**Harry Mott**

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| Harry Mott's father, Everett, was born in 1897 on a farm near Thamesford. In 1929 he married Hazel and the couple settled in Ingersoll where they raised a large and lively family: six brothers and three sisters. Harry was born on May 25th, 1942.  Jobs and money were scarce in the thirties. Harry's dad worked as a stationary engineer, tending the boilers in factories. A fancy sounding title, but as Harry put it, “In those days you | C:\Users\Flex\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Outlook\THTXRO18\Harry Mott.jpg |

shoveled a lot of coal”. His dad worked hard. The Motts had a large vegetable garden to help feed the growing family. Lots of potatoes to hoe and plenty of berries to pick, but what sticks in Harry's memory is his regular trip to the huge rhubarb patch, returning with a big armful. “Don't stint”, his mother would say. She believed it was as easy to make 8 pies as it was to make 2. There were always a goodly number of young Motts running around Victory Memorial School. The principal gave up trying to keep them all straight. When he wanted to speak to any one of them he just called out “brother Mott” and that was that.

Harry attended IDCI where he recalled with pleasure his time with the school basketball and football teams. Harry said he had lots of opportunities. Half of the IDCI students came by bus and had to leave by 3:30, so it was sometimes hard to find enough bodies to a team. One year the players never left the field, they were on for the whole game, both offense and defense. Good times on the field, but perhaps more often, bad numbers on the scoreboard.

I liked his recollection of the IDCI Cadet Corps with its spring ritual of marching up and down the football field. It brought back painful memories to many of us who had donned scratchy wool uniforms and formed ragged lines on hot spring days, 'fainting' for “Queen and country”.

Harry's first job was with the Ingersoll Tea Factory working as a “chef” in the margarine division. The cooking involved filling a big vat with 1800 lbs of corn oil, adding salt, milk and “a can of this, and a bit of that”. But before too long factory life paled.

Harry's life in law enforcement? It happened almost by accident. Harry needed work and Woodstock was in need of a constable. He filled out a form and the chief said”you're hired”. Harry thought he'd give it a try. Thirty five years later he retired, still a young fellow of fifty-six.

Here's how he summed up his police career,

I met a lot of good people and of course we dealt with a few bad ones but you forget about them. Woodstock is a good place to live and I have enjoyed it.

While still working at the Tea Factory, he married his high school sweetheart, Sharon Moore. They had two boys, Kevin and Brian, and then a daughter, Susan.

Today the Motts are enjoying their seven grandchildren.