



David Stainton

Enniskillen

*Local errand boy, worked at Slemon's
Store, now Enniskillen General Store*

Not All Memories are "Golden"

There are a lot of memories from our childhoods that aren't "golden." One of them was with my sister, Doris.

Doris was born when I was 7 or 8 years old. She was born with, what we called, "water on the brain." My mom was sent from Enniskillen to Toronto for her birth. If there were any programs that would have helped Doris, they were in Toronto. We only had one car, and my mother never drove.

I used to spoon feed her and push her around in her wheelchair. She was always a happy child. But when she got too big for my mom to manage, she was sent to live at a facility in Barrie.

One day, I was in Bowmanville having physiotherapy, and saw a staff member at the clinic working with a little girl... just rolling a ball to her. The girl was giggling and laughing and reminded me of my little sister, Doris. I watched and thought "oh, how I wish that kind of program was available when Doris was a child." But, it wasn't, and that was just the life we knew then.

Doris died when she was 20 years old, and is buried with our mother and father.

When we started school, (at Enniskillen P.S.), there were three of us: Lois Ashton, Dave Ferguson and me in Grade 1. We never had kindergarten. And when we went in 1950, Grade 9 was there as well. And everybody was in one room. Our teacher was Phillis Mitchell.

When I was growing up, I was the only boy my age in Enniskillen. There were other guys a little older than me, but they all lived on farms outside of town. And they were busy. So, I got all the odd jobs in Enniskillen. I've cut at least two-thirds of the lawns in town at one time or another. 75 cents if I used their mower, and a dollar if I used my own.

I've picked beans, I've pruned Christmas trees, I've picked strawberries. They called on me. I used to go with the Werry brothers to the cattle auctions, because I was the only guy available to do that stuff.