

# THE CABOOSE



NEWSLETTER OF THE CUMBERLAND TOWNSHIP HISTORICAL SOCIETY (CTHS)

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## Merry Christmas! Santa Claus Special — Vars 1955

Santa Claus will arrive by helicopter, weather permitting, at Vars, 30 minutes' train ride from Ottawa. Freiman's Special will then return to Union Station for official ceremonies of welcome for Santa. Free tickets will be distributed downtown and Westgate, on Saturday, November 9<sup>th</sup>, 9:30 a.m. to each child under 12 years of age accompanied by a parent while the supply lasts.

### **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, 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](http://www.cths.ca)



### **Next meeting of the CTHS**

The next meeting of the CTHS will take place 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**. Verna Cotton, Elaine Findlay and Theresa Nelligan will present "Tweedsmuir Histories of Navan, Cumberland and Leonard Women's Institutes." Be sure to bring a friend along. Light refreshments will be served.

## Society calendar



For more information on these and other upcoming 2008/09 events, please contact a member of the executive committee or visit our website at [www.cths.ca](http://www.cths.ca).

November 1 <sup>st</sup>	St. Andrew's Cumberland Bazaar; 11:00 am - 2:00 pm
November 8 <sup>th</sup>	St. Mary's Navan Bazaar; 2:00 - 4:00 pm
November 15 <sup>th</sup>	St. Mark's Cumberland Bazaar; 11:00 am - 2:00 pm, Maple Hall, Cumberland
December 6 <sup>th</sup>	Bearbrook-Vars Church Bazaar; 11:00 am to 2:00 pm
December 6 <sup>th</sup>	Cumberland Community Association Craft Sale; 10:00 am -3:00 pm

Check for events at the Cumberland Museum: [www.Ottawa.ca/residents/heritage/museums/Cumberland](http://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](mailto:jeanfb@sympatico.ca)
- Randall Ash, Past President (833-3207) [randall2620@rogers.com](mailto:randall2620@rogers.com)
- Jeannie Smith, Newsletter Editor (833-2877) [gsmith2877@rogers.com](mailto:gsmith2877@rogers.com)
- Verna Cotton, Director (835-2490)
- Dan Brazeau, Director (834-8336) [danbrazeau@rogers.com](mailto:danbrazeau@rogers.com)
- Bob Kendall, Secretary (613-830-0015) [bobkendall@sympatico.ca](mailto:bobkendall@sympatico.ca)
- Bill Woodruff, Treasurer, [b.woodruff@videotron.ca](mailto:b.woodruff@videotron.ca)

### Can you help?

The CTHS is looking for information on Redmond Paquette's Meadowlands Dance Hall and Gib Rivington's Barn Dances for the January issue.

Please contact newsletter editor Jeannie Smith, Box 27, Cumberland ON K4C 1E5 or [gsmith2877@rogers.com](mailto:gsmith2877@rogers.com) if you have stories to share.

# LEST WE FORGET



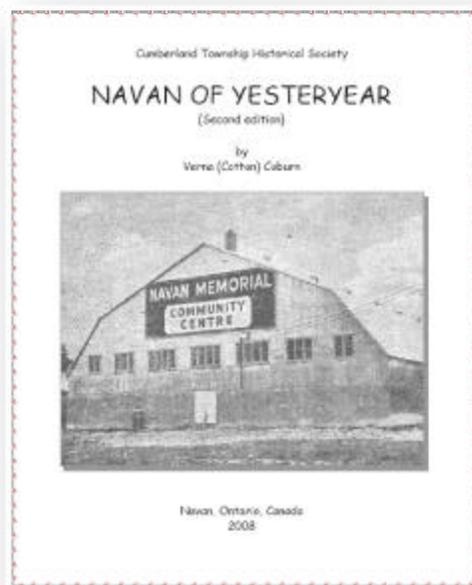
Attend a Remembrance service in your community on November 11<sup>th</sup>.

GREATER LOVE HATH  
NO MAN THAN THIS  
THAT A MAN LAY  
DOWN HIS LIFE FOR  
HIS FRIENDS



## Coming soon!

Verna Cotton's Navan of Yesteryear 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition, a pictorial history of Navan's houses, will be for sale shortly.



## The Lad from 408

By Elaine Findlay

On November 11th, as the names of the fallen are read at the Cumberland cenotaph, that of William H. Lough will be heard. This is a glimpse of the young man behind the name.

William Herbert "Bill" Lough was born in Ottawa on September 1, 1922, the third child and second son of William Herbert "Herb" Lough and Irene Grace Dunning of Cumberland. The family consisted of Earl (b. 1917), Jean (b. 1921), Bill, Don (b. 1924) and Charlie (b. 1926). All are now deceased, the latest being Jean, who passed away this summer at the age of 87.

For a few years, the family lived in Cumberland Village, in the house at 2556 Old Montreal Road, across the street from the United Church. They attended St. Andrew's, and the older children went to S.S. #5 for awhile. Young Billy Lough often came to stay with his Russell cousins for a week or so at a time, at the invitation of his Aunt Myrtle Russell (his father's older sister.)



World War 1 Soldiers

L-R: Pte. Peter J. MacLaren, 144879 killed in action in France June 8, 1917, age 34 yrs. Herbert Lough, (b. 1887 d. 1954 - father of Billy Lough) and unknown friend about 1915



Flight crew of 408, 1941/42

L to R: Sayers, Salt, Bowman, Giguere, Smith, Bill Lough, Brackenridge

When the Loughs moved to Ottawa, they spent many Sunday afternoons visiting their Cumberland families. Bessie Russell recalls: "When Uncle Herb and Aunt Irene drove into our yard on their way to Dunning's, the car doors would fly open and kids would spill out and take off in all directions!" As he grew older, Bill continued to enjoy short summertime stays at Uncle Will and Aunt Myrtle's farm (southeast corner of Old Montreal Road and Trim Road).

Bill attended Ottawa Technical High School. After graduation he was employed in the British North American Bank Note Company, then served as an apprentice printer at the Ottawa Journal.

In September 1940, upon reaching his 18th birthday, Bill Lough enlisted in the RCAF. He was sent to the Macdonald Manitoba training camp near Brandon, where he received his Air Gunner badge. He earned his Wireless Operator badge at the RCAF No.2 Wireless School in Calgary. W. O. II William H. Lough served overseas in WW2 as an air gunner in 408 Squadron.

On the night of February 7, 1943, the flight crew failed to return from its mission over Germany. The aircraft went down over France. All perished. W.O II William Herbert Lough, who will be forever twenty, is buried in Guidal Community Cemetery, Row 4, Grave 12. The cemetery is about eight miles from Lorient, France, near the Bay of Biscay.



# Awakening Memories of Chestnut Cottage and Clearview in Cumberland Village

By Peter Andersen

Clearview and Chestnut Cottage were always considered one property. A rather elaborate fence of white painted wood pierced by two sets of gates,



one set at each house, ran from the beginning of the Ferguson property in the west right to the corner and then down the river road as far as the barn. In addition the borders of the property were lined with great mature trees, maple in the vicinity of Clearview and pine around Chestnut Cottage. There was also a huge Lombardy poplar at the street on the line between the two houses and a row of great spruce trees along the remainder. In 1940/41 large numbers of red pine were brought to the school and distributed among the students for replanting. Since we were then living at Clearview those trees that I received were planted just inside the fence in front

of Clearview. I recall Fred (Ferguson) and I out after supper planting all those small trees. The last time I saw them they were quite huge.

Both houses had large gardens following the custom of the time and the necessities of the war but that did not halt the placement of many beds of flowers scattered around both places. Ross Fraser, Bessie Ferguson's husband, would arrive each weekend in the summer and spend his time among the flower beds. A large raised bed made of stonework stood on the front lawn of the cottage. It had been raised to hide the stump of a dead tree.

Later, Ross and Douglas Ferguson planted an American walnut there and I remember how delighted everyone was when it first bore fruit. There was also a huge and old four-part maple tree that stood in front of Chestnut Cottage. It had to be held from splitting apart by heavy chains from one part to another. And of course the famous avenue of maples that ran from Clearview on both sides of the sidewalk right to Lawrence

Barnett's place.

Coming home in the late summer when a storm was brewing I was always reminded of the poem "The Highwayman". "The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees...". But of course that all changed in the early spring when all those trees were tapped and Fred turned his mother Nettie's



summer kitchen into a sugar shack and made gallons of delicious syrup. I remember Bruce (Fred's nephew, son of Dr. James Ferguson Jr. from New Hampshire) pigging out on some of my mother's fresh donuts and some new maple syrup. Delicious as it was, his stomach rebelled at such richness and Bruce was hors de combat for some hours. Grandma Nettie was not impressed with such a display of gluttony as she termed it.

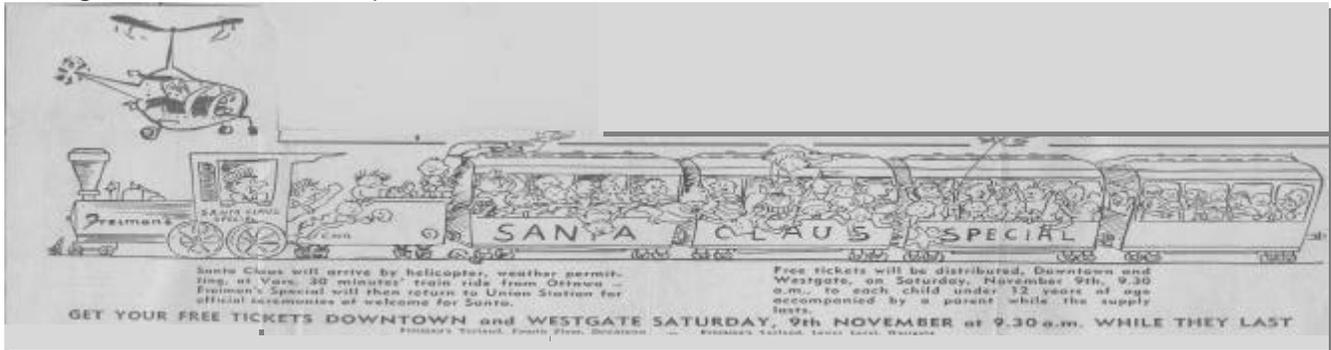
Those lovely grounds were the scene of many an "al fresco" luncheon during those summers and the weekend evenings were often spent in the middle parlour listening to Bessie on the piano and Ross on the violin. While over at Clearview we sat around listening to Grace Wilson on our piano and her three

## Santa Claus Train arrives in Vars, 1955

By Verna Kinsella

On a cool, frosty, mid-November morning, excitement filled the air. Children and adults alike were arriving in Vars, lining the road near a small field. A 5' X 5' platform sat in the centre next to the railway tracks. They were waiting with anticipation for the "Freimans Santa Claus Special Train".

The "Special Train" had left from Ottawa with approximately twenty coaches full of children and adults. Their destination... VARS as Santa was arriving



pretty little daughters Carol, Joy and Heather who were quite gifted as a trio of singers. The difference then of course between the two houses was that the music of Chestnut Cottage tended towards the spiritual while at Clearview we enjoyed listening to such popular melodies as "Sleepy Lagoon". And downstairs at the Ranger apartment, Alice Ranger was a gifted pianist as was her aunt Mrs. Marcoux. And they knew all the old early French songs. One New Year the piano was in full swing when a visiting neighbour, Nap Moreau, decided to do some step-dancing but poor Nap was too far gone having partaken too much "eau de vie". He managed to swing his arms very vigorously and do some bouncing acrobatics but his feet were not at that stage connected so they never left the floor. Everyone had a good laugh and even more when Nap managed to depart leaving a spreading pool of liquid where he had been standing. Too much exertion I guess or maybe his rendition of the "Dance of the Water Sprites".

Houses and buildings certainly have their historic interest but to me it is the lives lived therein that make the history interesting. The joys and the sorrows each in their measure fulfill each generation. It takes a heap of living to make a house a home. Or, it takes a whole town to raise a child. I guess that is what Cumberland was all about. It was a wonderful place in which to grow up.

by helicopter. The helicopter hovered over the train so its occupants could see Santa arriving. It landed by the little platform and Santa disembarked waving and ho! ho! hoing! His helpers handed out lollipops, or candy canes to everyone they passed. They made their way to the end of the train where they climbed aboard the last coach. As the train made its way back to Ottawa, Santa walked through the various cars, greeting the children and giving out more candy.

Upon his arrival in Ottawa he joined the parade to Freiman's Department Store. What an exciting morning!!!

## Oral History Project captures Christmas during the Depression



by Bob Kendall

Three of the tapes in the Cumberland Township Historical Society oral histories provide an insight into how Christmas was celebrated in the township during the Depression.

Verna and Syd Cotton recall that Christmas was a spartan affair. There was little money available, so most gifts were home-made and they were also usually useful, like clothes and socks, dish towels



made out of sugar bags, and lye soap. Verna does remember one morning when she came downstairs on

Christmas morning and saw a large box under the tree. It contained a beautiful doll, a gift from an aunt, which lives in her memory even today. The stockings, hung in the parlour, might contain an apple or orange, socks, and candy (occasionally even a chocolate bar). Every house had a Christmas tree with decorations, some store-bought and some made by the children. A manger had a prominent position under the tree. The house could be decorated with streamers and crepe-paper bells in the windows. The art of Christmas decorating soared with the advent of electricity. Children did not usually exchange gifts at school, but there was often a present for the teacher.

The family went to church services Christmas morning, after which the gifts were opened. Often, they would go back to church in the evening.

Christmas dinner was an extended family affair: extra boards were inserted into the dining table to accommodate the crowd, and chicken or ham was

served, followed by pudding and Christmas cake. No alcohol was allowed in the house, at this or at any other time. After dinner, games such as crokonole and pick-up-sticks were played, but cards were verboten.

Syd remembers that the coming of electricity changed everything, from lighting to the milking of cows and refrigeration, easing the work-load of the farmers. In a family where work of any kind was forbidden on Sunday, electricity was a special benefit.

An irony of the Depression, says Verna, is that it affected the rich more than the poor, since the poor had few resources before or after the market crash. Though families cooperated with each other, there was seldom a need to provide direct help, as all were self-sufficient.

Mary Simpson offers a different, yet eerily similar perspective. Now a resident of Cumberland, she grew up during the Depression in Prince Edward County. Her father was a foreman at one of the canning factories, but even so he would be laid off every winter and be forced to subsist on a weekly income of \$4.00. His only luxury was a weekly tin of tobacco. Occasionally in the winter he would be called in to inspect canned fruit; this would



necessitate opening three cans, which he would then be permitted to take home, a great treat for the family.

On December 1, 1928, Mary broke a leg. This was not only a painful experience for her but also a real financial blow for the family, and her mother warned that there would "not be much for Christmas this year". Mary passed the time

Fergusons at Chestnut Cottage 1957

L-R Elizabeth Kennedy, Doug Ferguson, Bessie Fraser, James Ferguson, Charlotte Ferguson, Fred Ferguson. Front: J.D. Ferguson, Anne Ferguson, Susie Kennedy, Jeannie Ferguson

during her recovery by carding wool for the batting in her mother's quilts, and playing a borrowed record player and its twelve cylinders of music. Her Christmas presents that year were several nighties, a re-cycled doll and two books. In the stocking were an orange, a pencil and home-made sea-foam candy. She did not feel deprived because "everybody was in the same boat". A home-raised goose was served at dinner, and its grease was kept and used as a first-aid ointment. The tree was decorated with popcorn, stickers, paper doll chains and strings of dried choke cherries.

Home-made winter staples were fish, cucumbers and sauerkraut, all soaked in brine. Her mother made butter in maple-leaf-shaped moulds, which she sold, and lye soap. All of her clothes were home-made: shirts and underwear were made from sugar bags, never anything which was "boughten".

Mary's education ended when her mother died, at the age of 36. Then she, like her father, found work at a canning factory.

We glean a different perspective from Joe and Rollande Leduc of Sarsfield. During the Depression, the municipality gave aid through work projects. Men were paid one dollar a day to work on the French Hill Road with picks, on reforestation of the Larose Forest and to cut wood in the bush. Joe's parents would help families who had no food. One winter, a family with six or seven children had to eat only potatoes given to them by one Sarsfield man and a daily 10-pound pail of milk provided by the Leducs. At Christmas, they were given pork and bread.

Christmas was purely a religious celebration for the Leducs and most French-Canadian families, with midnight Mass followed by a light meal of cookies and sweets. New Year's was the time to celebrate. On New Year's Eve friends went from house to house to eat and drink "whisky blanc" and always someone in the house would sing. On New Year's day, the relatives gathered for a traditional dinner.



Christmas as 231 McLeod Street 1950  
L-R: Back -Ross Fraser, Suzanne, J.D. Ferguson, Fred.  
Middle-Anne with Jeannie, Nettie Ferguson, Bessie Fraser.  
Front- Margaret and Charlotte

## Christmas City Sidewalks... Silent Country Night

by Jeannie Smith 1997

For a nine year old, the bustling 'busyness' of a Friday afternoon Elgin street enriched the advent of Christmas and enticed the anticipation of an evening journey to a sleeping 1959 Cumberland Village.

I had just completed my final patrol duty, guarding the corner of Elgin and Waverly and as I marched loyally to sign out at Elgin Public School, I caught a glimpse of Christmas in the decorated shop windows. The city streets were slushy with snow. There always seemed to be so much snow in those days! The banks edged each sidewalk like railings and I would climb them to evade the rush of shoppers who were heavily laden with Christmas parcels



The windows of Stevenson's Drug Store offered a delight of tinsel, perfume and oils. It brought to mind the gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh that were presented to the Christ Child. From behind Boushey's frosty panes peered orange tangerines, pink grapefruit and brilliant red poinsettias. I thought of the Holy Land from whence came the store owners. Decorated cookies and snowy-iced cakes beckoned me to stop and breathe in the smells of the festive season at Fenton's Bakery. The white clad clerks boxed goodies religiously and reminded me of Mary, the pure Mother of Jesus. I hurried past Park Row, but I had to turn back to check on Mother's Christmas gift, a three-tiered cake plate that stood erect amongst festive cards and wrapping paper in the window display. I loved the books that I spied on the rack and hoped fervently that Santa would put some under our tree. I picked up my pace to speed past the flower shop that was filled with holly, ivy and red blossoms and turned the corner by Ma's Bakery. I didn't have time to sample a free sugar cookie for I had to hand in my plastic patrol belt by 4:00 pm and hurry home before dark to prepare for the ride to my grandparent's solemn home nestled in the quiet village of Cumberland.

The streetlights were beginning to shine on this shortest day of the year. Bows and pine boughs entwined the light standards and heightened my awareness that Christmas holidays had begun. I was bundled up, warm as toast, under layers of worn older sister's clothing and like the Pillsbury doughboy, I waddled home through the alleys. I never feared the scruffy strangers who scratched through garbage cans nor did I feel threatened by the backyard bullies who lived above the shops. After all, I was a school patrol and a Brownie with the 12th Ottawa Pack! I felt secure to take the short cut home.

Our abode by the Victoria Museum, on the corner of McLeod and Metcalfe, was warm and welcoming. Mother was packing gifts for our country relatives and Father was preparing the old navy blue 1950 Pontiac for the trip east to Cumberland. The family was stuffed into the car, my three older sisters in the back seat and I cuddled snugly between Ma and Pa in the front. Pat, the rat-tailed Irish Water Spaniel, was bundled amongst parcels in the trunk. A small block of wood, with rope tightly wound round the trailer hitch and threaded through the lock, was Pat's lifeline to breathe the cold winter air.

By 5:00 pm our car headed north down Metcalfe, the majestic street lined with trees that stood at guard like sentinels. Noise and nervousness of

shoppers competed with horns and honking of vehicles. The Pontiac clunked over the street car tracks and dipped through Charlotte Whitton's potholes and turned east to travel the length of Laurier. We drove past Salvation Army singers and Santa-suited bell ringers. The lights from the towering Christmas tree at Confederation Square glittered in the frosty air. Brick buildings hid Rideau Street but I longed to view Freiman's brilliantly decorated Christmas window. The one and only Ottawa Santa sat on his throne on the store's toy floor. He already knew what I wanted for Christmas.

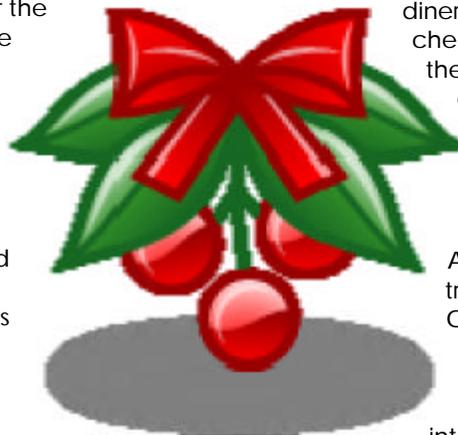
The traffic through Eastview was hectic and car exhaust made the ride nauseating. Stop and go; stop and go a little more down Old Montreal Road, past more lights and decorations, until we reached Miss Ottawa Restaurant.

The family disembarked and we girls raced to a booth where a music selector was poked to choose a juke box song. The windows were painted with Christmas scenes and sparkling tinsel decorated the diner. We were served fries and grilled cheese sandwiches. Father allowed us the treat of cherry coke. Mother ordered ice cream for dessert. After an inspection of Pat, we assumed our positions in the car and followed the star to the east.

The journey seemed to take forever. At Green's Creek we veered left to travel the new highway to bypass Orleans. The cross on top of the Catholic Church illuminated the sky and once again I remembered the reason for Christmas. As we sped into the quiet darkness, the countryside became a silent night and the hustle and bustle of the city became a memory.

Our car filled with music of singing voices. Carol sweetly carol resounded through the air until we turned off the highway to enter Cumberland slumberland. How silently Cumberland appeared above its deep and dreamless sleep... and yet in the dark streets shoneth the warmth of hearths within the homes. We drove through the stillness of the village and jerked to a stop in front of our grandparents' white picket fenced house. The car was quickly vacated and we rushed through the cold air to enter into a wood stove heated kitchen. Christmas cards were strung along the walls. Christmas baking was spread on the table. Christmas greetings were shared. We settled down to an evening of peace and love and Grandfather told us the old, old story of the birth of Jesus.

Silent Night, Holy Night, all is calm, all is bright. Precious memories of Christmas long ago.



## Childhood Memories

by *Hélène Bergeron Rocque*

Among my fondest childhood memories are those of growing up on a small farm on Tenth Line, Navan, Ontario – which is today part of the greater Ottawa



Laurent Bergeron with his daughter Hélène

area. Most of what I recall here goes back to the 1940s when I was about six years of age. To provide for the family my father held a day job in town as a laborer, as our meager farm income could not sustain a family of six and growing. At that time there were four of us: Yolande the oldest, myself and my brother Gilles, and the new baby – Claire.

Papa came home late in the afternoon, had his supper, and then did the farm chores. The milking chores were the first order of business. The chores consisted of fetching the cows from the fields. Mama

and Papa would do the milking by hand since there was no milking machine. They would tend to the other animals, the two horses, pigs and chickens, and do the general cleaning maintenance of the barn. Usually it was we kids with our dog Paddy who would get the cows from the field to the barn for Papa.

There was always additional work on the farm. At the end of June beginning of July, came the haymaking season, which was a very memorable time for me. Haymaking was done after the barn chores. Papa would harness the horses, named Bird and Bill, and on a horse –drawn hay mower, would head out to the fields where he would mow until midnight, sometimes later depending on the moonlight.

Since Papa was by himself in the fields, Mama was always worried that some kind of accident would happen to him. If he was a bit later than usual, she would step outside and on her hands and knees would put her ear to the ground to listen for the sound of the mower, and also she could tell if he was headed home from the sound of the horses hooves on the ground; a trick mama had learned from the natives.

Once the hay was dry, Papa would rake it into long sinuous rows, ready to make haystacks. Then would come the manual work of placing the hay in small stacks where the drying process would continue. As this was done by hand, we, the children were allowed to accompany Papa in the fields. Papa would take us to the fields in his old 29 Chevy – a car that had seen its better days, but was still running well. Papa with a hayfork would gather the hay in small piles, called haystacks. To me, this was the fun part of haymaking. We would spend hours running around the field laughing, playing hide and seek among the haystacks or just relaxing and taking in the natural beauty around us. Most evenings were so calm; all one could hear was the sound of crickets, the frogs and a multitude of fainter night sounds that played almost like a melody. The fresh evening air would fill our lungs and the aroma of drying hay was very pleasant. Papa, always in a good mood would whistle a tune, or sing a song while working and tell us stories. When darkness fell, we would chase after fireflies or stare in admiration at the night sky; we might catch a glimpse of a falling star or watch a display of Northern Lights if we were lucky. Papa would teach us how to recognize the north star, the big dipper, the little dipper and other constellations. We could see the moon with its big eyes and smiling mouth, watching over us. I loved the moon, so did Papa.

Back then we knew next to nothing about it and would let our imagination run wild. It was marvelous. I was happy, in a daydream world. Then we would return home, Mama waiting for us with a bowlful of hot chocolate before bedtime.

Then came time to bring in the hay. Papa would harness the horses to the hay wagon and we would jump in it for a ride to the fields. Mama had to stay home with baby, Claire. Once in the field, Papa would walk beside the wagon, and with the hayfork would pitch the hay onto the wagon. My brother, then only four years old, would proudly lead the horses by holding the reins on the wagon rail. He thought he had the most important job, all the while Bill and Bird were so well trained that it was Papa who was really leading them by just talking to them. Yolande and I would pack the hay by walking back and forth on the load as Papa kept adding more hay until we had a full load.

Farm work was never without risks. I recall one unfortunate incident when my sister was accidentally injured. When loading the hay, Papa hit my sister's knee with the pitchfork prongs. I remember my papa being so upset and worried. We returned home in a hurry, and with Mama's good care, my sister's knee healed well with only a scar to remember this episode by.

The ride back to the barn with a full load of hay was especially wonderful. Riding high on that hay load, we felt like we were on top of the world. It always seemed like we got to the barn too quickly. Once there, Mama would come out and reluctantly drive the horses for the unloading process. It was a chore she would have preferred not to do, but had to do it since we were too young. Mama would have us kids stand well back so we didn't get hurt. It involved dropping a long fork onto the load and driving it into the hay. The horses were hitched to a large rope, which through a series of pulleys would raise the hay to a track, which ran along the barn roof. Once released from the large fork, Papa would spread the hay evenly after each load. After all the hay was brought in for the winter other chores were waiting for us, like gardening and canning the farm produce, which is altogether another story.

These are my memories of my Papa and haymaking time. I often reflect on those times with nostalgia; especially when I stare at a clear night sky. It was a simple way of life, with its hard times and also its rewards. For us children, it was a carefree and happy time, a time that will remain etched in my memory forever. I am now 66 years old and have three children and five grandchildren. When I

recount these stories to my grandchildren I can see the amazement in their eyes. Like Papa, I too love to talk to them about the moon, the constellations and so on. Now I realize how Papa felt when looking into our big dreamful eyes. It means so much to me to pass on to my grandchildren some knowledge of a previous generation's way of life. What a wonderful legacy these memories can become.

## Bearbrook Notes...

### The Courier November 30, 1979: Making sure the bell gets rung

by Rev. Michael Fleming

It was June, 1976. I had come to St. Mark's Anglican Church with heart pounding, mind boggled, and my whole body trembling with fear. A few days before, I had been made a deacon in the church and had been sent to the parish of Bearbrook. At that time, a part of the parish was the congregation of St. Mark's, and I was about to enter into the 'little white church' on old Highway 17.

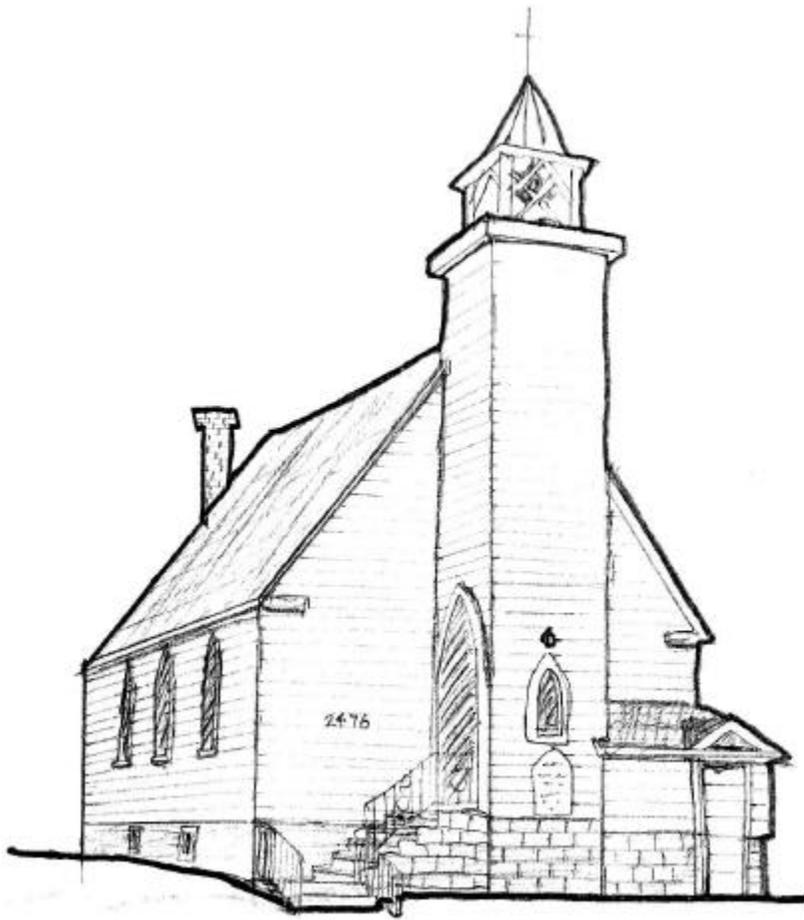


My first problem was with parking: St. Mark's lies so close to the road, there appeared to be no room to put a paper clip, much less a car. I made several passes, trying desperately to figure out what to do and sweating that I would make my auspicious debut at St. Mark's late. I saw a frail old man standing on the steps of the church-he waved his arms and guided me to my 'proper place.'

I thanked him profusely as I dashed into the church.. I was already wearing my alb, for I had begun my day at Trinity Church in Bearbrook and did not have the luxury of changing for the long drive down the Fifth Line. Standing in the tiny vestry, I remembered the words of a priest who had given me some advice, "Whatever you do, make sure the bell gets rung. If you forget that, forget it: you're as good as dead."

I strolled as piously as I could muster, to the back of St. Mark's and searched for the bell rope. Where oh where was it I asked on of the people where the bell was and was rewarded with, "You don't go near the bell, that's George's job"

I nodded, as if I really knew what she was talking about. Who was George and why was he so special? Suddenly, the same old man emerged from the shadows of the last pew, nodded to me and crooked his finger. I presumed that meant, "Follow me"-who was I to argue with such a venerable



St. Mark's Anglican Church Cumberland 1960's

figure. He opened the door and I meekly stepped into the vestibule with him.

"I'm George Jones," he said, "and I ring the bell."

I couldn't imagine this frail old man having the strength to kneel, far less the strength to ring the bell. He grabbed the nearly invisible rope and gave it a mighty pull. The air split with the loud peal of a single bell. He continued to pull; I continued to stare. When he had finished, he nodded in my direction. I continued to stand there, mystified by it all. Gently taking my elbow, George turned me around, opened the vestibule door and said, "You're on, God bless."

For the next two years, I was to see George every Sunday. He and Loretta were the heart and soul of St. Mark's. George at the bell and Loretta at the organ: St. Mark's personified.

George always greeted me as an old friend; we learned to put our arms around one another before and after services; I learned how to dig potatoes

without bruising their skins; he learned to be tolerant of a 'rookie rector.'

In those years, we worried a lot about one another. I worried about his health; he worried about my sanity. In that mutual concern, there grew love.

When St. Mark's became a part of the new parish of St. Mark's-St. David's, I spoke to Rick Marples, the new rector. I told him about the tiny vestry, about the low ceiling of the hall, about Eva Kennedy and George Jones. When I left St. Mark's we kept in touch. Christmas cards, holiday greetings; my links with the parishioners continued.

George died the other day. On the day he died, Loretta and I prayed and wept together. I had lost a good friend. As I grow older, wiser and move from parish to parish, I shall always remember St. Mark's on that first Sunday. I shall never forget the words of Eva Kennedy that Sunday, when I was desperately searching for something.

"Never you mind, Michael. Let George do it!" And I did.

*The above article was contributed by Mary Smith Wilkie who writes:*

*Enclosed is an article about George Jones. To me he was Uncle George after he married Loretta, daughter of John Angus Cameron 1868-1934 and Harriet E.*

*Rogers 1879-1961. Mrs. Cameron and her brother Howard lived in the old train station and when Loretta and George lived in Ottawa, I lived with Mrs. Cameron during the week until Loretta and George came down on the weekends. This arrangement was until Mrs. Cameron had a stroke and after hospitalization, she lived in Ottawa with Loretta and George until her death and they retired to Cumberland. Mrs. Cameron used to tell me about the dugout boats, the log rafts etc on the Ottawa River. As her husband was crushed between two railway car and became crippled,, they then ran the railway station which became their home. The inside of the house remained very much the same as the original station with the wicket window etc. I was given a few of Mrs. Cameron's oil paintings that she had painted. Mrs. Cameron's family lived mostly in Springfield Mass. USA and would visit Cumberland every year.*



# Cumberland Train Station

Harvey Cameron, Stella (Knox) Cameron and their daughter Dorothy Cameron meeting a friend from Montreal, Grace Russell



*contributed by David Chamberlin*



Gordon Knox (visiting his sister Stella Cameron in Cumberland



*contributed by David Chamberlin*



*contributed by Suzanne McCord*



Douglas, Fred and James Ferguson 1921