



Lloyd Down *Courtice*

*Over a century of local knowledge,
farming family, community connections*

When we were kids, we did all our work with horses. Nobody had a tractor. It wasn't thought that was a hard way to farm... that's just the way it was. There was no other way.

There was a horse man in Pickering by the name of Picov. My dad thought he'd like to buy some more horses, so they arranged between the two of them. They went out west to buy horses. They brought them home on a boxcar, from West Saskatchewan. A man came back with them from the West with a little saddle mare. He was there to look after the horses... fed them, let them off to get water and whatever they had to do.

The horses were let off in Port Hope and this man drove those horses loose. He

drove them from Port Hope to my dad's farm... four or five horses. Drove them across the lakeshore, through Newcastle and Bowmanville, all without ropes... completely loose.

And the peculiar part is that the little saddle mare never had a bridle or a bit in her mouth. He drove her with just a halter on. He had a rope from her halter in his left hand. He guided her by flipping the rope to the left if he wanted her to go left, and flipped the rope right to go right.

I remember those horses coming down the lane and into the barn.

I've lived here my whole life. I am sitting within three or four miles of where I was born. This is my home for more than a century.





David Down

Courtice

Enthusiastic keeper of Lloyd's stories, very proud son

When I came along we had cars and all the modern things. But my thrill growing up was watching my dad just love farming. He worked at GM of course, but his passion was farming. So, I would watch him come home, change, and then head off to Uncle Carl's to plow a field, or milk cows, or something like that.

The changes in the way my dad grew up compared to how I grew up are vast. But, the consistencies are the Down Family. There's a great honour in being a Down.

Whenever I would visit, I would go to church (at Ebenezer). Wally McKnight used to say "When are you going back home to BC?" and I would always say "I am home. This will always be home." No question about it.

