

THE CABOOSE



NEWSLETTER OF THE CUMBERLAND TOWNSHIP HISTORICAL SOCIETY (CTHS)

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November 2005

Editor's ramblings (by Jeannie Smith)

Bare trees and brown skies, a cold November day, bluebirds and robins have all flown away. The north wind is blowing, the clouds hang low, winter time is coming and we'll soon have snow!

How cold and terrible it must have been for all those who experienced the coming of winter during times of horrible wars. Forgotten are all the victims of so many past wars and atrocities. Everyday folk, the old, the young, the soldiers and the nurses from both sides of the battle died because of war games planned by people living in comfort in far away places. I learned about the wars of the 20th century very briefly when I was at Lisgar in 1963. I knew lots about Dieppe because my Uncle was in the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry. By watching TVO documentaries I learned

that 'WWI shaped the modern world and turned starvation into a weapon. Warships became vulnerable "Goliaths" and submarines changed the foundation of the traditional navy.' In this year of The Veteran, let us remember the words of Albert Einstein: ***Peace cannot be kept by force. It can be achieved only by understanding.***

Heritage Public School will open in Navan in September 2006. Rather than select the name of one of our local war heroes or politicians, the school board has chosen a politically correct, bilingual compromise. Let us ensure that students will study local history and continue to honour their ancestors by documenting the stories of Cumberland Township.

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

- Randall Ash, President and newsletter production
- Martin Rocque, Vice-President
- Jeannie Smith, Secretary-Treasurer and Newsletter Editor
- Verna Cotton, Director
- Dan Brazeau, Director
- Jean-François Beaulieu, Director
- Dorothy-Jane Smith, Director

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

World War I Lives on in Memory

written by Jeannie Smith with information supplied by Fred Sherwin, Orleans On-Line



Few who fought in WWI remain alive today to give insight into the horrors of the "war to end all wars" but 18 year old George Muggleton from Navan is experiencing artillery warfare "hands on." George, one of 300 recruits to be filmed in a battle re-enactment near Quebec City next summer, was lucky to be part of a contingent of 12 "descendants" of people who served in WWI, to enrol at boot camp in England then visit battlefields in France and Belgium and be filmed for a BBC documentary commemorating the 90th anniversary of Canada's coming of age at Vimy Ridge, which will be broadcast in November 2007.

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Next meeting of the CTHS

The next General Meeting will be held on Wednesday, November 2 at 7 p.m. in the boardroom of the Ottawa Regional Police Station on Old Montreal Road at 10th Line Road. Mrs. Katie Zeizig will relate her experiences of immigrating to Canada from war-torn Europe in 1954. Be sure to bring a friend along. Light refreshments, as always, will be served.

Society calendar

For more information on these and other upcoming 2005/06 events, please contact a member of the executive committee or visit our website at www.cths.ca.



Nov 5 th	St. Andrew's United Church Bazaar; St. Andrew's Church, Cumberland; 2-4pm.
Nov 26 th	St. Mark's Anglican Church Bazaar; Lion's Maple Hall, Cumberland; 11am-2pm
Nov 26 th	Cumberland Community Singers; Cumberland Community Singers: Choirfest at Orleans Pentacostal Church; 6:30pm
Dec 18 th	Cumberland Community Singers Concert; Cumberland Museum; 3pm
Jan. 4 th	CTHS General Meeting " Tales of the Shanties;" Police Station Boardroom; 7pm

Visited our local history room lately?

The Cumberland Tweedsmuir History is now on the shelves as well as a copy of the Dale's Cemetery Book and the Bearbrook Cemetery Binder which was developed by Diane Young.

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:

- Randall Ash, President (833-3207) randall2620@rogers.com
- Martin Rocque, Vice-President ((819)776-3890) martin.rocque@sympatico.ca
- Jean-François Beaulieu, Director (841-0424) jeanfb@sympatico.ca
- Jeannie Smith, Secretary-Treasurer and Newsletter Editor (833-2877) gsmith2877@rogers.com
- Verna Cotton, Director (835-2490)
- Dan Brazeau, Director (834-8336) danbrazeau@rogers.com
- Dorothy-Jane Smith, Director (225-3554)



Membership Renewal ... March 2006

With your CTHS Membership (\$15 annually due March 2006) you receive six issues of The Caboose – free!



Leonard Branch Women's Institute

I'm sure Adelaide Hoodless is a name you all know, She founded the Women's Institute over a hundred years ago.

Her educational movement for country women had begun With the pasteurization of milk, as item number one.

It was back in the year nineteen forty-five When the Leonard Women's Institute came alive.

Elizabeth Moffatt and Wilma Coburn were present that day,

We are pleased they are able to join us today.

The monthly meetings begin with the Institute Ode,

Followed by the Mary Stewart Collect I am told.

Presently, Leonard's nineteen members answer roll call Holding discussions on business, the motto and then lunch for all.

There are Branches, Districts, and Area Conventions too, Lobbying for causes that affect me and you.

Local history is recorded for you to have a look,

By the Co-ordinator Theresa Nelligan in the Tweedsmuir History Book.

Congratulations goes out to this Organization

For Home and Country support and deep dedication.

It just goes to show you that work can be fun

Give the job to a woman, she will get it done!

Written by Jean Hamilton for the 60th Anniversary Celebrations Oct. 5, 2005



World War I Lives on in Memory

(continued from page 1)

His Great-grandfather George Edward Muggleton, along with Robert Kennedy, George Smith and other Cumberland Township boys, was a Red Chevron, the first group of Canadians to head to war in Europe.

Sergeant George Muggleton endured gas attacks, toiled in horrendous conditions hitching horses to artillery or freeing wagons from mud and was fatigued from lack of sleep and scant food rations. Young George experienced tough conditions in his "mock" war activities and has gained a better sense of war's inhumanity to man. The CTHS will certainly invite George to speak at a General meeting in 2006.

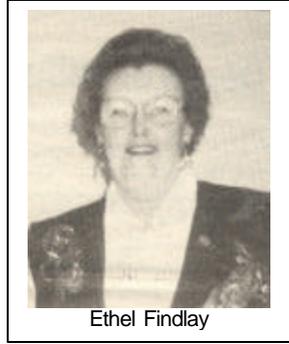
Copies of Dale's Cemetery Book are now available from Jeannie Smith for just \$25 each. Contact Jeannie at 1-613-833-2877.

Treasured Memories – Souvenirs

By Ethel (Birch) Findlay
December 1997

As December approaches each year I find myself reflecting back to my early years and the pleasure the holiday season brought. Preparations for a Christmas concert began just after Hallowe'en. Every child participated, each in their own special way. The concert was presented in our one room school about mid December on an evening when parents, children and friends could come and enjoy the evening. Our teacher organized the entire concert and supervised practice sessions while continuing regular classes. Those teachers were a great inspiration. The program consisted of one major play along with one or two one act presentations, carols and several poem recitations. The finale was the arrival of Santa Claus. His bag contained a small gift for each child and there were small paper bags containing an orange and a few hard candies for all children in attendance.

Our house began holiday preparation in mid-October with an order of special items from the Eaton catalogue. Fruit cakes were baked, usually a dark one and a light one, then came cookies, doughnuts and finally mince pies and tarts. The trick was to store these goodies safely so they didn't get all eaten up before the holidays!



Ethel Findlay

Christmas morning was a hub of activity. Everyone rose early, gifts were opened and enjoyed. Gifts were simple, practical items: sweaters, mittens, socks, aprons, pot holders, pipes, pucks, homemade toys and dolls. There were exceptions as finances permitted, then a sleigh, toboggan, skates, jewellery or small items of china or glass, games and toys were given. Everyone then enjoyed a quick breakfast which usually included fresh oranges. Mother had the goose or chickens stuffed and ready for the oven by this time. All these wonderful foods were prepared on the old wood burning cook stove. The dinner menu usually was fluffy mashed potatoes, turnips or carrots, coleslaw, dressing, chicken or goose, gravy, pickles and relish followed by steamed pudding and pie. Dinner was served around 1 pm when my aunts, uncles and cousins arrived.



When everyone had enjoyed the feast, the clan gathered around our Christmas tree and exchanged gifts. The balance of the afternoon was spent playing games, checkers, crokinole, or if the weather was good, we might go sliding. The day passed quickly and it was time for a light supper, salads, dressing, cold meat, finishing with squares, doughnuts and fancy cookies.

Holiday entertaining was alternated by our families. When Auntie and Uncle were hosts, we would bundle into the horse-drawn sleigh with Father driving the horses. We would have a comfortable ride to Auntie's house where equally great feasting and entertainment took place.



As the festivities ended, our parents still had chores to do and animals to tend. The house became quiet, everyone gave a yawn, and soon we all snuggled into our warm feather beds and were off to dreamland.



Ethel and Allan Findlay 1957



Dialogue from the diary of Beatrice Turner

Contributed by CTHS member Brenda Turner

The Anglo-Boer War, 1899-1902, between the two former Boer republics, Transvaal and the Free State, and the British Empire was not merely a "white man's war" since all the population groups were involved on various levels. This event affected the lives of all the peoples in South Africa, Britain and its colonies. Oliver Burns, a young lad from Navan, was a casualty of this war and his memory is cherished in the writings of Beatrice Turner.

Beatrice Turner was born on 9 April, 1885. She kept a hand written diary of her doings and those of her family from 1900, when she was 15 years old, until after her 21st birthday in 1906. In 1900 her family was living in West Templeton Quebec, from which there was, and is, a wonderful view of Ottawa. Elm Valley was the name of the Turner farm. Maple Grove was the home of the John Cole family, in Westboro Ontario (now a suburban district of Ottawa.) Maple Grove is now owned by the National Capital Commission and is leased to the Keg Restaurant.

Oliver Thomas Burns was a member of the Royal Canadian Regiment and died on 18 February, 1900 in the Boer War. His death is memorialized on the Navan Ontario Cenotaph.

This excerpt describes the great fire of Ottawa in 1900, and Beatrice's thoughts about the Boer War, and the soldiers who fought and died in it. The S.A.C is the Canadian South African Contingent. The Russo-Japanese War of 1905 is also mentioned. There are two Ollies mentioned. One was Oliver Burns, and the other Ollie was Olive Harris, Beatrice's cousin. Laura was Beatrice's younger sister, and Moody and Edward her brothers. Uncle Sam was Samuel McLatchie, married to Beatrice's Aunt Ellen, who farmed in Gloucester. Reuben Brown was married to Beatrice's aunt Jenny Turner.

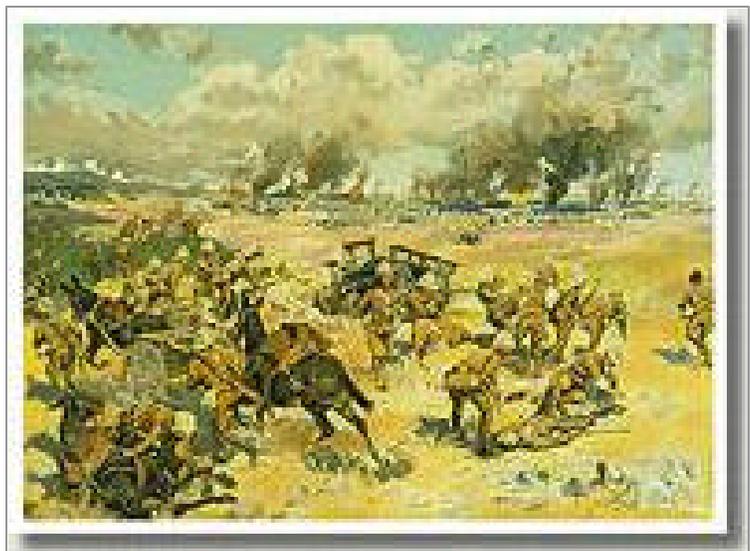
April 22, 1900

This is Sunday evening and I have not been going to school this last while ... Ollie and I went back to the falls and of course we talked about soldiers. I was up on the hill this evening with Laura and the bells began to ring in Ottawa and Hull I think it was and other places. There was one chime that was nicer than the others and it sounded kind of sad to listen to them ringing and Laura was sitting on the top of the hill in the twilight... On Thursday Hull caught fire and the fire burned out half the city. The fire got across the river someways and caught in the City of Ottawa and burnt an awful lot of houses and furniture and

anything else that was in its way it could burn..... In the night the fire went two streets off Aunt Ellen McLatchie. Lillie McDonald and Martha Potter's houses are burnt. It is pretty late and I must go to bed. Ollie Burns will be 10 weeks dead tomorrow (Sunday.) Our horse Dick is sick. Papa is out at the stable working with him. I was putting more pieces in my military scrapbook today and I will soon close it. It's full ...

Sunday Evening

I have not much time to write here for if I don't get to bed pretty soon Papa will tell me to go. Olive and Gordon were down at Elm Valley this afternoon. So was Sidney. He brought Ma home from Maple Grove. She went there for dinner, after meeting. This is a beautiful night there are thousands of stars in the sky. Ollie Burns is ten weeks dead today. It seems a long time.



Canadians at the Battle of Paardeberg; Copyright Canadian War Museum (CN 85111)

June 24 Sunday

I have not wrote in this book for a long time. The British entered into Pretoria at 2 p.m. on June 5 (Tuesday). I have been reading a letter of Ollie Burns in an old paper and am sure by other things I have seen in the paper about him he was liked pretty well. This is a new pencil I have writing this ... Ma and Pa are at church ...

Nov. 3, 1900 Saturday

About 500 of our soldiers came home to Ottawa today. Ollie was out to see them and they were accorded a great welcome. The city was almost covered with flags. Today is a beautiful day. Night. Tonight is just beautiful the moon is shining bright and so are the stars. The parliament buildings are all lit up with electric lights in honour of the return of the

soldiers. But it is very sad to think of Ollie Burns and the other soldiers who will never return.

Saturday May 4, 1901

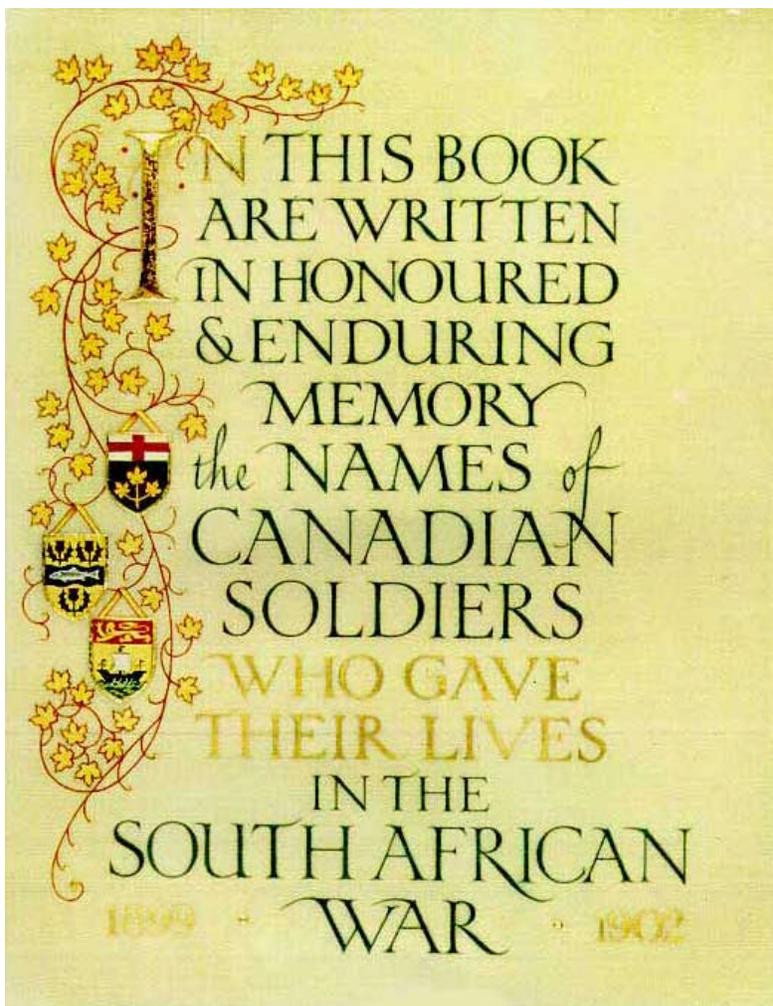
This is one of the most beautiful nights that has come this spring. The moon is up and the sky is dotted with stars. It is after 12 a.m. now. It is six weeks since the Saturday night I was in Ottawa and the soldiers have landed in S.A. but I don't know where they are now.

They landed at Capetown. It is said that a trooper from Ottawa by the name of Ollie Man died aboard the Montfort but I don't know if it is true or not. Things have been pretty much the same this week as other weeks. Mr. J. Douglas came out this evening. He was going to Maple Grove ... I have not seen Jennie since Sunday. Eddie Holland and Lieut. Turner and Captain Cockburn have been awarded the V.C. for bravery in the face of the enemy. It is delightful to think of three Canadians with the V.C. It is enough to make one cheer and I am glad Ed Holland has got it for I think he is pretty nice and brave as a lion.

Sunday night May 5, 1901

It is one year today since the Battle of Vet (Ret?) River where the C.M.R. charged the Boers after the shelling and drove them from their position. Ed Holland was there with the Maxim gun ... Oh, how I wish I was with our soldiers in Africa taking care of the sick and wounded. Mr. Douglas, Mr. McAdam, Aunt Emily and Ollie and Edward, Moody, Gordon and Robin and Uncle Ephraim seem to have had a very joyful time on the road and at McElroy's gate this evening and seemed to think I missed something by not being there but my heart wasn't with them. And of all the fun they had it is most likely it would have taken a great effort for me to laugh with the rest and I am not the least but sorry I wasn't with them. By this time next

year I hope to be pretty well ahead [and] started as a nurse (a Red Cross Nurse). Oh, how I would like to know where the Canadian portion of the S.A.C is tonight. I wonder if they have started up country yet but it is most likely they have. Tonight is a beautiful night. The moon is declining now. It is delightful to look at the moon and think that only a short while since the boys in Africa have looked upon it. But it is late and I must go to bed.



*Courtesy of Veterans Affairs
Canada website*

was made especially for them. Tonight is pretty dark with few stars shining. Percy is here. All our contingent are home with the exception of the S.A.C. who won't be home for over two years yet.

Dec. 15, 1901 Sunday Colenso Day

It is two years today since the Battle of Colenso. Today was rather cold but in the evening the sun shone most beautifully. The stars are shining and the moon also which is a crescent shape. Tonight is delightful. General Buller is retired from the Command and at Aldershot a [guerrilla] war is still

Sept. 12, 1901

Thursday

... South of Vereening (Zurfonein) [the] S.A.C. were in a fight some time in August and lost a gun. 300 Boers came up to reinforcements and went right through the S.A.C. (50 in number). Casualties of S.A.C. 4 killed, 17 wounded. Twenty captured but released. (?) Boers suffered heavily. Our boys were under Captain McDonald of the S.A.C...

Oct. 31, 1901

Papa saw Mrs. Burns today and she had Ollie's picture in a brooch on her. Mama saw her too.

Nov. 5, 1901 Tuesday

It is a year tonight since we went to Aberdeen Hall to see the soldiers who served in S.A.

presented with the city's locket which

going on in S.A. I have a pretty bad cold so have some of the rest of us.

Feb. 18 1902 Tuesday

It is two years today since the Battle of Paardeberg where so many fine young Canadians were killed. I was at school today and so was Moody. It has been blowing all day and all or most of the time snowing. It is cold.

Sunday March 16, 1902

I only went to school two days last week. Mama and Papa were at meeting this morning. Lord Methune was defeated and captured on Friday March the 7th pretty early in the morning. He had 1200 men with him and 550 got away. The rest were captured, killed, wounded, or were missing. But Lord Methune and I think all or very nearly all who were not captured have been released. It has been pretty rainy weather this past while.

Sunday March 23, 1902

The sun will soon be setting and it is shedding a beautiful light. It is just one year ago today since I met N.H. and Wilson in Ottawa. I would very much like to know the exact place they are in. I think they are somewhere in the central or eastern Transvaal. I have seen neither of their names in the paper. I trust no fatal harm will come to either of them. This has been a beautiful day. I have a head ache or something the matter with my head and eyes. Quite a few of the S.A.C. have died of diseases. The ship Victorian with the last part of the third contingent on board are quarantined at Capetown. Jim Scott was on the Manhattan - has landed long ago.

My 17th Birthday April 9, 1902 Wednesday

... We got the paper and there has been a big battle at Doornbald Farm near the Heart River in the S.W. in Transvaal a little south of where Lord Methune was captured. The Canadian 2nd Mounted Rifles were in the fight and showed great bravery. The British were in a semi-circle and the Canadians were a little in front across the semi-circle. The Boers attacked several times but were driven back by the steady rifles fire which was poured into them. They retired near night. The Canadian casualties are killed 11, wounded 40. Jim Scott would be in that battle I think. The British papers are giving the Canadians great praise and (for) Lord Roberts and others.

Monday June 2, 1902

Peace proclaimed in South Africa. Uncle Sam was here this morning and he says the news came last night (Sunday June 1, 1902) about 11:30 or 11:00 I think it was. I know he said something about 11 o'clock that the Boers had surrendered unconditionally and peace had been proclaimed in South Africa or something to that effect. The flags

were up in Ottawa today. Uncle Sam was standing in the door and I went out to see if the flags were up. It was foggy or misty over at Ottawa but after a little I saw the flag on the tower of the Parliament Building on the left side.

Paardeberg Day Feb. 18, 1904 Thursday

It is four years ago today since the Battle of Paardeberg where our soldiers fought so bravely. Ollie Burns was in that battle. I don't know whether to go out to Uncle Sam McLatchie's tomorrow or not. The Russians and Japanese are at war. This morning was bright but this afternoon was not so nice.

Feb. 18, 1905 Friday

Five years ago tonight Ollie Burns was shot at Paardeberg. And so were so many others.

18 February, 1906

It is six years today since Oliver Burns was killed at Paardeberg. Duncan and Mack were here for tea. Maude, Miss Johnson and I were up to the Methodist Church this forenoon. Reuben Brown has broken his collarbone.



La Famille Foubert

La Famille Foubert, impliquée dans le commerce des fourrures, forme-t-elle une petite bourgeoisie Canadienne - Française au 19e siècle



d) Gabriel Foubert père et fils travaillent pour la compagnie XY à Buckingham de 1802 à 1804: Sept lettres manuscrites nous donnent des détails sur les activités de Gabriel père à cette période. Une lettre manuscrite, datée du 4 novembre 1802, signée par Gabriel Foubert et Daniel Sutherland, destinée à un inconnu qui ne s'est pas présenté à la Compagnie XY à Montréal tel qu'il avait été entendu, demandait à l'inconnu d'accueillir des Abénaques au poste des Chats avec M. Grout. Des inventaires de 1802 nous apprennent que les postes de Les Chats et la Barrière sont regroupés. Une lettre manuscrite, datée du 31 janvier 1803, adressée à Gabriel Foubert père, signée par Daniel Sutherland, agent de la Compagnie Alexander Mackenzie, mentionne qu'il ne lui enverra pas d'argent pour acheter du lard et du grain puisqu'il pourra l'acheter « à meilleur prix en ville » lors de sa venue en ville au mois de mars.

De son côté, Gabriel Foubert fils obtient un contrat d'hivernant / courir La Derouine aux dépendances de la Grande Rivière, en date du 1er juillet 1803

avec la Compagnie Alexander Mackenzie. Ce contrat est signé à Montréal devant le notaire Jonathan Gray. Une lettre manuscrite, datée du 7 juillet 1803, adressée à Gabriel Foubert père par Daniel Sutherland mentionne que cette lettre lui sera remise par M. le Capitaine McDonnell, envoyé du Gouvernement pour vérifier les lignes (d'arpentage) des différents townships en haut de la Lièvre et Des Chats. Sutherland demande à Gabriel Foubert d'accorder son entière collaboration à M. McDonnell, pour l'aider à trouver les bornes et lui demande de mettre toutes les ressources du poste de traite, canots, vivres et hommes à sa disposition.



Foubert House

(courtesy of the Cumberland Heritage Village Museum)

Une lettre manuscrite du 26 septembre 1803 adressée à Gabriel Foubert père par Daniel Sutherland, agent de la Compagnie Alexander Mackenzie, est accompagnée d'une facture. Il mentionne l'envoi d'hommes hivernants aux postes de traite de la Rivière la Lièvre et lui dit que son petit canot va lui être bientôt retourné. M. Sutherland mentionne l'arrivée prochaine de Gabriel Foubert fils qui va hiverner au poste de traite avoisinant du Lac Des Sables situé sur le Haut de la Rivière La Lièvre. Il rassure M. Foubert, disant que Gabriel fils sera entre bonnes mains. Sutherland lui demande de faire l'inventaire du poste de traite et d'apporter la liste d'inventaire quand il descendra au mois de mars. Il termine en envoyant ses compliments à Mme Foubert.

Une lettre manuscrite datée du 3 mars 1804, de Daniel Sutherland à un M. Albert, en charge d'un poste de traite, sur la rivière La Lièvre, mentionne son irresponsabilité d'avoir abandonné temporairement le poste de traite, laissant le poste à un autre employé subalterne qui aurait mal utilisé les hommes. Il mentionne l'arrivée de marchandises et de vivres envoyées par M. Foubert. Sutherland rappelle à Albert qu'il devait superviser Gabriel Foubert fils, en suivant les ordres établis par Gabriel Foubert père lors de la rencontre de Montréal. Il finit par dire de ménager la boisson pour la traite du printemps. Une lettre manuscrite datée du 19 mars 1804, de Daniel

Sutherland à un M. Albert, l'informe qu'il lui envoie trois grandes couvertes par Mme Foubert. Il parle aussi d'un monsieur Durant qui veut partir. Sutherland dit à Albert que Durant doit rester pour la durer du contrat. M. Durant est mentionné dans différents contrats.

Une lettre manuscrite datée du 7 juillet 1804, de Daniel Sutherland à M. Albert, lui fait encore des reproches. Il dit d'envoyer chercher deux hommes et Durant. Il lui mentionne l'arrivée prochaine de marchandises et de vivres, et note que s'il en reste d'en envoyer chez les Foubert. Pendant l'été 1804, M. Alexander Mackenzie négocie la fusion entre sa Compagnie XY et la Compagnie Du Nord Ouest.



War and Peace: Human suffering can occur anytime...The Leonard Train Crash

Harold Birch remembers the scene of utter horror at the Leonard rail crossing on the morning of August 21, 1964. He recalled that the truck hit the train, about the fourth car, and this caused the train to hit the switch and derail. Basil Czopyk, 43, the driver of the truck owned by Joe Am broza from Ramsayville, died instantly. At least twenty-three injured passengers were treated at Ottawa Hospitals. Elke Rathwell, who was working in the store just south of the CP Rail line heard the loud crash and will never forget the sight of the broken bodies everywhere. Her husband, Charlie, had just crossed the tracks with his truck, drawing stone from Rathwell's quarry, heard the ambulances and wondered what had happened. Dr. I.F. Kennedy rushed to the scene from his office in Cumberland Village. Coroner, Dr. Tweedie drove from his office in Rockland. About a year after the accident close to wintertime, Emmett Morris saw a scantily clad woman get out of a taxi at the flag stop at Leonard. As he was opening the door to let her warm up, she suddenly jumped to her death in front of an oncoming train. This woman was the sister of one of the passengers who had been killed that tragic morning of August, 1964.

The following account was taken from the newspaper clipping scrapbook of Elsie Clarke from Navan and was written by Joe Finn, Citizen Staff writer, August 21, 1964.

Yesterday's train wreck at Leonard was in many respects the most horrifying accident I have covered in more than 25 years as a newspaperman. The mangled, almost unrecognizable bodies of the (8) victims resembled those found after air crashes, and

it was difficult to realize that these pitiful, torn mounds of flesh had once been living, breathing human beings.



The body of a nun killed in the crash was literally ripped and battered to pulp. It was found partially buried in the ground directly beneath the smashed-out window beside which she had been sitting in coach 2294.

In the coach itself, luggage, purses, shoes and jackets, most of them blood-stained and begrimed, were everywhere. Beneath one of the broken seats a small transistor radio was still tuned to an Ottawa station. The voice of a newscaster was reporting on the wreck.

Amateur photographers were everywhere. Some were caught in the act of photographing the torn bodies, and they were chased back beyond police lines.

Two aircraft circled low over the scene with professional cameramen aboard, and a helicopter, carrying a crew of Montreal radio men, hovered for several minutes before landing gently a few yards from the wreck.

Telephone circuits over the rural lines were completely tied up as people in the area called friends and neighbours to talk about the tragic crash. One newsman broke in on a conversation to plead with a pair of talkers to clear the line, "even for a couple of minutes. I have to call my paper. This is urgent." His appeal was in vain.



When first news of the wreck was broadcast, people in private autos, trucks and some even on motorcycles, began converging on the village. Roads leading to the village, all of them surfaced with untreated gravel, were quickly jammed with traffic. That, and the thick rising clouds of acrid dust, badly handicapped ambulance and police cars speeding to the scene. In addition to the flood of local calls, telephone operators were swamped with calls from frantic persons in Ottawa who had relatives aboard the ill-fated train. Those who were able to get through wanted the names of the dead and injured. It was impossible to give that information, for none had been identified.

Known to many as the 'businessman's special', train No. 232 leaves Ottawa at 7.55 AM each day of the week, arriving at Windsor Station in the heart of Montreal at 10 AM. For years business people and shoppers going to Montreal for the day, have found it extremely convenient, and 'breakfast aboard' has been one of the popular features of the fast run.



OLD DOCUMENTS

The finished years are laid away,
They do not die.
Like documents to be preserved,
In vaults they lie.
Within the archives of the mind,
They'll testify.
When thoughts grow vague and facts recede
As time goes by.

Mary McGonigle Purdy

THE AUTUMN OF THE YEARS

Why should I feel the best is over
When come the mellow autumn years-
For time brings happy recollections
And these are treasured souvenirs.
Be calm my heart-why sad and lonely
With memories to prize and hold?
Rich legacies of love and friendship
Are cherished gems and wealth untold.
Before me lies a peaceful haven
The turmoil ended and my fears,
Life's finest gift -her crowning glory-
The golden autumn of my years.

Mary McGonigle Purdy