

The Best Christmas Tree



The Minnow Lake area of Sudbury, where our office is located, has many memorable stories, one recounted in a letter from a former resident which we thought you would enjoy. The story as submitted by Tom Moore, has been abbreviated somewhat with the full text on the website www.minnowlake.ca.

Thirty dollars a month. In May of 1939 my mother decided that this amount from Dad's meager earnings was too much to pay for a small Sudbury ramshackle house so we moved our family of six to the village of Minnow Lake to a newly constructed twenty square foot cabin on Doc Carmichael's property for twenty dollars a month, when he did charge (see picture on reverse).

There was no running water, the privy was outside 40 feet from the house. Fresh water we got from a spring. Also no electricity. Coal lamps provided our light in the dark evenings. Minnow Lake, clear and clean, provided us with hours of recreation along with the nearby bush and hillside for tobogganing and in summer picking blueberries.

The only insulation was snow piled against the house. The kitchen wood stove provided heat with frosty windows. It was our happy home for four years and Christmas concerts at school and church.

There was not a lot of money to be spent on a Christmas tree, so we convinced Dad that we would go into the woods to cut one down. So off us kids went in knee-deep snow, Lorna 12, Jim 8, me 10, were those allowed to go - Patsy 6, had to stay home.

We passed many trees but all had faults. We all had a very clear vision of what our tree needed to be, and nothing else would satisfy - some were too short, others limbs out of place and so it went as we were getting cold and tired - time was running out..

Continued on reverse

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Continued on reverse

The Best Christmas Tree - Continued

Then we spotted the tree - perfectly formed. It stood tall and stately, its green branches covered with a dusting of snow. Cutting it down was not an easy job with a dull wood axe but we took turns and it finally fell gently into the snow.

The greatest task still before us. We had to get the tree home, not easy in the deep snow. The return trip was much slower but we made it. We were gone for over three hours, Mom was worried and let us know it.

Dad arrived and we sadly watched as he cut two feet off the tree bottom to fit in the house, and we were so proud to see it standing.

We decorated the tree with items stored from year to year including coloured glass balls, lead icicles, beaded ornaments, golden tinsel and paper decorations, made at school, all were carefully placed on the tree with strings of lights, even though no electricity, were wound around the branches.

Then Dad crowned the tree with a sparking tinsel star. There it was, our tree, a symbol of devotion and a loving family - the very best Christmas tree, ever!



A photo of the Moore "cabin" from Tom's brother Jim's collection, Long gone, it was located on the Carmichael property behind what are now the ball fields next to the arena. Other pictures are in the foyer of our office. The author of this story, would return to visit his hometown regularly especially during the Blueberry Festival.



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