



**Mary Faulkner
with mother, Phyllis Brock**

My Mother's Paternal Grandmother - MARY FAULKNER

My grandmother Faulkner was a twin. She married my first Grandfather, Captain Brock. He was Captain of a three masted sailing vessel at Port Dover. He was robbed of his money on pay night and was thrown overboard and drowned. Like many sailors in his day, he could not swim.

Grandmother had three children by him: Bill, Clara, & Percy (my father). She eventually married again to Frank Faulkner.

She had one child by him - Hilda. Mary and Frank Faulkner lived in Port Dover in a little stucco cottage. They had about an acre of land with a couple of barns and a large chicken yard - fenced in. They had two horses, a Jersey cow, lots of chickens and geese and a few ducks. They had a strawberry patch, a raspberry patch, and a very large garden.

I can see Grandma now on their large front Veranda - sitting in an old rocking chair with a large two-quart jar full of milk and cream. She would rock and shake and rock and shake and eventually the result was buttermilk and butter. The buttermilk was the best I have ever tasted. Then she would put the liquid into a big wooden bowl and use a butter sieve to draw out the pieces of butter.



THE HOMESTEAD



Mary & Frank were almost self-sufficient, though not rich. They had fresh eggs from their hens, also chickens to eat. They had jersey milk from the cow, also butter and cream. They had vegetables from their garden - Potatoes, carrots, beets, and squash & onions stored in the root-cellar for the winter. They had berries from the garden - Grandma made jams and jellies.

Grandma cooked on a huge iron cookstove which was fueled with wood. It had an oven and a water reservoir. She was a good cook. Breakfast was always a hearty meal. Bacon & eggs and fried potatoes, toast and coffee and usually a pie of some description served up on a beautiful glass pedestal dish.

Grandma wore cotton print dresses every day, very long, and usually covered with a voluminous apron with large pockets. When she went out to work in the garden she always wore a sun-bonnet. It was not stylish in those days to be tan. She was a tall, gaunt woman with thick, beautiful white hair. She had false teeth which must have been uncomfortable because she usually put them in her apron pocket. I can remember starting out to Church with her. People said that we walked exactly the same - toes out & fast. We would get partly along the way, and she'd say "Oh shaw, we have to go back." I would ask why and she would say "I forgot my teeth, I left them in my apron pocket."



Grandma was an avid quilter. Sometimes she would have a quilting bee at her home, inviting 5 or 6 other ladies. They all sewed like mad and never stopped talking and gossiping. Then tea or cake and cookies would be served. It was a very pleasant social event, and the results were lovely quilts in various patterns - Log Cabin, Wedding Ring, Goose Tracks, etc. Every scrap of material would be saved - cotton & wool & linen. There were no synthetics then. She must have had a sewing machine because she made most of her clothes and dresses, also for Hilda and Clara.

Grandma was a great one for visiting. She had many relatives and friends in Dover. We would walk out almost every day and call on someone - Pete & Eva Brock, many of the Lowe family, 2 old-maid sisters who lived together and many others whose names I can't remember.

Frank Faulkner

Frank Faulkner was a kind and friendly man. I don't remember ever seeing him in a suit, although I suppose he had one. He always wore bright flannel shirts and overalls and work boots. He worked hard. He had a horse and wagon with which he would go down to the beach at Lake Erie and take a shovel and fill the wagon up with gravel. I suppose he sold the gravel to contractors and builders. He and Grandma never seemed to have much money to throw around - but I don't remember ever hearing a harsh word from them. They just made do with what they had.

He always had a healthy appetite. After lunch he always laid down on the couch by the window in the kitchen and had a nap for an hour or two. The windowsill always had geraniums on the sill. After hauling all that gravel, he was, no doubt, tired and had sense enough to rest awhile.

On the Farm

Grandpa had a plough and would work up his acre of ground. I can remember helping him to plant potatoes, He always kidded me and said I was putting them upside down and that they would grow down to China. As a child I thought this was a wondrous thing and visualized Chinese children finding potatoes in their garden and wondering where they came from. Grandpa would take sides of pork and hams and smoke them in the smoke house out by the barn.

He married Grandma when she was a widow with two children - Percy Kenneth, & Clara. He fathered two more children - Bill & Hilda.

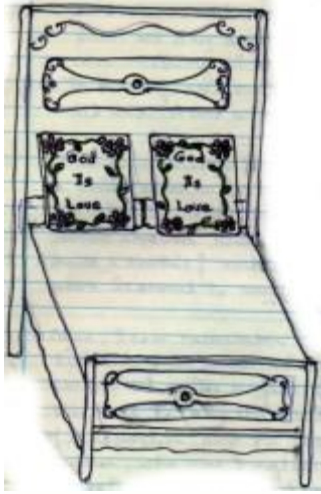
The Root Cellar

Sometimes Grandpa would disappear down into the cellar. This was a dark pit dug out of the ground with a dirt floor and a narrow little stairway leading down to it. I suspect he had a little cache of home-made brew or hard cider or corn whiskey. However, I never saw him the worse for liquor. He would go out to the barn and milk the cow. He tried to show me how to milk - but squeeze the teats anyway I could - I could never produce a drop of milk.

Grandpa's son, Bill Faulkner, joined the Services during the First World War. He was sent overseas and died during the terrible influenza epidemic.



GOOSE FEATHER BEDS



In the bedrooms there were huge wooden beds with high headboards, embellished with ornate designs. The bed had no mattress but had wooden slats and a feather tick filled with goose feathers. The tick would have to be fluffed up each morning to retain its softness. There were always pillow shames put on top of the pillows. These were sort of slim, wooden frameworks on which were fastened white linen cloth which had been embroidered with floral designs as well as some terse wording - such as "God Is Love", "Loving Is Giving", or "Sleep Well", etc. - an imposing display which spoke well of your artistic ability with the needle.

There was also a commode with a rack at the top for towels - a huge wash bowl and a large pitcher for water. There was a door in the bottom which accommodated the inevitable chamber pot.

There were hooks on the back of the wardrobe door for clothing. Grandma's wardrobe was never extensive. She had one good dress for church and social occasions, one hat and three or four house dresses.

There was a wooden dresser with drawers and a large, tilting mirror on top. There were three bedrooms in the house. There was a front parlour which was practically never used. I remember that there was a huge, glass case hanging on the wall; a reed organ in the corner; and an upholstered love seat.



Grandma always had home-made cookies on hand.

Grandma Faulkner suffered greatly from arthritis in her back in her latter years. She would come to Aunt Clara's in St. Thomas occasionally for a visit and would stay only a couple of days - then she would want to go home. Also, if any of her relatives came to visit her they could never surprise her. She would say "I knew you were coming." How she knew I never could figure out. Perhaps she had E.S.P. - or perhaps it was just hope.

Grandma always had home-made cookies on hand. If a child came in for a visit she would say "Do you want a cookie?" and she would give them one. They soon learned to say, "Yes, please" and "Thank you".

Also, I can remember grandma telling me about a little boy in Dover who got into the raisins, and he swallowed quite a few without chewing them first. Needless to say the child's stomach began to swell out of proportion and he was screaming with pain. His mother, who was English - ran around holding her hands to her head and yelling, "Oh, I 'ope he don't bust, I 'ope he don't bust." What the consequences of this episode were I never heard - but I'll wager that the child learned a good lesson!

Sometimes the Jersey Cow would start to moo and moor and raise an awful ruckus. She would bawl all day and I would ask Grandma what she was making all the fuss about. Grandma would smile to herself and say, "Oh, she's only 'bulling'". I never did understand what she meant until later years.

