

So this is my June letter. It has been very difficult to find the time – especially since I am 2 months behind.

Your story of your camp volunteering made me think of the jobs that Fran and I have had. I guess my first job was delivering newspapers – The Kerrisdale Courier – when we lived on 39th just across from Kerrisdale Elementary School. My route was on 39th to about 35th by Mackenzie street. It was fine – except for the one house that had a noisy and vicious dog. I was always nervous about whether the dog would be out or not – especially when I had to collect the monthly money. I liked the Christmas tips, however.



One of my other early jobs was working in a butcher shop near our house in Marpole. Mostly I was hired to deliver meat to various customers, but I was also required to sweep up, clean the counters – and around Christmas and Thanksgiving even clean some of the turkeys.

I liked the job because I was often out on my own riding around the neighbourhood. My longest ride was all the way to a mansion almost out to Maple Grove Park. It would take me quite a while since I was riding an old bicycle with no gears – and a big basket at the front. It was a bit like the one in this photo.

Since the butcher shop was near my home, I could even stop in at home for a bite to eat or to check out my hobbies. I must even confess that I sometimes took too long to get back to the butcher shop! I remember the butcher asking me one time why it took me so long to deliver the meat.

When I was a bit older I had a job in a bowling alley just a little down the block from the butcher shop. In those days the setting was not done by machines but by a bunch of guys (no girls that I know of) who would sit up on a narrow shelf at the back of each lane and then jump down to set up the pins whenever the bowlers were finished. Here's a photo of a guy working the pins. You probably can't see it, but he is pushing a pedal with his foot. This pedal makes some small metal pins poke up through the metal washers you can see in the photo. There are holes in the bottom of the bowling pins that fit over the metal pins and them make it easy to get the bowling pins in the right place. As soon as the bowling pins are all in place, then the setter takes his foot off the lever, the metal pins drop and they are ready for the next bowler.



It was hard work – especially on the weekend nights when most of the lanes were being used. We often had to set pins on 2 lanes at a time so we would be jumping back and forth from one lane to another while trying to keep out of the way of flying pins and bouncing balls. It was not easy – especially with some of the crazy bowlers around. In fact, I thought at times that they were trying to hit the pinsetters rather than the pins.

I guess I worked at the bowling alley for a couple of years, but I can't remember exactly. Although it was hard work, I enjoyed it because there were some nice friends among the setters and the bowling alley staff. I quit pinsetting when I got a job at Woodward's packing groceries – but I'll tell you about that in my next note.

Love,
Bill