

THE CABOOSE



NEWSLETTER OF THE CUMBERLAND TOWNSHIP HISTORICAL SOCIETY (CTHS)

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July 2013

President's message (by Jean-François Beaulieu)

I hope that our members are having a nice summer. The CTHS will have a booth at the Navan Fair on August 8, 9, 10, and 11, 2013. I hope that you will come and meet our executive there in the Curling Club. We also look forward to starting a new season of speakers in September and we hope to see you all there. We have a great line-up this year, both those confirmed and those we are still organizing. I know it will be a very good year for the Society.

Our Society

The Cumberland Township Historical Society (CTHS) was founded in 1986. We are a non-profit, volunteer and community-based organization whose goal is to preserve Cumberland Township history.

Our newsletter

The Caboose is published six times each year by the Cumberland Township Historical Society.

Our Executive

- Jean-François Beaulieu, President
- Dorothy-Jane Smith, Past President, Caboose editor
- Vice-President – vacant
- Gilles Chartrand, Treasurer
- Verna Cotton, Director
- Ross Bradley, Director
- Brian Coburn, Director

Ex-officio

- Randall Ash, Caboose production
- Dan Brazeau, Website

Our address and local history room

Cumberland Branch
Ottawa Public Library
Local History Room
1599 Tenth Line Road
Ottawa, ON K1E 3E8

Our World Wide Web address

www.cths.ca



May 19, 1939, the Royal Train carrying King George VI and Queen Elizabeth rolled through Navan and Leonard on its way to Ottawa. It was pulled by one of the largest locomotives in North America, a Canadian Pacific Hudson engine. (LAC, Canadian Pacific Railway, 1939, <http://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/trains/021006-3120-e.html>)

Next meeting of the CTHS

The next General Meeting of the CTHS will take place on Wednesday, September 4th, 2013 in the 2nd floor boardroom of the Ottawa Regional Police Station, Tenth Line Road and St. Joseph Blvd. Our guest speaker, Fred Hodges, will speak on the history of scouting in Cumberland Township. Plan to arrive at **6:30 pm** as the meeting will begin at **7:00 pm**. Be sure to bring a friend along. Light refreshments, as always, will be served.

Society calendar



For more information on these and other upcoming 2013/14 events, please contact a member of the executive committee or visit our website at www.cths.ca.

At the Museum – 613-833-3059 /
CumberlandMuseum@ottawa.ca

Contact the museum for costs and times

- Tall Tales with an evening of stories – August 2, 9, 16 and 23.
- Drive-in Theatre to see King Kong as it was meant to be seen– August 17.
- Wednesday Mashup for children with enquiring minds – August 7 and 22 (ages 8 to 12).
- Super Sleuthing for the aspiring detective - August 1, 8 and 22 (ages 10 to 12).

Nov. 6 th	The Cenotaphs of Cumberland Township, Jeannie Smith for Cumberland, Ross Bradley for Navan, and Ivan Tanner for Vars
Jan. 1 st 2014	Cancelled in light of the holiday
March 5 th	To be announced
May 7 th	CTHS AGM

CTHS meetings - Unless other stated, all meeting are at 10th Line Road Police Station 2nd floor Boardroom. Doors open by 6:30 and start time 7:00 pm.

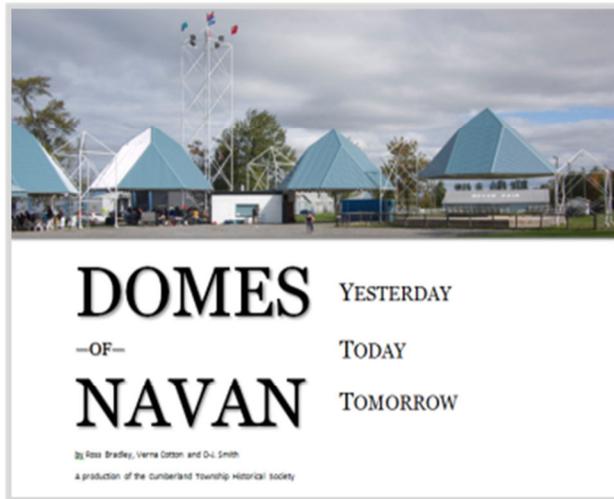
The Caboose is made possible in part through a grant from the City of Ottawa.



Contact us

If you have questions or suggestions regarding any aspect of the Society, you may contact any member of the executive by phone or by email:

- Jean-François Beaulieu, President (841-0424) jeanfb@sympatico.ca
- Dorothy-Jane Smith, Past President (225-3554), Caboose editor
- Randall Ash, Caboose production (833-3207) randall2620@rogers.com
- Dan Brazeau, Website (834-8336) danbrazeau@rogers.com



Come see us in the Curling Club at the Navan Fair. Gerry Boyer will be back on Friday and Saturday to help with genealogical searches. The rest of us will be there throughout to answer questions and talk history. This is also your chance to pick up a copy or two of the Domes Book about how the Township built a year-round recreation spot at the Fair. Whether you buy it as a souvenir for yourself or a gift, this is a book worth having.

Calling volunteers!! With Brian Coburn on board, we can pull ahead but we still need more people. Are you interested in being a director and taking on some special aspect of our work? Perhaps you would like to work with the website or maintain our audio-visual equipment? How about joining in the fun of the search for Cumberland's history in the archives and by interviewing residents? It is a chance to keep our history alive, to work with like-minded people, while choosing your level of participation in telling Cumberland's story.

Did you know?

My search for royal visits, the subject of this issue, began with seeing a photo in the Leonard Tweedsmuir History. Someone had photographed a crowd of people at the Leonard Station and the caption said that they were all waiting for the Royal Train. I was intrigued as I had no idea a royal procession had ever gone through our own Cumberland Township. Then, in starting my first on-line sweep



of the Internet on the subject of the 1939 royal tour, I came across the CBC archives.

CBC has selected clips from radio and television which can be found by a general google search. That is, when I searched the term "Royal Visit 1939" on Google most of the primary material that came up were clips from CBC radio newscasts. Searching on a specific subject like this not only brought me instantly to what I wanted but had the added bonus of identifying newsreel clips from the visit that can be found on YouTube.

But now I was curious. What other CBC clips can be found on the Internet. I know that the CBC, being a federal corporation, might place its holdings with Library and Archives Canada (<http://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca>). I tried that route first. I searched specifically in the archives for "CBC" and selected "films and videos" for the type of material I wanted to see. This gave me 1,701 hits but only 116 were actually online. The majority of these (85) were from the 1970s. I decided to look at the 18 that were from the 1950s. 17 of these turned out to be Country Hoedown. Unfortunately, they were not what I was looking for. Clicking on one of the links gave me a set of photographs from the studio audience for the show. So if you had ever been part of a Country Hoedown audience you might be interested to see if your face was captured there for posterity. The rest of us might not be as interested.

So where did those great clips of the royal visit come from? Now I just googled "CBC archives". And yes, they have their own "CBC Digital Archives" at <http://www.cbc.ca/archives/>.

Unlike the Library and Archives Canada site, the CBC digital archives does not tell us how many clips they have or from what time periods. You just have to search on a subject in which you are interested. You can click the button for categories and search general subjects such as arts and entertainment, or economy and business, or health, and so on. The site also has a button marked "On This Day". Clicking here took me to a calendar with a specific news item highlighted for each day. Just looking over the calendar gives a sense of the range of newsworthy items over a month, from Terry Fox arriving in Toronto in 1980 to the 1959 royal visit with Elizabeth II and Prince Philip

watching the chuck wagon races at the Calgary Stampede.

I decided to search under Arts and Entertainment. Since, like most of my generation, I still fondly remember the "big chair for two to curl up in", I decided to search for The Friendly Giant. What I got was the giant himself, Bob Homme, but out of uniform and out of character giving an interview in 1982. No Jerome the giraffe to enjoy one more time. I found another clip with H el ene Baillargeon who hosted Chez H el ene, also one of my favorite childhood shows. But, alas, it was an interview and not the actual program.

For those of us hoping to renew our childhood lying on the floor in front of the television, the CBC digital archives may have limited interest. It would be of greater interest to people looking for clips on news items: war, sports, royal visits, politics and all.



A Royal Time

by Dorothy-J. Smith

(ed. note – Two pictures were taken of Cumberland Township people and the 1939 Royal Tour: the picture copied into the Leonard Tweedsmuir History of a crowd at the Leonard Station, and a photograph of Cumberland students on the Driveway which was reproduced in the Ottawa Citizen on May 20, 1939. Unfortunately I have been unable to find either in a format that would reproduce well enough to include here. If anyone has originals of these photographs, we would love to hear from you.)

May 19, 1939 Ottawa and the surrounding countryside was all agog. King George VI and his wife Queen Elizabeth had accepted an invitation from the Canadian Government for a cross-country train tour from Quebec City to Vancouver and back. They had been expected in Ottawa on Wednesday May 17th but their ship had encountered heavy fog and ice in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence delaying the start of the trip. But now the King and Queen were about to arrive in Ottawa.



Both Mary Dashney and Joan Lancaster's families acquired souvenirs of this first visit by a crowned monarch to Canada. Left: Mary Dashney's plate with creamer and sugar bowl. Right: Joan Lancaster's cup and saucer.

For the federal government, the visit was intended to signal to the world and to Canadians that we were an independent and sovereign nation. Throughout the visit, this was to be a tour by the King and Queen of Canada (even though Elizabeth II, their daughter, would

be the first to be actually crowned with the title of the monarch of Canada).

But if the government was sending a political message, for everyone else it was a chance to



Once the train reached the city just south of Union Station it was switched to a CN locomotive and crew who took it over the CN line to a temporary platform built where the Queensway now crosses Island Park Drive. This photo of the CN-drawn train comes from the Rickerd family, who as CN train men may have taken a special interest. It is sitting beside the canal on what is now Colonel By Drive but was then the train tracks into the main train station (photo from the collection of Verna Kinsella).

see a real king. We had had princes, even heirs to the throne, visit before. A princess who was a daughter of Queen Victoria, Princess Louise, came here to live as the wife of a Governor General. But no crowned monarch. What would a full King look like?

The train left Montreal and then turned towards Ottawa at Côteau Station where it slowed down for a crowd lining the tracks. This is a story Jean-François Beaulieu tells. The brother-in-laws of his great-grandfather, Edmond André, were both connected to the 1939 royal. One of them, Mr. Legroux, was the conductor.

The train was coming up Canadian Pacific's Ottawa-Montreal Short Line through Navan and Leonard. So we too had opportunities to see the King and Queen right in Cumberland Township. But as well, the City of Ottawa gave organized groups from outside the city assigned places along the processional route to view the couple's procession to Government House. A special platform was built at Island Park Drive and there the King and Queen alighted.

Shortly after 11 am all the speeches and other ceremonies of welcome were done. The King and Queen took their place in a landau, at the head of a procession of cars full of dignitaries. The procession went down Island Park Drive, crossed Fisher Avenue and entered The Driveway. The school children from outside the city were placed just there. The Navan children

had been assigned a spot on the south side of the Driveway just to the west of a group from Ormond and to the east of Morrisburg students. The Cumberland students were lined up to the east of the Morrisburg group. Even Buckingham, from the Quebec shore, had an assigned position as the last group to the east on the south side of the Driveway. Rockland also sent an organized contingent of 50 children from the high school, the separate school and the public school, as well as the Rockland Council and miscellaneous citizens.

The Ottawa Citizen reported that 200 students came from the Navan High School and public school with Elmer Fennell and Miss M. Switzer in charge of the contingent. 85 students came from the SS # 5 in Cumberland Village led by Miss Grace Coldwell, Miss Florence Poitras, W. Collins and A.T. Percy.



The King and Queen in the landau during the Ottawa royal visit. Ross Bradley as a schoolboy seeing the procession was most impressed by the big white feathers of the King's plumed hat (photograph from collection of Verna Kinsella).

Another 15 came from SS #6 and 10 with Miss M. Eastman leading SS #6 and Miss Hilda Dawson leading SS #10. George Blaney was in charge of another 10 pupils from SS #9.



Cumberland Township residents who chose to watch the royal train as it passed were rewarded with seeing King George VI and Queen Elizabeth waving from the observation car at the back of the train (photo from collection of Edward Smith).

Joan Lancaster, being then the young Joan Barnett, was just seven and would only be starting school the following September. As a result, she did not get to go. Her sister, Joy (Barnett) Morin, being older by a year, was there, right in the front row wearing a coat. Mary (Dunning) Dashney was too young a child to remember but she was later told how her parents went to the Leonard Station from their farm in Bear Brook to see the royal train pass. Ross Bradley and Ted Dashney were among the Navan school children on the Driveway that morning. Ted says what caught his eye were the horses, a matched set of four or six black horses pulling a rather ordinary-looking black landau. He remembers that the horses were trotting, not walking, and so the landau was in front of you and then it was gone.

Bob Millar and his wife, Lillian (Laforce) Millar, came from Buckingham as part of the school group while Lil's brother, Bruce Laforce, came in with the Boy Scouts and was lined up along the canal end of the Driveway. The Buckingham contingent came by train from Buckingham to Union Station and were then driven down the Driveway. Bob remembers that his group was led by an older student named Hicks who was in Grade 10 or 11. That older boy went into the Navy when the war broke out and was drowned in the Gulf of St. Lawrence only a few years later.

Those who were adults in 1939 would have had their own grown-up memories. Doug Lancaster was then living in City of Ottawa on Sunnyside Avenue near the canal. The dairy for which his father worked had permission to place trucks along the ceremonial route in order to sell chocolate milk to the crowds. His father had to arrange to have all their trucks washed spic and span and painted fresh. It was a major headache and in the end the day was so cold and wet, they sold almost nothing.

Jeannie Smith's grandfather, J.D. Ferguson, wrote in his diary about the Ottawa visit. On May 17th, he listened to George VI speaking on the radio. On the 19th, he and Jeannie's grandmother, Nettie (Helmer) Ferguson went up to Ottawa to see the procession. He was an active sightseer for he managed to see the King and Queen in three different locations over the course of the day, ending the day in his diary with a contented: "Full day but big day in Ottawa." The Fergusons stayed overnight and on Saturday went out to see the King during the day. That evening their son, Dr. Douglas Ferguson, drove them to see the King and Queen pass at King Edward Avenue. Only then did they hurry home to Cumberland for J.D. to lead the Brethern Church service the next morning.

For farmers east of Navan this kind of quick visit into the city was more difficult. Going to Ottawa from Navan was an hour drive then, as the road was not paved until after the Mer Bleu Road. Instead farm families gathered along the railway line. Ted Dashney recalled that his father went to the nearest railway crossing to their farm on the Rockdale Road and joined a group of neighbours there. His grandfather had had one leg amputated and so he went as far as a fence which gave him a view of the railway tracks. He could see the train as it slowed down for the crowd waiting on the Concession road. It was Ted's understanding that the engineer had directions to slow down at crossings and at stations, such as Leonard and Navan, where he saw a crowd had gathered.

This was an event, one that everyone I spoke to said yes, they remembered the royal tour of 1939. It was a visit enjoyed by Township people travelling into town and by people who simply went out on a drizzly morning to the nearest rail

crossing. They were all excited to see the crowned King go by for the time in Canada's history. And perhaps it took on a special aura because it preceded by only a few months the start of a war that would sweep away so many who came out to cheer that day.

Sources

Ross Bradley, Mary and Ted Dashney, Joan and Doug Lancaster.

The Evening Citizen, May 12, 1939; May 13, 1939; May 16, 1939; May 18, 1939; May 19, 1939 (souvenir edition of The Citizen May 18, 1939 held by the Musée Clarence-Rockland).

Diary of J.D. Ferguson, 1939 (collection of Jeannie Smith).

William Galbraith "Fiftieth Anniversary of the 1939 Royal Visit" Canadian Parliamentary Review 2, no. 3 (1989).

<http://www.themetrains.com/royal-train-main.htm> Accessed June 28, 2013.

Vars' Vice-Regal Morning

by Verna Kinsella



The new Governor General and his family on April 12, 1946 in Vars. L-R: sons of the Alexanders, Lady and Viscount Alexander, unknown, Rose Alexander, Marian Tanner, Verna Rickerd; in front at right: Isabell Hayes, Isabel Tanner, Helen Hayes (photograph in the collection of Verna (Rickerd) Kinsella).

The late Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Governor General of Canada from 1946 to 1952, knew Vars before he knew Ottawa. Back in 1946, when the famous British General was enroute to Ottawa to take up his new post, his special train arrived in Vars about 5:30 in the morning. He was not expected to reach the city until near noon, so his train was held on the siding in the village. Several school children managed to get permission to board the train where they chatted with the Alexander children. Then the vice-regal family got off the train and mingled with the people who had gathered. The family had their pets with them, sheep dogs, so they put on the dogs leashes and walked them about. My cousin, Moe Rickerd, had an old Model T and the Alexander children were allowed to take a ride with him about the village.

(ed. note. This unexpected visit was reported in the Ottawa Citizen on April 12, 1946 as one of the "Reception Highlights". The newspaper reported that the train had arrived in Ottawa at 10:33 am. They mentioned the time spent in Vars but downplayed it as a delay of perhaps

15 minutes, failing to give the full story that Verna recounts above. The newspaper said that: "hatless and in tweeds, the Viscount took a constitutional in bright sunshine at the Vars station and discussed his trip, the problem of keeping children tidy and other kindred subjects with a group of residents of the pretty village. Lady Alexander, also hatless and wearing her delphinium blue wool dress, chatted informally with a group of housewives. Nearby the three Alexander children exercised their three shaggy sheep dogs.")

In the April 2013 issue, Gerry Boyer gave the story of the descendents of William Summers and Margaret O'Toole who were connected by marriage to a descendant of James Carr. The following is the family chart that he built of the Carr family from notes which Emmett Carr shared with him. Gerry is depositing the full story with sources in the Cumberland Township History Room.

Descendants of James Carr and Mary Welch

Generation 1

1. JAMES1 CARR was born in 1800 in County Galway, Ireland. He died on 07 Jul 1875 in Clarence Township, Russell County, Ontario. He married Mary Welch in 1830 in Ireland. She was born in 1805 in Ireland. She died on 22 Nov 1884 in Clarence Township, Russell County, Ontario.

James Carr and Mary Welch had the following children:

i. THOMAS CARR was born in 1831 in Galway, Ireland. He died on 22 Jun 1919 in L'Orignal, Ontario.

ii. WILLIAM CARR was born in 1833 in Galway, Ireland.

iii. MARK CARR was born on 25 Dec 1836 in Galway, Ireland. He died on 16 Jul 1909 in Sarsfield, Ontario. He married Bridget Brennan, daughter of Patrick Brennan and Bridget Brennan on 21 Jun 1869 in Orléans, Ontario. She was born on 24 Jun 1846 in Limerick, Ireland. She died on 02 Sep 1912 in Sarsfield, Ontario.

iv. JOHN CARR. He married SARAH GREEN. She died in 1920 in Sarsfield, Ontario.

v. MICHAEL CARR. He married Anastatia Tessier, daughter of Moïse Tessier and Elmire Brière in Sarsfield, Ontario.

vi. BRIDGET CARR was born in 1844. She died on 06 Feb 1874. She married Alex Lapalme in 1866 in Sarsfield, Ontario.

vii. MARY CARR was born in 1845. She died in 1879. She married JOSEPH BRIÈRE. She died in childbirth.

viii. CATHERINE CARR. She married LOUIS BRIÈRE. He was born in 1839. He died on 26 Oct 1914 in Brockville, Ontario.

Generation 2 – Descendants of Mark Carr and Bridget Brennan of Sarsfield

1. MARK CARR was born on 25 Dec 1836 in Galway, Ireland. He died on 16 Jul 1909 in Sarsfield, Ontario. He married Bridget Brennan, daughter of Patrick Brennan and Bridget Brennan on 21 Jun 1869 in Orléans, Ontario. She was born on 24 Jun 1846 in Limerick, Ireland. She died on 02 Sep 1912 in Sarsfield, Ontario.

Mark Carr and Bridget Brennan had the following children:

i. MARY ANN CARR was born on 26 Jun 1870 in Orléans, Ontario. She married Michael Hart on 25 Jul 1894 in Sarsfield, Ontario.

ii. WILLIAM CARR was born on 06 Feb 1872 in Orléans, Ontario.

iii. BRIDGET CARR was born on 01 Apr 1874 in Sarsfield, Ontario. She died on 03 Oct 1953 in Lafleche, Saskatchewan. She married Nelson Morin, son of Philippe Morin and Sarah Summers on 25 Sep 1899 in St. Hughes, Sarsfield, Ontario. He was born on 31 May 1875 in Cumberland, Ontario. He died on 29 Dec 1946 in Vancouver, B.C.

iv. MICHAEL CARR was born in 1876 in Ontario. He died in 1919.

v. MARK CARR was born in 1879 in Ontario. He died on 23 Mar 1913 in Sarsfield, Ontario.

vi. THOMAS CARR was born in 1880 in Ontario.

vii. JOHN CARR was born on 12 Jun 1883 in Sarsfield, Ontario. He married CATHERINE RYAN.

viii. CATHERINE CARR was born on 24 May 1885 in Sarsfield, Ontario.

ix. PATRICK CARR was born on 12 Jul 1887 in Sarsfield, Ontario.

x. PETER CARR was born on 16 Dec 1890 in Sarsfield, Ontario. He married JULIA IZOWSKI.



Time Before Now

by Jeannie Smith

Jeannie writes for the Tall Tales evenings presented by Vintage Stock at the Cumberland Museum. She has kindly agreed to present the following story she wrote in July 2012 to evoke the memories of harvest past.

It was time. Now. The men were coming. The women had been waiting. They were prepared.

All morning, toiling over hot stoves, sweating near open ovens and already exhausted from the early morning rise of both themselves and the hot August sun, the farmers' wives were ready to receive their men for lunch.

Hours upon hours, the fathers and sons had laboured in the fields, harvesting whatever crops had managed to grow to maturity during the drought-ridden summer. Days upon days, the farmers had cultivated the fertile earth in the spring. The April rains held promise of a bountiful produce but during the parched months of May and June, following on foot the horse and plow or riding the rough furrows in a refurbished tractor, the farmers feared for what would come of the hot dry summer. Crop failure was imminent. Weeks upon weeks, only a little rain dribbled over the fields but now in the late month of August, some crops had managed to thrive.

Now it was time to harvest.

Hay was ready for a second cut. Grain to supply flour had been cut in July. Corn was waiting for the August harvest.

Farm families from nearby concessions gathered together to work cooperatively, helping to bring in each other's sheaves that would sustain them for the coming months. French and English, German and Dutch, friends now in 1946 only a year after the end of a second deadly European conflict, began to take in the harvest of the good black soil of Eastern Ontario.

Time for peace was at hand. Hope for prosperity was in the future. Endless days of farm chores and field work would pay off. The war years had been tough and the dirty thirties of the Depression had been endured as years of struggle. The present opened up with a gift of a better life.

These folks spent the late weeks of summer travelling the circuit of neighbouring farms. Weekdays they worked side by side on acreage squared off by dirt concession roads. They shared each other's loads and helped ease one another's burdens of harvesting crops under all sorts of weather. During daylight, the diverse community would collaborate.

The women and girls cooked, baked, washed and gossiped until they were dizzy with the constant demands of food preparation. The men and boys strained, sweated, swore and swilled back mouthfuls of water to sustain them during the hot, long hours in the short stubby fields. Little children ran and raced about like puppies chasing their tails. Each night, families would return to their own beds to sleep. Everyone slept soundly. Work had not been stressful. It was just plain exhausting ... a continuous round of repetition. For they had to wake and begin again the round of labour at another homestead.

What would sustain a man's strength? Why, a hearty homemade meal! And so, the time had come for lunch. Preparation began as soon as the women arrived at the farmhouse. Each one had brought whatever could be scrounged from the larder. Old women peeled vegetables as they sat on sturdy wood chairs zipped up close to board tables. Young girls carried in water drawn from ancient iron pumps outside the summer kitchen door. Inside, the farm wives stoked the Findlay Oval, the wood stove that empowered them to produce mouthwatering delights. A mere thrust of a hand inside the hot oven was the thermometer testing temperature for baking.

There was always one woman who commanded as overseer. Time was of utmost importance. The men could not wait for lunch. Everything had to be ready. She needed to ensure that things were organized. Children old enough to be helpful set the tables that had been arranged in the interior eating area. Laughter made light of the pastry making, chatting made quick the salad chopping and gossip did not make idle the hands of the cooks.

Now the men were here. They were noisy and dusty but ready to clean up under the cold water pumped from the cistern. White enamel basins, rimmed in navy blue, clouded as the

water absorbed the dirt and grime from the fields. After a quick slick back of hair, made unruly from a sweaty straw hat, the farmers were ready to dine. Clean white bed sheets flowed over tables laid out with cutlery and china of unmatching descriptions. Before the men, the women placed bowls of steaming vegetables, platters of meat, baskets of buttered buns and jars of preserved pickles. Here and there they tossed the salads—jellied, chopped, minced, diced—with plates of cheese interspersed.

There was an underlying competition between the farm wives as to whose meals were the tastiest. Delaying the onslaught of the hungry eaters, the matriarch insisted that God be thanked for what they were about to receive. And they were thankful. Food was plentiful, weather was agreeable and no-one had been hurt. Everyone remembered the time when a child had been jumping in the loose hay in the loft. One moment she was laughing, the next she was listless, near her end, clinging to life for a few minutes in her mother's trembling arms. Some recalled the day when a farmer's leg was crushed, severed under an overturned tractor. All work had stopped that day. Others think back to that stormy afternoon when two boys, handsome virile teens, were killed...struck by lightning. The suddenness of their death was sickening. Then there was the time that a hired man, a German prisoner of war, lay dead. He had been gored by the horns of a bull, blood splattering red into the yellow grain.

Now with grace given, the men sat down to eat. After the main course had been devoured, room for pie still remained in the workers' stomachs. Pastries to die for—raisin, rhubarb, lemon, apple...berry pies of every sort imaginable. Plates were practically licked clean. Cups of strong black tea were strained through the men's teeth and then with a sudden bolt away from the table, they lurched outside to make time for a smoke. A few moments of rough language, snickers after a lewd joke, then hats on, boots laced and whistling off they went.

An hour's reprieve for lunch had ended and the fields beckoned the men to their labour. Smooth cheeked lads leapt up to sit in the backs of old trucks driven by older unshaven

men. An assortment of well maintained machinery awaited the farmhands. These men were magicians with machines. Motors hummed with oiled tuning, wheels turned with greased axels and belts tightened tensely with increased velocity. Newly painted wagons of all sizes were lined up nearby. Hitched to these flatbeds were teams of horses or oxen waiting for the command to "giddy up". The animals rested patiently, swatting flies on their muscular haunches with swishing tails and flicking their attentive ears in rhythmic motion to deflect these nasty pests. Now the work began again and would continue until the sun fell downwards into twilight and the golden fields darkened.

Most farmers cut their own hay, but this year neighbours worked together to bring in the late hay, the grain and then the corn. World demand for wheat was intense. Britain, still under bread rationing, depended upon the Dominion of Canada to fill its grain bins. 1947 would be a better year.

Some men drove the tractors that tugged the mowers whose tines sheared off the hay. A few farmers hitched a team of work horses to pull dump rakes which formed the hay into wind rows. These long lines of loose gold would be hand raked into coils. Muscular men would repeatedly fork these up onto wagons. A couple of lads stood waiting above to receive the loose hay which they shuffled about within the boundaries of the wagon with forked prongs. Six foot slatted sides fenced in the fronts and backs of the wagons so that the loose hay would rest firmly. Only the chaff would remain in the fields to be scattered in the wind.

The farmers had each brought their own wagon and, once loaded, they conveyed these to the landowner's barn for unloading. Somebody waited up in the hay mow to catch the hay that had been clasped by a form from the wagon, then pulled up by horsepower into the opening of the hay loft. A trip rope released the hay which was then set into place by the young lads. Bales were just mere gleams in an inventor's eyes in 1946. Changes in technology would change agricultural ways in the 1950s.

The women were left, whisking about the kitchen cleaning everything to glistening. They had only sat down to eat their meal after their men had gone. Lunch for the ladies was

leftovers. They gulped in silence, tired after a busy morning when these wives and mothers had scurried about, muttering in the words of their birth. The English and French accustomed to the sounds of each other's language were not familiar with the utterances of their Dutch and German neighbours. Canada was home now to all of these people and "hard work" was their common tongue. With weak anticipation, the women began to think about preparations for the morrow's meal. Packing up items, fashioning parcels of food and carting boxes off to car trunks zapped their energy. Even more exhausting was the thought that all this had to be repeated the next day, and the next, and the next until the harvest was complete. Only Sundays would be havens of rest.

But the harvest would come to an end. There would be time then for a break but shortly the community would need to come together to rebuild a barn. Rainfall had dampened the hay and it had been tossed into the loft before it was dry. Spontaneous combustion caused a fire and the barn burned down to nothing. The only volunteer firefighters were the neighbouring farmers themselves and the bucket brigade had been useless. Without hesitation the families, all from their various traditions and cultures, reassembled. This is what community was all about ... together for the common good ... do unto thy neighbour what thou wouldst do unto thyself ...

It was time for work ... again.

The Museum Man

by Dorothy Smith

We have all talked to Gilles Chartrand at our meetings and experienced his enthusiasm and his huge interest in history, whether a town's history or a person's family history. But what made him, not just interested, but the founder and mainstay of the Musée de Clarence-Rockland?

Gilles attended school in Rockland where he studied English in primary school but gained little practical skill beyond being able to say "yes" and "no". So when he went to the mainly English Rockland High School, he had to learn fast. But Gilles loved to learn and he worked hard. By Christmas he stood ninth in his class of

28 students. By Easter he stood first and he stayed at the top of his class from thereon. Yet, school did not give him his love of history. As he said, he was first taught history where everything the English did was bad and everything the French did was good. Then, he learned a new history where it was the French that did everything bad and the English were good. That history was just too political. But he liked learning people's history, whether French-speaking or English-speaking—the stories of their families, histories without politics.

In the end it was broomball that turned Gilles into a history-keeper. He was playing in an out-of-town tournament and picked up a pamphlet about the town in the hotel lobby. Then he went out and took his own photographs of the old buildings the pamphlet had written about. He was hooked. He kept walking about any town he visited, looking for its history, for the next 15 years. And he found himself collecting more and more information.

Eventually he had collected his way to filling his house with 500 binders full of newspaper clippings, pins, badges and so on. His garage had even more things in it. The tipping point came when he heard from a woman about a set of marquettes owned by her brother-in-law in Hull. These were a scale model of the Edwards mills in Rockland, including worker's houses and the wharf. Learning that the man wanted to get rid of them, Gilles went into action. He contacted the gentleman and then drove up to Hull. There he and the owner, who had originally built the marquettes, quickly came to an understanding and the man transferred ownership to Gilles.

But what was Gilles to do now with these models? His house was full. His garage was full. Then the City of Rockland asked him to display them in a room of the old community centre of the Parish of Sainte-Famille on Main Street in Rockland. Well, they filled that room. Then Gilles filled another room with the binders. By the time he had taken all his collection out of the house and the garage, he had filled five rooms. Voilà, a museum.



But while Gilles had a huge and diverse collection, he was organized. He always documented what he received and he made sure to obtain legal ownership of things donated. He did this because he feels strongly that the person who gave the object is part of its history and he wanted to record who each donor was.

Gilles's museum is visited by people from around the region and even visitors from the United States and elsewhere. He has continued to collect, his latest acquisition being the plates for printing Bourget's 60th Anniversary Souvenir Book as well as the ledger from the Bourget general store. Between the museum and home, he now has over 700 binders. But as Gilles says, he could not stop because as he learned more, he became more and more curious. "I'm learning all the time".

Below, the famous Rockland mills marquettes that launched a museum.

