

LOUIS KRAUTH

Mr. Krauth was a stonemason. He also made apple butter and ran a cider press. Apples were brought in 20 bag loads which made 25 gallons of apple butter. A hundred bags of apples a day went through the press.

When he was 19 he said he was beginning to stoop and he thought to himself, "I have to straighten up to give my lungs a chance, so shoulders back. "You have to exercise your whole body to keep fit." said Mr. Krauth.

Besides bicycling, Mr. Krauth gardens, mows his lawn, looks after the storm windows and other household jobs. He attributes his good health to plenty of exercise and to hearty appetite. When asked if he had a birthday cake he replied, "No, I like pie". He often rises at 5.00 a.m. but he believes in getting a good night's sleep.

Mr. Krauth says he never worries and he doesn't think worry ever kept him awake at night. He recalled the time he went hunting down at the beach and the gun which he had rested against a log fell over and discharged, grazing his left wrist. He also remembers the time he was returning home on the 6th concession of Saugeen when the horses broke away from the wagon at the south end of Port Elgin leaving him to walk home. The horses were waiting at the barn door to get in when he returned.

Mr. Krauth said he watched the many trees in Port Elgin, the town of Maples being planted over 80 years ago. He and his brother planted some trees at the corner of their property 80 years ago which are still standing. He expressed pleasure that they had not been removed during recent road construction.

This remarkable man seldom misses a euchre party during the winter months and is a faithful member of the Senior Citizens Club. He was a member of the Evangelical United Brethren Church before its union with the United Church. He makes his home with his daughter Mary Krauth. Mr. Krauth died January 31, 1972 at the age of 97.

PAT CUMMINGS -Incidents of the early years around Port Elgin

My first recollection of the old town was about 69 years ago in 1855 and the first place I resided in was a sawmill where the old grist mill now stands. The room we occupied there was well ventilated indeed. Often in winter when my brother and I woke up in the morning we found the water had washed in through the cracks in the floor and formed a sheet of ice so it was some fun sliding around.

Well, I went to the little white school with the Shantz's, Brickers, Hilkers, Stafford's Curries, McGillivrays and others. Taking them altogether they were a lively lot of boys. A Mr. Lawrence taught or at least he tried to. He was a little deaf and the bigger boys took advantage of him. When he would try to punish them, they would run around the stove and he could not catch them. But there is an end to all things, so there was to that, for another teacher by the name of S. Moyer undertook the task, and I tell he gave us all the surprise of our lives. There was no getting away from him. He always kept a supply of blue birches on hand and he certainly used them. So this teacher, when he couldn't get education into us any other way, he just licked it into us. Well, I got my share of lickings, but I must say he was a good teacher. He had more than 100 pupils and he taught from the first book to the fifth.

After a while my father bought 5 acres, a part of a farm I afterwards owned on the 6th concession of Saugeen. He wanted a house built but he wasn't posted in felling trees so he hired a man and paid him \$20 to slash an acre. He left a very large maple near where the house was to be built. A Mr. Duncan Currie built the house, $\frac{1}{2}$ storey high. It was all completed but the ridgeboard so my father concluded he could cut the tree down. My brother and I were in the cellar at the time. The tree proved to be hollow and when he cut into it a little ways, it gave a crack and swung towards the house. He yelled for us to get out and run for our lives, and you bet we lost no time in doing so. We were only a short distance away when down came the tree on top of the house, and of course, there was no house to be seen. Some logs were stood endways in the cellar but the house itself was levelled to the ground. News of the mishap spread all over in a short time and people gathered from all directions and put the house up and finished it in one day. A number of women also gathered to do the cooking. They had large pots hung over the fire outside filled with eggs. One pot would hold a large basketful and those eggs were boiled good and hard. There was one man named Solomon Eby who ate 13 eggs for dinner. He was the champion.

We used to have great sport fishing in the Mill Creek and catching speckled trout and they were numerous in those days and beauties, too. Then, too the duckings we often got in it. In winter, skating. It was the regular skating rink. We would gather together 50 or 60 boys and girls and light up bonfires on the flats. In summer time often going through the woods when thirsty we would shoo away the frogs and quench our thirst and if we met any cows one would milk the cow and the other would take the milk direct from the cow, to consumer without pasteurizing or any other of the new fangled methods of nowadays.