or Lyman to trespass on their farm to get to our favourite spot just east of the Cemetery on the shores of Lake Ontario. Sometimes we went in by the Old Ghost Road and walked the remaining few yards.

In moments we had the tire burning and the lantern lit, prepared to wait whatever time it took to get the bushel of Smelt. Sometimes we were rewarded immediately and sometimes it took most of the night. Once we had our catch we headed home where Mother would have the fry pan hot and ready.

For those of you uneducated, Smelt are tiny fish that gather each spring on the shores of Lake Ontario to lay their eggs and perpetuate the species and they are a delicious treat to those of us who like fish. A dip net is required to catch the fish although some fisherman did use a drag net. The dip net measured about three feet square and was extended out into the lake by a long pole. Allowing it to rest on the lake bottom to fill was all that was needed. Raise the pole, which raised the net, and there was the prize!

In My Day - November 2006

The Hawk Nesters Curling Club

I owe a thank you to Rick Gay. He helped me fill in the blanks for this article.

I first encountered the Hawk Nesters Curling Club when I was asked to join the organizing committee for the Brier that was held in Oshawa, years ago. Local members included Harry Gay, L. M. (Jimmy) Souch, Bert White, Ken Jackson, Lou Beaton, and Jack Glover. The one thing these men had in common was their love of the game of Curling. They all wore distinctive red plaid jackets. They loved "The Brier" and traveled widely to attend every year regardless of its location.

Knowing what these guys did in our community I always imagined that theirs was a secret organization like the Masons or Shrine and would give lots of money to charity. Turns out their main goal was attend the Brier and enjoy one another's company.

You know Curling has always played a big part of the Oshawa community. My Grandmother, Flossie Ball helped to organize the first local Women's Curling Club. At one time the Oshawa Curling Club had the only sheets in town and each winter, every night of the week, regulars would gather at the "Club", curl, and relax with friends. It was a great place to eat (Dick Ing was the chef) and the drinks were cheap. Years ago the Rink of George MacGregor, Bob Walker, Clare Peacock and Dunc Brody won the National School Boy's Curling Championship.

The Hawk Nesters came from all over the Province and Rick thinks it started in the 30's. He does remember that his Dad, Harry, attended each Brier for over thirty years. Each summer the members would go to Harry's cottage, plot the upcoming Brier and make plans for the winter events. Drinks would flow, the food was plentiful, and the stories retold many times. Fun on a page from the past not likely to be seen again.

In My Day - December 2006

White Home Hardware

Recently I spent a most enjoyable evening with Chris and Don White talking about the business that was begun in September of 1928, now called White Home Hardware.

Gordon White, Don's father, started the business selling coal and wood out of an old railway hotel near the intersection of Simcoe Street North and Taunton Road. This site is still occupied today except it is White Home Hardware.

The coal and wood business soon expanded to a Purina Feed Store and didn't begin the Hardware Business until Don returned from Holland after the Second World War. Don joined the Canadian Armoured Corps in 1941, went to Italy as a D-Day Dodger and then in 1944 was sent to Holland with the Canadian Dragoons.

Don came home in February of 1946, married Chris in 1949 and graduated from Guelph College. Furnace oil spelled the doom of the coal and wood business in the early 60's and the feed went in the early 80's. Heather came along in 1952, Stephen in 1955 and Holly in 1958. Heather just sold her hardware business in Lindsay and Stephen, along with wife Debra operates the business in Oshawa and Holly is with Home Hardware in St. Jacobs Ontario.

Don helped start Home Hardware in 1964 and for many years served on the Board of Directors. Today Don helps in the store but is as well known for the pride and patriotism he personifies with such dignity while presenting the Colours "in memoriam" each November 11th at Kingsview United Church.

In My Day - January 2007

Recently we had a Past President's meeting. This is an annual event where the previous Presidents are invited to a luncheon to hear an update of the latest Chamber's endeavours (given by current president Colin Sinclair). The meeting is chaired by the newest Past President, (Keith Miller), and it gives the opportunity to the participants to remain current and make comments or recommendations.

The oldest member attending was Ted Bastedo (1958); the next was Gord Garrison (1968) and myself (1971-72). Other attendees were John Williams, Gerry Johnston, Lloyd Fenemore, and Mike Bresee. Bob Malcolmson took notes because there were some interesting suggestions by the participants. Most agreed the Chamber, its committees and Directors were to be congratulated for their fine work. Colin outlined our recent submissions to Local, Regional, Provincial and Federal Governments and the leadership role that the Chamber had taken representing business in the Greater Oshawa Area. Our membership now numbers 867 and the magical number of 1000 is within sight.

Our Government Affairs Committee examines ideas of interest to our members and makes the appropriate

recommendations to the Board. The Board then has the background and authority to represent the Chamber to the proper agency. Consistently we have proposed motions at both the Ontario and Canadian Chambers for approval and future action. The Chamber is not shy when making suggestions to the Oshawa City Council or the Durham Region.

The members also heard the great job being done by the Physicians Recruitment Task Force in attracting new Family Physicians to Oshawa. We still have need for 30 more Doctors to properly service the Community.

John Williams made a great suggestion and that was that the Chamber should be encouraging members to buy North American!

In My Day - February 2007

I dropped south of Acton one day recently (yes it is worth the drive) and saw something I haven't seen for a long time. A homeowner was installing storm windows. Years ago this was a rite of spring and fall. In the fall you installed the storm windows, after a thorough cleaning, for the coming winter, and in the spring you took them down and stored them for the coming fall. Storm windows were a god send because they protected the house from the winter storms.

You see, dear reader, windows of yore were single pane and without the storm window one suffered the winds and frost of winter. With the storms, (as they were called) at least around the windows one could be assured that the frost wouldn't bite you.

Houses built before the WW2, were solid yes, but with little insulation to speak of, they became cold and drafty. I don't know when fibre glass insulation was invented but before, then the best you could hope for was no cracks. R Factors that we know of today did not exist. Windows that were installed were single pane and the storms had to be added in the fall to give one a measure of comfort during the coming of winter.

I remember our first house on Park Road, heated by a huge wood or coal fired Kitchen Range, which had to be unchecked in the morning to warm up the house. When the wind was blowing from the North or West the floor covering in the Kitchen would balloon up and it was a lot of fun negotiating the floor to turn on the stove. What luxury when we moved to our new house on Arthur Street with its coal fired furnace, gravity fed hot air to the two and one half stories. We also had hot and cold running water with a water heater.

My Dad always hired someone to install his storms because he worked 24/7. It had nothing to do with fact that he hated cleaning windows and was afraid of heights! Remember carrying that huge window up two and one half stories latching it on the hinge at the top of the ladder was no mean task. The lad south of Acton brought back good memories.

In My Day - March 2007

Recently the Ball boys visited the new General Motors Centre to witness the Select Canadian Juniors play the Russians. Wonderful facility and great game. After the first period two Zambonis appeared on the ice, and I turned to my son and said, "Would you like to know how the ice in the Old Oshawa Arena was cleaned?" Of course I then had to explain about the "Old Oshawa Arena".

I think it was in 1952 or 1953, when Chester Layton, the morning man at my father's Service Station called to say that there was black smoke coming out of the roof of the Arena and it was surrounded with fire trucks. Dad's service station was located on the corner of Arena Street and King St, West and the Old Arena was located to the north where Ontario Motor Sales is now located. The Arena was completely destroyed and the owner, one of the Hambly's decided not to rebuild. Oshawa was without an Arena, and where would we play our favourite pastime – "Hockey". The Generals had to move their home games to Whitby. Oshawa Council decided to build the Children's Arena, but that facility was for Children only and did not include the Junior A or B teams.

A group of Civic minded individuals then set about to build what became the Oshawa Civic Centre. Their motto was "Let's build it for ourselves by ourselves". Diligently they worked until they had enough money to build the NEW facility.

We now move to how the ice was cleaned and flooded. Between periods, Rink Rats, as they were called would appear with snow plow shovels and behind one another would circle the ice until they had removed all the snow from the ice. Only then would two men pull a two wheeled cart with a 45 gallon drum of hot water (hot water freezes faster than cold) with a horizontal pipe at the back with the appropriate number of holes and sized to allow the water to leak onto the ice and freeze.

In My Day - April 2007

Recently, Gerry Johnston, past president of the Chamber, and I had lunch together and we reminisced about the old days when Gerry became an Oshawa Police Constable.

The year was 1962, and the Chief was Flintoff, the Sergeant was Jim Taylor and the Inspector was Ernie Barker, all familiar names to us who have lived in Oshawa.

He spent twelve weeks at Police College in Aylmer and began his career at the Oshawa Police Department. They had four cars, one for each quadrant of the City. The foot patrolman, with no radio, was responsible for walking the beat and checking every door of every building. Consequently they knew every merchant, building owner and those less than desirable individuals who found their home in Oshawa. Each Officer walked the beat either south from the four corners to the Cadillac Hotel or north to

Adelaide, east to Ritson, and west to the Shopping Centre. There were two Officers responsible for the Centre. Communication with the Police Station was by a call box located at the four corners or the friendly help of a citizen.

Sometimes they would commandeer a vehicle if they needed to chase a suspect. Gerry told me of one experience when he enlisted the aide of a passing motorist to assist him chasing another motorist. When the driver slowed for an intersection contraband rolled out from under the seat and Gerry had no other alternative than to arrest the poor guy. The motorist he was chasing got away.

We also discussed the famous Pedlar People payroll holdup. The Police arrived just as the robbers were exiting Pedlars and with guns blazing the chase began. The robbers were finally cornered on Phillip Murray Avenue when it became obvious that escape was not possible.

Remember these tales of yesterday as you listen at night to the Police helicopter circling over your neighbourhood.

In My Day - May 2007

The other day when I read of the death of Alf Harrell (aged over 100) I started thinking about all the "Stalwarts of the Community" that have come and gone and I thought I would tell you about some of them. Alf taught me enough about plumbing to pass the plumbing badge of the Boy Scouts. For many years he was a pillar of the local Scouting community serving as its President.

Hayward Murdoch, before he was old enough to shave every day, spent most of the Second World War in a German POW camp because his aeroplane was shot down. Later he became Mayor of Oshawa and worked to improve our community.

Stu Algar and T. L. Wilson were called the Bobbsey Twins. Stu, of Algar Press and T. L., publisher of the Oshawa Times, worked with men like Harry Gay, Gay Construction, (Rick's father); W. B. (Bert) White, (Jim Fammes's grandfather); Lou Beaton, Beaton's Dairy; Wilf Pascoe, Ideal Dairy; the Hart Brothers from Oshawa Dairy and a host of others, on a variety of projects to make Oshawa a better place. Stu drove the fund raising drive to make the Eastview Boys and Girls Club a reality.

When a banquet was necessary to celebrate some event, Harry Finer, of the old Genosha Hotel, was called upon to provide the meal and at a reasonable cost.

The Honourable, Colonel, Mike Starr, who became Mayor and then served as a Minister in John Diefenbacher's Cabinet, once told me that he had been a member of the Privy Council for more than 50 years and not once had the Queen asked him for advice. He was consulted often in his riding and responded happily.

There are also those who are still with us who need to be recognized. Chuck Collard served the Scouting Movement for more than 50 years, as a leader of the 7th Oshawa. He took a group of Scouts, including me to the eighth World Jamboree in Niagara Falls. He organized the first "Hands across the Border" event which still occurs each May and October. Stanley Richardson, for many years was Executive Director of the Oshawa District Scouts. He always had the ear of Col. Sam. Whenever the Scouts or Camp Samac needed something Stan would call Mr. English, the Col's private secretary. A meeting was held and usually Stan came away from the meeting with a cheque in hand.

I am sorry to hear that Ed Broadbent will not continue to serve in the House of Commons. It was Ed's motion in 1995 that called for the eradication of child poverty by 2000, passed unanimously by the House.

Perhaps my memory nudges have awakened your glimpses into the past. Remember the swarthy man who lived in the "flats" with his Doberman dogs? (homelessness isn't new); or Velma Harris, who walked with a smile south on Simcoe Street every morning to work? ; or the popcorn man with his cart on the corner of King and Celina; or the blind man on the corner of Bond and Simcoe, selling his newspapers and magazines? Or? Or? ---have fun!!

In My Day - June 2007

In 1922 a blind Piano Tuner, William Wilson, moved from Toronto, bought a home on Albert Street and began working for the Williams Piano Factory. He soon tired of working for someone else and in partnership with his Sister-in-law, Mary Lee, started Wilson and Lee.

Today that same business thrives at 87 Simcoe St., North, in downtown Oshawa. The present facility, operated by two of William's Grandsons, Bill and Dave, was built in 1953.

William and his wife had eight children, three of whom, William, George and Edward entered the business after serving in the Second World War and following William's death in 1941, operated the business with Aunt Mary. Today William who is 90 and Ed who is 80 are both retired. Bill, or William III entered the business in 1953 with Dave coming on in 1967.

The continuing success of the business is based on excellent customer service in musical instruments, great selection of sheet music and a large of inventory of CD's and DVD's. When you go into the store make sure you introduce yourself and I guarantee they will remember who you are on your next visit.

Rockbrune Bros Movers started by the father Robert in 1931. Robert moved from Toronto, married a Scottish Immigrant, and raised seven children (five boys and two girls). Working in General Motors he started his moving business under the name of City Cartage with one truck. His specialty was moving anything unusual.

He bought 86 William Street in 1939 paying \$850.00 and the business still operates from this address today although it has expanded with offices in Ajax and Barrie and now has over thirty trucks.

Still a family business there is presently seven family members in the business. Bob and Bill with one son in Oshawa and Joe in Barrie with two sons.

They became an Untied Van Lines agent in 1966 and have moved over 50,000 families from coast to coast. I recall, as a kid, driving with my Dad from his service station on Simcoe Street and passing the William street address under the watchful eye of the two Great Danes that always seemed to be standing guard on the driveway.

In My Day - August 2007

The other day I accompanied my Grandson, Bryan Smith, to have his hair cut. Only the oldest of the old will remember this. We were in a Beauty Salon surrounded by women and I thought it a shame that Bryan would never experience the Barber Shop. You see in My Day men went to a Barber Shop and women went to a Beauty Salon. When I was very young, before the age of 10 I went to Little's Barber Shop in Westmount and had a hair cut for 25 cents.

Later on I graduated to Red Shawbrook's Barber Shop on Prince Street in Downtown Oshawa. Gone now, and replaced by the Parking Garage. He and Al Stack held court and one would enter the Shop expecting to wait for at least thirty minutes before your turn. The topic of the day was politics and sports. I never knew that so many experts could be waiting in a barber shop to get their hair cut. Later on, when Red gave up the shop and retired, Al Stack had his own shop at the front of his house on King Street east, near where Eastview Pharmacy is now.

Al Stack was quite fiddle player and most Saturday Nights you could find him in my Dad's living room with Bev Heard and Russ Young jamming it up. That's when they weren't up at the CRA building on Gibb Street for the Saturday Night's Dance.

Al had one other claim to fame, his brother, who was Bill Stack the wrestler. That was in the day of Whipper Billy Watson. I told you at the beginning that only the old of the old would remember.

Red Shawbrook and the Balls were neighbours on Arthur Street and in the winter months he would take me to the General's Game and then I would baby sit while he and his wife would go to the Dance at the Yacht Club at the Oshawa Harbour

Editor's Note: In my day we went to Doug's Barber Shop at the corner of Ontario and Bond Street for our summer Brush Cut.

In My Day - September 2007

As you know I have written in the past, about Oshawa Businesses that have been around for some time. This month I am going to write about a business and its owner who are new to the City.

Tony Zheng came to Canada from China, eight years ago, with his wife, Wendy, and two daughters. A Mechanical Engineer by trade he found he was not qualified to practice his trade in Canada and so became a labourer, saved his money, and bought a Variety Store in Toronto. He is now a Canadian Citizen.

I first met Tony because I frequent his store and he recognized me from reading Business Matters. Although he is not a Chamber Member he does keep abreast of Business Matters and keeps in touch with his Community

Three years ago, last April, he sold the Variety Store and purchased the Coffee Time on Ritson Road North in Oshawa. Why, I asked, did you choose Oshawa and his answer was swift and sure. Oshawa is a growing economical part of the GTA. In other words, this is the place to be if you want to grow and be successful.

Although Tony comes from a family of five brothers and two sisters, with parents still living in China he is confident of his future. Wendy's parents as well still live in China and have visited and will continue in the future. As a person whose ancestors have lived in Oshawa for over one hundred years I must say I admire this young man and look forward to watching his future growth and development.

In My Day - October 2007

A little while ago a group of the "Old Boys" was reminiscing about the past and the story of the Sabre Jet came up and I thought that you the readers might enjoy this story from the past.

Years ago, when the Chamber still owned and operated the Canadian Automotive Museum, a group of us were charged with the responsibility of operating the Museum and trying desperately to make it a viable operation.

The Group, consisting of Bill Eastwood, Jack Mann, Bruce McArther, Paul Bellinger, Ron Bilsky, and myself came up with the idea that maybe we should transform the Museum to one of Transportation instead of just Automobiles and so we embarked upon a programme to diversify the Museum.

At that time the Federal Government was selling its inventory of unwanted Sabre Jets, once the pride of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Wouldn't it be unusual to have a Sabre Jet on display in the Museum? Enquiries were made and yes we could buy one as long as the City of Oshawa was the purchaser. The City agreed to issue the purchase order and armed with this our agent went to Ottawa to acquire the jet and deliver to Oshawa.

Some time later a Sabre Jet, located in the United States, was involved in an accident where lives were lost and the American Government became very interested in determining just how the discarded fighter jet ended up in the US and flying.

All Hell broke loose as the ownership was traced back to the Canadian Automotive Museum. You see between Oshawa and Ottawa the purchase order was changed to two jets instead of one. The one came to Oshawa and the other went to a buyer in the United States. This fact was, of course, unknown to us, the members of the Operating Committee. The American Government, RCMP, and local police were all involved in the investigation and in due course an individual, who had nothing to do with us, was charged, brought to trial and in the end found not guilty of the fraud.

During the investigation you can imagine the consternation of all the parties that we looked like either a bunch of crooks or country hicks. Fortunately we all came away, in the end, unscathed.

In My Day - November/December 2007

Recently I renewed acquaintance with Shirley Turner and we had a great time talking about her late husband, Douglas J. (Dutchie) Turner. I first met Dutchie when I participated, as a Coach, in the Hambly Hockey Tournament many years ago. The late Bob Hambly of Hambly's Beverages (local Coca-Cola Bottler) sponsored a Peewee Hockey Tournament each Spring Break. It was a thrilling adventure for the recreational hockey players. The tournament, lasting a full week, was held in the Civic Auditorium where the boys experienced the adventure of the "Big Time"

Dutchie was part of the Oshawa Minor Hockey Association which helped to organize and run the week long event. The players ended up playing for the Championship of four different divisions, A, B, C, D.

Dutchie played goal for the Oshawa Generals during the late 30's and was therefore a hero to the young impressionable players. Before each game he would enter the dressing room of each team and give a short talk on sportsmanship, emphasizing playing to the best of your ability, cleanly, respect the referees and listen to your coach.

He was so good at it that the boys looked forward to Dutchie's visit and listened attentively. He also spent a great deal of his spare time, from working in GM, to teaching the art of goaltending to the aspiring young players.

Dutchie was one of those people who should be remembered for his impact on the young children of Oshawa. I will always remember him with fond and admiring memories.

In My Day - January 2008

Remembering the Old Days

The other day as I was exiting Sobeys, (I bought lobster for New Year's Eve at \$8.99 a pound), I dropped a couple of coins in the Salvation Army Kettle. As the volunteer offered me a pen, I thought of the Old Days.

At Christmas time the Army would circulate neighbourhoods with the Salvation Army Band playing appropriate Christmas music while a group of volunteers would go door-to-door asking for donations. Today, that pastime is gone and now they stand in shopping malls and stores looking for donations from the shoppers.

My Dad was not a very religious person, although he always made sure my brother and I attended Sunday School, but at Christmas time he always looked forward to making a contribution to the Army. He taught respect for the kind of work they do in our City. Listening to the Band at Christmas time was a great pleasure.

My Mother would make the annual excursion to Toronto to the large stores, Easton and Simpsons, so that her two sons could see and visit Santa Claus. Today the Jolly Old Elf is everywhere and one does not have to travel too far to appreciate a visit. Mom's greatest delight was traveling on the new 401 rather than Number 2. At that time it was only gravel and ended in Oshawa. The problem was that the gravel was well soaked with calcium chloride to keep down the dust and Father always worried about the effect of the salt on his 1934 Master Chevy.

Most people, In My Day, would put their cars up on blocks for the winter. One couldn't get too far in the snow anyway. The battery was removed and the radiator and block were drained and there the car would sit until the snow disappeared. During the War, tires and batteries were had to come by, although my Grandfather and Dad always had enough for essential people like Doctors, Fire Chiefs and Police Chiefs etc.

Just a few thoughts of the past which might spark happy memories of your own experiences.

In My Day - May 2008

The other evening a neighbourhood paper girl came to the door looking for the \$4.00 to pay her expenses for delivering the Oshawa Express.

I began to remember the "old" days and the way papers were delivered and it is a marked difference to today. I notice on paper day the delivery girl pushes a grocery-like cart from door to door on her appointed rounds.

Years ago, Ralph Tippet, a school mate, and fellow Scout delivered the Toronto Star evening paper. When the weather was good he would use his bicycle with the steel carrier on the front. Not the many geared bicycle of today but the older version that had one and the brake was applied by pedaling backwards. The steel carrier is not to be seen today either. About two feet square and made of steel straps it was attached to the handle bars and the axle of the front wheel.

Now Ralph had a huge paper route of over 100 customers and one paper bag went in the carrier and the other was slung over his shoulders. He would go from house to house throwing the folded newspaper

from the moving bicycle to the front step of the customer. When the carrier bag was emptied he just slung the other bag to the carrier and continued on his route.

Other delivery boys, yes boys, had the same equipment. Remember the guys who delivered for Karns or Powell Drugs Store. Remember the boys who delivered Telegrams for the CN CP Telegraph. I can hear people now asking "what is a Telegram?". Interesting how the old things disappear. Today I answered an email sent to me today from my brother who resides in China....unheard of in the "old days".

In My Day - June 2008

The other day, Beverley and I were returning to Oshawa, traveling east along Winchester Road and I mentioned that I would like some French fries. We began to examine every corner intersection looking for a chip truck.

Unfortunately, to our dismay there was not one to be seen. Now in my day there was a chip truck on virtually every corner, but like everything else they have gone the way of the Dodo Bird.

Mind you, if I had wanted French fries more often than once a decade the chip trucks might still be around.

Then I began to remember some other things that have gone missing. Remember the old man who sold popcorn outside the Marks Theatre, on the corner of King and Celina. What about the blind elderly gentleman who sold papers and magazines on the corner of Bond and Simcoe.

There used to be a gentleman who drove his truck along residential streets selling fresh vegetables or the milk man, bread man, and ice man. The guy who delivered coal from McLaughlin Coal. Before the implantation of one way streets in downtown Oshawa, Police Officers had to manipulate the street lights to allow the smooth flow of traffic. They were forced to stand by the hour at the control with a push button in their hand to change the lights from red to green.

In My Day - July 2008

Here is a story you will really enjoy. It concerns one of Oshawa's mainstay businesses.

In 1965 Mike Volpe left a small Town near Naples Italy under the sponsorship of a brother and came to Canada. He worked at anything and everything to make a buck.

You know him today, as Pat & Mikes Fish and Chips. Having married Pat in 1959, their first store, in 1962, on the Queensway started Pat and Mike's career as restaurateurs. In 1965 he and she came to Oshawa to open a small restaurant on Hortop. By 1974 they purchased the corner of Hortop and Rossland and built the first story of the Plaza. The second story was added in 1975 and they would have proceeded West if the City had not denied the necessary permits to expand.

Married for 49 years they have three children, two daughters and son Anthony who works in the Business. Actually all three children have had a hand in the business operation.

Today they serve everything from eggs to Lobster tails. Concentrating on a healthy and allergy free menu that is demanded by the patrons. I personally have enjoyed their menu for many years and will continue in the future. I remember one night when some of us caught a Salmon in Lake Ontario and proceeded to Pay and Mikes so they could cook the fish and we could enjoy.

In My Day - September 2008

Here is another story of immigrant made good. After suffering for years under German occupation Herb Laamers and his whole family, mother and dad and 12 brothers and sisters, moved to Canada in 1948 from Holland. Homesickness in 1950 drove them back to Holland. This situation happened a number of times to new immigrants.

However, in 1953 the whole family again moved to Canada and took up residence near Tillsonburg to work in the tobacco fields. Incidentally there are ten brothers and sisters still surviving, and all over the age of sixty-five.

Eventually Herb left Tillsonburg and became a Produce Manager for Loblaws in Oshawa. Then in 1967 he founded King West Garden Centre and began his career in Garden Supply and Landscaping. The business was located on the site now occupied by The Oshawa Funeral Service.

In 1979 Herb sold the Garden Centre and Landscape Service and purchased the Rundle Garden Centre on King Street East and that is where he is located today. This Centre was begun by Al Rundle, a long time residence of Oshawa.

Herb and his wife Nel, who assists in the business, have two daughters, Sandra who assists in managing the Garden Centre and Yvonne who is a Fashion Designer in Montreal. He has two Grandsons age 13 and 9.

I find a ready answer from Herb or Sandra when advice is needed about gardening.

In My Day - October 2008

In October of 1964 I joined the London Life Insurance Company, now called Freedom 55, as a commission sales agent, now called a Financial Advisor.

In the intervening 44 years I have experienced 8 Market Disasters similar to the one we are now experiencing. Here is some advice. Hunker down and wait. Leave things alone, the situation will change. I cannot predict when this will happen but the Market will turn around and it will be history. By the way, get ready, because we will probably experience another implosion 5 years from now.

Here are some things you could do at the present time. Complete your 2008 RRSP contributions now and don't wait for the end of February. If you have carry forward room (look at your most recent Notice of Assessment) then consider contributing immediately. The unit values of Mutual Funds and Segregated Funds have shrunk and at the present time they are bargains. When the Market begins to revive you will make good increases. If GIC's are your preference, I would suggest short investment periods. When the Market revives interest rates will increase a couple of points.

If your RRSP's are topped up then consider contributing to the new Tax Free Savings Account come January 2008. If your mortgage is about to renew consider the lowest rate for the longest period of time.

If you are currently receiving income payments from a RRIF or LIF consider reducing the amount to the minimum allowed by the current rules and tighten your belt.

Remember I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. I just don't know how long the tunnel is going to be!

In My Day - November 2008

Looking back at Past Presidents
Lloyd Fenemore was President, of the Greater Oshawa Chamber of Commerce in 1996 and 1997. He always impressed me as a man of dignity and sincerity. If you wanted something done right you asked Lloyd.

Chartered Accountant, since 1974, he served his apprenticeship with Hopkins Beadle and now has retired after selling his extensive practice to Kevin Melnichuk who worked for a time for another C.A. Doug Freeman. Lloyd was made a Fellow in the Institute of Chartered Accountants in 2000 and in the same year was made the Business Person of the Year by the Greater Oshawa Chamber of Commerce.

Born in Picton Ontario, one of my favourite places, he has chosen to retire there, with his wife Nancy, although, temporality, he is working for the Oshawa Golf Club.

When asked about his most memorable achievements while President, he told me it was the reinstatement of the Business Awards Program.

In My Day - February 2009

In these times of economic upheaval and increasing unemployment I am reminded of an incident that occurred in Oshawa, which I witnessed, in the late 50's of the previous century.

In my late teen years I became friends with the late Colonel, The Honourable Michael Starr and assisted in his many campaigns as he represented Oshawa in the House of Commons, eventually becoming Minister

of Labour. As a matter of fact I was with him the night he lost to Ed Broadbent by 17 votes.

Mike had agreed to be the guest speaker at a District meeting being held in Oshawa by the Oshawa Jaycees. He was, until his death, a life and Honourary Member of the Canada Jaycees for his years of membership and service.

The meeting was taking place in the Genosha Hotel, Piccadilly Room, and at the end of his presentation we noticed a commotion taking place in the lobby of the Hotel. The lobby, which was about 25 feet square, was filled to the brim with protesting members of various Unions. They were protesting the hard economic times and wanted to know what the Minister was going to do about the situation.

The attitude of the protesters was less than congenial and to my dismay Mike entered the Lobby and walked to the middle of the room where he asked for silence and began to speak to the then President of Local 222, UAW. They went at it nose to nose and he promised he would do something. Shortly thereafter his Ministry coined the Phrase, "Why Wait for Spring, Do It Now!!!!". You see, in those days construction ended in the fall and did not start again until spring. He helped to stimulate construction all year long.

As a matter of fact, the first house I bought came with a \$500.00 winter works bonus because the house was built during the winter.

I always treasured my friendship with Mike and we became life long friends.

In My Day - May 2009

Back in 1967, the year we celebrated the 100th anniversary of Confederation, George L. (Shorty) Roberts was President of the Greater Oshawa Chamber of Commerce. The significance of this was the announcement by the then Minister of Education, William Davis, of establishing thirteen Colleges of Applied Arts and Technology and Durham wasn't one of them.

Enter Durham College, which opened its doors in September of 1967 with 205 students. One of those first students was our own Bob Malcolmson.

The significance of this was, for many years George Roberts had chaired a Chamber committee with the express purpose of persuading Government to locate a University in the City of Oshawa.

Other members of that committee that I can remember were Gordon Riehl and Richard H. Donald. As a matter of fact, Gordon Riehl and Stuart Alger (Alger Press) were members of the first Board of Governors. Stuart Alger was the Chairman.

The important factor here is the Chamber of Commerce and City Council worked tirelessly together to add volume to the desire to bring the Community College to Oshawa. Now, of course we have the new University which our Chamber intensely advocated for on behalf of the community. It stands

as an excellent example of the strength of two voices in tandem.

Reg Smith, who in 1967, was Administrator and Secretary Treasurer to the Board, recently told me about the busy time getting the facilities up and running to accept students in September of 1967.

In My Day - June 2009

It was quite a shock to see Gord Garrison in the obituary column. Gord was President in 1968/69 and I had known him since 1964 when I first joined the Chamber.

I valued our friendship and thought you might be interested in a few stories. When Gord was President, I was part of his Executive charged with the unenviable job of operating the Canadian Automotive Museum. Soon after taking over the chairman's job and after a review of the status of the museum along with other members of the Operating Committee, I went to Gord with a recommendation. My recommendation was to close the thing down and said so to Gord. His response was "there is no blanket way we are going to close the Museum on my watch".

For many years he owned and operated Lakeland Broadcasting which operated the radio station. In 1958 when the Whitby Dunlop's were pushing to be the World Champions Gord created Sports Network. This gave all stations across Canada an opportunity to broadcast the play by play. This was also exciting when the Montreal Expos started in Canada. Turn on the local station and hear hockey or MLB.

Gord was President of the Kinsmen Club of Oshawa in 1959 and in 1973 he was made a Life Member in the Association of Kinsmen Clubs of Canada.

After Gord sold the business to retire he began Passport to the World and had a weekly broadcast based on his adventures of travelling. The number of stamps on his passport is enviable.

On a personal note; Gord had a passion for rhubarb and all I had to do in the spring is call and say, "the rhubarb is up" and shortly thereafter Gord would appear with his bag and knife to get his fix from my rhubarb patch. My wife Beverley will remember Gord as the ultimate Gentleman...who loved his rhubarb.

In My Day - July 2009

Memories

The other day I was driving north on Ritson Rd North and I saw a backhoe tearing down the last remnants of the T. G. Gale Company and it got me thinking. Long gone is Oshawa Box and Lumber, Oshawa Wood Products, Oshawa Spring, Coulter Manufacturing, Pedlar People, The Fittings Limited, Ontario Maleable Iron, The Piano Factory (although that was long before my time). I read in the local paper that Pittsburgh Glass had closed down.

The GM Truck assembly plant; you know our GM workers used to build world class vehicles and no more. Times are a changing and I don't know whether it is for the best. Thank goodness that new plants and businesses are springing up to replace the ones we have lost.

What is the point to all this? Well things change and some remain the same. Thank goodness for Peacock, Mackies, Millwork, Holland, Don and Sons. The North End Bowl has been in this City for four Generations. Lovell Drugs just celebrated its 100 anniversary. The Genosha is going to be restored. Life goes on! It doesn't stop; it just goes around a corner.

In My Day - October 2009

Bruce Mackey and I may be the only two still living in Oshawa who can brag that we were born in The Oshawa Hospital. Bruce was the Mayor of Oshawa in 1969 and 1970.

He took office when it was apparent that Mayor Hayward Murdoch could no longer continue, due to ill health. Bruce had run in the last election for Alderman and placed 2nd out of 33 candidates and therefore was the logical choice to take over the position of Mayor.

Bruce, born in Oshawa, earned his BA at the University of Toronto, graduating in 1954 and completed his law degree at Osgoode Hall in 1958. By 1961 he had his own law practice and in 1963 he formed a partnership with Earl Bailey. Bruce and Earl had married sisters so they were brothers-in-law as well as brothers-in-law. The partnership lasted until 1997 when Earl retired and Bruce continued the practice until his recent retirement.

Bruce first became interested in politics when Ernie Marks was Mayor in 1968, influenced by US President Jack Kennedy and after attending a Liberal meeting. It was these events that caused him to run for office. Unfortunately, due to the pressures of business and family and realizing that the office of Mayor was a full time job. He ended his term and did not run again. A loss for Oshawa, indeed.

His proudest achievement was building substantial cash reserves for future use with a stable tax system while enjoying the new Rundle Tower and Council Chambers. When this goes to print he and his wife will be enjoying a vacation in Europe. Bruce – enjoy your retirement.

Editors Note: Business Matters appreciated the time and commitment that Fred put into each and every article. We hope you enjoyed walking down memory lane with Fred. Fred you will be missed! Thanks for the Memories.