

burial was clear; remnants of wooden coffin remains were obvious and that was as far as Carl Murphy would go; he didn't feel it necessary to uncover human remains to document a cemetery location or size. Among other things, many remnants of grave markers and marble tombstones were found in the

debris field which extended beyond the borders of the cemetery giving credence to Carl's thoughts about years of neglect.

The site lies just behind The Creekside Centre and has since been mapped and allowed to return to its natural state. A memorial of some sort is a possibility.

HOW PIG STREET WAS NAMED

The following is an account of how the River Valley Road became widely known as "Pig Street." The following article has been written in a first pig narrative (as opposed to first person), from the eyes of one of the three pigs after whom the street got its nickname.

One morning we decided to explore a different section of the widespread stands of virgin forest surrounding the farm on which we live. Our farm's owner was Wm. Park and he was very kind to us, as he let us run as free as we pleased.

We were making our way through the forest, stopping occasionally to feast upon beechnuts and other little delicacies which we found.

After spending a little while in the forest, we decided to go to the small dirt road which ran east and west in front of the farm. We all hoped to find apples which had recently fallen off the trees.

We went our usual way, as we did almost every day, passing one or two farms on the way. Only, this time something happened that had never happened before.

As we were passing the first farm, we spotted an apple. We raced for it and had just gotten to it when a loud noise rang out.

BANG!

We stood frozen with terror. Another noise and one of us lay dead on his side, with blood streaming from his head.

The other pig and I both squealed at the same time. Then we ran faster than we thought our fat little legs could take us. Then two more shots were fired. The first inflicted a stinging wound in my right shoulder. Seconds later I heard the other pig squeal in pain. I ran on.

When I got back to the farm, I was still bleeding from my wound. Without knowing it, I had left a faint trail of blood all along the way I had come.

A little while later, Mr. Park found me resting in the shade and saw my shoulder. He also saw the blood on the ground and, several minutes later, left to follow the trail as far as he could.

Mr. Park eventually found the place where the other two pigs had been killed and also who had killed them, much to his surprise!

Since then all that had heard of the incident, and some that hadn't, came to call the road "Pig Street."

Editor's Note: The above account is true: the names of pigs involved have been omitted to protect their families and relatives still living in the area. The same is true of the unknown farmer who, taking the law into own hands, gunned down the runaway pigs in the desperate attempt to stop the stampeding critters.

adapted from *Sidney: Portrait of a Township*, Bay-side Secondary School, 1985

BRINGING WATER FROM OAK LAKE

by Lewis Zandbergen

Oak Lake lies just over two miles south of Stirling high in the Oak Hills that give it its name; it is 667 feet above sea level. Its placid waters have risen and fallen through the centuries as first natives and then white men fished from its shores and swam in its cooling waters. It shares a trait with its more tourist oriented sister lake at Glenora, Lake on the Mountain, in that its source has never been accurately determined and there is no outlet; it's just there. Theories abound about its origin; it's fed by an underground river, or there's a spring underneath the lake, or the water just seeps from the surrounding countryside. (Incidentally, Lake on the Mountain is only 415 feet above sea

level as compared to Oak Lake at 667; Lake Ontario is 246 feet above sea level).

Nature's bounty was seen as a gift when the pioneers arrived. As long as water abounded in such quantity, life would be good. The first settlers on the lake were undoubtedly members of the Searles family. Selah Searles built a house which still stands under the brow of the hill just east of Highway #62 about a mile north of the original crossroads community of Chatterton; he acquired the land in 1811.

The lake supplied many of the early settlers' needs; livestock was watered in its shallows; ice was cut from the frozen surface to stock ice houses and home