

TAPE GUIDE (Mrs. Smith, Mr. Stapley, Mr. Byrd)

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TAPE ENDS

Subject: Mrs. Smith (S)
Ford Stapley (F)
Ken Byrd (B)
Case Number: ~~11/1/54~~ 29
Code: 11/1/54
Date: July 1, 1975
Interviewers: Nancy Foster (N)
Robert Miller (M)

S: We had a picture of it, but my brother was here from the west and his boys had never seen a stone machine. So he asked if he~~r~~ could take the picture home with him and we let him.

B: Yes...

S: ^{but} Oh, I would say it would be at least that long anyway and then there was the frame and it was....oh by golly, I think I could draw it quicker than I could tell you.

B: I've already got it started there you see, there are the hind wheels.

S: That's no good.

F: I think if you were to turn it around, you could say it was something like a ^{kid's} ~~childs~~ tricycle, only a lot bigger and it had two wheels in front, not one it was four wheels.

S: Yeah, but they were pretty close together.

F: Yea, I say it was a little like a tricycle, but the wheels were real huge, I don't know whether they would be as high as this ceiling, I guess they wouldn't.

S: The back end of the thing would be square there like that.

F: It had to be made big enough to straddle a stone fence.

S: Quite a ways a part here, from the hind wheels.

B: Yes, yes..

S: Say I will try and get that picture for you, and then this, that hind end of the thing here. There was two pieces of wide plank on that up to this board here. This was smaller wheels, a lot smaller wheels

on the front than on the back. I don't know if there's enough of that ~~back~~^{over} home to find out what you want to know or not. There could be. We might better go and look.

B: Well, we will do all our book work here, and then we'll drive over.

S: Well, this was quite a wide thing in here, you see. That was had to hold up quite a bit. This wasn't; this wasn't so wide up there and these weren't either. They this thing up in here was a thing, oh I don't know if I could remember all that or not. Anyway if you hitched your horses on to this thing.

F: Kind of a windlass, or a winch affair.

S: Yea, there was a thing come down here, It was chained you see on both sides. That went out, that parted you see, and put around your stone. The stone; somebody pecked a hole in both sides of it.

B: The day before the stone machine came.

S: No, not necessarily. Murn done quite a bit of that when dad and him was doing stones you see. That opens up you see. This change parts and you put one big heavy thing like that; ^{it} ~~which~~ had a point on it. These things had to be sharpened quite often because they, the stone they were using. Then they took that up to the top, and then the whole thing, wait I don't think I know enough of it to remember enough of it to tell you without seeing it.

B: Your doing all right as far as I am concerned.

S: Well, you never saw one before.

F: You're doing pretty good, there's a tongue on the little end then they just used the whole thing.

S: Yes, there was a tongue on here but your horses pulled, they pulled the thing up, you see they were taken off of the tongue. This all this

here stuff here, this pulled up around this thing and out lords knows where I forgot now. But out here, it pulled out enough to pull all this up and there was something about it that clattered up there. Whether it, I don't remember whether that come to a certain place, it made that clatter or not or whether it was just the noise of the thing anyway.

F: No, I think maybe there was ratchet like I think, so it couldn't slip back.

S: Oh, well there was yea, it had to be fastened so it couldn't..

F: It was a little bit to give you an idea like the feed on the saw mill, you know the big drum with the cable and there was chain instead of cable. It worked the other way, like to give the horse his power they had to walk quite a ways to lift it. They could lift quite a big stone, the stone fences around here you could likely find the holes chopped in them.

B: Oh, heavens over west of the lake on the old Smith and Robertson place, Robinson place, all kinds of stones with chips in them.

S: Oh, well that's it.

F: It took a good team, to handle them sometimes maybe they had two teams one ahead of the other. I don't know.

S: No, dad never did no, dad never had two teams.

F: I can remember Murn say that it had to be a good team.

S: Well, it did, this old thing it pulled up and when it went down again. You see, it rolled around there somehow, it pulled out out around this way somehow, because it rolled around this thing, so as to get going, and then back and down again when it let it down you see. When they got the thing up there you see, it fastened there, they got it fastened

it stayed there you see and they took the horses off it and put them on the tongue again, and took it to the fence.

F: I tell you where there is one not too far away. Bill Kitcher's got one down there. He had tracked ^{of} one whether he, I think he got it home, I'm not sure if he got it back around Fuller somewhere. It was in a fence. In movable condition, not too big a one I don't think it was as big as Uncle Jim's. His was quite a big one. This is stoney country around here. McMullen's had one too, I guess it would be about the same size. Wouldn't it...

S: Oh, I imagine yea.

F: This one I don't know where I haven't seen it for years it must have rotted.

B: When they went out moving stones for other people, how far out am I if I said they got fifteen to twenty-five cents a stone. Is that about right?

S: Fifteen cents a stone.

B: What would constitute a good days work? Six, eight, ten stone a day.

S: Well, that I wouldn't know, likely. See I was kind of young ^{then} ~~one~~, I was the forgotten one; I'm five years younger than any of the rest of them.

B: I see.

F: I told them I thought you were the youngest of the family.

S: Well I am and there's just three of us living now and there was eleven, there was thirteen of us and there's three of us living now.

B: Who's the other ~~one~~ besides you and Murney.

S: Flossie, she's in the Manor in Belleville.

B: What's here last name?

Stapley

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S: Wilson

B: Flossie Wilson.

S: You might know her, she married Ernest Wilson.

F: He use to run a mail route.

B: Oh, yes yes.

S: Not on this route.

B: Someone told me that Murney was reasonably handy with dynamite.

Is that true? Did he ever do any??

S: I never heard tell of him doing any dynamite in his life.

B: Well, thats ok, then. You probably didn't.

S: I'd of heard it thats for sure.

M: How many farms would he have provided the service for?

F: If you're thinking of breaking stones, excuse me, he told me and Chris my son in law was talking to him last year and Murn said that anything that was to big to handle, they use to break him by burning them. You know they would start a fire, and get a hot enough fire and then the stone would crack after a while. In those days they sometimes used stump powder, I never heard Murn say anything about dyamite. I don't think he was a dynamite man, no Stapley likes to be around dynamite to much, that I know of ^{it's} too dangerous.

B: Anything further on the stone before ^{we're} were going thrashing in a minute or two.

S: I would like you to go over and see whats left of that over there, because there must surely be some left of it.

B: Thats okay...

S: Well, it will give you a better idea of the size.

F: It's quite awhile, I would imagine it would be rotted down, use to

sit out there behind where Murn use to keep his car, thats the last place I saw it.

S: Yea, Murn never looked after anything; he never did. Dad lived until he was what eighty-six, I think and well he died in forty-one.

F: It was a thing you couldn't put in side you know.

B: No, no no..

S: Murn never had responsiblilty, of anything up until Dad died and it looks it. He never has taken on responsiblity as a man should, because you always lived at home, you see.

F: He wasn't married, and he didn't have a woman to prod him.

B: Your father was a brother of Fords grandfather, your father was William.

S: No, no, James Stapley.

B: James and James was a brother of Sam. Right, right.

F: There was a William Stapley thats her brother he was one of the boys.

B: Oh, yea, whats the family background of the Stapleys. I would say without you telling me, ^{they} ~~you~~ probably came here from England.

F: At one time.

S: Well, they did, ^{but} ~~they~~ landed ^{...when they come here first, they landed} in the States, somewhere I couldn't tell you where.

F: Yes, I have heard ^{say} ~~tell~~ that they came with the United Empire Loyalists.

S: Well, I don't know about that, but..

F: They originated in England but they did come to the States thats the story I heard.

S: Well, I will tell you his wife was expecting a baby and they stayed there until after the baby was born and then they came on across to Canada.

B: That sounds, that sounds, what year, what if they were Loyalists and came into this area they would get here 1784. Thats the common ~~ex~~cepted date.~~for~~...

F: I'm not sure of that but I have heard Harry Juby, say he's one old timer, he said that he understood that they came with the United Empire Loyalists, but I couldn't be sure of that.

B: Well, the commonly ~~ex~~cepted date for any of the Loyalists getting onto these farms, even across the front of Sidney, Thurlow, and Tyandenaga, was 1784. While we are here...

F: I don't know if the Stapleys have been around here that long or not, have they back in the seventeen hundreds.

S: Well, I guess they would.

F: Yea, your father and my grandfather were the second generation that lived around here.

B: You know who I mean by ~~Ol~~lice Grimshaw.

S: Yes.

B: I have~~d~~been trying to get her on the phone and her phone won't answer and then I called her daughter Mrs. Ellis and she didn't know why her phone didn't answer. I wanted to get some information from her about the thrashing ~~end~~ of the Stapley familys~~and~~ I will before we wind this thing up. How could you come to, how many years, Frank thrashed, continuousy.

S: Oh, I wouldn't have the faintest idea.

B: Well, my first figure is five.

S: Oh, he must of thrashed more than that.

B: I mean more than fifty.

S: Oh, fifty, oh well, I think that sounds more like it.

B: What would you say Ford, over fifty.

E: Another thing, that there are Stapleys all over Belleville, here and there and ~~there~~ all related. When Dad first came here they came to Belleville and they lived there awhile. When they came out here, I guess Dad was scared to death, he never seen such hills in his life, before. They walked, the kids had to walk of course^{had to walk}, and they said those hills were so steep and they were so far down. They were scared, they hung onto everything going down, the hill for fear of falling off.

F: If you wanted to go to the trouble of hunting up Bruce, he could proably get that pretty close, but I would say even more than fifty cause his father thrashed ^{did the...} and Sam Stapley thrashed.

S: Oh, yeah.

F: So, Uncle Mac was likely helping him as soon as he was old enough. Say in his teens or in his twenties. He thrashed right up until they quit on the count of combines, I guess you could say. I think he thrashed some every year as long as there was thrashing.

E: Your grandfather Sam died resonably young.

S: Yes, I don't remember that, Uncle Sam at all. He died after I was born but I don't remember.

F: He died in the year 1900, I think didn't he.

S: Well, that was before I was born then. I was born in 1902.

F: That was I think the same year Uncle Albert.

S: Yeah the tomb stone down there.

F: Yea, it was right around then, Albert says he don't remember either. ^{and he was just seventy-two.} Thats his youngest boy, before he was old enough to remember. He was born in 1900. He died within a year after.

B: How long did your father, Russell thrash?

F: Well, ^{when} he was married and working on the railroad^{then}, He might of helped his father, Uncle Brian before that, but when he got married, He lived in Lindsey for two years, do you remember that year or two years, was a fireman, you may have heard him say, on the old Grand Trunk.

B: Thats right.

F: And then when he quit that job and came and got land around here, I guess the old Press place I called it ~~at~~ first, that's where Geeb lives^{now}. He started thrashing then^{50's} and he thrashed up until he died that would be about 1912 or 1913, when he started on his own and he died in 1946. I don't think he missed a year, so if you do a little mental arithmetic.

B: We have 35 years there.

F: I remember when I was just a young lad, he thrashed for twenty-five years in succession and that was just before he quit.

B: You know who I mean by Phil Carr.

S: Phil yes.

B: Phil was a brother-in-law wasn't he.

S: Yes, he married Addy Stapley.

B: Did you ever hear the little poem that Phil composed, when he was on the railroad.

S: Not that I know of.

B: There was only two lines in it so it won't take long to say it.

"Phil said the switchman knew by the whistle shrill / that the man at the throdle was handsome Phil."

F: That sounds like him.

- B: We got to bring Nels in there. I presume that Nels might not of made thirty years as a thrasher, is that right.
- S: I don't think he did, I don't think so. Murn use to thrash for him.
- F: Murn use to work for him.
- B: Oliver never actually owned his own outfit. At different times I remember him coming to our place with your father.
- F: The last few years that there was any thrashing. He loaned one of Uncle Frank's machines and put his tractor on it.
- B: I asked Olive one time and I am going to ask her the next time I see her. I asked Olive if in all there thrashing and sawing lumber if any of the Stapleys had ever had an accident.
- F: Well, not too serious, I guess I had some close shaves. Uncle Frank lost part of a finger when he got real old, that was in the blower part of his first finger. It was just carelessness in the saw dust blower; ^{and} it was in the same location as his fathers was outside the track, or in that area. He had it so the saw dust fell down in front of him and it had to suck it in, so it wouldn't suck anything in big enough. ^{you know to pick to see of bend} There was a piece of hard wood ^{edge} ~~slab~~, and just as he picked it up, it caught enough of the draft. It hit the fan hard enough to take off the finger. I think it was the first finger on his right hand. He had an arm broke, I don't know how it happened, back in his younger days.
- B: That's the one I'm going to tell about, that's the one that Olive told me about. You'd understand this; I don't; but theres a certain point in time or place when you open the throdle on a steam engine. The steam engine will not start, it has to be rolled out on what they call a centre. He had a new man that was suppose to be a engineer

and Frank said turn around. He took him literally and he opened the throdle right open wide and when he gave the flag wheel a little flip, it just about jumped out of his box. Something caught him and broke the small bone in his wrist, Olive claims that that was the only accident, that her father Frank ever had.

F: You know Olive is not that old, she was old enough to be around when he was working. Oh they use to get sprains, bumps and bruises and things like that but they never got there arms and legs cut off or things like that. They had some close shaves, sometimes I heard Uncle Frank say there, that he could have been cut in two. He was down adjusting the guides, you know what they are.

B: I do.

F: Somebody that didn't know anything about a saw mill was hanging around and walked up and put his hands on the lever just to lean on it. It started to move and he was so petrified that he couldn't move and he didn't know what he was doing. Somebody was close enough to get him off and stop it. Uncle Frank said he could do nothing but ^{holler} yell, he thought he was a goner.

B: Well, we will go over and see what we can see of the old stone machine.

S: There's only parts of it there.

B: That's okay. That's okay.

DEATHS

STAPLEY, FORDE SAMUEL RUSSELL at the Belleville General Hospital on Sunday, October 5th, 2003. Forde Stapley, of Stirling, in his 81st year. Son of the late Russell and Nora Stapley. Beloved husband of 59 years to Gladys Pearl Summers. Dear father of Audrey of Niagara Falls, Bev of Belleville, Glenn and Susan of Peterborough, Gerald and Beth of Belleville, William and Susan of Stirling and, Edmund and Marilyn of Carrying Place. Dear brother of Keitha Morton, Helen and Bob Hulin, Vera Cooke, Joan Jones, all of Belleville and Marcella Svoboda of Rossmore. Predeceased by his sister Luella Stapley and by his brothers Ralph and Kenneth Stapley. Survived by his brother-in-law Eric Summers and wife Ruby of Hastings. Loved by his 12 grandchildren, 16 great grandchildren and several nieces and nephews. He will be missed by his many friends. Friends may call at the Stirling Funeral Chapel, 87 James Street, Stirling on Tuesday from 2-4 and 7-9 p.m. Service in the Chapel on Wednesday, October 8th, 2003 at 1:00 p.m. Reverend Dr. Rick Magie officiating. Interment to follow at Eggleton-Clarke Cemetery, Stirling. In lieu of flowers, donations to the C.N.I.B. or to the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Ontario, would be appreciated. **STIRLING FUNERAL CHAPEL** 395-2424.

DEATHS

SMITH: Mrs. Sarah Almina of Hastings Manor formerly of RR 4 Stirling, Ontario at the Manor on Monday November 9, 1987 in her 96th year. Daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Albert Stapley. Beloved wife of the late Frank Smith, the late Alfred Lake and the late Roy Wilson. Dear mother of Lawrence Wilson, Prescott. Dear grandmother of Ron Roy Wilson and Valerie Dianna Darling. Loved by great grandchildren Mark, Scott, Keith and Chad. Friends are invited to call at the William J. Thompson Funeral Home, 87 James Street, Stirling, Ontario. Visitation Tuesday 2-4 and 7-9 p.m. Funeral service to be held Wednesday, November 11, 1987 at 1:30 p.m. in the funeral home. Interment Eggleston-Clarke Cemetery. Reverend Joseph Ramsey officiating. Donations to the charity of your choice.

McFARLAND: Eva Lillian of 201 Palmer

The Intelligencer Nov 9, 1987, p.2

appreciated by the family.

BIRD: Kenneth Mulholland at Belleville General Hospital on Thursday, December 19th, 1985. Kenneth Bird, beloved husband of Evelyn (Reddick). Loving father of Richard Allen and grandfather of Colin and Owen of Corbyville. Dear brother of Lewis H. and Mrs. George Stanton (Edith), both of Belleville. Arrangements to follow.

The Intelligencer Dec. 19, 1985, p. 2

Teaching spanned 4 decades

Kenneth M. Bird, who died Thursday at 80 in Belleville General Hospital, will be remembered by literally thousands.

Most of them will be among the generations of young students he educated during a teaching career in Belleville area schools that spanned four decades.

Personable and good-humored, Mr. Bird, even in retirement, maintained an active interest in young people—serving as tutor for dozens of students experiencing difficulties in school.

But, he also was a well-known, popular figure in professional and community organizations.

Born in Sidney Township, he attended the old Marsh Hill public school, later graduating from Stirling High School in 1919. He then enrolled at Peterborough Normal School (for teacher trainees), and on graduation in 1924 returned to his native area and his first teaching job at Roslin.

Later, he moved to Belleville's Prince of Wales School, where his career included 24 years as principal.

He continued at Avondale and Bayside schools in Sidney to his retirement.

But, even in retirement he kept up his active interest in education, not only as a tutor. He was frequently called to area secondary schools to speak to students—particularly on Remembrance Day. He lost a brother, Clement, in the First World War and felt strongly that young people should know of the sacrifices made by Canadians for their country.

His community interests were broad. He was a founding president of the Public School Men's Teachers' Federation in the area. A dedicated conservationist, he was among early reforesters of marginal land. Mr. Bird was also on the founding executive of the Moira River Conservation Authority in the late 1940s.

He was also a founding member of the Hastings County Historical Society.

A Mason, he rose to several notable degrees in the order. He was also an elder of Bridge Street United Church.

Mr. Bird is survived by his wife, Evelyn; a son, Richard Allan, also a Belleville teacher; grandchildren Colin and Owen, of Corbyville; a brother, Lewis; and sister Mrs. George (Edith) Stanton, both of Belleville.

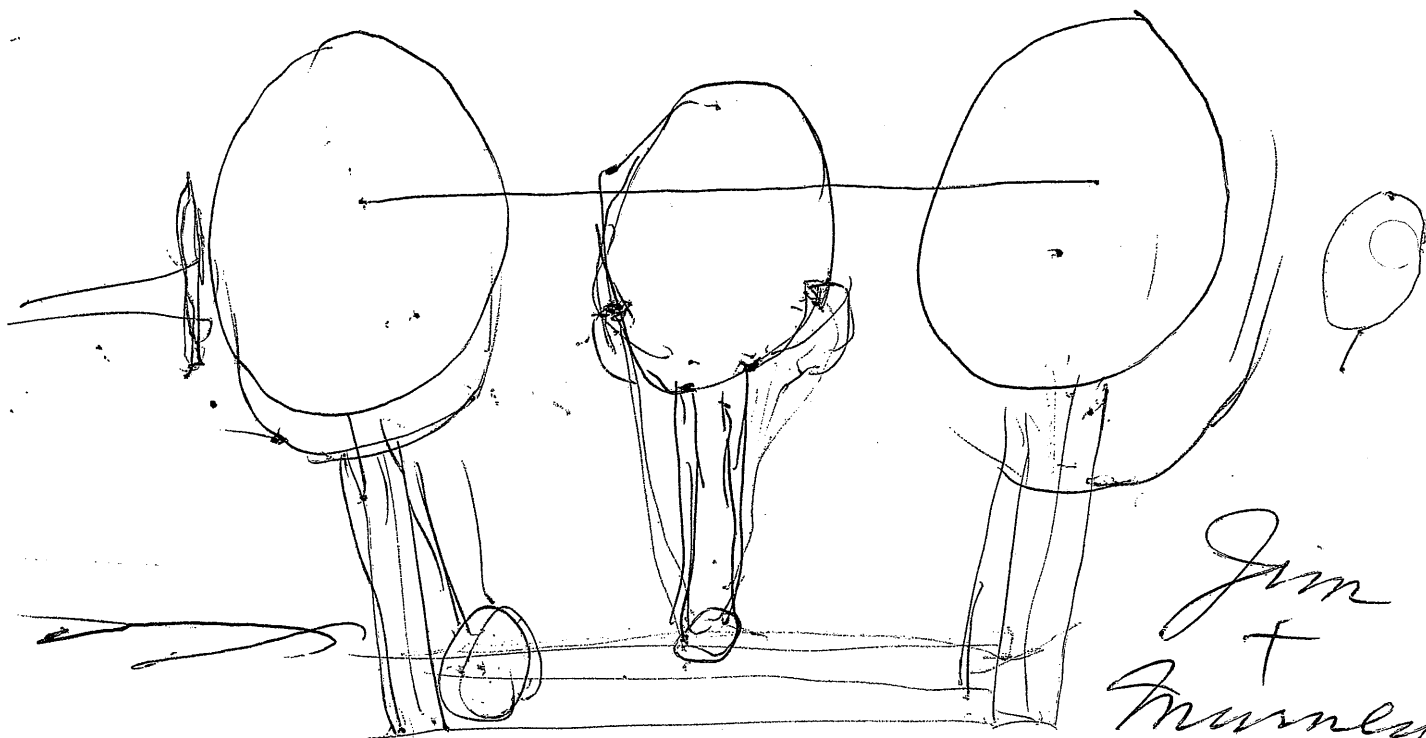
His family intends setting up a scholarship in his name to assist qualifying graduating students to higher education. Donations to the scholarship can be made in lieu of flowers.

The O'Brien, Steele, Pinkston and Grant Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements, with visitation scheduled for 2 until 4 p.m. and 7 until 9 p.m. today. A memorial service will be held in Bridge Street United Church at 2 p.m. Saturday. Burial arrangements were incomplete at this time.

DEATHS

BIRD: Kenneth Mulholland, 18 Hutton Drive, at Belleville General Hospital on Thursday, December 19th, 1985. Kenneth Bird, beloved husband of Evelyn (Reddick). Loving father of Richard Allan and grandfather of Colin and Owen of Corbyville. Dear brother of Lewis H. and Mrs. George Stanton (Edith), both of Belleville. Friends are invited to call at the O'Brien-Steels-Pinkston-Grant Funeral Home (968-6968) 30 Moira St. W., Belleville from Friday afternoon 2-4 and 7-9 p.m. Memorial Service will be held in Bridge Street United Church on Saturday, December 21, at 2 p.m. Reverend Dr. Harold Wilson and Rev. Lloyd Shorten officiating. Cremation. If desired donations to the Kenneth M. Bird Memoriam Scholarship would be appreciated by the family.

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p. 2*



Jim
+
Murney
+
Mrs Smith

18

1784

Frank - 50 (over) —

Russell - 35 years.

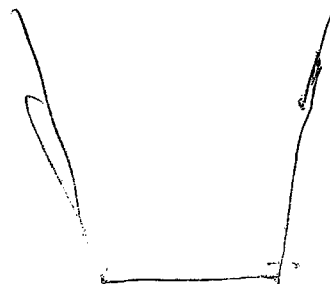
Nelson - 25 —

Oliner - 0

1946
1912

Birds Km

968-6125



Lime kiln

- when made
- times used
- who operated
- how it worked
- uses
- users
- average day in the life

Thrasher and Steam Engin

Stone Machine

Sawing Lumber

-injuries

