

THE CABOOSE



NEWSLETTER OF THE CUMBERLAND TOWNSHIP HISTORICAL SOCIETY (CTHS)

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May 2009

President's message (by Dorothy-Jane Smith)

Looking back over the past year I am happy to say that we have achieved a few things while the Caboose continues to be one of the finer local history newsletters around. And all of this is because of volunteers. Unfortunately, at the AGM we will lose one very important volunteer, Bob Kendall. Bob, after guiding the digitization project, energizing the work on the Navan fair parade float (with his wife Vera as an important contributor), proof-reading on a number of projects, and, as CTHS Secretary, managing all of us, will be stepping down from the executive. I want to thank Bob for all that he has done and encourage others to consider what they too could achieve if they were to volunteer with the CTHS. Let's try to make the upcoming year as fruitful as the last.

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

- Dorothy-Jane Smith, President
- Jean-François Beaulieu, Vice President
- Randall Ash, Past President, Newsletter production
- Jeannie Smith, Newsletter Editor
- Bob Kendall, Secretary
- Bill Woodruff, Treasurer
- Verna Cotton, Director
- 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



Allan Findlay in the Navan Fair parade with the 1927 Rock Island that he and his brother Arnold bought from Jules Cardinal in 1954

Earle Fitzpatrick with his 1971 Ford LTD



Next meeting of the CTHS

The Annual General Meeting of the CTHS will take place on Wednesday, May 6th in the boardroom of the Ottawa Regional Police Station, Tenth Line Road and St. Joseph Blvd. Plan to arrive at **6:30 pm** as the meeting will begin at **6:45 pm**. Sam Dagg is our guest speaker. Be sure to bring a friend along. Light refreshments, as always, will be served.

Society calendar

For more information on these and other upcoming 2009/10 events, please contact a member of the executive committee or visit our website at www.cths.ca.



May 3 rd	Breakfast Cumberland Lions Club, Maple Hall 8:00-12:00 noon
May 6 th	CTHS AGM. 6:45 at the Police Station boardroom. Guest speaker: Sam Dagg
May 30 th and 31 st	Cumberland Heritage Village Museum: Power Show
June 7 th	Vars Cemetery Service. Forced Road, 2:30pm
June 14 th	Dales Cemetery Service. Cumberland Village, 2:30pm
June 14 th	St. Mary's Cemetery Service. Navan, 2:30pm
June 21 st	Bearbrook Cemetery Service. Bearbrook, 2:30pm
June 28 th	Wilson Cemetery Service. Navan, 2:30pm

Check for events at the Cumberland Museum:
www.Ottawa.ca/residents/heritage/museums/Cumberland

Contact us

If you have questions or suggestions regarding any aspect of the Society including The Caboose, our local history room or anything else of interest to you or to the Society, you may contact any member of the executive by phone or by email:

- Dorothy-Jane Smith, President (225-3554)
- Jean-François Beaulieu, Vice-President (841-0424) jeanfb@sympatico.ca
- Randall Ash, Past President (833-3207) randall2620@rogers.com
- Jeannie Smith, Newsletter Editor (833-2877) gsmith2877@rogers.com
- Verna Cotton, Director (835-2490)
- Bob Kendall, Secretary (613-830-0015) bobkendall@sympatico.ca
- Bill Woodruff, Treasurer, b.woodruff@videotron.ca

New CTHS Executive members needed

Positions will become vacant in May 2009. For the CTHS to thrive, new members are required to help plan meetings and special projects. Talk to an executive member if you're interested.

If you haven't renewed already, remember that membership renewal for the 2009/10 season (March 2009 to February 2010) was due by March 31st. Just \$15 for membership includes bi-monthly presentations and six issues of The Caboose. Send your \$15 to
Dorothy-Jane Smith,
17 East Adams Street,

We've got mail!

I just wanted to thank and congratulate you for all your hard work on the Caboose newsletter. I am a student and was recently researching Cumberland-area history. I found the online archive of Caboose issues on your website and was amazed at what a rich resource it is. Yours is by far the best and most extensive historical society newsletter I've seen, and all the stories, so carefully compiled over the years, were extremely interesting. Thanks so much for making this accessible for people through the internet.



Keep up the excellent work!
Sincerely, Megan McIntosh



Caboose heading down the tracks?

It's time for the CTHS newsletter – The Caboose – to follow a new path. Jeannie Smith and Randall Ash have been the team behind its production since January 2003. Their final issue will be January 2010. The

search is on for someone to 'climb on board' and take over the publishing of *The Caboose*. Here's your chance to continue documenting the stories of Cumberland Township. Contact any member of the CTHS Executive if you are interested.

What ever happened to the Hydro patrolman?

Interview with Peter Andersen by Jeannie Smith

Let me tell you about Samuel Bomann Andersen, a patrolman for the Hydro Electric Power Commission who helped bring electricity to Cumberland in the 1930s.

Sam Andersen left Denmark in 1924. He worked as an electrician in Toronto. Electricity was in its infancy and hydro transmission lines were few and far between. Sam worked on the longest transmission line in North America at that time 1926, that ran from Shaw Falls at Fitzroy Harbor and travelled west to Leaside, Scarborough. When this line was completed, Sam worked on the eastern extension that ran from Annprior, the Ottawa River providing the water power, to Beauharnois, Quebec, where the St. Lawrence pumped its water through the turbo engines to produce electricity. Sam Andersen became the patrolman for the second leg of this operation at Calabogie and tended the lines until he was transferred to Cumberland in 1936.

A pair of towers, the highest in Ontario and Quebec, had been positioned at the top of Spring hill, in front of the McCallum house, then owned by David Farmer Sr. These 'spires' of power were built of such great height to accommodate the boat traffic that plied the Ottawa River in the 1930s. The towers had to be built as close to the shore line as possible to stabilize the sag of the cables. The wire cables sagged considerably more with increased span of distance. Therefore, the towers had to be raised so that the sag would lessen across the span of the Ottawa River and boats could easily pass underneath. Strong winds and severe storms could cause the lines to arc if they came too close together.

During winter 1945, a very strong gale caused severe damage to the line. Sam Andersen braving the cold, climbed the tower and investigated whether or not a new sleeve had to be replaced. A sky wire over the top of the light arrestor steel cable was his life support. Sam, unafraid of heights, boarded the cable car and was strung out into the middle of the river. He was lowered down on a rope, block and tackle fashion, in order to photograph the break in the line. It was icy and cold, but Sam was the man of the hour! Just like Indiana Jones, calamity encircled him. The hydro workers weren't able to pull Sam to safety on the shore and extra men were summoned to reel him in. These lines were strong; seven strands of steel wound with twenty-two strands of aluminum wire and were originally 110,000 volts, later 220,000 volts. This high wire act must have been the talk of the town!

Gary McGregor and Duncan McCallum were the patrolmen at Cumberland until 1937. Dunc rented the George Gibb Dunning house, west of the Dunning (Haddad) store. When Sam Andersen took over the position, he moved his family, wife Mae Ranger and children Peter and Edith, into this house. Georgina Lavergne Dunning, G.G.'s widow, moved back to Cumberland from Ottawa in 1938. Her sister Mrs. Etienne Ranger rented the back of the stone house. Etienne Ranger, a distant relative to Mae Andersen, had been Norman Wilson's hired man. Upon his death, his wife and children, Alice and Roland moved from one stone house to another: Wilson to Ferguson.



Sam rented the top two floors of 'Clearview' from J.D. Ferguson. They were the first tenants of the upper storey apartment. J. D. Ferguson stored furniture from his late brother, Dr. Willie Ferguson's house in Rockland, 'Inglehyrst', after another brother, pharmacist Cecil Ferguson lost everything to bankruptcy in the early 1930s, upstairs in the stone house. Rugs covered floors, furniture packed rooms, and the 'music room' in the north-east corner, had a stash of instruments. Sam laid new hardwood floors, which added warmth to the dark paneled rooms. The old coal fire furnace no longer sent heat upstairs. Fred Ferguson and John Watson moved Dr. James Ferguson's safe from the lower hall across to Watson's garage. It was so hot that summer of '38 that the safe had to be shoved along wooden planks to prevent it from getting stuck in the tar of Highway 17 (Old Montreal Road). The piano was taken downstairs and remained in the hallway corridor until the 1950s.

The Andersen's bought the Peter McLaren house on Market Street from Mina McLaren who also owned the duplex adjacent. In 1948, Sam was promoted to become the superintendent of the Eastern Operating Power District at Ottawa. Sam not only contributed to the safety of the hydro delivery but served on the council for the Cumberland Police Village at which time the old arena on Market Street was rebuilt to include dressing rooms and a curling rink. In 1953, Mae and

Sam Andersen welcomed another son, Leif, into their family.

Ensuring that the hydro right of way was kept clear of brush was a difficult task before the use of pesticides was permitted. Sam Andersen was present when Fred Ferguson was clearing along the old railway bed west of Cumberland. Fred, who had the strength of Sampson, worked his way along the line, weaving the brush rake in and out of the growth. Suddenly he slipped on the gravel and fell and the brush hook stabbed him in his left arm. He was cut to the bone. Surgery from the elbow to the wrist left him with the use of his thumb, index and middle fingers. Fred had gone to Willis Business College to learn office work, but now his typing days were over. From then on, when he sipped from a glass, two fingers stuck up in salute!

Many Cumberland lads worked on the lines (Fred Findlay 1930s and Herb Deavy, married to Helen Hodges, and Ken Servage, married to Eleanor Burch, in the 1950s). Robert Deavy's son Lorne was killed in an accident while he worked on the lines in Vankleek Hill.

Sam Andersen lived to be 99 years of age. During the ice storm of 1997, he wondered if he would be called up to supervise the rebuilding of the broken towers and popped out transformers in Ottawa. These aluminum pylons collapsed because they couldn't withstand the severe winds and ice build-up. The Arnprior to Toronto stretch that Sam worked on in the 1920s, now a triple stretch, is still holding up strong with its steel construction.

The new hydro towers that form an impressive line along the western section of Cumberland have been erected at a considerable expense. A worker fell off the tower to his death. Inferior wire had to be replaced.

We are proud of the men who put their lives on the line, so that the lines of electricity could connect us to the world. Well done, boys!

Cumberland, Then and Now

Peter Harkness provided the following article in the Communique, 1994

As a young boy growing up in Cumberland in the thirties, I wasn't much interested in the history of our little village; there seemed to be a lot of 'old people' around who lived in nice tidy houses with neat gardens, and who liked to tell us stories about their young days! Canada was reeling from the Great Depression, yet there was a mood of high expectation for the future, that is if you worked hard at school, and kept out of trouble! The word 'history' to me always brought to mind a very boring school subject filled with hundreds of dates to be remembered when writing exams in dreaded fear of

failure. Worse, the girls usually got higher marks and frequent praise from the teachers while we boys looked in disgust, reassuring ourselves that after all, history was for girls, and the good stuff like science and math was for us. Trouble was, the girls usually beat us in those as well!



Cumberland gang fruit picking in Niagara Falls, 1924

Cumberland Township grew southward when communities at Bearbrook and Navan sprang up; farming and the lumbering industry continued to expand. The Village of Cumberland (Osborne Post Office) 1862 contained six stores, three hotels, two schools, and a town hall.

The decline of lumbering around the turn of the century was due to improved technology, better methods of transportation (roads, railways) and inevitably, competition in the market place. These factors took their toll on the village and surrounding



Trans-Canada Highway, June 1953, looking east towards Rockland at Peter Harkness Street

communities-sound familiar? The hotels closed, businesses faltered and Cumberland shrank to about 150 hardy souls. Between World War I and II improvements were undertaken in road construction, and Highway 17 (Old Montreal Road) was to become the only road artery between Ottawa and Montreal along the river.

Memories of Black Beauty

by Peter Andersen

Susie Rice Ferguson Kennedy (1883-1986) and her Airflow arrived at Chestnut Cottage like a minor tornado or whirlwind. This was in the early 1940s when she moved from New Liskeard and resided in Cumberland before moving to Ottawa.

I remember thinking that the car and the lady were well matched in design. The smooth front grill with the built-in headlamps was quite like Susie's dimpled toothy smile and the vee shaped windshield looked just like an elderly matron wearing pince-nez glasses. The body was swept back with full skirts over the rear wheels and ended with the spare tire housing mounted on the trunk lid just like the bun at the back of Susie's hairdo.

One weekend after her arrival, a picnic was arranged in the Gatineau hills. I was in Susie's car with her daughter Margaret & niece Bessie. Susie was a driver who was cheery and chatty with eyes everywhere but on the road. You have to remember that back then very few roads were fully paved and were quite narrow.

The Gatineau road of that era was very curvy and had some very steep inclines none of which seemed to cause Susie to exercise any caution. The Airflow was I think, the first car to be equipped with "Overdrive". I never quite knew what that meant nor I believe did Susie. I think she was under the impression that the car had to be driven at top speed at all times and in all conditions.

In any case after an enjoyable afternoon at some small lake we headed back via a different route which meant that it was downhill all the way. Just at the edge of the Gatineau escarpment there was a very long steep hill that ended in a sharp right-hand turn. We went tearing down that hill with Susie pointing out all the scenic wonders looking over the Gatineau River until getting close to the bottom a large checkered sign upon which a fearsome skull and crossbones had been painted came into view. The implication was evident but Susie chortled with great humour saying: "My, my what a funny road sign."

We wheeled into and around the corner with no noticeable diminution of speed, spraying small stones

at the sign and all I could think of was that I was in a car which was noted for its rear "suicide" doors.

I think I was only in that car once after that ride. Susie's nephew, Doug Ferguson was driving so I felt much safer. Susie's car was an Air Flow which preceded the Airstream which was a far more frumpy looking vehicle. The Air Flow came out in 1934 and ended in 1936. It looked a bit like a slightly inflated Volkswagen, which is not surprising since Volkswagen utilized the design for the "Bug". The front doors opened forward while the back ones opened rearward. If you accidentally opened the rear door while driving it would have been pulled out of your hand probably taking you with it. Hence the name "suicide doors".



Doug & Fred Ferguson, 1926

Susie gave her car to her nephew Fred Ferguson when she stopped driving in the early 1950s. When Fred died in 1966 Donald MacRae bought it and 'Black Beauty' lay in state, rusting and decaying behind his house on the corner of Market and Old Montreal Roads until his death in 2005.

From the Evening Citizen, June 1953

by staff writer Fred Inglis

If you haven't been to Cumberland within the last eight or nine months, you'll notice a great change there. And because of that change there's a chance you might miss the village entirely, if you don't watch closely," reported Fred Inglis, *Evening Citizen* writer June 1953.

The change I refer to is the new Trans-Canada Highway which was opened for use last November. It runs about 500 feet north of the old highway No. 17 that runs right through the village and forms its main street. Of course you may still travel to Cumberland by the old winding highway but if you take the new wider, smoother and straighter route, you'll have to keep your eyes peeled. So far there is no road sign to tell that you are approaching Cumberland: only the usual cross road sign and a widening of the pavement at the entrance of the village.



Fitzpatrick children: Doady, Patsy, Dot, Norman and Ken, 1941

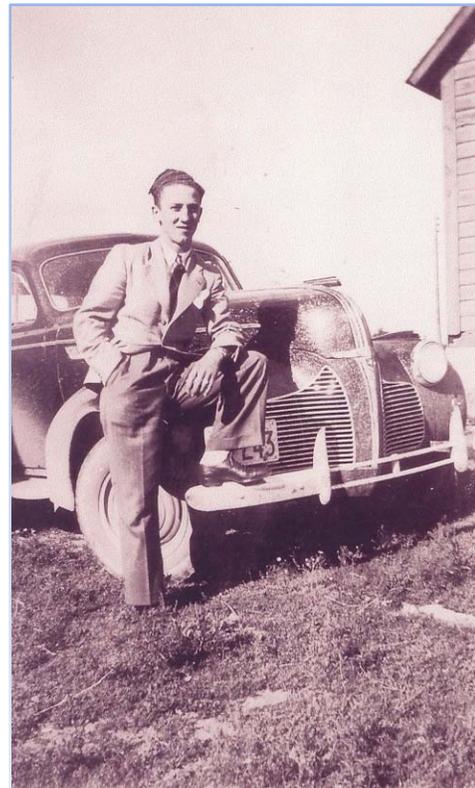
At one time Cumberland was a stage coach stop on what was first a trail blazed by the Indians. In the summer time, supplies and passengers were brought in by boats that plied the river. For a few years a branch of the CNR gave speedy service to Ottawa



Cumberland Train Station, 1914

and Montreal but the line was closed and torn up. Today you have the choice of two highways, No. 17 or the TCH which follows the old railway right-of-way.

At a junction where the 'fifth line' running south meets No. 17 in the village, you see a group of road



Navan's Eric Smith and his 1940 Pontiac in July 1941, his last day as a civilian before heading off to war. Eric remembers pulling his pal Frank Kenny, who was on skis, along a snow covered Colonial Road behind his car. Oh what fun!

signs on a post. Pointing west and east are signs: Ottawa 18 (miles), Montreal 110. Pointing south: Sarsfield 8, Leonard 8, Bearbrook 9, Vars 13 and Russell 22.

On a very old map of the village I saw the names of these streets still in use: Queen Street, now Highway 17, Cameron Street, that runs to the ferry dock at the river; Sparks Street, Monk, Market, Faubert, East Street, Commercial, Church, Albert and St. John. Streets shown but not now open are Duke, Victoria, West, Church and St. Peter Streets.

Citizen reporter Bill Arnott who makes his home here, tells me Cumberland is believed to have been



Don Woods and Lawrence Barnett, 1939

the scene of a buried "treasure" reportedly a pot or kettle of gold or silver. Says Bill, "It was supposedly buried by Faubert who was a secretary of the council of Upper Canada. Abortive attempts to locate the pot have been made from time to time. Lending colour to the story is the recent finding of a coin dated 1837 by Mrs. Alf Wilcox (Lula McDowell 1901-1967) of Cumberland. Last Monday, on her 52nd birthday, Mrs. Wilcox (mother-in-law to Bob Moffatt) was walking into the village from her home, a mile south of Cumberland on the fifth line (Toonders owner in 2009). The road borders an old sunken road that was the ancient highway into the settlement in the Faubertville days. She sat down to rest on a clay bank being leveled in road operations. Idly she picked a handful of clay and crumbled it. In it she found a coin, a halfpenny, dated 1837, Province of Lower Canada, 'Un Sou.' On one side it carried the image of a 'habitant' and on the other a St. Andrew's cross, in the segments of which appear a rose, shamrock and thistle and a beaver in the lower part of the 'X'. Around it is a scroll with the motto Concordia Salus and 'City Bank' 1837. The old coin is apparently of a new mintage of the time, with fine milled edge and all details are quite clear."

"Mrs. Edwin Williams (Louise June 27, 1910- 2003 sister of Mrs. Wilcox) also found an old coin on the same road a few years ago. Treasure indications?" observed Bill. "Well, at least these are indications that old travelers used the road as far back as 1837 on a journey to 'Fort Cumberland' mentioned in old records but the site of which has never been properly located.



Cumberland Wharf, 1940s

Lawrence Leslie Dunning, the popular owner of the store in recent years, died suddenly on May 24 at the age of 70, just two weeks prior to my visit to Cumberland. His sister, Miss Hattie Dunning is regarded as a good historian of the village. From her and her widowed sister, Mrs. Alice McLean, I learned much about the early days of Cumberland. She recalled, "Boats that used to stop here were the



Cumberland Ferry, 1930s

Peerless-it was destroyed by fire, the Empress, the Duchess, Princess Louise, the Ottawan and the Olive. We have the bell from the Empress in our United Church steeple. We got it from Mr. Harris of the coal firm in Ottawa who thought it should go to some community associated with the boat's better days.



Shell gas pumps at Dunnings Store:
Annie Watson, Mac MacEachern, Andy Davidson

Before the railroad came through south of here, Cumberland was a busy river shipping point for grain, cheese and other produce from Sarsfield, Leonard and other district points inland. Today it is Leonard that is the railway shipping point nearest to Cumberland, on the Ontario side of the Ottawa River.

"Dad (Leslie Dunning) had the first car in Cumberland," his courteous and obliging daughter Catherine (Durling) told me in the store. It was a Gray Dort and a good one. When it was finished on the road, they took the engine out and used it to run a threshing machine at Sarsfield. He also had a Shell oil agency-he was the first Shell dealer in Canada. He started out with a few barrels of gasoline down at the old wharf before the days of gasoline pumps.

A Drive Down Memory Lane

by Jeannie Smith

Did your dad ever let you drive the car when you were a kid? Did you sit behind the wheel and steer the car? Wasn't it great to have that sense of power? I'm sure you got the car stuck in the mud somewhere out on the back roads as you were learning to shift the gears. Boy it was difficult at first trying to release the clutch slowly while applying the gas and not stall. Those back roads in spring were rutted and furrowed like farmer's fields. Cars would bog down and drivers would begin to speak in a totally new language! After a litany of swear words, drivers managed to get the car going and the trip continued.

'I can remember learning a lot of forbidden words at the age of three or four while I watched Dad (Lawrence Barnett) trying to put several parts together to make his first car.' notes Claire Brown. 'I



Lawrence and Arthur Barnett in 1929 in their 1922 Star car

remember Dad's first real car which was quite boxy in shape. There was no other like it because he painted it BRIGHT BLUE. This was in the 1930s.'

When the motor car became popular in the early 20th century most drivers drove their vehicles as if they were horse-drawn buggies. They would lean their bodies into the direction of the turn, keep their eyes



Keith MacEachern and Irwin Paquette on far right

glued to the road ahead, all the while holding on to the wheel tightly, pulling up in a 'whoa' fashion to stop. It must have been fun to chug along, sputtering to stop and start in a huff and puff and have to crank up the motor.

Road conditions were deplorable and every outing was an excursion filled with adventure. Getting stuck was part of the fun and everyone had to get out and push. Cars were pulled over to the side of the road with doors open to conceal an occupant who had 'the call of nature'. Sometimes, the motorcycle cop George Buck or Perry Harkness or Hal Dent would pull over speeders. Most likely, the policeman would end up in friendly chit-chat and forget the ticket.

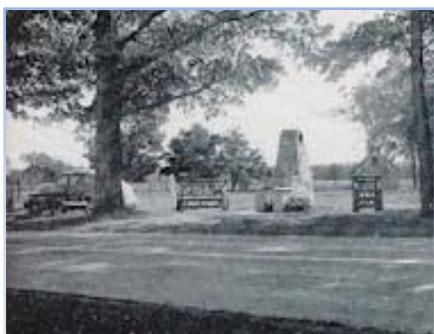
Every road seemed to have a 'dead man's curve' and miraculously most cars sped through safely under the watchful eye of a guardian angel. Narrow roads, poor lights, intoxicated drivers and tire blow-outs could cause terrible accidents, but most people lived to share tales of their close call with death. Those carefree days of youth, driving fast down the open highway, are lost to the cautiousness of old age. I'm sure that more accidents are caused with

slow driving rather than speed. Yet, head-on collisions with tragic fatalities occurred too often. The Trans Canada at Cumberland was known as the 'killer strip'. Many back roads, covered in sand and gravel, concealed sharp bends and cars were often 'lured' into the ditches. Lonely stretches along a bush-lined road, in the dark of night, induced drivers into a trance and injuries could be sustained when the driver fell asleep at the wheel. Sadly, many car-train accidents ended in deaths at railway crossings. And what about 'last call' at the bar? "Come on, just one more for the road," was the usual farewell. One for the road and one for the ditch. It is amazing that many of us have survived to tell our stories!



Lornie Barnett and his wife Annie Watson at Hog's Back.

So where did the cars travel? Some folk went on picnics; some headed to a quiet spot for a little bit of romance; a few started out on business trips; others



Department of Highways of Ontario roadside park on Hwy 17 between Orleans and Cumberland (1941) Photo courtesy of Ontario Ministry of Transportation

wanted to see the countryside and most just liked to go. Gas was cheap, time was endless and the car opened up the world. Driving down the highway offered freedom. The car became a young man's home. Mother used to say, "You can always tell how a man will treat a girl by the way he keeps his car!"



Howard Lancaster, 1920s

Not sure if that rings true. Many fellows kept their car spic and span, and were more in love with their car than their gal!

Doug Lancaster bought his first car at Campbell Ford. "It was a used green Mercury club coupe. He sold it so we could get married," said Joan Lancaster, another daughter of Lawrence and Annie Barnett. Doug Lancaster sold cars for Surgenors during the late 1960s.

My grandfather J.D. Ferguson, a terrible driver, drove his car as if it were a team of horses. By the 1930s he couldn't afford a car so he walked, hitched rides, took the Colonial Coach bus or boarded the train at Union Station.



Doug Lancaster's 1949 Mercury

My mother, Anne Counsell Ferguson was born with one eye nearly blind. Mother had a license but Dad preferred to do the driving. She renewed her license each year until about 1955, taking the test in Rockland. It was easier there. You were merely required to drive along the main street, make a few turns, park on a hill and that was it! Mother always chuckled her funny little laugh when she recalled heading to Niagara Falls, New York on a day's excursion from her home in Ancaster, near Hamilton. The car was packed with teenagers, the girls bundled up in the rumble seat, sitting on hot water

bottles to keep warm. On the way home, gin replaced the water and the gang sped along the roads in very good humour! Ontario was in the midst of Prohibition as well as Depression, but it didn't hinder the young from daredevil fun. Quite a different upbringing from her future husband's Plymouth Brethren family.

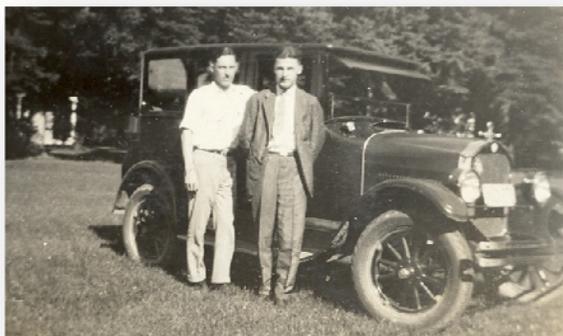


Anne Counsell, 1933

My father, Douglas Ferguson, wore yellow steel rimmed sunglasses and was able to keep one eye peeled on the road and the other on the look-out for some landmark to point out to his four daughters or for a stray groundhog that had popped its head up out of a hole.

My Uncle Fred drove in all sorts of weather conditions, and in all variations of sobriety. Whenever my father purchased a new car, from a dealership in Alfred, or later from Byrnes Chamberlin at Guest Motors in Hull, he gave Fred the old vehicle. My father had to bail him out of various catastrophes and their tempers would flare and their closeness as brothers grew wider more and more each year.

My Uncle James, who was a doctor in New Hampshire, drove beautiful, sleek, expensive cars and his wife, Aunt Bea, had her own vehicle "Bluebell". Uncle James drove fast, but with skill and



James and Doug Ferguson, 1922

was able to maneuver the hills of New Hampshire easily, keeping one hand on the wheel and the other holding a cigarette.

Verna Kinsella remembers, "I never had a car of my own. When I was 16 years old, my dad bought a 1951 Chev from Tom Armstrong who worked for McArthur Motors in Russell. We never had a car before that.

I would sometimes drive my boy-friend's car. He changed cars often because they were always ones that someone gave him and he had to get them running. Gas was about 50 cents a gallon back in the early 1950s.

I went to Lisgar and was allowed to take the car in once in awhile. At noon hour I'd load it up with friends and drive around town. My girl-friend's parents had a store with gas pumps out front, and if some of us wanted to go to a neighbouring town for ice cream or a hamburg, we would chip in some coins and get a \$1.00 or so of gas.



Verna Rickerd Kinsella

One evening in the spring I was driving from Vars to Navan on what is now Rockdale, and all you could see ahead was water. Thank goodness the road was straight because all I had to guide me was the top of the fence posts and the Good Lord. There was water from the brook all the way to Anderson's laneway which was about one mile. I arrived at my destination o.k. but when I went to come home the brakes were frozen because it was so cold, and the car wouldn't move. My friend had to jack up the car, take the wheels off and clear the ice from around the brakes. I took another road home where the water wasn't quite so high."



Early Driving Memories

by David Hanson

I don't know how old I was when I bought a 1934 Ford (Tudor). The design was advanced for the time. I'm not sure, but I think the car was ten or twelve years old at the time. Of course, the colour was black as I think all Ford cars were back then.

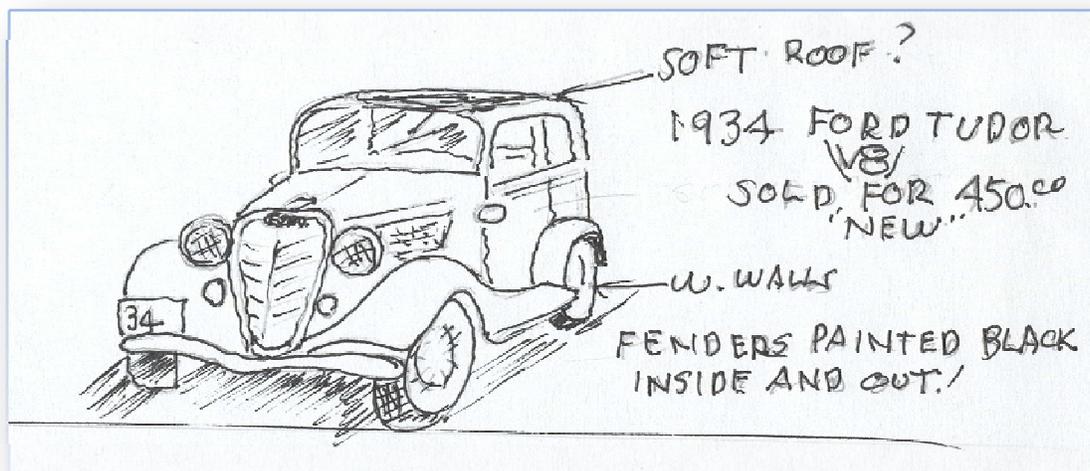
It was beautifully painted...a very shiny hard finish. When I washed the car I would also wash the inside of the sweeping fenders, which were painted the same as the outside-very glossy black. The metal used to make the fenders was like armour plate.

The two doors (Tudor model-a play on words?) opened at the front and were called 'suicide doors'. If you opened the doors when driving the wind could catch them and blow them wide open; thus the term 'suicide doors'.

I recall painting the dash a brilliant salmon pink which was a startling contrast to the dark interior. The '34' had a soft roof, as I recall, and I used tar paper cement to stop any leaks, which was an ongoing job. (I hope I'm not confusing it with my father's '1929 Buick Straight 6' which also had a soft roof).

The '34' had spoke wheels, very sturdy if you compared them to the wooden spoke wheels of the 1929 Buick, which would rattle in the dry summer weather.

The 1934 Ford V8-(85 Horse Power-Two Door-speed 78 miles per hour) originally sold for \$450.00 and had a reputation of being an oil burner. I think I paid \$200.00!



Drawn by David Hanson



In 1953, Margaret Fitzpatrick and Gladys Scharfe Eggert, pose in front of Earle Fitzpatrick's 1951 Ford. He bought this 'sportsman green' (yellowish) black top convertible from Eddy Feller, brother of store owner Joe Feller, in 1952 for \$1,850.00 with 2,100 miles on it and sold it to Don Tanner in 1955 after adding another 125,000 miles having changed the motor once.



Heritage Power and Country Festival

SHOW of the YEAR!

May 30 and 31, 2009

AT THE
CUMBERLAND HERITAGE VILLAGE MUSEUM!

Discover a dynamic community, a unique site and exciting programs for all!

- Horse pull and other events and demonstrations
- Amazing musical entertainment
- Exhibit of old machinery and working steam and gas engines
- Antique cars and vintage motorcycles
- Craft and flea market
- Youth Tractor Safety Clinic
- Experience a travelling circus
- Heritage trades demonstrations
- Educational activities and workshops on science and telegraphy

Beat the pro and win a prize! Compete against our mascot, Big Joe Mufferaw in strength competitions!

New Exhibitors Welcome!!!

Have a working steam engine to showcase and want to participate at our event?
Call us at (613) 833-3059

This special event is presented in partnership with the Cumberland Lions Club and in collaboration with Cumberland community groups and Vintage Stock Theatre.

2940 Old Montreal Road, Cumberland, ON
(613) 833.3059
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