

## *The Goulbourn News*



*Produced by the Goulbourn Historical Society & Museum  
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**Issue #33-October 2003**

### **COMING EVENTS**

#### **Saturday November 29, 2003-Richmond Legion-1 p.m.**

Christmas Dinner and the Annual General Meeting of the G.T.H.S. A slate of officers for the Board of Directors will be presented at the meeting. We welcome nominations from the floor.

#### **Saturday February 21, 2004-Heritage Day Celebrations-Goulbourn Museum-1:30 p.m.**

Goulbourn Township Historical Society member Barry Roberts will speak on George Ferguson, Redcoat Preacher of the 100<sup>th</sup> Regiment.

**Note:** Enclosed is a copy of *Munster and Rural Goulbourn*, a self guided tour of Historic Buildings and Lost Villages. This is the fourth and final brochure for the Goulbourn Community. Also available in the series are Heritage Tours of the Villages of Stittsville, Richmond and Ashton.

**Bulletin:** For those members who prefer to receive their Newsletter by email, drop us a line at [goulbmus@compmore.net](mailto:goulbmus@compmore.net)

#### **\*\*\*MUSEUM HOURS\*\*\***

The Goulbourn Museum is open, all year, Tuesday to Friday inclusive from 12:30 to 3:30 p.m.

## A LITTLE PIECE OF HISTORY

Museum volunteers have been indexing a newspaper published by the Richmond Public School in 1967 for their Centennial celebrations. Many of our members will remember the little paper, as it was quite an accomplishment for a primary school. The articles and photographs were written by local people about their memories of growing up and living in the village. We thought you'd like to read a few of these personal accounts.

### RICHMOND '67

Volume 1 – Number 4

April, 1967

### *I remember – “The Bank”*

by Collis Lewis

The Bank of Nova Scotia was, before amalgamation, a branch of the Bank of Ottawa. It is in a three-storied, well preserved substantial stone building, built in the early eighties. Its massive hardwood doors and window sashes with heavy metal fasteners provided a formidable barrier to any intruder.

High up on the roof top is a large cupola commanding a clear view of the surrounding countryside for several miles. Legend tells us that this was used in the early days as a lookout to detect the approach of bands of marauding Algonquins.

As competition was keen to open branch banks in the smaller villages surrounding Ottawa, sometimes a race resulted between the Union Bank of Canada and the Bank of Ottawa to locate in a certain desirable village. Planning and speed were essential.

However, the opening of the Richmond Branch was delayed a couple of weeks by the spring thaw making the transportation of the large steel safe impossible. It was absolutely necessary to have the safe to hold the many thousand dollars of deposits pledged on a petition circulated by prominent citizens of the district, among all its residents.

At last all was in readiness. I remember well, the morning of March 29, 1905 as I strode past two large hitching posts and entered the bank to open my first bank account. Of course, I felt I was a man of considerable business experience, having sold newspapers, fire crackers, etc. as well as having 'made hay with the farmers'.

I gained the distinction of being the very first customer of the Bank of Ottawa branch in Richmond. Little did I realize this happy

transaction would be the first link in a chain of events which would link my life with the Bank and this old stone building.

By Christmas time I had deposited enough money to pay my tuition for a commercial course at the Ottawa Business College. I never did finish that course.

The manager of the bank in Richmond, Mr. Muckleston, told my father he would like to have me enter the bank's service. I liked the idea and believed my 'Big-Business' experience had developed a knack of dealing with people that would be helpful to me in the bank. Besides, the roving life of a Banker appealed to me at the age of 16. Soon I was writing my examinations at the Head Office on Wellington Street in Ottawa. Despite the distracting noise of bands playing at some ceremony across the street at Parliament Hill, I was successful.

So, on April 26, 1906, wearing long pants just purchased with the rebate allowed me by the Ottawa Business College, there I stood, shy but ambitious, perched on a platform made especially to enable me to reach the wicket as I posted and returned bank books being presented by the customers; while I dreamed of the day I would be King Pin and occupy the manager's office.

Sure enough, after many years filled with long hours of tedious effort, interspersed with the excitement of changing scenes, personalities and incidents and lured on by a vision of fame and the 'Pot of Gold', I found myself back in the same old building, occupied by the bank of Nova Scotia, which by now, had absorbed the Bank of Ottawa.

I was now the manager but at the same time acted as teller and seldom had much time to 'sit' at the manager's desk.

With my family, I occupied an apartment back of the banking office. My parents had lived in the same apartment at the time they were married many years before.

Some ten years later, Tuesday July 19, 1938, while seated at my desk in my private office, transacting business with a customer, Mr. Wm. Hemphill, I experienced the most harrowing episode of my entire life. As I observed the doorknob being turned cautiously, I heard Mervyn Brown, the ledger-keeper scream and as the door burst open, I faced a heavy caliber revolver in the hands of a masked man who barked, "Hands up! This is a holdup!" I leaned back in my chair and grinned for a split second until the bandit shouted, "Do as you're told and nobody will be hurt!" As I could then see the bullets in the chamber of the gun held under my nose, I quickly obeyed. I then saw the second masked bandit close behind holding a sawed off shotgun menacingly and beyond him the third bandit wearing heavy smoked black glasses, intimidating the teller, Bill Adam and the ledger-keeper with a large revolver.

Mr. Hemphill and I were herded behind the wicket and forced to lie on the floor with the rest of the staff while the gang gathered up all the cash and securities in the place.

Our daughters, Ruth and Alix, had entered the living room which was adjacent and heard the teller scream and a large rough voice shout "Stick 'em up! This is a holdup!"

Ruth ran to the kitchen to tell her mother who, with Dorothy, rushed out of the back door and over to Brown's store where they phoned the police and asked the operator to give the fire alarm to alert the people.

Meanwhile Alix ran for her brother's .22 rifle. She loaded it. The knob on the door leading into the bank was broken and she had difficulty opening it. Just as the last bandit was closing the bank door, Alix managed to get the door open and I jumped and grabbed the gun, much to the consternation of Mr. Hemphill who kept admonishing me to "Be careful, Collis. Oh! Be careful!"

By the time I reached the front of the bank, the bandits' car was speeding out over the bridge.

It took about two and a half minutes to carry out the hold up but I could write a volume about it. About the bullets whining past my wife as she stood a few feet from the getaway car shouting that she had their number and that they'd be caught and for them to drop the money. About having a gun shoved in my ribs as I reached into my pocket for my keys.

There hadn't been so much excitement in Richmond since 120 years before when the Duke of Richmond was bitten by a rabid fox.

For 18 years the bank leased the building from Mr. McKenna and for over 40 years from L.O.L. #151, the present owners.

Over the years many improvements have been made and recently the excellent job on the exterior has vastly improved the general appearance of the building. The addition of a well constructed vault provides necessary facilities. Owing to increased business the very attractive interior has been enlarged to accommodate the capable, pleasant staff.

Mr. Walter Reid is the present very popular bank manger. I now sit across from the chair I once eyed so covetingly; and, never having found the 'Pot of Gold', my requests to the manager are the usual ones.

### **DID YOU KNOW**

(Taken from the book titled "What is it?" written by Lorraine O'Byrne in 1977.) Where and what does the phrase "Don't Give a Tinker's Damn" come from and mean?: The 'dam' in this case was something used by a tinker to stop up the hole in a tin utensil, which he was to repair. Often something as handy as

a crust of bread would serve the purpose of holding back the solder. Of course the bread would then be discarded as worthless. The Dam was also known as a cuss, hence the expression 'not worth a tinker's cuss' is also of the same origin. In both cases the phrases are used to imply complete lack of concern or worthlessness.

## Goulbourn Ghost Stories at the Goulbourn Museum

Stittsville writer and Goulbourn Township Historical Society member, Bernie Shaw gave a glimpse of 'The Ghosts of Goulbourn', his work in progress, at the November 20th meeting of the Goulbourn Township Historical Society. Mr. Shaw is hoping to publish a booklet of strange, scary incidents that have occurred in Goulbourn Township over the past 100 years. All proceeds from the book sales are being donated to the Goulbourn Township Historical Society to further its mandate of heritage programming.

So far, fourteen stories have been collected. At the meeting, Mr. Shaw described the happenings at Louisiannies (The Alexander Hotel), the Delahunt home on the Carp Road, the Robert H. Grant farm on Hazeldean Road, and the stories of Lola Sample (née Brown) and her mischievous brother Arthur in 1916.

Mr. Shaw touched briefly on some of the other ghost stories he has collected - parties at the Bleeks' home; the strange smells at the Davies farm on Dwyer Hill; the little girl on Stittsville Main Street; Barbara Fairbrothers' story of the Indian shot by settlers; Leslie Hole's lucky escape at the Grant Farm on Hazeldean Road; the strange death at the Ashton Pub; the Dale's experience at what used to be the Mann store on Stittsville Main Street; the Martin's experience in Samuel Winchester's old house on Wild Pine Court in Stittsville and, of course, Saunders Farm in Munster.

A number of audience members provided Mr. Shaw with additional information to round out these tales, and several new ghost stories were suggested. Mr. Shaw is trying to follow up on a number of local stories including a tragic incident involving a woman at a farm house on the 12<sup>th</sup> line, south of Stittsville, and possible ghost stories at the Hartin Houses on Hazeldean and Maple Grove Roads. Anyone with a ghost story to impart please call Bernie Shaw at 836-5533 or by email at shawsb@rogers.com

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### LOOKING BACK

#### ELWIN VAUGHAN INTERVIEW

Tape recorded by his daughter, Marion Scott  
on September 2, 1979.

Transcribed by G.T.H.S. member

Cheryl McCoy in October 2003.

#### Part 2

I went to SS#2, on the third concession of Goulbourn to attend public school. We walked in the good weather but when it was storming or bad weather, my Dad, Grandfather McCord or one of the neighbours went with a flat bottomed sleigh and brought the whole settlement home. There were 45 to 50 children in the school and 17 to 20 of them were from

Stapledon. One winter when I was in about second grade, McAdam's bush which was right next to the school was sold to an outfit from Smiths Falls called the Cooper Ridge Company. They built two camps on the high part of the bush and moved in a bunch of Indians from the St. Regis Reserve at Cornwall to cut the bush off. Their children, 10 to 12, all went to school with us. At times, there was up to 15 people in each of the shanties but they were very good people to get along with. If you'd give them an apple or something, they'd make you a little basket or bows and arrows. They were a real novelty. They were very good to us and we were good to them. They were there two winters. In the spring of the year, you could hear the old Indian hammering away with the back of an axe on a white birch log

making the deer strips for the baskets which the women were weaving. You could hear it plain at our farm over a mile away across country. In the summer time, they just moved back to the St. Regis Reserve.

It used to be one and a half miles across the fields to school and in the winter we'd go on snowshoes. Got pretty cold at times. The older students would have a fire on at eight o'clock in the morning. They had two big stoves at the back of the school. The younger kid's job was to get a pail of water from the well. We all drank out of the pail with a tin cup and in those days never thought of getting sick from all using the same cup. The day to day cleaning was done by the pupils. About four of us boys swept the floor every evening and then the girls done the dusting. The floor was generally scrubbed at Christmas, Easter and of course, the summer holidays. The second Friday in May was called Arbour Day. It was a special day we all looked forward to, to clean up the school yard. We all brought rakes and shovels from home and raked up old grass and lumber etc. and burnt them. Lots of bush close, so we'd always get a maple tree and plant it with a special ceremony. A new tree every year.

Teachers had some experience, but others little. I never remember a married teacher. They boarded at some of the farm homes. For years, the set rule was they boarded at Wellington Gordon's at the top of the hill at Stapledon. We boarded the teacher ourselves for a few years.

The biggest spring time holiday was the 24<sup>th</sup> of May. If it was a nice day, we always drove the sheep to the river and washed them. The neighbours would all gang up and we'd drive them in one flock to the river, wash them, and drive them home again. Each sheep and their lambs would swing into their own gateway-they knew their way home.

After finishing public school, I went to the old Continuation School back on Cockburn Street. The year after I finished, that school burnt. When I started to school in Richmond, my Father bought me a bicycle and six or

seven of us would wheel into school. When the weather got bad, we put old Nellie on the buggy and Lewis Gordon, Ernie Cox and I used to drive together. Like the three musketeers-we were pretty good boys but sometimes got into some pranks. At the old Continuation School, the continuation was upstairs and the public school downstairs and there was always a bit of rivalry between them. This day, there was a Holstein calf that belonged to one of the villagers on the school grounds. The boys got a hold of the calf and brought it into the lower hallway and rapped on the public teacher's door. I got up on the landing and was watching what would happen. The teacher, a widow woman who didn't get along to well with the boys, came out and boy was she mad. She told the Principal of the high school and when recess was over, the Principal came in and she said "well boys, I don't think we need any more livestock in the lower hall".

Everybody went to the 12<sup>th</sup> of July celebration and picnic. My family were not Orangemen but very often, Catholics and Protestants went to the 12<sup>th</sup> of July. They had a big parade with King Billy's, fife and drum bands, horses and buggies. We brought our own food and chairs. Often, we went in the morning and remember one year driving with the horses to Smith Falls. As you'd go along the road, you'd pick up the other lodges and you'd all go in one big parade. Goulbourn would head off with one band, at Prospect you'd pickup another, go to Franktown and pickup another. There'd be 15 to 20 rigs at each settlement. The bands would play coming into the village and after they left, they'd ease off a bit. Old Mr. Rielly would come out just at sunrise and fire a shotgun volley of shots into the air. Mr. Petit Vaughn, a cousin of mine, would reply and on the top of the hill, I would answer both of them.

The other big celebration of the year was Richmond Fair. They had a midway with a merry-go-round, ball and dart games, fish ponds, wheels of fortune. In early days, the merry-go-round was driven by horse power. A

set of gears and two big brooms went out on each side and they put a team of horses on each side. There was a spindle or a shaft went into the center of the merry-go-round and into other gears and that drove the ride. That was the biggest ride of those days. Later on, they got ferris wheels and midways like today.

I showed at Richmond Fair since I was about 12 years old. Ernie Cox and I used to show apples and we generally faired pretty well. Ernie showed apples off his tree and he'd give me a set and I'd show them too. We had what they called Jinkinson Crabs on our own tree which I showed and gave Ernie a set also to show. We used to get first prize off our own tree and second prize off our neighbour's.

One year, I had a little Bantam hen and about two days before the fair, she came out with about 14 little balls of fluff. At that time, there was the poultry building at the Richmond Fair which to the present day we miss quite a bit. I put them all in a box and took them into the fair. There was more people watched that little Bantam trying to cover up her chicks than any other show.

We had our good weather days and bad weather days for Richmond Fair but we always seemed to stir up the mud somewhere. In about 1919, it had rained so much, Dad wouldn't risk bringing the car through the mud as the road was so bad. We had to come in with a team on what they called an express wagon. We got stuck to the axles in front of the school on McBean St.

On the road from Richmond to Stapledon, there were two running out places and you had

to watch if a rig was coming or catching up. The road was bad through the swamp. The roads from Richmond to Ottawa were always in pretty good shape. It had been for years, what they called "macadamized". They used to quarry the limestone, pile it on the road in the winter time and then, they'd break it by hand. I remember one old man and his son down near Bell's Corners, sitting on the side of the road, and breaking it with a small hammer and scattering it across the road.

In 1928, the Ontario Hydro decided to build a pole transmission line from Smith Falls to Ottawa. It was a twin pole line which is still used today. That was my first Hydro job and I worked all summer running the air compressor and doing some of the blasting. The 4<sup>th</sup> of July was a real hot day and I remember the boss saying 'come on you boys, it's not the 4<sup>th</sup> of July here'.

Everybody went to church in those days. Sunday was a special day not like today – a day of rest. You couldn't even go out in the yard and play ball. We went to the Anglican Church in Munster. They generally had a lawn social in the summer and later on in the 1920's and 30's, as we got a little older, we'd start practicing for a play in the fall of the year. We'd practice until Christmas and then put on a little skit and take it to the other parishes around. We used to have a great time at the weekly practices. It was a social time when we went from one parishioner's house to the other.

To be continued.....

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Goulbourn Township Historical Society members  
wish to extend to Henry Darvell,  
their most heartfelt sympathies, in the loss of his wife Susan.

A Memorial Donation  
Has Been Made To The Goulbourn Museum  
In Memory Of Susan Darvell  
By Anne & Eion Cameron

## Add a smile to your day

-EVER WONDER where we are headed...

- ...why the sun lightens our hair, but darkens our skin?
- ...why women can't put on mascara with their mouth closed?
- ...why you don't ever see the headline 'Psychic Wins Lottery'?
- ...why 'abbreviated' is such a long word?
- ...why doctors call what they do 'practice'?
- ...why you have to click on 'Start' to stop Windows 98?
- ...why lemon juice is made with artificial flavour, while dishwashing liquid is made with real lemons?
- ...why the man who invests all your money is called a broker?
- ...why there isn't mouse-flavoured cat food?
- ...who tastes dog food when it has a 'new & improved' flavour?
- ...why Noah didn't swat those two mosquitoes?
- ...why they sterilize the needle for lethal injections?
- ...why they don't make the whole plane out of the material used for the indestructible black box?
- ...why sheep don't shrink when it rains?
- ...why they are called apartments when they are all stuck together?
- ...if con is the opposite of pro, is Congress the opposite of progress?
- ...why they call the airport 'the terminal' if flying is so safe?

### A THOUGHT TO PONDER

The royal road to success  
would have more travelers  
if so many weren't lost  
attempting to find short cuts.  
*H.C. Calvin*

\*\*\*\*\***RECIPES**\*\*\*\*\*

**The following recipe is taken from the book entitled...'From the Kitchens of Lanark County'. A collection of recipes compiled in celebration of Rural Expo 2003, Lanark County International Plowing Match.**

### NUTS AND BOLTS

Brenda Schroeder

- |                             |                                   |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 ½ cups margarine          | 2 ½ cups peanuts                  |
| 2 Tbsp Worcestershire sauce | 5 cups Shreddies                  |
| 1 Tbsp celery salt          | 4 cups pretzel sticks (thin ones) |
| 2 tsp onion salt            | ¼ tsp garlic salt                 |
| 8 cups Cheerios             |                                   |

-Melt margarine. Add Worcestershire sauce, celery salt and onion salt.

-In a good sized pot, add Cheerios, peanuts, Shreddies, pretzel sticks and garlic salt. Add melted mixture over this in roast pan. Stir well. Bake at 200°F, stirring every 15 minutes, for 1 ½ hours.





## *Obituaries - Goulbourn Residents*

**DARVELL, SUSAN (nee Gibson)** – of Ashton – On October 31, 2003, in her 64<sup>th</sup> year. Wife of Henry and mother of Ian Jempson, Tony Jempson (Caroline) and Linda (Blake Foy) and step-mother of Giles (Laura), Karen and Tim Darvell. Also survived by seven grandchildren and her sister Gillian Perkins and brother Peter.

**DOUBLE, SANDRA ELIZABETH (nee Whitley)** – of Stittsville – On September 30, 2003, aged 49 years. Wife of Don and mother of Sarah and Ryan. Daughter of Ken and Gerry Whitley and sister of Diana Hayden (Robert), Doug (Amy), Graeme (Yvette) and the late Geoffrey.

**GREEN, DELMER** – of Richmond – On September 16, 2003, in his 89<sup>th</sup> year. Husband of Angela and father of Chris (Nick) Gayda, Don (Ann), Earl (Audrey), Pat (Fred) Belliveau, Gary (Gaby), June (Bill) Trueman and Barry (Kathy). Also survived by 17 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren. Predeceased by his son Arthur, 3 grandchildren, 1 great-grandchild, 4 brothers and 3 sisters.

**KADOSA, JOSEPH** – of Stittsville – On October 7, 2003, aged 74 years. Husband of the late Gladys, father of Michael Burke, Peter Burke and Joseph Frank Kadosa. Also survived by 5 grandchildren, 4 great-grandchildren and 2 sisters, both of Hungary.

**NEIDY, BARBARA LOUISE (nee Dash)** - of Richmond – On September 23, 2003, at the age of 49. Wife of Peter and daughter of Howard and Edith Dash. Sister of Terry (Judy), Rick (Sherry), Randy (Anne Trueman) and Christine Fowles (Darin).

**O'GRADY, CHARLES WILLIAM (Bill)** – of Richmond – On September 29, 2003, aged 87. Husband of Olga Abson and father of Tom (Carol), Irene (Larry Meacoe), Dan (Debbie) and Janet. Grandfather of 13 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. Also survived by his brother Edmund (Lucille). Predeceased by his brother Thomas and sister Kaye Houlahan.

**RANKIN, DAVID ERSKINE** – of Stittsville – On September 26, 2003 aged 81 years. Husband of Mary Lou (nee Deachman), father of Bonnie Lynne (Scott Crossley) and Debra Anne Eastabrook (Henry). Also survived by two grandchildren and his brother Kenneth (Vae Harper). Predeceased by his brother Andrew.

**ROBERTS, FREDERICK WILCOX** – of Stittsville – On September 12, 2003, aged 78 years. Husband of Melba (nee Mayhew) and father of Wayne (Sylvie Binet), Linda (James MacKelvie), Nancy (Mitchell Livingston) and Thomas. Also survived by 7 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren.

## *Obituaries - Former Goulbourn Residents*

**MOULTON, CARRIE H. (nee Hobbs)** – In Ottawa On September 20, 2003, in her 27<sup>th</sup> year. Wife of Edward and mother of Kent and Julie. Daughter of Jan Macbeth (nee Hylarides) of Perth and Brian Hobbs of Kanata. Granddaughter of Frank and Roma Hylarides and Hazel Hobbs (late Kenneth). Also survived by her brothers Ben, Ken and Rob Hobbs and Dennis and Mark Macbeth

and her mother-in-law Cora Collison as well as several aunts and uncles.

**ORPANA, HELMI VICTORIA** – formerly of Richmond – On October 12, 2003, in her 95<sup>th</sup> year. Wife of the late Tauno and mother of Nancy (Sid Green) and Anja (Bob Armstrong). Also survived by 5 grandchildren and 9 great-grandchildren.

**TODD, DORIS M. (nee Bradley)** – formerly of Stittsville – In Kingston on October 25, 2003, in her 90<sup>th</sup> year. Wife of the late John Todd and mother of Wendy Janack (Terry), Judy Torrents (Bob) and Steven. Survived

by 3 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren. Sister of Lillian Neill and Kay Armitage. Predeceased by her sisters Cherry Hart, Helene Snelgrove, Nora McCulloch and her brother Harris Bradley.

## *Obituaries - Out-of-town Relatives*

**BARKLEY, WILLIS** – In Winchester on November 6, 2003, aged 90. Father of Dwaine (Dawn) of Richmond.

**BARR, DOUGLAS WILLIAM** – In Arnprior on October 22, 2003, aged 57 years. Father of Max (Janice) of Munster Hamlet.

**BURKHARDT, ROBERT HERMAN** – In Kemptville on November 16, 2003, aged 64. Father of Danny Ray Burkhardt of Munster Hamlet.

**CZEKIS, STANISLAWA** – In Arnprior on September 8, 2003, aged 84 years. Grandmother of Kim Goss (Gregg) of Richmond.

**DERRICK, JOSEPH SHIELDS** – In Ottawa on November 12, 2003, in his 86<sup>th</sup> year. Father of Robin (Georgia) of Stittsville.

**EDGERTON, JAMES ARTHUR** – In Belleville on October 10, 2003, in his 94<sup>th</sup> year. Grandfather of Alison (Jake) Dixon and brother of Bessie Whitehorn, both of Stittsville.

**HEWITT, The Rev. FREDERICK B.** – In Kanata on October 24, 2003, aged 92 years. Father of Margaret Bryan (Michael) of Stittsville.

**LAUGHREN, MARY BERTHA (nee Henderson)** – In Almonte on September 9, 2003, mother of Edward Laughren (Sandra) of Richmond.

**LINDAHL, RONALD HENRY** – Of Arnprior, on October 29, 2003, in his 67<sup>th</sup> year. Brother of Robert (Marilyn) of Stittsville.

**LISSON, ROSS ADAIR** – In Oakville, on November 12, 2003, aged 37 year. Son-in-law of Bill and Linda Johnson of Stittsville.

**MacASKILL, JACKIE (nee Salter)** – In Renfrew on November 9, 2003, in her 79<sup>th</sup> year. Sister of Bill Salter (Elsie) of Richmond.

**MILKS, NELLIE (nee Ellen Mulcahey)** – In Gatineau, Quebec on September 24, 2003, mother of Helen Scissons (Danny) of Richmond.

**MILLER, ALLISTER AFFLECK** – In Smiths Falls, on November 11, 2003, in his 80<sup>th</sup> year. Father of Emily Passmore of Stittsville and Paul (Margaret) Miller of Richmond.

**STERRITT, N. LESLIE** – In Brockville on September 17, 2003, aged 82 years. Father of David (Elizabeth) Sterritt of Richmond.

**WHYTE, HAROLD NORMAN** – In Carleton Place on October 15, 2003, father of Kerry of Ashton.

**WILKES, DONALD ARTHUR** – In Ottawa on September 27, 2003, at the age of 71. Brother of Jack Wilkes (Flo) of Stittsville.

**WILLMOTT, LEONARD** – In Ottawa on November 11, 2003, in his 90<sup>th</sup> year. Father of Karen Kenkel (Joseph) of Richmond.

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