

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) 831-2393 Please visit our website at www.goulbournmuseum.ca

July/August/September
2009

COMING EVENTS

The Historical Society is pleased to present The History of Funerals on **Saturday October 17**. This may sound like a sad or unhappy event but remember, funerals have been occurring since the beginning of man. And have they changed! From the sad to the romantic to the bizarre to the macabre, the stories surrounding death and burial abound. You probably have a story or two to share. So join us and Rev. Jim Kirkpatrick, from Ashton, at the Museum, Stanley Corners, at 1:30. You may be surprised!

Sat. Nov. 21: The Great Fire of 1870. None of us will remember, and that may be a good thing, but when the Great Fire swept through the area it destroyed much of what was in its' path, including some lives. Terry Currie was born and raised in the rural Ottawa Valley in Fitzroy Township. He taught French at Almonte High for most of his teaching career. He finally achieved a long-held desire when he returned to the University of Ottawa to complete his M.A. in History in 2005. His thesis topic was **The Ottawa Valley's Great Fire of 1870** which will soon be published as a book. Terry will be sharing the stories of the Fire at the Museum, Stanley Corners, at 1:30 and hopefully his book will be available by then.

December 19: Christmas Party. All members are welcome to celebrate Christmas at the Historical Society Annual Christmas Party. Details to follow but mark it on your calendar now

NEW HOURS FOR THE MUSEUM

Public Visiting Hours
– ALL YEAR –
Tuesday thru Friday & Sunday's
1:00 – 4:00 p.m.

Most of us do not really know our fellow members. This is the eleventh 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.

Margaret and Don McMillan

Don was born in Kelfield, Saskatchewan. He has lasting memories of life in the dust bowl with swarms of grass hoppers during the Depression years. His father was a Presbyterian Minister and little hard cash came his way. Don recalls feeling very lucky to obtain a pair of shoes from a bale of clothing sent from Ontario.



The family moved to a little more prosperous life in Hamilton and Don went to McMaster University where he obtained an honours degree in Math and Physics, his entrée into a lifetime of teaching math. It was in Hamilton that he met Margaret, then working as a secretary in a lawyer's office. They were married in 1948 and moved to Harriston where sons Douglas and John were born.

From 1952-54 they were in Owen Sound and then returned to Hamilton where Beth was born. Don was a busy member, and eventually president, of the Hamilton Secondary School Teachers Federation. On retirement in 1982, he taught for five years at Mohawk College. Margaret volunteered at the hospital and, as the children became more independent, was able to devote more time to their joint interests in curling, bowling, bridge and euchre.

The three children were all grown up and working in Ottawa when Don retired for the second time in 1987 and they moved to Stittsville to be near them. Don continued marking correspondence course papers. Always interested in history and involved in community life, he soon joined the Historical Society and was Chairman of the Museum in its early formative years. As the Society began to play a larger role, he served as President for two years, leaving a legacy of efficiently controlled meetings. Don credits Goulbourn Recreation Director (until City amalgamation) Bob Mills with encouraging his involvement in community affairs and he served on several Township Committees.

Don's activities came to a sudden halt in 2002 when a brain aneurism laid him low for five months – a period that is still blank in his mind. One only has to see him today to know that he made a remarkable recovery.

On the wall of the museum is a plaque awarded to Don in 2005 recognizing his years of outstanding dedication to the Society and the Museum.

LOOKING FOR NEW BOARD MEMBERS

This year there are two members of the Goulbourn Township Historical Society Board of Directors who have completed their three year term of service and have decided not to stand for re-election at the January 2010 Annual General Meeting.

Anyone who might be interested, or might know someone who would be interested in serving the Society by serving on the Board, should contact Robin Derrick (by phone at 613-836-7931 or by e-mail at rderrick@rogers.com)

FALL ART & CRAFT SALE

Come one, come all ... Everyone is most welcome to drop in at our Fall Art & Craft Sale which will be held on Sunday October 18th, at the Goulbourn Museum. The hours for the sale are between 1 and 4 p.m. and will be featuring great local art, photography, quilts, paintings, jewelry and literature. As well, the Artists will be present.

Copy of Deputation

G.T.H.S. member Jim Stanzell came across this information while doing research and thought that it would be something of interest to his fellow G.T.H.S. members. The article below was found on the inside front cover of Carleton County Copy Book #1, which along with Copy Books 2 thru 5 are located in Ottawa City Archives. (Jim wanted to mention that the copy books 1 thru 5 are indexed). The period covered is up to early March 1847 when each Twp started its own set of Registers. It seems to be the custom at this time to not use punctuation marks and here we see that Geo. T. Burke was appointed as Deputy Registrar.

"Copy of Deputation

To all to whom these presents shall come

Know yea that I Levius P. Sherwood Esquire Register (sic) for the County of Carleton in the District of Bathurst have nominated constituted and appointed George T. Burke of Richmond in the same District Esquire to be Deputy Register(sic) for the said County of Carleton during my pleasure

Given under my hand and seal at Elizabethtown this Fourth day of March 1824

Signed Levius P. Sherwood
Register
for the County of Carleton

The Oath of Office prescribed by the Statute taken on Tuesday the 10th day of March 1824 in the presence of the following magistrates of the District of Bathurst

Galbraith Joynt
Joseph Maxwell
Herbert Whitmarch"

WITH SYMPATHY

It is with great sadness that we bring news of the passing of our G.T.H.S. Charter member Percy Cathcart. We have been honoured by the family with a copy of the Eulogy and it is a wonderful tribute to a man who has done so much for the Goulbourn Township Historical Society and for the Goulbourn Museum. To celebrate and honour the life of Percy Cathcart, the family has compiled some memories and events of his life and we are pleased to be able to share it with you.

The early years

Percy Harold Cathcart was born April 11, 1922, the son of Wilford and Lorna Cathcart. Percy had two older sisters, Mildred and Hazel. The family dairy farm was located on Fallowfield Road.

Percy attended the one room school on Fallowfield Road where he must have excelled, because at the age of 11, he started high school at the Richmond Continuation School. While attending high school, he boarded during the week at a house in Richmond, and travelled back and forth using a horse and buggy (or sleigh in the winter). At the beginning of the week, Percy's mother would send him to school with eggs and other food to last him until he returned home at the end of the week. The home where he was staying had very poor heating, and he remembered it was so cold in the house, that one night the eggs froze.

On the farm, Percy began to milk cows at the age of 10. He continued to milk the cows by hand until electricity was installed in 1938. During the winters in the 1930s and 40s, Percy and his father cut large blocks of ice from the Jock River near Richmond and brought the ice home on a flatbed pulled by horses. These blocks were stored in the icehouse and each block was covered with sawdust, which preserved the ice for months. This ice was used to keep perishable food chilled as well as to make butter and ice cream. Percy sometimes helped his mother churning butter.

At 14 years of age, Percy left school to start working the family farm. His father Wilford could no longer run the farm on his own due to crippling rheumatoid arthritis. To earn some extra money, Percy took the occasional day off from farming and worked for Goulbourn Township shovelling gravel. He earned \$1.50 for a 10-hour day of work.

Farming

Percy often reminisced about the good times on the farm. However he did experience some hardships which included grasshopper infestations, damaging hail, and drought. One winter, there was very little snow, which damaged the hay crop for the next summer. Percy was required to buy hay from Florida in order to feed the cows. Sometimes in the summer, the well would be quite low, and they were required to use water very sparingly. His generation practised living green in many ways, which included recycling everything, and also collecting rainwater in the basement cistern, which was used for bathing and washing.

Fortunately other years on the farm yielded a plentiful harvest, and the farm thrived. For a few years, Percy even had a large hive of bees with all of the equipment necessary to extract the honey. They produced enough honey for themselves and also sold some to neighbours.

Percy remembered times of financial struggles during the 1930s when it was common for him to see men of all ages walking the country roads and knocking at the door looking for work and a meal.

In the 1930s, when you wanted to purchase a car, you put your name on a list, and waited for the telephone call that you could come and pick it up. Wilford had his name on this list for about a year, then when the call came, Percy and he went to Montreal to pick up their first car. Percy vividly remembered that trip back to Stittsville in his father's new 1939 Ford.

During the war, Percy indicated that they produced additional food, which they donated to the war effort. Then in 1947, Percy bought the farm from his parents.

As an indication of his continued efforts to learn and improve, Percy gradually brought the farm up to modern standards, with the latest milking equipment and modern machinery. He frequently attended the Ontario ploughing matches to keep up to date with current trends.

Dairy farming involves many duties beyond milking cows, ploughing, seeding, haying, and harvesting. Farmers are also required to be a jack-of-all-trades, sometimes part veterinarian, mechanic, gardener, apiarist, and horseman. A typical day began at 5:00am, and ended around 8:00pm – except during springtime planting, when Percy might work until 10:00 pm (or later).

Other examples of Percy's incredible stamina included when he endured working in the hayloft in the summer, when the temperature probably exceeded 110-degrees Fahrenheit. At the other extreme, he cleaned out the driveway in minus 40-degree weather so that the milk truck could pick up the milk for transporting to the dairy in Ottawa.

Trials and strengths

Percy was a survivor. At the young age of three, he contracted and survived diphtheria. In his twenties, he accidentally fell through the barn loft onto the cement floor below, breaking both his heels. It was at this time that Helen quickly learned how to drive the car, which was a standard shift. Percy lay in the back seat with both feet elevated and in casts, giving Helen instructions.

Another farming accident occurred one summer afternoon during a thunderstorm. Just as he was closing a metal gate beside the barn, lightning struck the barn lightning rod and the electricity travelled down through the ground wire and through Percy's body into the ground.

In later years, he endured several spinal surgeries, a hip replacement and a hip revision. It was the first back surgery that ended Percy's farming career. In 1973, after more than 35 years of farming, he sold the farm. Percy then took up various jobs including working at Bell Northern and Woolco. He dabbled in woodworking and made many useful household items including stepstools, lamps, shelves, and plant stands.

Percy enjoyed singing and for several years was a member of the Goulbourn Jubilee Singers, who performed at concerts in the area.

His commitment to community was illustrated through his years of service to the Goulbourn Township Planning Committee, his active role in the church, and his years of volunteering at the Goulbourn Museum. Percy believed in promoting our Canadian heritage. He is a charter member of the Goulbourn Township Historical Society. In 1999, he was recognised for his outstanding dedication for over twenty years with the Historical Society. He also received the Ontario Heritage Award, which is presented to people who have demonstrated a significant contribution to local history. The log cabin which Percy's grandfather had built, was removed from the farm and partially re-constructed in the Museum of Civilisation and was on display for several years.

Percy spent countless hours assembling the data for a Cathcart family tree. In the time before emails, he used the telephone and many letters to contact relatives across Canada and as far away as Salt Lake City, Utah. In 1997 with the computer expertise of Richard Mains, the Cathcart family tree identifying approximately 2600 individuals, was published.

Another of Percy's strengths was his unwavering faith. Percy shared a strong faith with Helen, both at St. Thomas in Stanley's Corners, and then at St. Paul's in Hazeldean.

Anyone who spoke with Percy would quickly have noticed his way with words. His family and friends keenly appreciated his wit and humour. He loved words and the English language. He read books and poetry, completed crossword puzzles daily, and was the family scrabble champion.

Family

In the late 40s, young men from the Goulbourn area travelled to the big city of Ottawa to dance and have some fun. It was at the Protestant Girls Club on Bank Street where Percy met Helen Hall in 1946.

Percy and Helen continued to date and on June 5, 1948, they were married in Ottawa. Throughout their 61 years of marriage, Percy showed constant support and respect for Helen. They have provided a shining example of enduring love. In the 50's, their four children were born: Terry, Linda, Nancy and Ross. These were busy years, working very long hours on the dairy farm to support the family. Despite long hours of work on the farm, Percy loved to attend social functions including euchre parties, church dinners or just going to visit friends for an evening. Many Saturday nights he played table hockey with Terry and then they watched the ritual - hockey night in Canada.

Percy encouraged his children and assisted them to obtain the education that they required in order to pursue their chosen careers. The following quote epitomises his legacy: "There are only two lasting bequests we can leave our children... one is roots, the other wings".

Percy loved his grandchildren dearly. He showed this in many ways, in his constant support and understanding, his encouragement and dedication to family, and also in his choice to dance with them to Bony M Christmas records in the living room, even in July.

It was clear that to Percy, family was top priority. He indicated this in his efforts to learn and share his life lessons with those around him. At the beginning of special occasion family dinners, Percy would pull out a small slip of paper from his shirt pocket, and share and impart words of wisdom from poems or quotes he had read. A final poem that he shared with his family in personal notes and that I will leave you with now is:

Count your garden by the flowers,

Never by the leaves that fall.

Count your day by golden hours,

Don't remember clouds at all.

Count your nights by stars, not shadows,

Count your life by smiles, not tears.

And with joy on every birthday,

Count your age by friends – not years.

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 “***blaze a trail – be the first to do something; be a pioneer***” come from and mean?: The actual origins of this phrase are quite different to the image first conjured up. Initially you might think that it comes from the activity of clearing a way through

scrubland by setting fire to it, but this is not the case. The expression in fact comes from another meaning of the word *blaze*, namely ‘a white spot or mark on an animal’s face’. *Blazing a trail* literally involves chipping off bits of bark from trees to expose a pale area (or ‘blaze’) of wood beneath, thereby showing the route you have taken to those following behind. Incidentally, *blaze* meaning ‘white mark’ and *blaze* meaning ‘a fiercely burning fire’ may in fact be related to each other, as both incorporate an idea of brightness or whiteness.

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.

LOOKING BACK

INTERVIEW WITH RUSSELL DOWDALL

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

This is Part 2 of 3 for this story.

We always took the Family Herald, a farm newspaper. There was an article in it by a professor down at McDonald College in Montreal on building a wind charger. He drew up plans for this and the plans were published in the Family Herald. I was about 14 or 15 years old and I undertook to build this wind charger. It consisted of a homemade propeller six feet long, made out of two by six pine plank. A Model T Ford generator I took off an old car and a front wheel hub and a brake drum. It was a belt drive – the V belt rode on the brake drum and turned the generator. You had to put a V pulley on the generator because when it came off the old car, it had been gear driven. When you went to air drive for the wind charger, you had to change the pulley and use a V belt. When I first made it, it worked alright when it was dry but when it rained, the bevel slipped. So, I converted it to bicycle chain and sprockets. That was a positive drive but it did not last long - it wore out. It was high speed and you could not go up and oil this thing every day. It was up on the roof of a building on a homemade tower. It was sort of a hit and miss outfit because I used old car batteries for storage. When there was no wind, you depended on the batteries for light. That went on for a year or so and then, I got ambitious and got a commercial one. It was only a six volt one too. They had twelve volt at that time but the twelve volt was more expensive and I had been used to six volt. I still had to use the

old car batteries but when I got a Taylor made system, I decided to go to a better battery system so I got a set of glass jar batteries. They were about sixteen to eighteen inches high and about eight inches square. They were actually made like glass jars and you could see the charge in action and the bubbles coming off the plates. We had what you call a root house. It was a frame building but it had a cellar in it and we kept potatoes, turnips and vegetables over the winter in it. I had the wind charger mounted on top of this building and the wires going down inside to the batteries and then a line to the house. It was No. 8 wire as you had to have heavy wire when you had only six volts. With twelve volts, you only have half the amps that you do with a six volt. So, a 50 watt bulb would run on half the power. This wind charger just powered lights in the house and nothing bigger than 50 watts. We used that system for years. Fifty watts was pretty bright at that time compared to a coal oil lamp. We were way ahead of everyone else having electric lights. Besides, it was a hobby for me. I was a tinkerer and it was a lot of fun. I wired the old house with knob and tube and when we moved into the other house, I wired it with knob and tube too.

I was maybe 14 years old when I built this thing and I guess I was a pioneer when you look at it now as electricity was a new invention and we were one of the first to have electric lights. The preacher in Ashton was the only other one who had electric lights. This would be early in the 1930's. We did not have hydro in the house until after we were married in 1944. Then, I got rid of the knob and tube wiring.

My Father was not inclined that way but he just let me go ahead and tinker and build things. Dad was laid back. I had a workshop in the cow barn where the cream separator was. I built a bench with a vice, had a handsaw and a few nails – very primitive. It was a warm place in the winter. That is where I used to make my skis and sleighs and stuff.

When I was a young lad at home, I read how to build an electric fence in the Family Herald so I built an electric fence. I rigged this up with parts of an old Model T Ford. The Model T had a coil for each spark plug. They each had a wooden box and the four went in a bigger wooden box and a wire from each coil went to each spark plug. The coils might not run a car but still had enough zip to run the fence. You just got barbed wire and insulators and you had an electric fence. This was the beginning of commercial electric fence. It was great for cattle. The pigs would shun that fence after they got a dab of it. It was especially great for pigs as they were notorious for getting out. It had a lot more kick than the later commercial ones. I was probably one of the first people to have electric fencing in our area. You just had to be innovative and dream up different ways of making these things. It was sort of experimental. I guess I was a bit ahead of my time building these things but there was no money in it. I did have a lot of fun though. I was a tinkerer.

In our cow barn, Dad and I had a shelf for milk pails as we were milking by hand. You would have three or four pails you would fill and then, you had to take them out and dump them in a can at the well. We had a flowing well near the barn and a dugout at the back of the well house where we cooled the milk. It held four eight gallon cans. Great place for milk as it was cold, cold and flowing continuously. We built a wooden frame and wooden box in the ground. The water flowed out of the spring into the box.

There were three, three foot cement tiles, like culvert tiles. It was a pretty handy spot as the pig yard was just adjacent to it and the water flowed over to the pig wallow. The pigs liked to roll in the mud to keep the flies off.

There was always a bunch of barn cats around and they were always trying to sneak milk from the pails, especially one big tom cat. They would get their paws up on the edge of the pail and drink away. No matter how many times you chased them, they would be right back. So, as I was into homemade electric fencing. I wired up the milk pail. I run a wire through the barn window to ground it, soldered the other end to a sheet of tin and set the milk pail on it. It was a powerful shock. The old tom cat sneaked in and jumped up onto the bench. He put his front paws on the pail and he was still grounded but as soon as his tongue hit the milk, he got the full jolt. Well sir, that tom cat went straight up, hair on end, and went past Dad and I at a speed I have never seen a cat move at before or since. When he went past Dad and I, you could hear his toenails scratching on the cement trying to get traction. That cat never looked at a milk pail after.

We heated with wood in those days but we did not have a bush lot. Dad would buy an acre or half acre from people around like Harold McEwen up in Beckwith who had a couple of hundred acres of bush. Uncle Ernie and Dad used to buy maybe an acre and split it between them. They had to go to the bush and cut it down and draw it home on the sleighs. Coming on spring, they would saw it up and you would have a pile of wood as long as from here to Timbuktu. Then, you would go at that and split it between doing chores. It was not a bad life when you did not know anything different. Everybody was in the same boat and the neighbours always helped at the sawing bee, threshing bees or corn cutting bees. If you

needed help, you just asked somebody. You could not get along without your neighbours if you were living in the country.

We never grew much corn as we did not have a silo. We might grow three or four acres and cut it with a binder and feed it to the cattle in the fall and coming on winter. You just threw it on the ground and they guzzled it up. You would see a cow chewing away with stalks sticking out of each side of their mouth and both ends would fall. We stooked the corn. Some people had long poles and a pair of pickets at each end and they would stand the corn up and when the stook was big enough, you tied a rope around it, one guy on each end of the rope and then, you tied string around it to hold it together. You left it to dry like that for three to four weeks. When you drew it in and put it in a building, you stored it standing up.

When harvesting our grain, we had a grain binder. I remember my Grandfather cutting grain with a cradle. The cradle was similar to a scythe but you could windrow with it. It had a cage around it and it was quite an art to be a cradler. When I was small, my Grandfather would go into the grain fields and cut all the corners with the cradle. They had a binder but he did not want the horses and binder to roll down the grain. He did not want a dozen heads wasted. Everything had to be picked up clean. You needed to be a strong man to cradle. I can remember picking that cradle up and I could hardly lift it. Grain cut with the cradle had to be tied into sheaves by hand. I learned how to do that and I could do it just about as good as he could but you would not want to do it all day. Many of the women in those days made sheaves in the field. It was the only way to do it at that time. Mr. McCormick had not invented his reaper yet. That was quite a machine with the big arms and the wooden pegs in them like an old wooden hand rake. It had a cutting bar and arm that came around and

deposited the grain in a pile, with the ends of the stalks all even, and you just had to pull it together and you had a sheath. Someone followed along and made the sheaves. The average width of the reaper was five feet and it was drawn by horses. The reaper came out in the early 1900's. When I was a kid, you would run across these reapers in people's drivesheds. The Anderson farm had one and there was an old seed drill there too. They were sort of heirlooms and nobody touched them because they belonged to their ancestors. There was a surplus of these machines for museums. People were giving them away.

The early seed drills were broadcast, that means the seed was scattered all over. Then, they got drills. They had tubes running down into an iron boot that run along the ground and seed came down the tube. Someone had a short chain, with a big link and a little link, and they trailed along behind where the shoe ran in the ground and covered the seed up. Then, you run over the field with a drag harrow. If, you were sowing grass along with the grain, you would not harrow it as it would cover the grass seed to deep. If you were not sowing grass, you could use the drag chains behind the seed drill to cover the grain.

Our neighbours were George and Jim Bell, my Grandpa Dowdall next door, the Watchorn's, the Anderson's, Fred Box, the Cathcart's, Cassidy's, and Josiah Lewis and Homer Featherstone. Homer lived across from the Boxes on the 4th Line. George Bell lived on the 5th Line just before the Jock River where Benningtons lived. Richard and Dorthea Bendall live there now. Jim Bell lived where the Lewis lived. W.J. Bell owned Emerson Jones place on the Dwyer Hill Road. W. J. had a store in Stittsville and Bell Construction. WJ was Jim's son and Tom was his younger brother. Tom was almost through school when I started. He was my guardian angel when I started

school. He looked after me and when one of us got into trouble, we were both in trouble.

One winter at school, Tom Bell and I had been building a snow house. It was hard drifts and you could put it square with the shovel. During recess, Isabel (Lewis) Crawford pops into the outhouse during the last recess. Tom grabbed the shovel, he was the instigator and I was the accessory after the fact, and we filled the track into the outhouse with snow right up the door. She went to come out and couldn't get the door open. Anyway, there was no sign of Isabel when the bell rings. We were sitting there innocent as could be. Mabel Anderson, the teacher, wanted to know where Isabel is. So Mabel goes out looking for her and found her stuck in the outhouse. She dug Isabel out and came back in a pretty bad humour. She sentenced Tom and I to no lunch hour and no recess for one week. We had to sit at our desks. Pretty stern punishment for an eight or nine year old. All the other kids congregated around us to eat our lunch and it turned out that we had some fun. It turned out to be a punishment that wasn't too hard to take. Oh, Mabel was a pretty straight old girl I will tell you.

In public school, we had Winnie McDermaid and Edith Roe and Mabel was there before that. I went to school one winter and there was only Clarence Featherstone, myself and Wilmena Paul – only three of us. There was usually six but in the winter, you did not see a student like Russell Watchorn.

I was very sick for a while with bad tonsils and I do not think I went to school before I was nearly seven. I enjoyed school but it did not break my heart when I quit either.

My Mother was a great gardener. She grew everything and if anything new came along, she wanted to try it. She canned peas, corn, tomatoes and meat of all kinds, fish in the spring when the suckers were running. Dad would go up to Port Emsley as that

used to be a great place for suckers. He would come home with a whole bag of fish. The fish were canned or sometimes, salted just the same as salt pork. We would have all kinds of canned beef and canned pork, salted pork, all at the same time. Soon as it got cold enough, we would kill a beef and eat on it all winter. Whatever was left in the spring was canned. The beef was froze and then stored in the grain. It would come out of there as hard as a rock. That was the freezer. Then, they would butcher a 200 pound pig in the spring to put in the barrel. Mother would can peaches. I remember buying a twelve quart basket of peaches for 50 cents. It was expensive as there were a lot few dollars floating around then than there is now. In those days, when you bought peaches and took a bite out of one, the juice ran down your chin. Today, it is all hybridized and picked green and hard as stone. You cannot get your teeth in them. She canned apples,. Anything you could eat, she could can. She even canned spinach. We had a good variety along with root vegetables. We grew sugar beets sometimes and fed them to the livestock. A sugar beet grew with just the points of them in the ground, long and pointy and weighed six to eight pounds. Dad got a machine from Jim McCaffrey, a turnip pulper they called it. You turned it by hand and there were three or four knives on this big wheel. There was a chute on the end. You needed a lot of momentum to get it started. It was like a fly wheel and it was very heavy. When the blade hit the big beet, you had to pull on the crank to keep it going. It chewed the turnip or sugar beet up into a mess, sliced and crushed every which way. The cattle really loved them and were only given to the cattle. We fed the cows hay, sugar beets and corn when we had it. They also existed on straw sometimes too when there was a poor hay crop. Maybe, you would get a good grain crop and a poor hay crop. You were in

the clover when you had both. There were a lot of times you did not have both.

The pigs were fed ground grain. You took your grain to the grist mill and had it ground. Pigs that ran outside in the winter, the breeding stock who maybe lived in the straw stack, would just get whole grain and some water and they would live on that.

We had a well right at the barn but never had water in the buildings. Whenever Dad overhauled the cow barn, he put in steel stanchions. He bought water bowls too but they were never installed. We always let the cows out to drink. There was a roof over the well but you pumped by hand. We had a wooden pump made out of a log and a luxurious cement trough. Every time you watered the cows in the winter, a little bit more ice would form in the trough. Then, you would have to chop it out and you would start all over again. The pump we had came from the Smith farm where by Mother was born. I have no idea who made it but they got a new iron pump and Dad snaffled the old wooden pump. Tom Lewis in Ashton made wooden pumps. He had an auger there that bored the big hole. Tom was a pump expert at that time. I think the majority of pumps were made out of spruce as spruce was a long lasting wood. I do not know if there were any cedar ones or not.

In Ashton at that time, there was Ab Tubman, the undertaker. He was a general merchant and undertaker. There was Tom Lewis, pumps and Massey Harris agent first and then he switched to Frost & Wood. Griffith Saunders had a general store right across the street from Tubman's store. He ran a store there for a long time. There were three churches and a post office. Duncan Fisher run the grist mill.

In regard to the undertaking business, there were no funeral parlours around at the time. The standard practice was Ab would come and pick up the body, take it to Ashton and prepare it and then bring it back to the home of the deceased. Wakes were always held in the home. It was quite an ordeal in the winter. Everyone travelled with horse and cutter and there would be horses tied everywhere. The family of the deceased and neighbours would use pick axes to dig the grave. It was the responsibility of the family to dig the grave. Some people were not buried in exactly the right spot as little goofs were made finding the markers.

The conclusion of this story will follow in our next newsletter.

Costumes and Clothing

The Museum and the Historical Society are trying to increase their collection of wearable costumes for museum activities and heritage events. Do you have some items that are in your way or cluttering your house, items that could be useful to us? We are looking for old hats and caps, both men's and ladies'. Also flour sacks, feed sacks, aprons and various odds and ends are always useful. If your Aunt left you a box of sewing supplies, buttons and cloth that are no use to you, please consider passing the whole box of "old junk" along to us. Someone's junk can be someone else's treasure.

THE NEWSLETTER COMMITTEE

We are also looking for creative writers; memoirs, historical extract, and items of interest are sought. Please contact Virginia at 613-836-1556.

9

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.

*****RECIPES*****

This tasty delight was brought in one day for sampling by, Museum staff member Angela Desjardins. This recipe comes from *Get Cracking* eggs.ca

PINEAPPLE DREAM SQUARES

Base

-Cooking spray

-1 ½ cups	all purpose flour	375 ml
-1/4 cup	brown sugar, lightly packed	50 ml
-1/2 cup	butter or margarine, softened	125 ml

Topping

-3	eggs	3
-1 cup	flaked coconut	250 ml
-3/4 cup	lightly packed brown sugar	175 ml
-3/4 cup	corn syrup	175 ml
-1 can	(14 oz/398 ml) crushed pineapple, well drained	1 can
-2 tbsp	butter or margarine, melted	30 ml
-1 tsp	vanilla extract	5 ml

Method:

To bake base: Preheat oven to 350°F (180°C). Spray a 9-inch (23 cm) square pan with cooking spray. In a medium bowl, combine flour and brown sugar. Cut in butter until mixture is crumbly. Press into bottom of pan. Bake until lightly browned, 12 to 15 minutes. Cool slightly.

To Make Topping: In a medium bowl, whisk eggs just until blended. Stir in remaining ingredients. Spread over base.

Bake until topping is set but still soft in centre, 40 to 45 minutes. Cool completely on a wire rack. Cut into squares. Keep refrigerated.

Makes 16 squares.

Variations: Melt 2 squares semi-sweet chocolate with 1 tsp. (5 ml) vegetable oil. Drizzle over cooled squares. Let chocolate set before cutting into squares.

ANY-SEASON MIXED BERRY COBBLER



This recipe comes from the 2005 Milk Calendar. They have a lot of delicious recipes and I've enjoyed many of them over the years.



Comment from the cook: Take advantage of the delicious mixed frozen berries that are readily available all year for this easy and stunning dessert. Top with Whipped Cream or ice cream for a special treat.



5 cups	mixed frozen berries (600 g pkg)	1.25 L
¼ cup	all-purpose flour	50 ml
¼ cup	packed brown sugar	50ml
½ tsp	ground nutmeg	2 ml
2 tbsp	fresh lemon juice	30 ml



Topping:

1 tbsp	fresh lemon juice	15 ml
1 cup	Milk	250 ml
½ cup	packed brown sugar, divided	125 ml
½ tsp	ground nutmeg	2 ml
1/3 cup	butter, melted	75 ml
1	egg	1
2 tsp	vanilla	10 ml
1 ¾ cups	all-purpose flour	425 ml
½ tsp	each, baking powder and salt	2 ml
1/4 tsp	baking soda	1 ml
	Whipped Cream (optional)	

  Preheat oven to 375°F (190°C). Lightly butter 13 x 9-inch (3 L) glass baking dish.

  Chop any larger berries in half or quarters, if necessary. In bowl, combine flour, sugar and nutmeg; add mixed berries and sprinkle with lemon juice. Toss to coat evenly; spread into prepared baking dish.

  Topping: In bowl, whisk lemon juice into Milk; let stand for 3 min. In small bowl, combine 2 tbsp (30 ml) of the brown sugar with nutmeg; set aside. Whisk remaining brown sugar butter, egg and vanilla into Milk mixture. Without stirring, add flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt. Stir with a fork, just until moistened.

  Pour over fruit, spreading gently to cover evenly. Sprinkle with reserved nutmeg mixture. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes or until fruit is bubbling and tester inserted in centre of topping comes out clean. Let stand for a least 5 min before serving. Serve hot or at room temperature. Top with Whipped Cream (if using).

Preparation Time: 10 minutes

Cooking Time: 30 to 40 minutes

Yield: 6 servings.

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: 2007-06-1

Obituaries - Goulbourn Residents

CAMPBELL, ELEANOR (nee Bond) – On September 10, 2009, aged 67, wife of Gordon and mother of Donna (Ron), Robert (Christine) and Nancy Hempinstall (Peter). Grandmother of 3 and sister of Joan, Marilyn, Darlene, Linda, Debra, Donna-Gail and the late Douglas and Donald. Predeceased by her parents Eva and Harry Bond.

CATHCART, PERCY HAROLD – On September 18, 2009, aged 87, husband of Helen (Hall) and father of Terry (Donna Leduc), Linda (Heinz Klabouch), Nancy (Mike Lawless) and the late Ross (Jo-Anne). Survived by 3 grandchildren. Predeceased by his sisters Mildred Sutton and Hazel Seabrook. Long time member of the Goulbourn Township Historical Society.

ENGLISH, CECIL – On July 8, 2009, husband of Shirley and father of Lori (Rob) and Tracy (Michael). Also survived by 4 grandchildren. Brother of Jim, Gloria, Lewis, the late Lillian and Clifford.

EVELY, RAYMOND BRUCE – At the age of 47, husband of Sherry Symonds and father of Brianna. Also survived by his family in Newfoundland.

FIELDS, JORDAN WILLIAM DURANT – On July 3, 2009, infant son of William Fields and Jill Durant. Survived by grandparents Don and Anne Durant and Stan and Nancy Fields.

GRAVES, RUTH (nee Thompson) – On July 9, 2009, aged 83, wife of Arthur, mother of Robert (Shirley), Pam Boudreau (Gary) and grandmother of 5. Predeceased by her parents Laurie and Edith Thompson and her brother Robert (Chris).

HISCOE, MARGARET (Peggy) – On August 16, 2009, in her 80th year, wife of the

late Kaye and mother of Larry (Holly), Dan (Linda), Michael (Valerie) and Dorothy (Kevin). Also survived by 9 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren.

LOCKWOOD, EARL GUEST – I Fort Coulonge, Quebec, on July 16, 2009, in his 89th year, husband of Lillian Humphreys (nee Neely and father of Robert, Dorothy Simser (Keith), Wayne Humphreys (Sylvia), Linda McLaughlin (Peter Harasym), Garry Humphreys (Kim) and Glen Humphreys. Also survived by 11 grandchildren, 3 great-grandchildren, and his sister Jean Crozier (late Gordon). Predeceased by his first wife Alda and his brother Tom (Josie).

LYNN, CORRIE JAMES – On July 13, 2009, aged 37, husband of Maria (nee Field) and father of Jamie and Michael. Also survived by his mother Patricia Struble and sister Kerri (Roger Chartrand). Predeceased by his father James Lynn.

MARTEL, JULES JOSEPH – On August 30, 2009, aged 86, husband of the late Rita (nee Roy) and father of John Yvon, Hector, Claude, Michael, Diane, Evelyne, Annette, Louise, Raymond and Christine. Survived by 23 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. Brother of Roly and Edmile.

McKIEL, JOHN ALBERT (Bob) – On July 29, 2009, aged 90, husband of Marie and father of David (Mary Jane), Don (Dawn) and Greg (Ross). Survived by 4 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.

MORIN, RALPH E. – On June 15, 2009, husband of Rosemary and father of Barbara (Steve Vant'Slot) and Carole (Leo Herbert).

Also survived by 3 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren.

MOUSSEAU, DELMAR GERALD – On August 25, 2009, aged 86, husband of Pierrette (Holz) and the late Gertrude. Father of Brian, Cheryl (John), Jim (Patti-Ann) Doug (Cathy) and Marilyn (Tom) and step-father of David (Donna) and Sylvia. Also survived by 16 grandchildren. Brother of Beryl, Rodney and the late Rene.

POWELL, ARNOLD (Arnie) – On August 28, 2009, aged 72, husband of Marlyn Boon and father of Kerry (Lynn), Lloyd and Kim (Lyall) Steele. Also survived by 3 grandchildren and his sister Marilyn Somerville.

SIMPSON, ANNETTE – On August 24, 2009, in her 73rd year, wife of Robert “Bud” and mother of Mindy Jollymore (Stephen) Scott (Elaine) and step-mother of Robert. Grandmother of 8 and sister of Helen, Pauline, Sue (Gary), Joan (James), Eileen and John.

SMITH, BLANCHE MARGARET (nee Hobbs) – On August 6, 2009, aged 84, wife of Earl and mother of Victor (Lynne), Carol

(Paul) Homer, Garth (Holly), the late Margaret and Dwight. Also survived by 4 grandchildren. Predeceased by her brother Clarence.

SMITH, HAZEL RUTH (nee Eastman) – In Almonte on July 6, 2009, aged 90, widow of Alfred and mother of Bradley (Lorraine) and the late Murray. Survived by 5 grandchildren, 2 great-grandchildren and brothers Arthur (Lois) and Donald (late Claudia). Predeceased by her sisters Lillis and Marjorie (Delmer Morrison).

THOMPSON, GRACE ELLA (nee Sloan) – On July 19, 2009, in her 96th year, daughter of the late Fred and Emily Sloan and widow of Emerson (1985). Stepmother of Raymond (Leda), the late Clare (Mona), Keith (Mario) and Roger (Catherine). Also survived by 14 grandchildren. Long time member of The Goulbourn Township Historical Society and historical author.

TREBOUTAT, TED (Major, retired) – On September 8, 2009, aged 67, husband of Joyce and father of Paul (Catherine) and John (Jane) Grandfather of 3 and brother of Johnny, David and Susan Barlow.

Obituaries - Former Goulbourn Residents

HEALEY, MURIEL (nee Faulkner) – On August 3, 2009, in her 95th year, wife of the late Syd Healey. Mother of Geraldine Miller (late H. G.), Don (Marjorie), Bill (Melanie) and David (Tina). Also survived by 12 grandchildren and their families. Predeceased by her siblings Myrtle Healey, Lola James, Cora Stewart, Della Slack, Mildred Wing, Charles Faulkner, Clifford Faulkner, Hattie Bray and Alvira Hay.

HILL, ROBERT GEORGE FREDERICK (Fred) – In Calgary, AB, on December 26, 2008, aged 92, husband of

Doreen (nee Glancy) and the late Eileen Ada Lloyd. Survived by his children Robin (Julianna) and Janet as well as Doreen’s family, several grandchildren and their families. Predeceased by his brothers Harry, ed, Bill and Don as well as his first son James.

HOWES, SANDRA JEAN (nee Hobbs) – In Nanaimo, B. C., on April 14, 2009, aged 63, wife of Herb Howse. Mother of Debbie (Guy) Lahey and Shawn (Kate) Crampton. Sister of Sheila (Ken) Jones, Carol (Roddy) Manzon and Doug (Rose).

KEARNS, DOROTHY (nee Stoodley) – On July 12, 2009, aged 80, wife of Orville and mother of Dale, Linda Faller (William), Sharlene, Holly Durant (Alan), Yolond Oddy (Douglas), Mickey (Corrine) and Michael. Also survived by 23 grandchildren and 23 great-grandchildren.

SCHARF, KATHLEEN (Kay) (nee Brown) – On September 30, 2009, aged 73, wife of Donald and mother of Kevin (Nancy) and Lorie Miller (Robert). Survived by 4 grandchildren and her siblings Ed Brown (Gail), Jim Brown (June) and Wilda Hicks. Predeceased by her twin brother Keith and her parents Sarah Ethel Brown and Howard Brown.

Obituaries - Out-of-town Relatives

BREWER, LLOYD GEORGE - In Pembroke on July 12, 2009, aged 87, father of Judy Kemp (Murray) of Richmond.

EDWARDS, MARY WILHELMINE (Buddy) (nee Gillier) - On August 20, 2009, aged 80, mother of James (Jennifer Birrell) of Stittsville.

HANNAFORD, LAWRENCE ANDREW – In Merrickville on July 4, 2009, brother of Margaret Scarfe of Richmond.

JANNACK, KENNETH – On August 6, 2009, aged 81, brother of Gwen Keenan of Richmond.

KUZNIARZ, STANLEY – On July 31, 2009, aged 90, father of Fred (Christie) of Stittsville.

MADDESS, BENJAMIN ROBERT – On September 13, 2009, aged 53, partner of

Dawn Lough and son-in-law of Mary and Dalbert Lyngard of Stittsville.

McCABE, GERTRUDE DOROTHY (nee Griese) – In Smiths Falls, August 28 2009, aged 95, mother of Arlene (Elvyn) Dowdall of Munster Hamlet.

McCARTHY, LILLIAN MARY (nee Muldoon) – On July 27, 2009, aged 81, mother of Mark (Sandy) of Stittsville.

PORTEOUS,, DIANE (Villeneuve) – On July 13, 2009, aged 64, sister of John Villeneuve (Sharon Murphy) of Munster.

PUMPHREY, JOHN – On July 5, 2009, aged 73, father of Shelley Dowling (Rob) of Stittsville.

WILSON, ROBERT (Bert) – On August 9, 2009, aged 93, father of Anne Laughland (Bill) of Richmond and Marilyn Raymond (Tom) of Stittsville.

This newsletter is produced with the assistance
of the City of Ottawa and the
Ontario Ministry of Culture, Tourism, and Recreation.