

THE GOULBOURN NEWS



Taking part as costumed interpreters in the Historical Society's program to celebrate Heritage Week on February 20th were the following members of the Society: From left to right: Mrs. Salt with axe ready to kill the turkey (Marion Gullock), Richmond Innkeeper Maria Hill (Barbara Bottriell), The Turkey (Jim Evans), Duke of Richmond (Robin Derrick), Councillor Shad Qadri (wearing the Duke's hat), Mrs. Lackey (Marilyn Cottrell), Jacqueline Rivest of the Jock River (Hélène Rivest), Margaret Black, farmer's Wife (Virginia Notley).

Photo courtesy J. Deeks, EMC newspapers

COMING EVENTS

2010 - #1

Saturday, April 17, 2010 - **April Fool You** – 1:30 p.m. – Goulbourn Museum

Kalle Boucher from the Nepean Museum will be the special guest presenter, with a selection of artifacts - but who knows what they were used for? If you do, you might win a prize.

Additionally there will be other "puzzle" contests as well as refreshments.

May 15 - "Good Fences Make Good Neighbours" with author Eugene Fytche speaking on the History of Log Fences, and how to build your own. Meeting will be at the Stittsville Library.

June 19- "Pot Luck Picnic" to meet your fellow members.

October 16 - to be determined

November 20 - to be determined

December 18 - Christmas Party for Members

Most of us do not really know our fellow members. This is the thirteenth of a series of life profiles to introduce each other. If you wish to volunteer before you are “volunteered”, please give Bernie Shaw a call at 613 836-5533.

Philip Warren Sweetnam

Phil was born on the family farm near Marysville, Ontario. He attributes his family’s progress through several business ventures to his mother’s acumen and drive. The first major venture was a motel and restaurant in Deseronto which Mom managed while Dad ran a mobile home park in Trenton. A new highway bypass siphoned off the motel traffic and it was turned into a nursing home which Mom managed.

Phil impersonates Richmond entrepreneur Capt. George Lyon. He also takes the role of Hamnett Kirkes Pinhey, leader of the March settlement. Both men represented Carleton County in the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada during the mid-1800s.



Continuing their trek east, the Sweetnams moved to Stittsville with four children in 1969, leaving eldest son Paul to run the Trenton operation. Their first acquisition was Dan’s Trailer Park on Hwy 7, just east of Stittsville, followed by the purchase of Bradley Farm on the south side of the highway and stretching to Abbott Street. The trailer park is now a collection of 65 permanent homes called Fringewood North. The Bradley Farm has been developed over the years by the Sweetnams and various partners as Fringewood South and Granite Ridge.

Phil inherited his father’s practical skills and went to Queen’s University where he obtained his B Sc in 1965. He also met Beth Marcellus from Iroquois at Queen’s: they were married in 1967 and their son Craig was born in 1973. Beth has supported Phil’s ventures throughout the years and each was awarded a Canada 125 Anniversary Medal in recognition of their significant contribution to their community. Phil obtained his Construction and Maintenance Electrician’s certificate in 1970 and became a P Eng in 1975. He achieved a life-long ambition in 2008 when his family moved to a unique house he designed and spent a year building on Covered Bridge Way.

Phil is now President and co-owner of PCB Sweetnam Holdings Inc, a property management firm that evolved from his 31 years with Relocatable Homes Limited. He has consistently used his position for the benefit of the community; for example, in initiating the local bus service, improvements to Carp Airport and walkways along Poole Creek.

The Ottawa Civic Appreciation Committee recognized Phil’s 25-year commitment to the Mississippi Valley Conservation Authority with its Environment Award in 2006. He is a leading member of many local organizations including the Chamber of Commerce, Pinhey Point Foundation, Stittsville United Church, and Carp Landfill Community Liaison Committee. He

also served on Goulbourn committees for Economic Development, Transportation and Refugees. He was President of the West Carleton Airport Authority and a board member of WaterCan, a non-government organization supplying water and promoting hygiene in Africa. He is a director of the Canadian Clock Museum in Deep River. Phil was a board member of the GTHS for many years and fellow-members fondly remember him bringing cookies, baked by Beth, as a tribute to the volunteers. He continues his support, financially and in a re-enactment role.

WITH SYMPATHY

It is with great sadness that we must pass on the news of G.T.H.S. member, Jean Shaw's, passing. Jean was profiled, along with her husband Bernie, in our last newsletter. Our condolences to Jean's husband Bernie and their family.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL TIME

Just a reminder to our members that April 1st (2010) is the date for renewing your membership with the Goulbourn Township Historical Society. A copy of our membership form is on the last page of this newsletter. When renewing your membership could you please complete the form and send it along with your membership fees.

We would also like to ask that you consider receiving the newsletter via e-mail. With the ever rising costs of printing & postage, this will help us keep our expenses down.

If you haven't renewed, maybe I could take a moment to remind you of some of the benefits of being a member.

- You will receive four issues per year of the "Goulbourn News", our Societies newsletter.
- Our monthly programs, usually about 8-10 a year, are always free. So is the parking and the refreshments.
- Our June program, the "backyard pot luck" is **for members only**, as is our annual Christmas party in December.

Where else can you find this for \$15 a year? And that's \$15 for either a single membership or a family (2 persons living at the same address).

Robin Derrick

GTHS memberships

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.

Invitation

All members of the GTHS are cordially invited to attend the Ottawa Regional Heritage Fair in the Great Hall at The Museum of Civilization on Wednesday April 28, 2010 anytime during the day from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Entry is free.

The Heritage Fair is a wonderful exhibition of three-dimensional projects depicting some aspect of heritage. There will be exhibits from schools all over the Ottawa area. Winners will go on to the Provincial Heritage Fair. Two members of the GTHS are among the judges for this event – Barbara Bottrill, President of the GTHS and Robin Derrick, Membership Chair. This should be an enjoyable outing for anyone interested in history.

PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

As of January 27th 2010, I became your new President. I've been a member of the Historical Society since about 1998 and have always had a special interest in local history. Robin Derrick fulfilled the role of President for the last eight years and he has done a wonderful job of building up the membership and handling the challenges of the job with grace and good humour. Fortunately he will continue to give us the benefit of his experience by offering to take on the job of Membership Chair.

The other members of your executive are as follows: Vice-President – Lee Boltwood, Treasurer – Theresa Qadri, and Secretary – Jim Kirkpatrick. The other Directors that make up the Board are Tina Cockram, John Brummell, and Mike Bryan. We hope to be an energetic group and responsive to your needs and interests.

We started off the New Year with an enjoyable program to celebrate Heritage Week. On Saturday Feb. 20th seven members of the Historical Society dressed in costume and spent the afternoon in the Stittsville Library chatting with approximately 80 members of the public who came in to the library and some who came specifically to see us in costume as we had advertised our presence in the local communities of Goulbourn. People seemed to enjoy the chance to speak with characters from another era and were quite intrigued by the fact that there is a local history group in our area.

Then on Saturday March 20th we hosted two speakers from the British Isles Family History Society, again at the Stittsville Library, and this was a terrific program. The ladies who came spoke on the topic of “Home Children” and specifically about the British children who were brought to Canada with the Middlemore Project run by John T. Middlemore of Birmingham England. Dr. Patricia Roberts-Pichette and Caroline Herbert gave a theatrical presentation with the reading of actual letters from the children that was fascinating. Approximately 60 people came out to hear them and it was a most enjoyable afternoon. Many thanks to program coordinator Georgia Derrick and her committee of Marilyn and Alan Cottrell for arranging this and all our programs. Our April program on guessing what various artefacts were used for will be presented at the Goulbourn Museum on Saturday April 17th. There will be prizes! So do come out for the “April Fool You” afternoon.

The Historical Society has a new e-mail address which you can use if you want to contact us. It is: goulbournhistoricalsociety@gmail.com We will soon have a new website as well and will let you know when it is up and running.

We would like to encourage the continuing research and documenting of local history in the former Goulbourn Township so if any of you have something that you would particularly like to know about, or want some encouragement to do some work yourself, please contact me at the e-mail address above and we will see what we can do.

Also one request. If any of you have friends who you think would be interested in joining our Society, please encourage them to do so. Call Membership Chair Robin Derrick at 613 836-7931 or e-mail him at rderrick@rogers.com for membership forms. The more people we have who are interested in learning about, preserving and documenting our history the better. Until next time -

Barbara Bottruell
President, Goulbourn Township Historical Society

To our G.T.H.S. members ... here is a wonderful follow up to the recent G.T.H.S. meeting

"Memories of a Home Child"

Waldemar Christian Hamill was born on June 13, 1906 in St. Marylebone, London, to a mother who was unable to look after him. After her 14 day lying in period, she gave him up to the workhouse, where he lived until 1920. At this time he was given an "opportunity" to go to Canada to work on a farm. To my father, this must have seemed an unfortold dream of freedom, compared to his life in an institution. He was sent to Canada through the Annie MacPherson homes, spending three weeks there before sailing aboard the S.S. Metagama, departing from Liverpool in August 1920. This was the beginning of the next chapter in my father's life.

He never kept the fact that he was a Home Child a secret. He called himself a "Barnardo Boy" and spoke of friendships he had with other boys from neighbouring farms. It wasn't until I started my own research long after his death, and sending to Barnardo's for his records that I discovered he was not from this sending organization. It was my good luck that Barnardo's had the MacPherson records.

My father was placed on a farm in Vernon, Ontario with a family who had no children. Although he was never adopted, and was never sent to school, something he longed for, he ate with the family, slept in the house, and worked alongside the head of the household. He never spoke of ill treatment. According to the MacPherson records, he was properly dressed and well liked by all who met him. He spoke of having a pet dog, "Bundy", and very fondly of the horses with which he worked on a daily basis. My father had a passion for animals that surpassed anything I have ever seen.

My father spoke openly about life in the orphanage. But he also spoke of a mother who was ill and who could not care for him. He spoke of a father who went off to war; how he had a brother who was also sent to Canada but was placed on a farm in the Eastern part of Canada. He spoke of his mother's family whose members were alive but wouldn't care for him. About seven years ago, I started to research my father, sparked by a special programme on Public Television about these children. It was during my research that I came to realize that many of my father's "memories" were fabrications on his part, and that this was not an uncommon occurrence given the circumstances of many of these children. According to a member of the BHC list (www.britishhomechildren.org), these children often formed bonds during the long overseas voyage, and adopted them as 'siblings'. They created memories where none existed.

As many of the Home Children did, my father enlisted in the Army and fought in the Second World War in England. I'm sure he was hoping that he might be reunited with relatives whom he never knew or at least with a country he never knew. His "memories" were more than likely fabricated so that he could fit into a world where most of the people around him had families and real memories. He went to England to find those memories.

This, in a very small nutshell, is my father's story. I can remember sitting down with him one day, and hearing stories about his time in the orphanage, which was very real, and hearing him say "All I ever wanted was a mother." His memories of orphanage life and farm life were very real. The other memories, created, perhaps, to buffer the reality.

Canada gave my father a new set of memories, and although he loved England to his dying day, he welcomed his new home as his own.

Respectively submitted,
Vivian McLean

Smile for the Day

Coffee Companion @ Facilitations (March 2005)

Tommy & Will were playing when Will said, "Boy, my dad works twelve hours a day to give me a nice home and good food. My mom spends the whole day cleaning and cooking for me. I'm really worried." Tommy wondered, "What have you got to worry about?" "What if they try to escape?"

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.

Heritage News

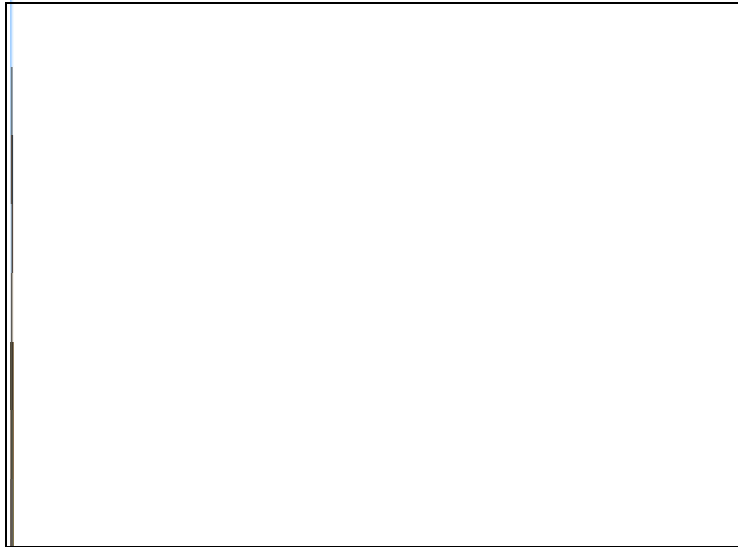


Photo by Barbara Bottriell

The Bradley/Craig Farmstead located at 590 Hazeldean Road, has been declared a heritage site by the City of Ottawa. This is good news for all heritage lovers in the Historical Society. The property was originally settled by Joshua Bradley from County Wexford Ireland in 1824 when he received a Crown land grant in Goulbourn Township and it has been farmed by Bradley descendants until recently.

The Richcraft Group of Companies now owns the property, and owns a whole strip of land right back to Fernbank Road. But only the house and barn and the area immediately surrounding them have been designated as heritage property. A mixed use development is planned for these lands and in the words of Lisa Dalla Rosa, Senior Planner for Richcraft, the difficulty is “how to give it (the heritage property) the respect it deserves in the midst of commercial development.”

All options are open at the moment and development will likely not take place for five years, so there may be some role for the Historical Society in helping to define the future of this property.

Submitted by B. Bottriell.

GOULBOURN MUSEUM

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

**Free Residential
Scrap Steel & Tire Drop off
Free BBQ**

*All proceeds donated to
Goulbourn Historical Society*



*Help us celebrate Earth Week by recycling your
used scrap steel & tires!....and join us for a Free
BBQ.*

When: Saturday April 17th, 2010

Time: Drop off between 10am—2pm
Free BBQ (11am—1pm)

Where: Waste Management
Residential Recycling Centre
2301 Carp Rd, Carp

Cost: Free (4 tire limit per resident)
All proceeds from scrap steel recycling will
be donated to Goulbourn Historical Society

For more information, please visit our website:
www.wastemanagementottawa.ca or contact:

Cathy Smithe
Community Relations Manager
csmithe@wm.com
(613) 836-8612



**"The Goulbourn Historical Society very much appreciates the support
offered by Waste Management through its Earth Day Event on April 17th.
Thanks for thinking of us!"**

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 "*get the all-clear – indicate or get a sign*

that a danger has passed" comes from and means?: During wartime a distinctive signal or siren is sounded to indicate that a bombing raid is over and it is safe to emerge from bomb shelters or other places of refuge. This is the *all-clear*.

Smile for the Day

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

He could *lead* if he would get the *lead* out.

The farm was used to *produce produce*.

I did not *object* to the *object*.

This was a good time to *present* the *present*.

A *bass* was painted on the head of the *bass* drum.

When shot at, the *dove dove* into the bushes.

The dump was so full that it had to *refuse* more *refuse*.

The insurance was *invalid* for the *invalid*.

The bandage was *wound* around the *wound*.

There was a *row* among the oarsmen about how to *row*.

They were too *close* to the door to *close* it.

The buck *does* funny things when the *does* are present.

They sent a *sewer* down to stitch the tear in the *sewer* line.

To help with planting, the farmer taught his *sow* to *sow*.

The *wind* was too strong to *wind* the sail.

After a *number* of injections my jaw got *number*.

Upon seeing the *tear* in my clothes I shed a *tear*.

I had to *subject* the *subject* to a series of tests.

She could not *live* with a *live* mouse in the house.

It was just a *minute* prick and over in a *minute*.

His mistake was *putting* his left foot forward while *putting*.

We would probably *read* more Shakespeare if we understood what we *read*.

There was a *bow* tied in the ropes on the *bow* of the ship.

LOOKING BACK

INTERVIEW WITH DR. KENNETH HARTIN of 6019 Perth Street, Richmond,

Ontario - Interview conducted and transcribed by G.T.H.S. member Cheryl McCoy
(July 2007)

This is the first segment, of a four part story.

I was born on the Hartin farm, Lot 17, Conc. 6. in Nepean on a Sunday morning, June 19, 1927. Auntie Florence lived to the south of us and if it was a baby boy, Grandma Hartin was to hang something blue out the window and if a girl, something pink. So Grandma hung something blue out the window to let Auntie Florence know it was a curly headed boy. They had to get Dr. Nixon out of the Presbyterian Church to come and deliver me. In those days, the doctors registered the births and he registered me for the 18th which was a Saturday. The 18th is not correct.

My Father was David Ercell Hartin and my Mother was Erma Hattie Irene Jardine. Over in the Huntley Cemetery, where a lot of the Hartin's are buried, some of the names have Harten but it was Hartin. My Mother came from the French Huguenots from France. Mother was born on a farm south of North Bay at Powassan, Ont. Mother's parents sold that farm and moved down to where one of the Green's lived off the 4th Line of Goulbourn. It was a frame house across the road from Ernold Green. Eventually, they traded that 100 acre farm for that little brick house next to the old bank. Gary Vaughan lived there.

I was the second of eight children. Dad and Mother were the first couple married in St. Paul's United Church in Richmond in 1925. One of my siblings, Elizabeth, was stillborn. Joan Read is my only living sister. My brother Jimmy was drowned at two years old in the cattle watering trough in about ten inches of water. There was David, Ken, Donnie, Barry and Murray. We all

went to SS #7 Nepean School on Fallowfield Road, east of the United Church on the hill. Sterling Trimble built a house where the school used to be – right across from Bill Mowat's grain elevators. It was quite a walk but we were farm boys and it was all relative. If there was a crust on the snow in the winter time, we'd cut across through the bush and come out at the United Church. We were busy little fellows and we'd trap skunks. I can still remember we trapped a skunk in the building across from the church. Just like a bunch of young lads, we were throwing stones at it and I got the skunk urine in my eye. Along came the teacher and I did not get to school that day. Brother David was a year older than I was – David was born in April, I'm in June and Donnie is in September – so we were one, two and three years old. So what one lad didn't think of, the other one did. David was the captain of the team and he'd trap weasels in the winter time. They advertised for weasels in the Family Herald and David sent his weasels to Winnipeg. They'd be white. David could hardly wait to get his cheque for the weasels. He got his cheque for a few dollars and it said for pieces of ermine. They did not know what a whole weasel was.

Growing up on the farm, our parents encouraged us to express our opinion. Here we were, three boys and a cousin who was ten days younger than me. He'd come on the weekends and here we were building a rowboat on the barn floor with Dad's best boards we could find. In the spring of the year, the four of us took it over to Uncle Bert's to launch it. Well, who was going to get into the boat for the maiden voyage? We decided we'd all get in and the little boat sank pretty deep in the water. Someone must have moved because the next thing we knew, we ended up standing in the boat on the bottom of the creek. We had a great childhood.

There was Mary Mulligan at the Hazeldean Rural Telephone so I came home one night and took little pieces of wood and made an electric motor by taking the batteries out of the telephone. Talk about proud! Our parents did not wrap our knuckles because we had dismantled the telephone for a while. They encouraged us to explore. The fact that there was three boys, Mother didn't have much help in the kitchen except for David who was the most reliable. He could bake pies, cakes and bread, you name it. He'd stay in and help Mother but when it came to milking cows, he could milk better than I ever hoped to. We'd go to school and I didn't know history or geography and David would keep me on the straight and narrow. I am very grateful to my parent for the challenges and opportunities.

I was never a good hockey player as I never really learned to skate. I'd come up and play with the boys in Richmond and we'd go out and play in North Gower and Manotick. I'd get to Richmond the best way I knew how and get home again the same way. Mel Foster was in the village here and some of those nights I'd stay with Mel.

My parents had 200 acres in the Garden of Eden. It was as flat as a lake. A lot was a mile long and there was a nine foot drop from one end to the other as it ran toward the Jock River. Back around the turn of the century, there were ten acre fields. With the hose power they had, they could cultivate that in one day and sow it the next before the weeds got a jump on the seed you were sowing. Those ten acre fields were well drained with ditches but on around the 1940's, the ditches had filled up and they called my Father's farm a frog pond. Well, along came tile drainage and this caused a great transformation in crops. That property from Richmond to Bells Corners on the west side is the best farm land there is. When you'd get a crop in the spring of the year, if

a drought came, that clay is deep enough that crop failure is next to impossible unless it was hailed out.

In the 1920's and 1930's, they grew hay – that was their cash crop. They would sell the loose hay in Ottawa. Dad's Father died when he was quite young and Grandma Hartin and him would get up early in the morning and take hay down to the Byward Market in Ottawa and come home the same night. It was a way of life. Some people say it was a hard life but half days of labour bring half days of pay. They didn't mind working a little late. It was all relative and a good life.

My Dad milked around 20 to 24 cows by hand when we were children and that was a big dairy herd. That was up until around 1942. Your Grandpa Conley used to come and thresh for us until Dad got his own threshing mill. He would thresh for the neighbours just in the immediate area. They exchanged help with threshing and sawing bees. That worked quite well. In those days, 'neighbours', you could almost write them in capital letters they were that important. It was a special little community. You could walk down Richmond Road towards Bells Corners with the McKennas, the Troys and the Dervins. They were going to the separate school and we went to the public school. When it came to religion, our parents had no time for intolerance. When Martin Dervin's grey mare fell into a dug well on top of a factory can at night, he phoned Dad. Dad took Jack and Pete, his pair of Clydesdale horses over and pulled the mare out of that well. Dad said the tripod must not of been high enough as the knot around the mares neck went up to the pulley, the rope broke and she fell from great heights on her back on top of the can. They built a higher tripod and Martin said to Dad "Ercell, Father McCauley, our parish priest, wants you to drop in some day you are going by". Dad was coming by with a load of logs meant for

winter firewood so he pulled up the hill at St. Patrick's Church to see Father McCauley. Dad said "best drink of scotch I ever got". Our parents taught us if you needed a blood transfusion tonight, you would not be asking what church they worshipped at on Sundays. It was a very healthy situation. There were lots of lodges then but if God is love, you were real neighbours. That's the way my parents were and I am very grateful for that.

During the depression, here we were on the farm and there was lots of beef, lots of milk and we grew gardens. Between Charlie Owens and ourselves, we had a garden out near the highway and people were so hungry they would climb the fence even though we were watching them. We had to be frugal and you only spent a dollar once. Dad would hitch the little brown mare, Queenie, up to the cutter in the winter time and he and Mother would travel four or five miles up to church in Richmond. It was a way of life. There was no artificial ice but there was a pond at Uncle Bert's. We'd spend the better part of Saturday morning cleaning off a skating area and then, we'd play all afternoon. The Monaghans, the Troys, and the Dervins. So, all in all, some people would say those were difficult times but we were lucky always to have lots to eat.

Mother had no girls at that time so she taught us to knit and finally, we could turn the heel of a sock. With child like curiosity, we got hold of a knitting machine. We would knit socks like crazy on that machine and just enjoyed challenges and opportunities. As a result of that, we were often encouraged to go the second mile. In the winter, lots of times the road would be blocked with snow. Dad looked forward to it as we were about half a mile from the river and he'd go over and spear fish when the Game Warden couldn't get out. He'd build a small hut that no light could shine in, cut a small hole in the ice and you could actually

see a small fish on the bottom of the river. Rubin Rooney, a blacksmith at Fallowfield, made beautiful spears and the Game Warden would take his spears every time he caught him. No one made spears like Rubin and I have one out hanging in my garage. Rubin went from a blacksmith, shoeing horses, to the Royal Canadian Mint, designing coins. Talk about ordinary people, blue collar workers, with loads of talent. In 1936, when Joe Lewis beat Jim Brad to become heavyweight champion, we didn't have a radio but Rubin Rooney had a battery radio so Dad took his boys down to Rubin's and we got to listen to that boxing match. We really were not affected by the depression but I know Harold Moore, who run a general store in Richmond, never let anyone go hungry. If they brought in some cedar posts, he'd give them the food they needed.

Bower Henry, down at Bells Corners, had a beautiful farm and the buildings are still there just across the road before you get to Tubman's Funeral Home. Bower and Herb Stinson started up Producer's Dairy down on Kent Street. Herb Stinson had a big strong team of horses, Dick and King, and they would come from Herb's down to Bower's with a load of eight gallon cans of milk. He collected all along Richmond Road. You had a milk stand at the road and put the milk out there every morning. At one time, there was a lot of cheese factories in the area and you took your milk there. There was one down home, another one at Twin Elm and one at the 8th Line where it intersects the Shea Road. You got paid on the 10th of the month and I can still see Mother and Dad sitting down at the kitchen table. Mr. Lewis was the Bank Manager. Dad was born in 1902 and took over the farm in 1918 and he and Mother had a mortgage on that farm until 1948. They'd sit down there and they'd have a few dollars for Harold Moore and a few for Bryce & Foster at Twin Elm, some for the blacksmith. But,

they got by alright and it was a real education for us children.

A real staple in the summer time was salt pork which was stored in a barrel in the basement. They would kill a pig, cut it up and salt it down in the barrel for the heat of the summer. We'd go down and dig in the coarse salt and bring up a slab of sow belly, cut it up and parboil it once or twice to get a lot of the salt out, cut the rind or skin off and fry it up. The women of the house could serve up a banquet especially at threshing time. Even clothing, Mother would make us suits, coats, mitts, toques, whatever we needed. Mother never complained. There she was with all her children and in the summer, there would be two hired men and all to cook for. Mother could make muffins and biscuits that would just melt in your mouth. The hired men would slap the biscuits between their hands and flatten it and Mother would just about cry as she was so proud of them being so high.

I attended high school in Richmond and travelled back and forth. We had bicycles, sometimes hitchhiked and sometimes came in late. I can still remember the teacher taking us by the scruff of the neck and saying "if you can't get here on time, you can at least be quiet when you do get here". There was a Mr. Clarke, he was principal, a Mr. Lanvin and there was a Miss Larmer. I remember her as a tall woman. I was in Brockville 30 or 40 years after and she was at the historical group meeting I was speaking to up there. I couldn't believe when I was looking up at her she was almost a foot taller than when I saw her and realized she was a lot shorter than me. There were a lot of pleasant memories, a good cushion for old age.

As Shakespeare said "why do the players change and the village has changed". At Halloween, there were some Nesbitt boys, Sefton and Bert, maybe Bob Rae and they brought someone's buggy and put it up on

top of the high school. At that time, there was Harold Moore's store and Harold, he was like Simpson's. You could buy a horse collar, International machinery, Plymouth and Dodge cars. He'd sell you posts, anything you wanted in food. Sister, Minnie Moore, who was working there was being quizzed up one day by a man buying a pair of socks – is this pure wool or virgin wool? Minnie gave Harold the finger and asked him the difference. Harold, he thought for a minute, and he said "ones from a ewe and the other is from a ram". You talk about a hot stove – there would be three or four old fellows sitting around it. Gordon Danby had a store right across from the public school where Joe Dallaire had his barber shop. Eventually, Harold Moore had a garage on that corner too. Bob Brown had a store, the senior Bob Brown, and his son George. Birtch Bros., I think had a livery. They were the rural mail and they'd take the mail to Ottawa. The building is torn down now but there was a car dealership opposite the fairgrounds. Bigford had a store in there. Dr. Channonhouse was before my time but I knew his son Jack who was born about the turn of the century. Dr. Ackland had the white house opposite the curling rink. There was Dr. Nixon who delivered me and Dr. Kemp was the dentist. They were in my time.

In Grade 11, three teachers quit at Christmas so my brother Donnie and I decided we were going to go to Ottawa Tech to learn to be welders to help win the war. We went in there and it ended up I didn't learn to weld. My homeroom teacher, B.L. Bradley, said "I think you should stick to academics and apply for this scholarship with the Central Ottawa Lions Club".

... to be continued, in the next issue of the "Goulbourn News ..."

*****RECIPES*****

This is a Milk Calendar recipe, it comes from July but ... sorry, I don't know the year.

GARDEN PASTA TOSS

A few fresh herbs go a long way in making this a fast, easy and delicious pasta dish! JB

¾ lb.	fettucine pasta	375 g
1 tbsp	butter	15 ml
1 tbsp	vegetable oil	15 ml
1 cup	thin carrot sticks	250 ml
1 ½ cups	broccoli florets	375 ml
½	red pepper, cut in strips	½
2	cloves garlic, chopped	2
1 tbsp	finely chopped fresh parsley	15 ml
1 tbsp	finely chopped fresh basil	15 ml
½ tsp	salt, or to taste	2 ml
2 tbsp	orange juice	30 ml
1 tsp	grated orange peel	5 ml
1 ½ cups	milk	375 ml
1 tbsp	cornstarch	15 ml
2 tbsp	grated Canadian Parmesan cheese	30 ml
1 cup	cherry tomatoes	250 ml
½ cup	diced Canadian Mozzarella cheese	125 ml

1. Cook pasta according to package directions.
2. Meanwhile, in a large fry pan, heat butter and oil. Add carrots, broccoli and red pepper and cook over medium heat for 2 min. Add garlic and cook for 1 min.
3. In a medium bowl, combine herbs, salt, orange juice, peel, milk and cornstarch, blending well. Pour over vegetables, bring to a boil and simmer for 1 or 2 min. or until slightly thickened. Stir in Parmesan cheese.
4. Toss sauce with hot pasta and tomatoes.
5. Serve in pasta bowls and sprinkle each with diced Mozzarella.

For the adventurous: Add slivered sundried tomatoes to the sauce just before serving.

Preparation Time: 15 min.

Cooking time: 10 to 12 min.

Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

THOUGHT TO PONDER

~ ~ ~ Irish Proverbs ~ ~ ~

*Both your friend and your enemy think you will never die.

*Need teaches a plan.

*Instinct is stronger than upbringing.

*You've got to do your own growing, no matter how tall your grandfather was.

Obituaries - Goulbourn Residents

ABBOTT, ETHEL ALICE (nee MacDONALD) - On January 25, 2010, aged 79, wife of Bob and mother of Bruce (Eileen), Wendy Kristiansen (Fred) and Cyndy Courtland (Charles). Also survived by 5 grandchildren, her sister Kathleen Lawrence and brother Doug MacDonald (Arlene).

HAMILTON, LEXI - On January 27, 2010, aged 17, daughter of Murray and Mickey (nee Adriannsen) and sister of Ben, Chloe, William, Kelly (Steve Hill) and Carrie (Greg Liuzzo). Granddaughter of Walter Hamilton (late Jean) and Jo and Tony Adriannsen.

JAMES, HOMER - On March 27, 2010, husband of Iva Robinson and father of David (Debbie) and Ruthanne (John Robinson). Grandfather of 5 and brother of Merrill (Helen), Ruth (Lowell

Smith), the late Bert (Eileen) and the late Roy (Doreen).

POULTON, LORNA AGNES BANNERMAN (nee PETTES) - On March 17, 2010, in her 71st year, wife of the late Ronald and mother of Brenda Hamm (Rob), Sandi Brown (Brent) and the late Ian. Also survived by 5 grandchildren.

SHAW, JEAN F. (nee SLY) - On February 10, 2010, wife of Bernard and mother of Judith (John), David and, Susan (Ian). Also survived by 5 grandchildren and her brother Robert (Jennifer). Jean was a valued member of the GTHS.

WILLIAMS, WESLEY - On March 1, 2010,, husband of Rita and father of Andrew, Louise, Paula and James. Also survived by 5 grandchildren.

Obituaries - Former Goulbourn Residents

CATHCART, BEVERLEY MARGARET - On February 16, 2010, aged 67, daughter of the late Lola (nee Kennedy) and Clarence Cathcart. Sister of Bruce (Dorothy) and Eva Brown (Ted).

CHAPMAN, DONALD - On March 19, 2010, aged 78, husband of Anne and father of Melanie (Bruce Jones), Laura (Giles Darvell), Jillian, Hilary (Brian

Kemp). Survived by 4 grandchildren, one great-grandchild and Corinne, the mother of his children.

CUSHING, C. DEREK - On March 6, 2010, aged 81, husband of Suzanne (nee Lalonde) and father of Louise De Luca (Lucio), Geoffrey (Jo Ellen) and Christine (Stuart Woodcock). Grandfather of 8 and brother of Arthur.

DAWSON, RENA ELVA - On March 30, 2010, in her 80th year, wife of the late Dalton Hickey and mother of Carol Purdy (Paul) and Judy Hartin (Don Stansbury). Survived by 4 grandchildren and her former husbands Gerald Robichaud and Don Hartin. Daughter of the late Robert and Elva Dawson.

DIXIE, PAULINE ISABEL - On February 12, 2010, aged 86, wife of John and mother of Julie Creighton and Deb (Paul Smith). Survived by 4 grandsons.

FAIRNIE, JAMES SUTTIE - On February 26, 2010, aged 88, husband of Shirley (nee Jakes) and father of Randy (Joan), Ann Temple (Frank) and Hal (Jane). Survived by 7 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren.

GOODENOUGH, TERRY - On February 3, 2010, aged 64, husband of Eunice (nee Rath) and father of Kelly (Rob) and Roger (Bonnie). Survived by 4 grandchildren, his mother Marion Goodenough (late Joseph), his sister Hazel Lawrence (late Kirk) and his brother Arthur.

LEVERE, MERVIN DOUGLAS - On January 23, 2010, aged 59, husband of Danielle Crispin and father of Timmy (Kimberley), Angela (Lui), Emily and Kyle. Survived by 5 grandchildren and his sister

Brenda (Dave). Predeceased by his parents Myrtle and Douglas.

McINTYRE, H. L. "PEGGY" (formerly HARRISON) - On February 18, 2010, wife of Donald McIntyre and the late John E. G. Harrison. Mother of Suzanne (Tom Bassett), Jeffrey (Debra), Daphne (Phil Crawford), John "Jaye" (Donna) and Cynthia (Steve Ottenbrite). Survived by 10 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren.

PAPROSKI, MARGARET REID (nee PHELPS) - In Kingston on March 15, 2010, aged 73, wife of Dennis and mother of Dennis Jr. and Kathryn. Survived by 2 grandchildren.

RITCHIE, LAWRENCE PRESTON - In Kingston on March 29, 2010, in his 66th year, husband of Shirley (nee Grierson) and father of Heather (Geoffrey) Grieve and Alison. Survived by 2 grandchildren and his brothers Brent (Rosemary) and Kevin (Liz). Son of the late Raymond and Wilma Ritchie.

SLEETH, CHARLES EDWARD "TED" - On January 22, 2010, aged 70, husband of the late Dorothy (nee Cluney) and father of James (Lorie), Judith (Al Ogradnik) and John. Survived by 3 grandchildren, his mother Audrey and brothers Dan (Linda) and Ray (Aggie).

STEVENSON, JAMES CLIFFORD - On February 14, 2010, aged 84, husband of Christine and father of Brian (Mary Ellen), Bill (Victoria), Wendy (John Baker and Sandra Tyrer). Survived by 19 grandchildren, 6 great grandchildren as well as his former wife Irene.

Obituaries - Out-of-town Relatives

BANTING, ISABELLE ELEANOR - On March 22,, 2010,aged 91, mother of Anne Marie Rossi Hughes (Bob) of Stittsville.

EASTMAN, MERVIN EARL - On February 16, 2010, aged 92, brother of Jean (Bruce Kinkade) of Richmond.

GAGNE, PATRICIA MARJORIE (nee LEROUX) - On February 31 210, aged 80, mother of Luc (Cindy) of Richmond.

HILL, MONA (nee LINDSAY) - On February 7, 2010, aged 90, mother of Linda (Glen Trebble) of Richmond.

HODGINS, GEORGE FREDERICK - On March 21, 2010, in his 98th year, father of Joan Palmer (Roy) of Stittsville.

MacPHERSON, ROBERT ALEXANDER -On February 11, 2010, aged 85, father of Glenda Armitage (Don) of Stittsville.

MURRAY, ELIZABETH FRANCES ``BETTY`` (nee CARROLL) - On

January 14, 2010, aged 66, sister of Mary Hill (Scott) of Richmond.

PATTERSON, DONALD NEIL - In Kingston on February 7, 2010, brother of June Craig of Richmond.

ROCHE, KEVIN WILIAM - On February 13, 2010, aged 87, father of Pat Rennick (Bill) of Stittsville.

SMITHSON, RACHEL - In Almonte on February 18, 2010, aged 85, sister of Wayne D. Gilmour (Doreen) of Munster Hamlet.

SWITZER, BARBARA (nee HUNT) - In Renfrew on January 6, 2010, mother of Terry (Carmen Lamb), Stittsville.

THORNLEY, JEAN ANN (nee KERR) - In London, ON, on March 4, 2010, in her 89th year, mother of David (Joni) of Munster.

WELSH, FRANCES JULIA (nee Shirley) - In Renfrew on March 31, 2010, aged 97 mother of Margaret Ann (Jim Durack) of Stittsville.

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

**GOULBOURN TOWNSHIP HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEMBERSHIP FORM**

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NEWSLETTER:

The GTHS newsletter, *The Goulbourn News*, is published quarterly and sent to all members free of charge. You can help the GTHS keep postage costs down by requesting your copy be sent to you via e-mail. I would like to receive my copy by: e-mail []

For GTHS Membership Office use only

Dues for the period: April 1 – March 31, 2010 - 2011

Date Received: _____

Amended 2010