

## Roger's Golden Syrup Pails

---

**From Chris Burkart**

Roger's Golden Syrup was a favorite in cooking and at the table. We even used it with peanut butter in our sandwiches when there was nothing else. It came in pails about 10 inches high and these were used for lunch pails when my brothers and sisters went to school. One sister, who is now 76 was a feisty child - in today's language - a challenging child - who always got into fights and the pail became a weapon. My mother knew how many fights she was in by how much the pail was dented. Sometimes the lid wouldn't fit the pail.

Every bottle and can was used for something: Soup cans held buttons and odds and ends. Bottles held oils and medicines. If jars couldn't be used for canning, they were used to hold lard or bacon fat for frying potatoes, etc... Mom used to say the only thing we didn't use on the pig was the oink and the squeal. I forgot about using the ears in the pickled pigs' feet. We also cleaned and used the tail. I remember the butchered pig's head in the big soup pot, being cooked for headcheese.

Thank you everyone for sharing. I can't tell you how much it means to me to be reminded of these things...

---

**From Brian Brummund, Kanata, Ontario, Canada**

What do you mean "when there was nothing else" :).

A peanut butter sandwich or toast just doesn't make it without Roger's Golden Syrup - and I can't get it in Ontario - just the watery stuff. :( One thing I miss about living in Saskatchewan.

---

**From Louise Norton**

Hi Again...I remember it well, now that I live in the US, I have to go to my favorite health food store to get an acceptable substitute that will do the same thing.

Your messages are great ..they bring back all the old memories. Did your Mother make shmeer case(sp)? as well as the dreaded head cheeze.

At Christmas one year, we all got oranges under our pillow, like you, they were there when we got home from midnight mass..ready and waiting for the morning...we (there were only 5 of us) had a candy bar and an orange under our pillow...In the morning when we got up and reached for our goodies..all that remained were a wrapper and peels, one sister could not wait until morning and decided that 1 was not enough.....now some 60 years later she still hears about it on Christmas Morning...HAaaa HAaaaa. Now it is funny.. She was and is, still our "challenged"child.

Your customs are so like what we had, I would be willing to place bets that we are from the same area, just for fun...I was close to Altario, not far from the Sask. border... I am looking for any related cousins in that area...