

## *The Goulbourn News*



*Produced by the Goulbourn Historical Society & Museum, 2064 Huntley Rd., P. O. Box 621, Stittsville, ON K2S 1A7  
E-mail address: goulbmus@rogers.com Telephone: (613) 834-2393 Please visit our website at [www.goulbournmuseum.ca](http://www.goulbournmuseum.ca)*

April/May/June  
2009

### **COMING EVENTS**

**October 2009 - History and Traditions of Funerals** –Further details will be available closer to the event.

### **WITH SYMPATHY**

The Goulbourn Township Historical Society and Museum were greatly saddened to learn of the passing of Stittsville resident Bee Griffiths. Bee was a long-time member of the Historical Society, and for many years sat on its Executive Board. Her fundraising efforts on behalf of the Society were outstanding, particularly notable was the time and effort she put into organizing the annual fall craft fair.

Bee was instrumental in opening the Goulbourn Museum to its first visitors in 1990. She, along with the first Museum Curator Catherine Culley, spent many hours setting up exhibits and arranging for opening day activities. We will all miss Bee's tremendous energy and enthusiasm for life. She had an uncanny ability to cut through red tape and just got things done. But, most of all we will miss her ever present smile and her big heart.

### **MUSEUM HOURS**

The Goulbourn Museum Office Hours are Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Our hours for Museum Tours and accessibility to the History Centre for Research are  
Tuesday through Friday 12:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m.

*Most of us do not really know our fellow members. This is the tenth of a series of life profiles to introduce each other. If you wish to volunteer before you are 'volunteered', or wish to nominate a candidate, please let Donna know or give Bernie Shaw a call at 613 836-5533.*



### **DONNA KEAYS-HOCKEY**

Donna's family has deep roots in Ontario: William Keays, from County Carlow, Ireland, settled on a Crown land grant in the Perth area in 1819. Donna's mother's family descended from John Truelove who came to Canada with the 19<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoons and received a land grant, also in the Perth area, in 1820. The Truelove property is now owned by Donna and her siblings, fifth generation Canadians.

The Keays moved to Perth about 1900. Donna's parents and two children relocated to Ottawa where Donna was born. She earned a BA in English from Carleton University and a Certificate in Advertising and Promotion from Algonquin College. She worked for nine years at The National Library & Archives, and volunteered at the Civic Hospital Emergency Ward which she remembers as, "Quite an eye-opener." She was also a Cheerleader with the Ottawa Rough Riders, but she admits, "If I had to do a cartwheel now, my arms would break."

Les Hockey, a native of Sydney, Australia, came to Canada in 1977 as a Tennis Pro and met Donna at the Ottawa Tennis Club. They were married in 1987, moved to Stittsville and have two sons, both now at Carleton University. Les still plays tennis but now concentrates on his day job as an accountant.

While a student, Donna was a Rideau Canal Skate Patroller and it is not surprising that she continues an active life, including kayaking and cross-country skiing. In 2008 she started snow shoeing – "Anything to get the Australian out of the house in winter!" She also has more sedentary hobbies such as her book club and genealogy.


When the position of Curator of the Goulbourn Museum became available with the departure of Judy Kiss in 1995, Donna seized the opportunity for local employment with flexible hours to suit the demands of her family. It was a fortunate choice for the Society and some measure of her success is shown in the fact that the Museum now has a full- and part-time staff of six and an annual budget that has grown from \$10,000 to \$159,000. In the process, records have been


digitized, the collection expanded and catalogued, environmental and security systems installed, conservation and collection management procedures introduced, the History Centre opened, and a genealogical and historical research service put into operation. In addition, exhibits have been placed in libraries and schools and educational outreach displays and workshops organized for community youth groups. Donna is quick to emphasize that all this could not have been achieved without the expert support and initiative of many willing volunteers.


\*\*\*\*\*


### ADD A SMILE TO YOUR DAY


#### THE LAWS OF ULTIMATE REALITY


 **Law of Mechanical Repair** - After your hands become coated with grease, your nose will begin to itch and you'll have to pee.


 **Law of Gravity** - Any tool, when dropped, will roll to the least accessible corner.


 **Law of Probability** - The probability of being watched is directly proportional to the stupidity of your act.


 **Law of Random Numbers** - If you dial a wrong number, you never get a busy signal and someone always answers.


 **Law of the Alibi** - If you tell the boss you were late for work because you had a flat tire, the very next morning you will have a flat tire.


 **Variation Law** - If you change lines (or traffic lanes), the one you were in will always move faster than the one you are in now (works every time).


 **Law of the Bath** - When the body is fully immersed in water, the telephone rings.


 **Law of Close Encounters** - The probability of meeting someone you know increases dramatically when you are with someone you don't want to be seen with.


 **Law of the Result** - When you try to prove to someone that a machine won't work, it will.

 **Law of Biomechanics** - The severity of the itch is inversely proportional to the reach.


 **Law of the Theater** - At any event, the people whose seats are furthest from the aisle arrive last.

 **The Starbucks Law** - As soon as you sit down to a cup of hot coffee, your boss will ask you to do something which will last until the coffee is cold.

 **Murphy's Law of Lockers** - If there are only two people in a locker room, they will have adjacent lockers.

 **Law of Physical Surfaces** - The chances of an open-faced jelly sandwich landing


face down on a floor covering are directly correlated to the newness and cost of the carpet/rug.

 **Law of Logical Argument** - Anything is possible if you don't know what you are talking about.

 **Brown's Law of Physical Appearance** - If the clothes fit, they're ugly.

 **Oliver's Law of Public Speaking** - A closed mouth gathers no feet.

 **Wilson's Law of Commercial Marketing Strategy** - As soon as you find a product that you really like, they will stop making it.

 **Doctors' Law** - If you don't feel well, make an appointment to go to the doctor, by the time you get there you'll feel better. Don't make an appointment and you'll stay sick.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **Quiz For People Who Know Everything**

This is a quiz for people who know everything! I found out in a hurry that I didn't. These are not trick questions. They are straight questions with straight answers

1. Name the one sport in which neither the spectators nor the participants know the score or the leader until the contest ends.
2. What famous North American landmark is constantly moving backward?
3. Of all vegetables, only two can live to produce on their own for several growing seasons. All other vegetables must be replanted every year. What are the only two perennial vegetables?
4. What fruit has its seeds on the outside?
5. In many liquor stores, you can buy pear brandy, with a real pear inside the bottle. The pear is whole and ripe, and the bottle is genuine; it hasn't been cut in any way. How did the pear get inside the bottle?
6. Only three words in standard English begin with the letters "dw" and they are all common words. Name two of them.
7. There are 14 punctuation marks in English grammar. Can you name at least half of them?
8. Name the only vegetable or fruit that is never sold frozen, canned, processed, cooked, or in any other form except fresh.
9. Name 6 or more things that you can wear on your feet beginning with the letter "S."

Please see the next page for the answers .....

## Answers To Quiz:

1. The one sport in which neither the spectators nor the participants know the score or the leader until the contest ends.

Boxing

2. North American landmark constantly moving backward.

Niagara Falls (The rim is worn down about two and a half feet each year because of the millions of gallons of water that rush over it every minute.)

3. Only two vegetables that can live to produce on their own for several growing seasons.

Asparagus and rhubarb.

4. The fruit with its seeds on the outside. Strawberry.

5. How did the pear get inside the brandy bottle? It grew inside the bottle. The bottles are placed over pear buds when they are small, and are wired in place on the tree. The bottle is left in place for the entire growing season. When the pears are ripe, they are snipped off at the stems.

6. Three English words beginning with dw. Dwarf, dwell and dwindle.

7. Fourteen punctuation marks in English grammar. Period, comma, colon, semicolon, dash, hyphen, apostrophe, question mark, exclamation point, quotation mark, brackets, parenthesis, braces, and ellipses.

8. The only vegetable or fruit never sold frozen, canned, processed, cooked, or in any other form but fresh. Lettuce.

9. Six or more things you can wear on your feet beginning with "S".

Shoes, socks, sandals, sneakers, slippers, skis, skates, snowshoes, stockings, stilts.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **DID YOU KNOW**

Taken from the book titled "The Real McCoy", (The True Stories Behind Our Everyday Phrases) written by Georgia Hole (2005). Where and what does the phrase "***cut and run – depart hastily from an awkward or dangerous situation***" come from and mean?: This expression goes back to the early 18<sup>th</sup> century and the days of sailing ships. In an emergency, rather than hauling up the anchor in the usual, somewhat slow way sailors would be ordered simply to cut the anchor cable and set sail immediately. The word 'run' has been used of ships since Anglo-Saxon times, with the meaning 'sail straight and fast', but over time the nautical connection has been obscured by the more general sense of 'flee or escape'.

## THE CENSUS TAKER

Taken from the Internet. Author unknown.

It was the first day of  
census,  
and all through the land  
each pollster was ready ...  
a black book in hand.

He mounted his horse  
for a long dusty ride,  
his book and some quills  
tucked close by his side.

A long winding ride  
down a road barely there,  
toward the smell of fresh  
bread  
wafting up through the  
air.

The woman was tired,  
with lines on her face  
and wisps of brown hair  
she tucked back into  
place.

She gave him some  
water ...  
as they sat at the table  
and she answered his  
questions ...  
the best she was able.

He asked her of children.  
Yes, she had quite a few;  
the oldest was twenty,  
the youngest not two.

She held up a toddler  
with cheeks round and  
red;

his sister, she whispered,  
was napping in bed.

She noted each person  
who lived there with  
pride,  
and she felt the faint  
stirrings  
of the wee one inside.

He noted the sex,  
the color, the age...  
the marks from the quill  
soon filled up the page.

At the number of children,  
she nodded her head  
and he saw her lips quiver  
for the three that were  
dead.

The places of birth  
she "never forgot"  
was it Kansas? or Utah?  
or Oregon ... or not?

They came from Scotland,  
of that she was clear,  
but she wasn't quite sure  
just how long they'd  
been here.

They spoke of employment,  
of schooling and such,  
they could read some ... and  
write some ...  
though really not much.

When the questions were  
answered,

his job there was done  
so he mounted his horse  
and rode into the sun.

We can almost imagine  
his voice loud and clear,  
"May God bless you all  
for another ten years."

Now picture a time warp ...  
it's now you and me  
as we search for the people  
on our family tree.

We squint at the census  
and scroll down so slow  
as we search for that entry  
from long, long ago.

Could they only imagine  
on that long ago day  
that the entries they made  
would effect us this way?

If they knew would they  
wonder  
at the yearning we feel  
and the searching that  
makes them  
so increasingly real?

We can hear if we listen  
the words they impart  
through their blood in our  
veins  
and their voice in our  
heart.

*Author unknown*

---

We would like to, once again, thank the Cloyne & District Historical Society for allowing us to share the information that they have printed in their Newsletter.

### **AN IMMIGRANT STORY**

*By Carol Morrow*

An Immigrant Story is an account of one Irish family's immigration experience, abridged from a journal unearthed many years after the journey. Typically, immigrants from eastern Ireland sailed for America from Liverpool making a trip by ferry across the Irish Sea to England first.

The year was 1844, the 5<sup>th</sup> of June, and the family was that of John and Sarah Kinney, and their nine children: William 14, John 12, James 9, twins Sam and Eliza 7, twins Esther and Lavina 5, Robert 3, and little Catherine at 20 months. William had worked as a shipping clerk in the port of Belfast until two weeks before. They had packed all the worldly goods they hadn't sold into 5 trunks and were leaving behind all they had ever known. They had a dream of a better life in Canada, and more opportunity for their children's future. There had been some crop failures in recent years and the effects were trickling down to the urban centers' (Note: The Great Famine did not start until 1846). Working on the docks, John had heard about opportunities in the lumbering business in some place called Upper Canada, and so their plans were hatched and their destination was predetermined.

Two days before departure friends and relatives threw a big bon voyage party for them. Amid wishes of success and misgivings about the great adventure ahead of them, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Everything was in readiness and provisions bought, for families had to supply most of their own needs for the passage across the sea. It was busy on the wharf that June morning, boatloads of commerce were coming and going, several ferries were departing with passengers and livestock on board, a great ship was under construction nearby as well. Belfast was a busy commercial centre before the famines came. Sarah made one last head count before the whistle for departure blew. The older children had their duties. Sarah was an organizer and her instructions were clear. Complaining would not be tolerated on this trip.

Their transportation was only a steam-powered ferry boat, a little the worst for wear and very crowded. The holds were full of produce for sale in England. Sarah was dismayed to find out that many of their fellow passengers were sheep and pigs. These were crowded on deck in the centre while human passengers thronged along the sides or clung to the rail as there were no benches. John and Sarah each had a babe in arms and the older boys each had a younger sister to hang onto. As the shores of Ireland receded in the distance, a stiff wind picked up and soon passengers were being jostled to and fro with every motion of the vessel. The drovers tried to keep their animals bunched together but soon the deck became slippery with their detritus and the stench was awful. At first Sarah had both her hands full, holding baby Edward – and the folds of her gown. She soon gave up on the gown.

On into the night they sailed across the Irish Sea, a rough crossing on a good day. As bad luck would have it, the wind was gusting and the vessel was throwing up salt spray as it braved the waves. The night was miserable on the open deck. Esther and Eliza were the poorest of sailors, and had thrown up on themselves pitching around in the dark, despite everyone having only a dry biscuit for food since departure. Only their pinched faces spoke their shame; they were such

brave little girls. Luckily, no one washed overboard. With morning, the wind settled down and it was a bright sunny day as the shores of England beckoned in the distance. Before noon the boat docked in Liverpool, and every passenger breathed a sigh of welcome relief.

Ashore, it was John's task to find a place for the family to stay until passage could be booked for the ocean voyage. Successful in his quest, William returned to the dock in the evening to find his family huddled on their trunks, weary, hungry, and filthy but uncomplaining. Accommodations were very limited and theirs was a dingy and dank below-ground apartment in a tenement building in a squalid sector near the dock. It was all John could find; better places weren't renting to Irish immigrants. Oh well, they would only be there a few days before their boat sailed. Wrong – they stayed in that unsanitary place for 24 days waiting for their ship to be provisioned and fully booked with passengers. During that time, Sarah discovered that Liverpool was a crowded city of slum housing, squalor, crime and disease. She noted that though most didn't arrive sick in the city, many picked up the typhus or dysentery during their time there.

June 29, 1844 dawned bright. All was busy on the dock –passengers gathering for the journey, luggage being hauled on board, friends and relatives bidding adieu, mates bellowing out orders, sailors rigging the huge white sails, and the captain surveying all. Tickets were examined, passenger names recorded, large trunks inspected for stowaways. All being right, the 'Fair Haven' sailed down the Mersey and soon lost sight of Liverpool. For the first few days the weather was fair and the sea calm, with only a few instances of sickness. Once out into the high seas and the sight of land only a distant memory, the winds picked up and one night a stiff gale beset the lonely vessel. Some people think a sea voyage a wonderful experience, but after seven weeks it can progress into an intolerable state of affairs. The secret is to keep on deck as much as possible. Nights were dreadful – the lamentations of the sick, children crying, the stench of vomit, everyone crowded together on beds and boxes and lying about in complete, abject misery. One of the crowning glories of the trip was the invasion of unbidden guests in the bed and bedding despite the strict rules of the crew about a daily turning out of the berths and a general housecleaning of the cabins. No cabin class on this ship.

Over the next three tedious weeks, there was no rough weather, nothing but calms and head winds, and generally chilly. Sarah and John's children grew to be tolerable sailors. Only little Esther never quite got the hang of it. Without warning she would rush off to the rail with her faithful James in tow, keeping her safe. Each of the three little girls had an appointed older brother as a guardian; Robert and Sam were John Sr.'s charges, while Sarah had her hands full with baby Catherine. Ships provisions were given out twice a week, and water every morning, three quarts daily for each person to do for cooking, drinking or bathing. The provisions consisted of sour flour, pickled fat pork, coarse oatmeal, hard biscuits, black vinegar and rice – dainties enough to swear off food forever. One day the ship was accompanied by a large drove of porpoises leaping out of the water to a great height, and playing about the ship's prow. The little girls squealed with delight, and even the boys elbowed each other in amazement.

The lowest point for the Kinneys came with baby Catherine's sickness and subsequent death. She had always been a delicate child from birth but since learning to walk, she seemed to strengthen, an encouraging sign. She had no seasickness but in the 5<sup>th</sup> week at sea, she mysteriously developed a high fever which stubbornly did not respond to any of the on-board



treatments. Towards dawn on the third day of the ailment, the poor little thing succumbed. To prevent contagion, the burial at sea was conducted within hours. Wrapped in her shawl, and covered in a regulation sheet, the tiny body disappeared down the chute and was swallowed by the churning waters of the ship's wake. Sarah, the strong one of the family, was heart-broken at the barbaric disposal of her baby. She descended into a despair for the rest of the sea journey, imagining the shroud and its contents ravaged by all sorts of sea monsters. What had started out as a move of hope had turned into agonizing reality.

After being on the water for six weeks, an east wind sprang up, most wonderful, and blew them steadily to Canada and up the St. Lawrence. One Sunday about sunset, they sighted land and the next morning, were met by a steamer which towed them safely into the bay. Sarah marveled at the misty purple mountains rising on the mainland's north shore in the distance. At Grosse Ile the ship underwent quarantine, and the passengers were inspected for sickness and processed for immigration. Hospitals waited for the ailing. The inspectors and doctors found no problems on this ship, so all passengers were transferred by steamer to Quebec City. This old walled city was a place of immense business activity – endless stores and warehouses, horse-drawn carts bumping along pot-holed and stony or muddy streets, delivery vehicles jolting and shaking uphill and down again, ships tied to wharves, and the docks swarming with passengers like themselves arriving or others dickering for passage on tramp steamers to continue on up-river.

From Quebec they took a barge up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, starting out in the fog. There were no beds on this boat as it was a luggage boat. They had to sleep or pass the time as best they could on hard seats in the open for three days. Montreal was crowded and poorly paved, a town of dirt and squalor. On the streets care-worn, sickly newcomers were a common sight. Ready-made coffins were on display in undertakers' windows and prices of funerals were posted on placards beside them. Many people were in the 'death business'. An ominous pallor hung over the streets. John was returning from booking seats on a stagecoach for the next leg of their journey which would by-pass the river rapids, when from the shadows of an alley stepped a sad reprobate of a man dressed in a filthy cloak, with stale slobbering breath, a wracking cough, and strange staring eyes. Thankfully, all he wanted was a penny for some food.

Their stagecoach had canvas sides and could accommodate everyone, closely packed in. They passed farmhouses and surveyed farms with splendid orchards of trees laden with fruit of all kinds and neatly aligned along the river. Livestock were grazing in the pastures, stooks of hay and grain crops were stacked in the fields awaiting storage. The barns and sheds of the homesteads in the distance gave evidence that there was a reward for all their efforts. After a few hours, they arrived at a small roadside inn which served meals. The hostess had a filling lamb stew served up with hominy biscuits and maple syrup; for dessert they had blueberry pie. The first day they covered 50 miles, arriving in a driving rainstorm at a tavern for the night. Three other coaches and their passengers were there as well. The best that could be said for the place was that it was dry inside. The meal was soggy bread dipped in beans baked to a mush. Sleeping quarters was a common room, the men divided from the women and children by only paltry curtain – not unlike the crowded conditions they suffered in steerage on the ship. They arose to a bright sunny early-September day and set out. Their next stop would be Brockville. At this point they would again transfer to a lake ship for the rest of their travel.

When they stopped for lunch that day, John was thinking he was starting on a bit of a cold, for he had a headache and felt feverish. He slept most of the way to the tavern stop. All that night Sarah could hear him coughing on the men's side of the partition, and by morning he was seized with wracking spasms, and he was shivering uncontrollably. There was no way they could see about boat travel that day. Sarah fussed over John all day and worried for her children. The inn-keeper didn't want John on the premises with that cough, so laid out a pallet in a horse stall. John died that night in a stable. He had probably taken 'the fever' from the Montreal beggar. Heart-broken, Sarah indulged her grief for only a short time. John was buried in the pioneer cemetery of that little town in a shallow grave with only a wooden cross for a marker. Young John carved his father's name on a plaque. For his sake they had sought a home in this far-off land, and just at the onset of their new life, the disease took him from them forever. After a respectful time, the family turned their backs on the fresh grave and set sail along Lake Ontario past the Thousand Islands to Kingston, Port Hope, and Toronto to their final port of call, Hamilton.

*Further notes:* Sarah did not buckle under adversity; her energy and hard work could overcome calamity. She resolved to use her mind and body to fulfill the destiny that she and John had planned. Reflection convinced her that Providence had presented the situation, and that it was her duty to obey that call, to exert herself to do whatever was necessary to maintain her family and keep them together as a group. To complete her journey, Sarah had one more mountain to climb; she was compelled to apply for financial assistance to the immigration department. She had a difficult struggle with pride before asking for that money. Her independent spirit rose above the disgrace of poverty and she had faith that the family integrity would prevail. Sarah did find a home for her family, somehow provided for them, and saw that they were educated. All but Robert had families. Samuel, John and Lavina each established dynasties of their own. Sarah lived to see her children and grandchildren spread their wings and make their own adventures.

**The Newsletter**

Would you be interested in receiving your Newsletter on-line? This will help the G.T.H.S. by saving on the cost of envelopes and postage. Please let us know. Our email address is indicated on page 1.

**THOUGHT TO PONDER**

"Keep away from people who try to belittle your ambitions. Small people always do that, but the really great make you feel that you, too, are great".  
Mark Twain

**FUNDRAISING NEWS**

The Fundraising Committee is pleased to inform you that, by dining out, you can assist the Society.  
 If you eat at the Broadway Bar and Grill in Stittsville and say "Team 396", the Society will receive 10% of what you spend. So, everyone, get out to Broadway and say "Team 396", earn us some money and enjoy.

## LOOKING BACK

### INTERVIEW WITH RUSSELL DOWDALL

Interviewed conducted and transcribed by  
G.T.H.S. member Cheryl McCoy  
(July & August 2008)

*This story will be broken up into three parts and  
this is ... only the beginning ...*

I was born on Lot 4, Concession 4 (the fifth line) of Goulbourn Township on the 17<sup>th</sup> of November 1918. Samuel Dowdall and Mildred Smith were my parents and I was an only child. Being an only child is a tragedy. A lot of people think you have it made but it is far from that.

My parents farmed. They milked six or eight cows, had a big flock of geese, usually raised 150 to 200 chickens and a bunch of pigs. A lot of work and very little money. They raised everything they needed to eat. They baked all the bread but eventually, they put trucks on the road to deliver bread and the housewife thought that was pretty great. At least, she did not have to bake it anymore.

I went to school at S.S. No. 4 Dwyer Hill on the Franktown Road, part of the old Anderson farm. I guess you could count on the fingers of your hand, the number of times my father took me. If I did not get there under my own steam, I was not there. I skied in the winter time through the bush and across the Anderson place. I made my own skis even when I was a kid. I would cut two slabs of ash or cedar and stick them in the reservoir of the cook stove in the kitchen and let them soak for two or three days with my Mother blessing me and these two boards sticking out of the back of the stove. Then, I jammed them into a crack in the log building somewhere, put weights on the end of them, and presto, two or three days later they would be dry with the ends turned up and you had a pair of skis. I cut bindings out of leather. The cedar ones were a lot easier to make than the ash ones but cedar did not

wear very well. The square edges got round very fast. I made many pairs of skis, even made Lois a pair after we were married. I made snowshoes too. Necessity is the mother of invention. If you do not have something and you do not have any money to buy it, you make it.

My parents crate fed the chickens in the fall. We built the crates and confined them to small quarters. They had a feed trough in front of them. You ground the grain and mixed the feed like porridge. You feed them twice a day and that fattened them up for sale. There were poultry fairs in the fall, one in Carleton Place, one in Perth and one in Smith Falls. You had a choice of which one to go to or maybe, you went to all three. You killed the chickens and dressed them but did not draw them. Removing the innards was up to the housewife. Another dirty job. This was one of the major ways they could raise some cash but the price was not usually very high. I can remember selling chickens for ten or twelve cents per pound and geese about the same.

There were mostly Jews buying in quantity at that time. The householders would come around and pick up a few but you depended on the Jewish dealers to buy them unless you were somebody with a lot of regular customers and delivered eggs as well like Ben and Carrie Conley and Herman and Helen Cassidy. There were quite a few people like that but they went to Ottawa and the Byward Market. The Jewish men were jobbers and they were buying for butchers and grocery stores. They probably made more money out of them than the person who raised them.

Any oats or feed we grew had to be taken to the grist mill at Ashton to be ground. We never had any grain corn and there was very little around, maybe just for feed for the cattle. There was an odd silo when I was a kid but not many. We grew oats and barley and a lot of buckwheat.

Buckwheat was mainly for pig feed and poultry feed. You could feed the geese whole buckwheat. You would go around with a pail and leave a trail and there would be a whole line of geese behind you. You did not pen the geese up and fatten them, you just poured the feed to them and they sat around and got fat. We never had turkeys.

Dad had a log cow barn, a log horse stable and a frame barn. The frame barn was moved from Fallowfield. My Father bought it from a guy, took it down and moved it up in the winter time. It was a timber frame all put together with pins. Old Jack Scollan from Richmond, a barn builder at that time, supervised putting the barn back together. That old Jack was the guy that was found dead at night with a bag of flour in the wheelbarrow. He had been raiding the store in Richmond. There was a steeple and hasp lock on the back door, a great big blacksmith made steeple, and he pulled that out of the jamb, walked in and got whatever he wanted. He had come out and drove the steeple back in and no one ever knew how he got in except they would be missing stuff. They found him one morning slumped over the wheelbarrow with the bag of flour. He got caught that time.

We always had horses, as many as five. When I grew big enough to drive a team, we had a team of work horses for Dad and a team for me. I was allergic to horses. You had to curry and brush them well before you put a harness on them, I put in a miserable time with horses alright for a long time. We had a work horse for the cutter or the buggy. We never had a driving horse as that was a bit of a luxury.

W.J. (Bill) Lewis, Isabel and Mary's father, had all driving horses and he farmed with those driving horses. He had a set of light sleighs for these lighter horses. He plowed with them. Bill would be sitting up on the sleigh with the lines as tight as a fiddle string. With work horses, they would

be mopping along and the lines would be slack between the driver and the horses. With the driving horses, you had to have a tight line all the time and checks on them to hold their heads up. Oh boy, Bill thought a lot of his horses and he had some nice ones too. They had priority over everything else.

When I was growing up, there were no young people or kids around Grandpas place or no young neighbour kids to play with. Aunt Lola and Aunt Lizzie were all grown up. To be honest, the most friends I had were the Roe family once I started visiting there. I chummed with Gerald Roe from when we were going to public school.

When I went to school, they had 'school fairs' every September. We always went to Munster and there would be six or eight schools, all of a certain school district. They had marching competitions with a banner to designate your school. We'd march around the school yard for days before the competition. You had an exhibition of stuff that you had grown such as flowers, carrots, parsnips or potatoes. Or you made something – baking or carpentry. Also, they had public speaking competitions. It was a big deal. Something to look forward to. The School Inspector was one of the judges. I grew a bunch of zinnias one summer and they had big flowers like sunflowers. I got first prize ribbon and I thought I had the world by the tail. I made a salt box once. They give you the specifications and size. It was just a square box with a hole in the back so you could hang it on a nail. It got first prize but it was the only one. It was pretty crude. I put it together with shingle nails with heads on them. I didn't even have finishing nails so I used what I had. I sandpapered the daylight out of it, rounded the corners, and sandpapered the nail heads until they were all shiny and looked like nickel. If, it had got a whiff of rain, all the nail heads would have

been rusty. What a performance. I had that old salt box until we left the farm.

I only went to high school for one year at the Continuation School in Richmond which is the public school now. High school was a real luxury then but I was not very interested in it. I went to school in Richmond through the winter, September to June, and I rode a bicycle. I had lunch every day at people by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Nelson. Danby Nelson was their son and used to work at Hicks Tin Shop. The Nelsons lived in Prescott for a long time and he was a railroader. He had a bicycle that was rigged up to run on the railroad. The bicycle run on one rail and the so called sidecar run on the other rail. He brought this bicycle to Richmond and rode it a bit but that became my first bicycle. I was craving for a bicycle so Dad bought it for me. It had wooden rimes and pneumatic tires. It was a long ride to Richmond but Clarence and Pat Hobbs were going at the same time I did. They drove the horse and buggy and I used to ride behind the buggy up as far as Munster Side road going home at night. The wind would usually be in your face and it was easier going behind the buggy. Of course, we liked to chat and it was company. Gosh, we had a good time.

I rode the bicycle all winter as there was very little snow. I would have lots of clothes on and a big pair of buckskin mitts but the bicycle is not the best thing to keep your hands warm in the winter. Mother probably knit the liners for the mitts. She had a knitting machine at one time. Not a very successful venture. I believe she got that knitting machine from Levi Simpson at Munster. I do not think she was mechanically minded enough to keep this thing running. I think it was a high maintenance machine.

I made sleighs for fun and for little jobs like moving a bag of feed. They called them sloops. You cut the runners out of

wood and put shoeing on them, bands off old barrels, to make them slip on the snow. You would countersink the nails a bit so they would not be sticking down below the metal. The last one I remember making, I bought some steel about one and one quarter inches by one-eighth and you could countersink the screws. I had a set of those sleighs around long after we were married.

I made a threshing machine one time. It had a self-feeder on it and a blower. It was about three feet long. It had wheels on it and a tongue so you could draw it around. That was more tinkering just to see if I could make it. I cannot remember not building things as a young boy.

John Lewis and I built a steam engine one time. That was John's idea but it was a total failure. John liked to tinker too. He claimed he saw the plan in a book somewhere but I had my doubts about it. As you know, there is a piston on the steam engine. It is a cylinder and that is where the power is generated. We manufactured this thing with a wooden piston and a tin cylinder so what happens to wood when it gets wet with steam – it swells and it does not move very fast. I can just see this thing when we fired her up. There was a ring come around on the cylinder and on the tin where the piston expanded inside and swelled the tin. I was maybe 14 or 15 years old when we built that. I invented a lot of things and some never amounted to anything. I never bought anything that I did not change or modify. I could see something that did not suit me or could be done better. You hear of people sleeping on their problems and waking up with a solution – I done that many times.

I had very primitive tools in the early days - a handsaw and a couple of old dull chisels and then, I got smart and learned how to sharpen them. I had a hand drill, and that was a big improvement over a brace and bit, and a hand planer. Grandpa Dowdall had

two or three wooden planes in his tool chest. I would be over admiring these planes but he would not let me have them. Grandpa was a bit handy too. He had a Jack Bailey plane also. My Dad made whippetrees for the horses. He liked good stuff like that. He would take the wood to the mill and get it planed. Then, he would bore holes and put the cleavises on, painted them, always red, and put the harness on. He was a horse man and liked everything done up nice. There was a harness maker in Richmond he used.

We were pretty self sufficient. About all we got at the store was sugar and flour. We did not buy shortening but used pork lard rendered down. Dad killed a couple of pigs and a beef each year. It was usually fried pork and that is where the lard came from. All that fat was saved and Mom used it for baking. We never drank coffee until about the time of World War II. It was all tea and you did not buy it at the store. There was a company out of Montreal called the Daly Tea Company. The tea salesman, Mr. Errott, came around once a year and took orders from all the farmers for the next year. It came in a wooden box called a tea chest, with metal bands around it. That was the source of our tea. We had a dark room upstairs and it would be stored up there. It would all be loose tea. There were some of those old tea boxes around for years. It was natural wood and black script printing.

We got a lot of groceries delivered by the mailman from Ashton. The mailman came six days a week, Saturday too, and you just gave him your list of things you needed. The post office was in the general store and his extracurricular activity was to deliver groceries. On his old cutter, he had orange crates tied on the side and all this other paraphernalia to draw these groceries. It was part of his job. The storekeeper gave him something to deliver. After we got a car, we did most of our business in Richmond at

R.H. Moores. We also shopped in Carleton Place.

Regardless of the weather, the mailman went. He had some rough trips – 30 degree below zero, snow blowing and wind howling, terrible roads. In the township at that time there were designated road Path Masters. They had a section of road they tracked out for the mailman if the road was bad or if it was stormy. My Dad was a Path Master. He would harness up the horses and figure out about the time the mailman would be coming, not too far ahead of him or the road would be obliterated again and break a path for him. That was one of his jobs and I think he got 75 cents an hour. It was a very meager pittance, maybe \$2.00, to harness up the horses and go out on a rotten, miserable day and drive for a few miles. When the road got really bad in the winter, Dad would fasten the walking plow onto the side of the sleigh and that is how he would plow the road. The roads would get so high, build up and build up with snow, and then the horses would break off and they would start to crowd. One horse would struggle to get back up and he would knock the other horse off. That is when you had to plow the road. It would give the horses' solid snow for good footing. You were probably driving over three feet of snow in a lot of places. It was tough going but you did not know anything different. You took fences down and drove through the fields when you could not drive the road. There was lots of that done. Then, you had to put the fences back up in the spring. You could always get out with the horses.

The roads were God awful in the spring and were not fit for any more than pedestrian traffic. They just boiled and boiled up, there seemed to be no bottom in spots. Many a stone I threw into those boilups as Dad and I gathered stones to make the road more passable. At times, Dad

drew gravel for the roads and the township paid him about \$3.00 per day.

In the winter, we usually had a stripper cow that would give us milk all winter. A stripper meant she was not with calf so she would keep milking. Dad would let the rest of the cows go dry as they would have new calves in the spring. There was no income from milk in the winter time. In the spring when they freshened, the milk would go to the cheese factory on the 6<sup>th</sup> line. It was a frame building, on the east side of the road, at the end of Norman Bleeks laneway. It was a farmer owned factory. They all had shares and I guess you could call it a co-operative. They had a board that ran the factory and they hired a cheesemaker. Charlie Brown made cheese there for a long time. Charlie was sort of a loner. He made cheese at the Richmond factory for years too. I guess at the same time, there was a factory on the 9<sup>th</sup> line down below Ashton. When we got bicycles, we used to go around and get a treat of curd at the cheese factories. You could just go in and eat all

you could hold if you wanted to. We had no money to buy it - it was free.

A lot of people would get a round of cheese made for themselves at the factory and it would be deducted from your account. Everyone who drew milk to the cheese factory would have to take a turn with their team and wagon and take a load of cheese to the train station for shipping. I can remember Dad drawing the cheese to Stittsville and Ashton train stations. Cheese was shipped in big round wooden boxes, some over 100 lbs. and some were less. The cheese boxes were made out of elm wood. Old George Bell was a milk drawer at one time and he would pick up Grandpa Dowdall's milk, and Jim Bell's who lived on Eric Lewis' place. Most people took their own milk. It was a busy life and lots of work but, it was a way of life and you did what you had to do.

*Comment: This story will be continued in our next issue.*

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

*The first two recipes were requested by G.T.H.S. members who attended the Pot Luck Garden Party at Lee & Paul Boltwood's place on June 20, 2009. Fortunately, they were willing to pass them on for others to enjoy.*

From the kitchen of G.T.H.S. member Glenda Wood. Glenda and, her mother before her, have served this salad for years.

### TOMATO ASPIC

1 pkg lemon jello  
2 cups tomato juice

Instructions:

Heat 1 cup tomato juice.

Add the following;

-a couple of slices of onion, cut up.  
-a half stalk of celery, cut up.  
-1 tbsp vinegar (scant).

-Dash of paprika.  
-1/2 bay leaf.  
Simmer 10 minutes.

Strain and add to lemon jello.  
Stir well, then add the rest of the juice.

*Comment: You can serve this with anything.  
Turkey, roast beef, buffet etc.*

## EVERYBODY'S FAVOURITE RHUBARB PIE

Doreen Bell has followed the directions from the cookbook put out in 1982 by the Ashton Anglican Church. This recipe has been a great hit over the years.

- 2 eggs well beaten
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- pinch of salt
- 2 ½ – 3 cups of ½ " pieces of chopped rhubarb

Instructions: In mixing bowl, combine eggs with sugar. Beat well. Work in the melted butter, flour and salt. Add rhubarb and mix until well blended.

-Place in an uncooked pie shell.

-For the top crust, a Lattice style is preferred or one that has lots of holes in it, as there is a lot of steam.

-Bake at 400°F for 15 minutes then turn down to 350°F and continue another 40 minutes, or less, until cooked.

Recommendation: It is preferable to use a deep 10" pie pan so that the pie does not boil over.

---

An easy and cool recipe from Museum Committee member Sheila Cain-Sample.

## SHEILA'S BEAN SALAD

This is a salad that has everything, veggies and protein. You can adjust the sugar and salt to suit your own tastes.

- 1-19 oz can 6 bean medley (no name has a good one)
- 1-14 oz can of green beans
- 1-14 oz can of yellow beans
- 1 cup of chopped celery ( I use celery seed if I don't have celery)
- 1/2 cup of chopped green, yellow or orange pepper (whatever you have on hand)
- 1/2 cup chopped onion

sauce:

- 3/4 cup of sugar
- 1/2 cup of vinegar
- 1/4 cup of veg. oil
- 1 tsp of salt

Combine beans etc. in a bowl and stir. Combine sugar, vinegar, oil and salt in a measuring cup, stir and pour over bean mixture. Toss and let sit for 1 hour, stirring occasionally.



\*\*\*\*\*

Goulbourn Township Historical Society  
Annual Membership Application/Renewal Form

TO ENSURE AN ACCURATE RECORD OF YOUR MEMBERSHIP  
PLEASE COMPLETE ALL AREAS & PRINT CLEARLY

Last Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Given Name(s): \_\_\_\_\_  
Given Name(s) of Spouse/Partner: \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City/Town: \_\_\_\_\_  
Province/State: \_\_\_\_\_ Country: \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code/Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone Number (Include area Code): ( \_\_\_\_\_ ) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_  
E-mail Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
E-mail Address of Spouse/Partner (If different): \_\_\_\_\_  
Fax Number (Include Area Code): ( \_\_\_\_\_ ) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

**Annual Dues:** Are the same for both "Single Membership" and for "Family Membership"  
New Member Annual Dues (\$15.00): single \$ \_\_\_\_\_ family \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Renewal Annual Dues (\$15.00): single \$ \_\_\_\_\_ family \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Donation \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Total: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Payment:  
Please make your Cheque/Money Order payable to the "Goulbourn Historical Society" and mail,  
or deliver, to:

The Goulbourn Historical Society  
P.O. Box 621, 2064 Huntley Road  
Stittsville, Ontario, K2S 1A7, Canada

Receipts For Income Tax Purposes:  
Donors of \$10, or more, will be given receipts for Income Tax purposes. To save postage, these  
receipts will be sent with the Museum Newsletter edition which follows receipt of the Annual  
Dues/Donation.

Newsletter:  
Would you prefer to receive the "Newsletter" by e-mail? (Check One)  Yes  No

\*\*\*\*\*

For GTHS Membership Office Use Only

Dues for Year (1 April - 31 March): 20 \_\_\_\_\_ - 20 \_\_\_\_\_  
Date Received by Membership Chair: 20 \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_  
Date Entered in Membership Data Base: 20 \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_  
Date Payment Passed to Treasurer: 20 \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

Notes:  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Amended: 2007-06-13

## *Obituaries - Goulbourn Residents*

**BROPHY, ANITA FLORENCE (nee Sims) –**

On May 20, 2009, aged 89, wife of the late Frank Brophy and mother of Mike (Meredith Gilbert), Beth (Scott Bradley) and Bill (Heather Mowat). Also survived by 5 grandchildren, 3 great-grandchildren and her sister Shirley (Maurice) Clermont. Predeceased by her parents, Edward and Margaret Sims, and siblings Lorne, Martin (Frances), Carl, Bill, Jean and Helen Campbell (Dick).

**BROPHY, JEAN ANNE (nee Scissons) –**

On April 13, 2009, in her 94<sup>th</sup> year, widow of Wilbert and mother of Anne (Bud Wildman), Charles (Joyce), Mary Lou (William Scharf), Don (Anne), Dorothy (Roland Beaugard), Shirley, Ken (Suzanne) and the late Janet McIntyre. Also survived by 20 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren. Sister of Kathleen (Sister St. Maurice), Margaret, Ken, Francis and the late Helen, Louise and Sam.

**BROPHY, MARGARET EILEEN (nee**

**Scissons) –** On May 21, 2009, aged 87, wife of the late Emery Brophy and mother of Catherine, John (Rhonda), Eileen (Elias Olivo), Susan (Michael Marin), Jim (Connie) and Tom. Survived by 12 grandchildren. Sister of Sister St. Maurice, Francis (Josephine), Ken, Jean Brophy, Louise Huron, Helen Consack, Mary, Sam and Joseph Scissons

**BROWN, MARIE (nee Dallaire) –**

On April 23, 2009, aged 87, wife of Bob Brown and mother of Margaret (Brian Ballantyne), Gerry (Barb), John (Dee), Mark (Valerie) and the late Ronnie and Jimmy. Also survived by 13 grandchildren and 9 great-grandchildren. Sister of Lorraine Roy and the late Lawrence, Edmund and Patricia (Bill Evans).

**BROWNLEE, KEITH –**

On May 28, 2009, aged 75, husband of the late Margot (nee Cook) and father of Gordon (Carolyn). Survived by one grandchild and his sisters Joan Scharfe (late Meb), Lynne (Boyd) Thorson and Cora Ducharme.

**DILWORTH REID, EDNA (nee Hill) –**

On April 10, 2009, in her 91<sup>st</sup> year, predeceased by her husbands Clifford Dilworth and Walter Reid. Mother of Lloyd Dilworth and step-mother of Brian, Stephen (Janie), David, Jeffrey, Susan Popowicz (Bruno), Marjorie McCurdy and Patty Smith (Ward). Also survived by 15 grandchildren.

**EAKINS, JAMES WARNER –**

On March 28, 2009, aged 90, husband of Shirley (nee Shaw) and father of Peter (Deborah), Patsy, Andrew (Wendy) and John (Geri). Grandfather of 8. Predeceased by his brother Robert (Sybil) and sister Ruth (Bert).

**GREEN, VERA MARGARET (nee Young) –**

On May 22, 2009, aged 88, Wife of the late Norman Kenward Green and mother of the late Kenneth (Susan) and Stephen (Louisa). Survived by 4 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren.

**GRIFFITHS, F. H. “Bee” –**

On June 30, 2009, wife of the late Roger and mother of Ian, Jean Graham (Barry), Lynn (Michael), Heather Kristjansson (late Christopher) and the late Anne Martindale (Red). Survived by 12 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren. Bee was a long-time member of the Goulbourn Township Historical Society.

**HARRISON, BERYL –**

On May 22, 2009, aged 84, wife of Hyliard “Sonny” and mother of Robin (Wendy), Derrick (JoAnne), Kevin (Marilyn) and Joey (Shelley). Grandmother of 11 and great-grandmother of 3. Sister of Marion Colpitts, Vivian Comeau, Dorothy McMunn, Joy Steeves and Sharon Argue and the late Bernice Ricker, Vernon and Clayton.

**LUSK, ALVINA LILLIAN (nee Shaw) –**

On May 26, 2009, aged 91, predeceased by her husbands Douglas Trimper and Ronald Lusk. Mother of Wendell Trimper (June) and step-mother of Barbara Seaward and Brenda (Ed) Gervais. Predeceased by a daughter and two

sons. Survived by 12 grandchildren and their families.

**McKAY, LORRAINE OLA** (nee Parks) – On May 3, 2009, aged 74, wife of the late Bill, mother of Lesley and Shelley Anne and grandmother of Stephanie. Daughter of the late Ermel (nee Faulkner) and Orville Parks and sister of Delores Hayes (Bill), Marguerite Scott (Glen), Romelda Irwin (the late Matthew), Karon Mills, Basil, and the late Dwyla (Ernest Toomath), Dalton, Rodney and Weldon (Beryl).

**SCISSONS, JEFFREY DANIEL** – On June 21, 2009, aged 36, husband of Renee and father of Connor, Sean and Parker. Son of Danny and Helen and brother of Donna Novell (Norm), Kim Hendsbee (Lockie), Bonnie Clarke (Glen) and John (Valerie).

**SEABROOK, GARNET JACKSON** – On April 3, 2009, aged 86, husband of the late Anne McGinley. Father of Albert (Colleen), Brenda (Millar), David (Charlene) and Richard (Diane). Also survived by 8 grandchildren and 1 great-grandchild. Predeceased by his brother Ernest and his sister Gladys Rodger.

**SMITHSON, EUGENE WILLIAM** (Gene) – On June 30, 2009, aged 53, husband of Diana (nee Girard) and father of Jenna (Andrew) and Kenzie. Son of Ann and the late Russell Smithson and brother of Howard, Jeff (Mai), Eunice and Lisa.

**STEPHENS, ROY** – In Ashton, on June 27, 2009, aged 53, husband of Brenda and father of Penny (Derrick Lewis), Sandy (Jason Dawdy), Chris and Amanda. Also survived by 9 grandchildren and his sisters Jean Green, Joyce (John Oosterholt), Shirley (Gerry Scharfe), Cathy (Gord Betts) and his brother Jerry (Sylvia).

**SWAN, MICHAEL** – On May 16, 2009, aged 24, son of Dawn and brother of Lindsey Born. Grandson of Paul and Sally Pelletier.

**THOMAS, RAYMOND WELLINGTON** – On May 13, 2009, aged 85, father of Carol Thomas, Sharon Fawcett, John Thomas and Nadine Kittle (Dave). Survived by 3 grandchildren and his sister Marjorie Roesler.

## *Obituaries - Former Goulbourn Residents*

**DANIS, STELLA** (nee Kirkham) – On April 28, 2009, aged 83, wife of Rosario Danis and mother of Debbie. Survived by one grandchild and two great-grandchildren. Predeceased by her brothers John, William, Joseph and her sister Alice.

**DEEVY, RUSSELL WILLIAM** – On April 24, 2009, in his 86<sup>th</sup> year, husband of the late Margaret (nee McMullen) and father of Kenneth, Fay (Paul Engels), Brent (Louise), Bill (Terri), Judy (Greg Dartnell), Nancy (Steven Frost), Thomas and the late Barry (Wendy). Also survived by 13 grandchildren and his sisters Ethel (John Monahan, Elva (George Greene) and Shirley (James Grant).

**GOLDT, KEVIN ARTHUR** – On April 23, 2009, aged 41, husband of Tania Jewkowicz, son of Marolyn, brother of Norman (Adele) and Karen Bull.

**McCAFFREY, MARJORIE V.** – On April 9 2009, aged 78, widow of Carmen McCaffrey and mother of Bob (Elizabeth). Also survived by 2 grandchildren and her sisters Mabel (late Kingsley Brown) and Charlotte (Bert Hill). Predeceased by her sister Irene Black and brothers Alywin and Lloyd.

**McCOY, MELVIN A. H.** – On May 25, 2009, aged 70, father of Jason and grandfather of Zoe. Brother of Gordon (Rosemary) and the late Audrey (Gerry Brownlee). Son the of late Vernon and Anna McCoy.

**MUTCH, DINAH** (nee Smithson) – On May 18 2009, aged 85, wife of Sandy and mother of Elaine (Tony), Rory (Kathy), Linda (George) and Doug. Survived by 8 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

**SMITS, ALBERTUS JOHANNES** – On June 4, 2009, in Toronto, aged 87, husband of Sophia,

father of Judit (Bert Vandenberg) and Sonja

(Seaton McLean). Also survived by 3 grandchildren.

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

**ARMSTRONG, EILEEN** – On April 17, 2009, aged 83, mother of Shirley (Warren) Reddick of Richmond.

**BELANGER, BARBARA** (nee Sharpe) - In Quebec on April 11, 2009, aged 68, sister of Kenny (Gail) of Stittsville

**DEACHMAN, ROBERT** – On April 22, 2009, aged 80, brother of Mary Lou Rankin (late Erskine) formerly of Stittsville.

**DONAHUE, RUTH ANNE** (nee Orr) – On May 6, 2009, aged 80, mother of Michael of Richmond.

**GRAY, ROBERT** – On April 23, 2009, aged 67, father of Michael (Brenda) Gray of Stittsville.

**HAWLEY, JUDITH ALICE** – In Shawville, Quebec, on April 11, 2009, mother of Janice (Jeffaston), of Stittsville.

**KIRKE, BARBARA JEAN** – On April 19, 2009, aged 77, mother of Cecilia (David) Troy of Stittsville.

**LEMKE, JEAN ROSE** (nee Dorward) – On June 24, 2009, aged 91, mother of Jean Game (Felix) of Stittsville.

**LOUCH, EILEEN ELIZABETH** (nee Paxton) – In Almonte, on May 12, 2009, aged 90, mother of Cindy (late Douglas Cain) of Ashton.

**MATTILA, EDITH LEORA** – On June 23, 2009, aged 92, mother of Kerry (Betty) of Burritts Rapids.

**MAYHEW, DEBBIE ELAINE** – On May 26, 2009, aged 55, sister of Allan (Mary-Ann) of Stittsville.

**MCDONALD, IAN DUNCAN** – On May 8, 2009, aged 73, brother of Wilson (Doreen) McDonald and Barbara (late Louis Lecompte) of Goulbourn.

**MORIN, RALPH E.** – On June 15, 2009, father of Barbara (Steve Vant'Slot) of Stittsville.

**O'BYRNE, ORVILLE** – On June 25, aged 96, father of Marilyn (Richard Lalande) of Stittsville.

**O'HANDLEY, ALEXANDER** (Sandy) – On June 3, 2009, aged 89, father of Sandra (Tony Garnett) of Richmond.

**SHALLA, RICHARD** – On April 21, 2009, aged 64, father of Tammy (Jim) Grace of Stittsville.

**SPRATT (CLARKE), GRACE** (nee Day) – On June 8, 2009, aged 85, mother of Don Clarke (Mary) of Munster.

**VARGA, JULIA** (formerly JONES) – In Victoria, BC, aged 65, former teacher at South Carleton High School.

**WELCH, CHRISTOPHER LEE** – On April 2, 2009, aged 25, grandson of Melvyn and the late Jean Benton, formerly of Goulbourn.

**WYTENBURG, JAMES JEFFREY** – On June 23, 2009, aged 17, grandson of Catharina of Stittsville and the late Anton Wytenburg.